

THE
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE
NEW SERIES.

CONTAINING
ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS

IN
HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, THE BELLES LETTRES,
POLITICS, AMUSEMENTS,
&c. &c.

VOL. XI.

JANUARY to JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

1809.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
(Successors to Mr H. D. SIMMONDS), No 20, PATERNOSTER-ROW;
By whom Communications (post paid) are received.

. : [Price 10s. 6d. Half Bound.]

Printed by C. Squire, Furnival's Inn Court.

P R E F A C E.

ANOTHER year has revolved, and with its revolution our annual duty has returned. Johnson, in his introductory *Rambler*, laments; that there has been no settled form adopted, that might relieve the perplexity which is always felt by a man when called upon to address the world on an occasion of novelty; and considers the privilege of heroick poetry as enviable, the initial lines of which have a prescription of manner as ancient as the days of Homer. Had Homer written a preface, we know no part of his works to which we would now turn with more alacrity, eager to escape the charge of monotony beneath the venerable authority of his name. To be forced upon a perpetual recurrence of expressions is one of the evils of periodical labours.

Yet, it is not often safe to disappoint expectation; and we suppose there are few of our readers who do not look for some protestations of gratitude, some assurances of assiduity, and some anticipations of perfection at this period. The mind of man loves to be soothed by promises; for, as they excite hope, they arrest the torpid influence of indifference, and confer a pleasure not often inferior to reality.

Shall we then relinquish what is so easily performed?—Certainly not. But our promises shall not have the unsubstantial qualities of mere words; for we may refer to past exertions as the honorable pledge of what our future ones will be. Incited by

liberal patronage, fired by emulation, proudly determined to maintain the post we have gained, and supported by the aid of many eminent literary characters, we have no apprehensions of failure, when we state our determination to persevere in the same course which we have hitherto trodden, being only constantly watchful for every opportunity of improvement. The same strict impartiality in judging the merits of our contributors; the same independence of censure or praise in our literary criticisms; and the same excellence and variety in our miscellaneous articles, shall be zealously maintained: — and, being maintained, we have little reason to doubt that we shall possess the same support, and the same eminence as hitherto. To the fair pretensions of honorable exertion, public patronage has seldom, perhaps never, been denied; and though effrontery and lofty professions may snatch a premature wreath of renown from the hands of fashion and folly, yet its bloom and lustre wither before the potent rays of unerring truth; while the laurels that are slowly awarded, spring up in the soil of patient judgement, and have in them a principle of vigour and of beauty which no transitory dereliction can destroy.

January 1st, 1809.

THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Nº LXII.—VOL. XI.]

For JANUARY, 1809.

[NEW SERIES.]

“We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth”—DR. JOHNSON.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FIVE ORIGINAL LETTERS, addressed to a LADY, upon the PLEASURES and IMPORTANCE of INTELLECTUAL CULTIVATION.

SIR,

THE following letters were written in the summer of 1806, to a lady in Edinburgh, and they were written with the intention of being published, had they swelled to the size of a volume. Circumstances arose, however, which occasioned their sudden suspension, nor is it now likely that they will ever be completed according to the original design: but should those that are now offered to your notice be considered by you as worthy of a place in the *Universal Magazine*, they are quite at your service, and their appearance will gratify,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

London, Jan. 4th, 1809.

M.

MY DEAR ELIZA,*

THE promise which I have long made shall at length be fulfilled. I now sit down to commence a correspondence, which, whether advantageous to you or not, will certainly prove a source of great pleasure to myself. That pleasure indeed will be considerably heightened, if I can have reason to hope that your intellectual improvement will proceed with my exertions; and I assure you that those exertions shall not be spared. I can, however, promise you no great display either of learn-

ing or ability; I have hitherto been more conversant with my own speculations, and the solitary contemplations of my own thoughts, than with men or books; and, in general, I have drawn my notions of life purely from speculation. Yet perhaps I shall not be the less accurate: a spectator of events often knows more about them than they who mingle in the crowd and have a share in their production.

The topics which I shall discuss in the following letters, I leave entirely to chance. They will be as various as possible; for my design will be to entice your mind, by alluring variety, into the walks of literature; and what so poor and humble a guide as myself can do, towards directing your attention to the most interesting objects, you well know you can command. Be not, however, surprised, if I sometimes relinquish literature, science, and knowledge, and unfold myself to you in the prevailing colours of the moment, tell you my feelings, my hopes, my plans, my schemes, my devices; detail my studies, make you participate in all my joys and sorrows, in my hours of rapture and in my moments of despondency. Often shall I, my dear Eliza, sit down to write to you, as to one who can bear with patience my querulousness, endure the mournful anticipations I may sometimes indulge in, and pardon the ungrounded fears which a morbid melancholy may excite.—How frequently, when I have laboured under these impressions, have I cast my eye upon the wide world, and shuddered to think, that in its ample space not a human being breathed in whose bosom I could repose my feelings! I have had acquaintance: yes, many; light, super-

* It should be stated that *Eliza* is not the real name of the lady; but there are reasons for adopting the present appellation.

ficial, vivacious, amusing beings, who have fluttered around me while basking in the sun; but when the clouds began to obscure the horizon, when a lowering aspect began to breathe around, they fled: and yet *such*, Eliza, *such* is the intercourse of society!

Could I ever rest my mind upon such an intercourse? No. I heard them: I disbelieved: I received them, but did not esteem: I endured their caresses, but knew they were false and hollow; I mingled with them, because I was unable to quit them. But my heart was unsatisfied. I despaired of ever realising pictures which solitude had impressed my mind:—I began to think I had formed visionary ideas of man and manners; and that, in this corrupt and degenerate age, it was in vain to look for noble sentiments, or generous sensibility. You, Eliza, and your beloved husband, have undeceived me, and convinced me I was *not* wrong. Judge, then, with what feelings I commence this correspondence; and how tenaciously I shall maintain it, when it is the very thing which, for many years, I have sighed for.

But here I must stop.—This is merely an introductory letter; a sort of catalogue of what you are to expect: however, such as it is, I expect you will reply to it; for, be it well understood, that I shall never allow you to be a single letter in arrears. In my next, I intend, as a very proper subject, to offer some remarks upon the importance of a regular appropriation of Time, and the advantages, pleasures, and necessity of intellectual cultivation.

Farewell! Believe me to be, with the warmest sentiments of regard,

Your's, most affectionately,

MY DEAR ELIZA,

HAVING once fairly entered upon the career, it is to be hoped that nothing now can impede our progress. I confess I had fears lest timidity would have prevented you from replying to my last; but I rejoice that your good sense has overcome that natural bashfulness which you possess, in regard to your own powers, and induced you to make an effort

which I hope will be attended with advantage. Your last letter pleased me much; it had, however, one fault,—it was too short: I mention this, not only because I shall receive more pleasure from long ones, but because I deem it necessary to your improvement that they should be more elaborate. Bear constantly in mind, that nothing valuable can ever be effected without labour; and though you may attain, in fifty *short* letters, a certain point of perfection, yet you will more assuredly attain the same point in ten long and labored ones. I know this by experience. Whatever requires repetition as a means of success, must have each repetition extensive; if it be not so, the immediate effects of your present exertions, which are just beginning to dawn in the mind, are lost, and require to be renewed by subsequent labours; while, on the contrary, if you persevere, and give a sort of permanency to those nascent impressions, they are fixed for ever. It is certainly a great art to know where to stop; but is less dangerous, in given circumstances, to undergo supererogatory labour, than to rest indolently satisfied with imperfect exertions.

From these remarks, it is a natural transition to what are to be the immediate objects of this letter; viz.—“The importance of a regular appropriation of Time, and the advantages, pleasures, and necessity of intellectual cultivation.”

It was said by an Italian writer, that “Time was his estate:” and though this may not apply to you in the same way in which he meant it, yet it applies to every human being in a moral point of view. Time is every man's *moral estate*, and happy is he, who has early learned not to squander his patrimony! A just and correct knowledge of the importance of Time, I look upon to be one of the greatest marks of a sound head. A man who suffers moments to glide away imperceptibly, unemployed, except in listless, indolent inactivity, or in trifling and irrational amusements, fails in the great duty he owes himself and his fellow creatures: he fails in the duty he owes to himself, for he neglects to strengthen the virtuous principles of his character by

proper exercise, without which they become corrupted and inert; and he fails in the duty which he owes to his fellow creatures, because no man should live for himself alone: *action* is his sphere: he should do something towards the general stock, or else he is to be regarded as an intruder upon the labours of his brethren:—

“Man, like the generous vine, supported
lives,
The strength he takes, is from the strength
he giveth.”

Next to a due sense of the importance of Time, nothing tends so much towards invigorating it, as a practical application of it. By a practical application, I mean that regular and distinct appropriation of it, (as far as circumstances will admit) by which every moment (if possible) may have its proper avocation. It is well observed by Dr. Young, that—

“Sands make the mountain, minutes
make the year.”

He who has not learnt to appreciate the value of moments, will very seldom employ hours to advantage. Remember what an infinite deal may be done by a persevering and perpetual application; small portions of time, when viewed in the aggregate, amount to a mass that will astonish you: as a stone may be worn away by the constant friction of a single drop of water, so the greatest labours may be overcome by continued repetition. Consider that some of those works which now obtain the admiration of posterity were prosecuted and completed amid the toils and bustle of public and active life. It has not been the lot of every man to repose under academic bowers, or to recline in the shades of solitude.—*Cicero* wrote many of his finest orations during the most active part of his life; *Hugo Grotius* and *Puffendorf*, two of the greatest civilians of modern times, produced their invaluable works in very arduous situations: *Machiavelli* is also another instance of this: *Dryden* wrote most of his pieces distracted by various avocations, and, most of all, by straitened circumstances; and *Johnson* compiled his Dictionary, certainly a most astonishing proof of the powers of the human mind, amid the distractions of poverty

and the glooms of sickness, when it may be presumed he found it necessary to avail himself of every interval that might offer. These instances and many others which it would be tedious to enumerate, may serve to convince you that large and uninterrupted portions of time are by no means necessary for the carrying on extensive occupations.

It has often vexed me to hear a person complain of want of time, setting very comfortably perhaps upon a sofa, their hands lying indolently before them, and stretching and yawning from mere idleness.

A most useful auxiliary towards employing time to the best advantage, and one which I would earnestly recommend to you, is to form a kind of schedule, which is divided into as many distinct portions as there are hours between your rising and going to rest. Opposite to each hour mark its appropriate avocation; and by this means, whatever portion of time remains vacant, by referring to the schedule, you will see what ought to be its employment. I mention this from experience; for I have myself employed it with great advantage. Let me again repeat, that nothing is so essential as employing minute scraps of hours properly; hours themselves are great big dogs, that know how to take care of themselves; but minutes are poor little helpless orphans, that pine away and die, unless we shelter them. Dr. Young observes, with great propriety, that

“Procrastination is the thief of time”

But I am so sleepy, and it is so late, that I fear, my dear Eliza, I must reserve my remarks upon intellectual cultivation till my next. Perhaps in that, too, I shall say a few more words upon the present subject.

Good night; and believe me to be most affectionately,

Your's,

MY DEAR ELIZA,

ONCE more I take up my pen to address you. It is astonishing what an alacrity I feel in pursuing this correspondence, considering the aversion I have always had and still have to writing. Some of my most intimate acquaintance seldom get above

a letter in six months from me, and then the reflection that I have got to write it, makes me miserable a whole week before hand. But *now*, not only do I contrive to scribble three a week, but each of them is as long as five ordinary ones. Surely, Eliza, you have used some witchcraft in making me thus active, and contented at an occupation which hitherto has always been most irksome. Well, well, the sin, if there be any, shall be upon your head. When you go to the next world, you may expect to have a fine clatter about your ears: Cicero, and Virgil, and Sallust, and Livy, and a whole host of modern writers, will all assemble round you, and demand back all that time which (*they* will say) ought to have been devoted to them. And when I make my appearance among them, methinks how downcast and self-condemned I shall look! How ridiculous I shall appear! What, in the name of Mercy, shall I say, when they exclaim—"Empty trifter! what object in the world could be sufficiently attractive to draw you away from the sublime beauties of our productions which have been celebrated by the world? Could there be any thing superior in pleasure to the reading and studying our works? Could there be any thing that could compensate for quitting the pages of our immortal volumes?"—"Alas! Gentlemen," I shall say, "I am unable to tell how it was myself; but if you would have the goodness to look at that lady, and above all if you would have the condescension to sit in her company for half an hour, I think you will discover the reason. I am sure, for my part, I always loved books, better than company; but she, that ghost, Gentlemen, that stands laughing at me, contrived, by the help of her tongue and eyes, to draw me from them: and the only justification I can make is, to beg that you will let her try their power upon you; and, unless she is altered since her death, I think you will have as little cause to boast as myself." Such, my dear Eliza, will be my excuse to these illustrious shades in the other world; and, indeed, I am forced sometimes to make

some such excuse to a few persons in *this* world.

But now, to pass from

"Grave to gay, from lively to severe;"

I have finished my aerial accusation and defence, and shall descend to the mundane occupation of these nether regions.

The subject of this letter will be a more pleasing one than that of the last. We are now to consider the human mind in a state of cultivation; rising above the mist of error that in its infancy surrounds it, and beaming forth with resplendent lustre. Surely nothing can be so pleasing as to view the intellectual part of human nature adorned with every grace of which it is susceptible, and uniting at once the loveliness of ornament with the strength and vigour of perfection.

To treat, first, of the *advantages* of intellectual cultivation:—

It was sentimentally observed by Lord Bacon, "that knowledge is *power*," and never a truer aphorism fell from the pen of man. The superiority of mind over body has been felt and acknowledged by every person; except a few mad enthusiasts, who, in endeavouring to advance the savage state of human nature over the civilized, have at the same time tacitly placed corporeal power over mental.^a Rational men, however, who have taken more sober views of life, have universally conceded the superiority of the latter; and poets have dignified its attributes with some of the finest flowers of imagination. It is beautifully observed by Sallust, (forgive my quoting Latin to a Lady, but you have one at your elbow who will explain it to you)—"*Nostra omnis vis in animo et corpore sita; animi imperio, corporis servitio, magis utimur. Alterum nobis cum dis, alterum cum belluis, commune est. Quò mihi rectius videtur ingenij quam virium opibus gloriam querere, et, quoniam vita ipsa quàm fruihur brevis est, memoriam nostri quàm maximè longam efficere. Nam divitiarum et formæ gloria fluxa atque fragilis; virtus clara æternæque habetur.*"

A very superficial view of life will serve to convince you, that mankind are prized in proportion to their

intellectual excellence. Men, with no other claim to notice, either from birth or fortune, do universally command the esteem and respect of their fellow citizens by the mere possession of a cultivated mind; and many, who, born in low situations in life, could have no prospects beyond the same dull road in which their fathers trod, have, by the improvement of their mental faculties, risen to fame, opulence, and dignity. It is, indeed, a remarkable circumstance, that almost all our men of genius have been of low origin; Johnson was the son of a bookseller; Akenside, a most sublime poet, was the son of a butcher; and Shakspeare was a sort of shepherd's boy, and so low in life, that he was forced to leave Stratford, his native place, in consequence of some petty robbery. From this it would appear, that these men early felt the advantages of intellectual cultivation, as the only means left them to obtain distinction in society.

I have hitherto spoken of intellectual cultivation as advantageous succedaneums for birth and fortune. I will now shew its advantage to those whom rank and wealth may have placed above this compulsion.

So universal is the homage paid by mankind to intellectual superiority, that even the splendour of fortune, and the attractive power of titles and rank, are capable of receiving additional honours from its possession. I do not deny, that with the mass of mankind depth of purse goes beyond depth of mind; but the vulgar have in all ages been the same, and the *aurum popularis* has been always despised by truly great and wise men. To a man who appreciates things justly, money, (unless united with virtue, and virtue is the child of cultivation), is but the gewgaw of children; and though no man, I will venture to say, can despise money in itself, for it is and must be the source of all human comfort, yet, I do hope and believe, for the honour of human nature, that thousands now breathe who heartily despise it, when it is made the pretence for obtaining esteem, unconnected with personal

advantages. But intellectual excellence raises those who have no other dowry in the world, to a rank with the most exalted, as the lives of literary men sufficiently testify; and while it ennobles the humble and the poor, it adds splendour to wealth, and confers dignity upon titular superiority. How many thousand earls and dukes have passed into eternity, unnoticed, and unremembered, except in the family genealogy, while the manes of Shaftsbury, Bolingbroke, Musgrave, Adscot, Clarendon, Buckingham, Orford, Montesquieu, Montaigne, &c. &c. are registered in the annals of posterity, for every thing except their titles!

I have extended my remarks so far, that I must postpone this subject to another letter: I hope, however, I shall not weary you. Farewell!

Yours most affectionately,

[To be concluded in our next.]

COINCIDENCE between AKENSIDE and GRAY.

Sir,

THOUGH we are sometimes too apt to consider as an imitation in writers, what may have been only an accidental coincidence arising from the same subject, occurring to different minds, yet I think the following lines from Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination* have more than a casual similitude with a stanza of Gray's.

The various lot of life

Off from external circumstance assumes
A moment's disposition to rejoice
In those delights, which at a different
hour,
Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of
spring
When rural songs and odours wake the
morn
To every eye; but how much more to his,
Round whom the bed of sickness long dis-
fus'd
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair
When first, with fresh-born vigour he in-
hales
The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed
sun
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of
life
Chasing oppressive damps and languid
pain.

B

Gray, in his beautiful posthumous fragment on the pleasures arising from vicissitude, has the following lines:—

The hues of bliss more brightly glow
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe:
And, blended, form, with artful strife
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe, and walk again
The meanest flower of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common air, the sun, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

The *Pleasures of Imagination* were published in 1744, and the lines of Gray were written, probably, twenty years after. It is not therefore chimerical to suppose that he may have had the recollection of Akenside's imagery upon his mind when he wrote, though, probably, no distinct consciousness of whom it belonged to, or whether, indeed, it belonged to any but himself. If we admit, however, that he is a plagiarist, we must also admit that he exceeded his model, by the superior elegance of his language, and the added propriety of his ideas.

I remain, Sir, &c.

F. G.

Lancaster, Jan. 1, 1809.

OBSERVATIONS on the COMMERCE of this COUNTRY.

(Continued from Vol. X. p. 498.)

SIR,

I TRUST I have in my former essay on this subject, proved to the satisfaction of the unprejudiced reader, that the balance of trade in our favour (as it is erroneously stated) is so far from being a benefit, that it is on the contrary, an injury to the nation; as it is evident upon a moment's consideration, that money being the mere representative of real wealth, can never enrich a state, unless at some period or other exchanged for the commodities it represents, a circumstance which can never hap-

pen, if the balance of trade continues every year in our favour, and thus occasions an accumulation of specie, which, circulating only within ourselves, produces no increase of real (however it may add to our nominal) wealth.

I have thought it necessary thus slightly to recapitulate my former argument, as it may serve to recal the chief outlines of it to the mind of the reader, and shall now proceed to sketch out the leading features of the systems pursued by legislators in consequence of the erroneous ideas they have formed of the nature of money and trade, and shall give a brief delineation of the most important effects arising from those systems. But before I enter on these particulars, it may be necessary to take a cursory view of commerce in general, and of the effect which it produces on a state, under the various heads of national and individual wealth, national strength, morality, and population, and then proceed to consider the injury which will arise to a country from any leading error in its commercial regulations, and the impression such error will make on the character, resources, and importance of the nation.

The trade of any particular state is either carried on between the individuals that compose it, or with the neighbouring kingdoms. The former is always of far greater importance to the commonwealth than the latter, on account of the greater frequency of mercantile transactions, the superior number of individuals engaged, and consequently the magnitude of capital employed in it. This superiority of the inland, over the external trade, is greatly increased by the security and unchangeableness of the former, while the latter is exposed to continual dangers and vicissitudes. All commerce with other nations must occasionally suffer from shipwrecks and wars, exclusive of the chance of fluctuations in the market, occasioned by a thousand events which affect the states with whom it is carried on. Nay, the very protection of such trade must often plunge the nation into contests, which, in a few years, consume the profits of a century. On the

other hand, the internal mercantile transactions of the country are wholly free from any such drawbacks. It must, however, be confessed, that each species of commerce is necessary to the prosperity of the other, and undoubtedly the trade carried on between individuals would be extremely cramped, were it not aided by the productions of other countries, which are procured by means of foreign or external trade. But to return to the principal subject of our present enquiry. Commerce, when conducted on a rational system, has a most decided influence on every branch of the economy of the state. It alters the opinions, and civilizes the manners of men, by the communication which it opens between the great and enlightened of every climate, and of every age. It increases the wealth, revenue, resources, and strength of the nation, by giving a new spring to the industry of individuals, and by pouring into the general stock the produce of every other country. It causes a great improvement in the arts and sciences, and has very considerable effects on the morality and population of the country. How great, then, must the injury be to each of these, should the whole system be found erroneous, and the very reasons on which it is founded, afford the most powerful arguments against it? Such is our present system; and, as I have, I hope, completely exposed the fallacy of the principle on which it is founded in my former essay, I shall merely point out its principal features, and then proceed to consider its effects on the interests and happiness of the state.

The leading characteristic of the system of commerce, which this country has pursued, and acted upon for many years, is—the discouraging of imports, by imposing vast duties upon them, and the extension of exports, by bounties, drawbacks, and allowances. Our statute books, therefore, are filled with acts imposing enormous taxes on the produce of other countries, and favouring the exportation of our own; and the speeches of our

ministers are eternally fraught with boasts of the prosperity and wealth of the country, which they curiously prove from the preponderance of our export, over our import trade. This imaginary prosperity, also, encourages them to continue fighting and taxing, while every individual, from the peer to the peasant, feels his comforts either abridged, or annihilated, and the middling class of society are almost crushed to the earth. A second feature of this system, is, the acquiring of colonies, to secure to our export trade a still greater extension; and the third, and last, a continual readiness to engage in any war, however dangerous or expensive, by which any part of this notable system is to be defended, acted upon, or improved.

The evils arising from these circumstances are far too numerous for me to attempt to recount; but I shall endeavour, as succinctly as I can, to point out some of the most striking and important.

One of the first consequences of our enormous balance of trade, is, the introduction of a vast quantity of money, or (which is the same thing in effect) of notes, which, exceeding the real necessities of trade, must necessarily sink in value, and exchange for a less quantity of goods than it otherwise would have done. That this is the case, is obvious, from the present high price of every article, that is to say, the large quantity of money which it is necessary to give in exchange for any quantity of real goods. If any one should doubt whether I have attributed the effect to its right cause, let us put a case which may render it more clear. Suppose the produce of the *whole* annual labour of Great Britain were exchanged for specie, and *nothing* imported from abroad, would not the quantity of specie be vastly increased, and the value of it consequently fall? Is it not generally allowed, that a superabundance of any article lowers its value, and raises the comparative price of every other article? If such would be the effect were the *whole* of our produce to be

converted into money, the same consequence (in a less degree) must arise from the so converting any very considerable part of it.

From this comparative dearthness of real goods, individuals who have no share in the advantages of the export trade, suffer from its consequences, particularly those whose incomes are fixed, as all annuitants, stockholders, &c. &c. Thus individuals suffer, while the nation, instead of increasing, diminishes in wealth. For if I exchange a real good for a nominal one, surely my property is lessened, not enlarged, and that money is such a nominal good has been already proved. A second evil resulting from the increase of money, is the increase of taxation. For the necessities requisite for the support of an army or navy, being, through the low value of money, much dearer than before, (that is to say, exchanging for a greater quantity of specie) it becomes requisite that greater quantities of specie should be raised, in order to purchase them. The export merchant, indeed, feels not this advance of taxes, arising from his trade. The same trade has increased his ability of paying them. But it is otherwise with the rest of the nation, on whom the stream has not so abundantly flowed. They groan, while the merchant smiles, and suffer while he speculates, insures, and exports.

But all operations in which taxation is concerned, have, what I beg leave to term, a reflective property. Thus the price of provisions influences taxes, and the taxes again influence provisions; and each article of trade, each separate tax, affects at the long-run, all the rest. Thus the butcher, finding bread encrease in price, demands more for his meat, and the heightening of the price of meat is alledged to the baker, as a reason for a farther addition to the price of bread. The grocer, suffering from both, charges dearer for his tea, and the clothier, oppressed by the three, asks another sixpence for his cloth. The price of cloth operates again on all the former; and thus every dealer, in every article, feels the weight of

an addition to the price of any one thing which he has occasion to use, and increases the price of his own accordingly. A tax operates in a similar manner, by necessitating the dealer to ask a larger sum for it, and thus giving his neighbour a sufficient reason for demanding more for his goods. Add to this, that the seller of any taxed article, expects to be reimbursed by the consumer for the interest of the money he advances to government. Thus if A. employs 5000*l.* in trade, and deals in an article which is taxed so high as to oblige him to increase his capital to 10000*l.* he rationally requires a profit upon this additional capital, and therefore not only charges the consumer the original price, and the amount of the tax, but adds the profit which he justly expects to make upon the amount of the tax which he has advanced to government. But the evil is increased if the article passes through many hands before it comes to those of the consumer. Thus:—If A. imports a raw material, which is taxed 100 per cent. and sells it to B. he charges, as I have before stated, the price, tax, and profit on both. But if B. partly manufactures it, and then sells it to C. he charges a profit not only on his labour, and the original price, but on the tax also, which he has advanced to C. If C. again completes the manufacture of the article, and then disposes of it to D. he imitates C. and demands a profit upon the original price, the tax, and the profit of B. which he had paid. If it goes through still more hands, additional profits are charged at every stage, and the original tax is thus, perhaps, doubled to the consumer.

Thus much for the two first consequences of an increase of specie. I may, perhaps, again revert to them. For the present, however, I shall drop the pen, and, in my next, proceed to point out a few more of the pernicious consequences of our so much vaunted balance of trade.

•[To be continued.]

M.

MEMOIR of Dr. SEWELL.

Sir,

MUCH pleased with the "Observations upon the Tragedy of Sir Walter Raleigh," by X. X. in the last number of your miscellany, I take the liberty of transmitting you an account of the author, principally copied from the *Biographia Dramatica*.

Dr. Sewell was born, in what year we know not, at the College of Windsor, of which place his father, Mr. John Sewell, was treasurer and chapter clerk. He received his early education at Eton school, but was afterwards sent to the university of Cambridge, where he was entered of Peter-House College, and there took the degree of Bachelor of Physic, in 1709. From thence he went to Leyden, where he studied under the famous Dr. Boerhaave; and, on his return to London, practised physic in that metropolis, for several years; but his success was not sufficient to induce him to continue there. He then retired to Hampstead, and followed his profession with credit, reputation, and profit, until three other physicians settled at the place; after which his gains became very inconsiderable. He kept no house, but was a boarder; was much esteemed, and so frequently invited to the tables of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, that he had seldom occasion to dine at home. He died the 8th of February, 1726, and was supposed, at that time, to be in very indigent circumstances, as he was interred on the 12th of the same month, in the meanest manner, his coffin being little better than those allotted by the parish to their poor, who are buried from the workhouse; neither did a single friend or relation attend him to the grave. No memorial was placed over his remains; but they lie just under a holly tree, which formed a part of a hedge-row, that was once the boundary of the church yard.

He was a man of an amiable disposition, and greatly esteemed among his acquaintance. In his political principles he was inclined to the Tory party, which might,

in some measure, be the reason of his being so warm an antagonist to the Bishop of Salisbury, whose zeal had so eminently exerted itself in the cause of the Whigs. As an author, he was undoubtedly possessed of a considerable share of genius, and wrote in concert with several of his contemporary geniuses, particularly in the *Spectators* and *Tatlers*, in the fifth volume of the latter, and the ninth of the former, in which he was principally concerned, as also in a translation of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, and an edition of Shakspeare's poems. He left only one dramatic piece behind him, which met with very great success at first, but has not been acted for several years past, entitled, 1. *Sir Walter Raleigh*, T. 8vo. 1719. 2. *King Richard the First*, 8vo. 1728. This consists only of a few fragments.

Beside several controversial pamphlets, Dr. Sewell was author of *The Life of John Phillips--A Vindication of the English Stage--and some Poems*.

Speaking of the tragedy of Sir Walter Raleigh, the author of the *Biog. Dram.* (David Erskine Baker, Esq.) says "it is extremely well written: the lines with which the fourth act concludes, have been justly celebrated for novelty of thought, and elegance of expression."

Yours, &c.

Jan. 12, 1809.

ARMIGER.

HINTS as to the REAL CHARACTER
• of GEORGE FOX.

Sir,

IN the dispassionate consideration of true philosophy few objects are more important than the characters of those singular men who lay the ground-work of a new order in religious worship. Among these there are not many ab-original religionists worthy of more attentive remark than the subject of my present communication.

I would wish to premise that it is far from my intention to point any phrases of seeming harshness, into which my subject may lead me, at the existing society of friends. The

simplicity of their lives, and that admirable unanimity which prevails through their classes, renders them far too amiable, and (in despite of their own humility) let me add much too highly exalted, for the pen of temperate integrity to approach with a sentence bordering on sarcastic stigma.

With the "Journal" of their celebrated founder my purpose lies; and I am desirous of adding to the critical biography of your periodical work such a brief analysis of the real character of George Fox as may be serviceable to the cause of truth, however homely the garb in which the offering is presented.

The founder of the sect, now called Quakers,† was born of humble parents, at Drayton, in Leicestershire, in the year 1624. According to his own account he had a "gravity and staidness of mind" very unusual with a boyish age. No observant indeed was the childhood of George, that "when he has seen old men carry themselves lightly and wantonly towards each other, a dislike thereof has arisen in his heart, and he has said, 'if I ever come to be a man, surely I shall not do so nor carry myself so wanton.'"

He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and still preserved so much sedateness, that it was a common saying among those who knew him, "If George says verily there is no altering him."

In the year 1643, he left his master and relations, and wandered forth to indulge meditation. The times were favourable to adventures: George pondered on the abstruse parts of the national religion, confuted priests, (who seem to have been at this period a most illiterate set) and commenced itinerant preacher. Innumerable persecutions attended his ministry, and each fresh oppression was the parent of new proselytes. His sway was still acknowledged only by the inferior members of the com-

monwealth; but his discourses touched the wife of Judge Fell: the judge died, and George married his widow. This respectable connection certainly added authority to his name; and the novel sect soon boasted the acquisition of some persons of reputed sense and of indubitable consequence. It was now clearly ascertained, that the enjoyment of ease or monkish privacy was not the aim of Fox. He did not retire to cultivate, in the seclusion of his own vineyard, the indulgence of his faith, but wandered abroad, argumentatively combated priests within the pale of their own churches; and thinking England, Scotland, and Ireland, theatres too limited for the work he had undertaken, he visited America, the united provinces, and Germany. The zeal of his orations was backed by the wide influence of the pen; and his unremitting industry laid the foundation of a sect that venerates his name after the lapse of one hundred and eighteen years.

Whatever may be the decorous simplicity of his followers, the more rational of them would scarcely at the present day seek to deny that much enthusiasm was blended with the amiable qualities and vigorous intelligence of his character. Such, at least, would be the charitable interpretation put on his actions by those, unconnected with the society derived from him, who ventured on a slight examination to form an estimate of his pretensions. Truth demands free language: I glance not at the sect, but look openly on the man, when I affirm that there was more of design than enthusiasm in the character of George Fox.

There is too much of system in his conduct for the eccentricity of enthusiasm. Thirty-four years after the commencement of his wanderings, he sits down, and collects an account of all the actions of his life, "even from his boyish days," to the date at which he wrote. And from whence is this journal collected?—From a diary regularly preserved, as it would seem, by him during all the painful vicissitudes of his persecuted fortune.

In a diary regularly kept, and methodically arranged, there is no symptom, it will be averred, of insanity or sinister intention. Let me state the

† They were first so termed at Derby, by a justice of the peace, named Benner, because G. Fox bade him tremble at the word of the Lord. Such at least is the account given by Fox in his Journal.

character of this diary before such a conclusion is suggested.

In part, George Fox emulates the character of a favoured prophet, and in part that of a still higher name. He predicts; he has visions; and—he works miracles! He holds an immediate communication with his Maker through preternatural means; he foretels the fate of those inimical to the purposes of his alledged mission, and his presence produces rain “after a great drought,”† and raises up those who labour under distempers of body.

His frequent use of allegory in the commencement of his memoirs might readily be supposed an artifice, through the operation of which an escape might be effected, were the sobriety of subsequent assertions called in question. If not so, those allegories are very fine imitations of the biblical manner for an enthusiast of his description to have constructed.

Soon after the commencement of his labours he mentions one Brown, who had great prophecies and sights upon his death-bed concerning the future worker of miracles; but what those “sights” were we are not informed.

He gives a kind hint to the soldiery, “that any man at arms who befriended the new opinionists stood a fair chance of escaping, without loss of life and limb, in the most furious encounter; for a trooper, who became a proselyte and offended his colonel by that step, was nominated to join a comrade in regard to the answer of a challenge given by the opposite faction;” the convert “drove both his enemies within musket-shot of the town, without firing a pistol at them,” while his companion (not one

of George Fox’s proselytes) was killed on the spot.

In 1651, he appears to have been particularly favoured, though in prison, for he tells us that he “saw the heavens open, and that thereupon an heavenly breathing arose in his soul.”

In 1652, when he spoke in a steeple house, he brings forward the testimony of a priest in reference to “the church shaking” while he harangued. In the same year Justice West, “who had long been weak in body,” was healed merely, as it appears, by the circumstance of George Fox appearing in court before him. The presence of Fox likewise, about this time, “chained down a distracted man, and made him quiet.”

In 1654, a butcher, who had been accustomed to thrust his tongue out of his mouth in derision of friends, had it so swollen that he could not draw it in again,—and consequently the man died.

In 1655, George Fox restored a dying woman to life, merely by speaking to her, “to the great astonishment of the town and country.” Her name was Baldock, and she resided at Baldock, in Hertfordshire.

In 1656, persons who addressed him in unpleasant language “were suddenly filled with evil air, so that they blubbered and stuttered and were almost choked;”—after which visitation they became very loving.

On another occasion, a person who ridiculed the Quakers was incontinently tossed to death by a bull.

In 1660, a woman who spoke revilingly to George was “cut off, and died in a miserable condition.”

Very terrible disasters befall the enemies of George and his friends in 1662. Many officers who had been wealthy men, but enemies of the Quakers, experienced so sudden a reverse of fortune that they became mere paupers; and one John Line, a constable, who had taken a false oath against the brotherhood, had his flesh “rot away;”—from which circumstance he died, as may be conjectured, “in a very miserable condition,” and “wishing that he had never meddled with the Quakers.”

Through numberless successive instances the same fatal consequences follow an opposition to the interests

† “At this time,” says he, “there was a great drought; but after our general meeting was ended there fell so great rain, that Friends said, they thought we could not travel; the waters would be so risen.—But I believed the rain had not gone so far as they had come that day to the meeting.—The next day, in the afternoon, when we turned back into some parts of Wales again, the ways were dusty, and no rain had fallen thereabouts.”

of the new sect. Many are too formidable to mention. Suffice it that of these "Examples," as George styles them, I have selected those least offensive to rational apprehension.

In 1664, George saw the angel of the Lord, with a glittering drawn sword stretched southward: not long afterwards the wars broke forth with Holland. But George's vision, it may be noted, is not made public till many years after the wars commenced.

When George was in Virginia, he found the fierce watch-dogs of the back-settlers forbore to bark at, or bite, the people termed Quakers.

In 1675, he nearly cured a woman of the king's evil, by praying over her.

I will conclude my specimens of the style and matter of Fox's Journal with an account of a perilous adventure at sea, in which the piety of George was of eminent service. It occurred while he was on board a yacht destined for America. They were chased by a vessel suspected to be an Algerine pirate. It grew dark, and they altered their course to miss her; but she altered hers also, and continued the pursuit. In this situation the master of the yacht and several of his crew entered the cabin of George, and "asked what they should do?" observing "that if the mariners had taken Paul's counsel they had not come to the damage they did." George retired to solicit inspiration, and "the Lord showed him that his power was placed between them and the ship that pursued them." This was enough: Fox bade them be of good cheer, for their escape was indubitable. In addition to which intelligence, *he desired them to put out every candle in the ship, save the one by which they steered, and insist on the passengers preserving entire silence.* The order respecting the candles was of the first consequence, for the moon was just going down. They altered their course, and escaped, through the darkness of the season.

From the character of his Journal thus communicated to the readers, I venture to presume it concluded that George Fox was either designing or

enthusiastic. If mere enthusiasm dictated his enterprises, is it not surprising that he should so carefully record every occurrence in which he was concerned? In the annals of that harmless species of insanity which opens to the enthusiast's fancy the heaven of heavens, and leads him to an ideal interview with the God-head, it is somewhat new to find the patient registering an account of his own wanderings.

" 'Tis not madness

That I have utter'd! Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reword; which mad-
ness

Would gambol from!"

says Hamlet,—and it was never doubted that Shakspeare understood the nature of insanity. His Journal is professed by the editor of the book to have been regularly kept, and the volume is said to be literally transcribed from the original diary.—Now, is it not singular that a man engaged in such peculiar undertakings as was George Fox, should be able to keep a record so explicit, so methodical, and so uninterrupted. He was many times in prisons, where he was shut from the light, and his friends were not permitted to bring him the most common necessities. How were pen, ink, and paper then procured, or indeed the means of using them?—The fact is, that the Journal was prepared by him for the press at his leisure, and is not transcribed from his familiar diary, as the editor presumes to assert. This appears evident from the following circumstances:—George did not usually travel with a journal about him, for when he was once suspected on a journey of harbouring intentions inimical to government, he exposed the whole of his travelling stock to the questioners, when it appeared that there were no written papers among the articles. He addresses himself frequently to "the reader," and often antedates circumstances of his story, by informing us that such a person *afterwards* came to be convinced, or *afterwards* met with some dreadful and sudden death, in consequence of his opposition to the people called "Quakers."—George Fox was certainly in his senses when he compiled his "Journal;" and what

must be the character of the motive that led him to pen in hours of evident sobriety the seeming vagaries of madness?

The vanity of Fox is perpetually exhibiting itself in allusions to the skill with which he overcame his rival disputants: unmixed religious enthusiasm is generally attended with humility.

Fox shews his deep knowledge of human nature by the constant attention he pays to the temporal hopes and fears of the persons with whom he is connected. Those who secede from the society he generally traces to sickness and want, while staunch friends are so particularly the care of Providence, that not even the dog of an American planter would offer to bite them. The art displayed in this conduct seems to mark the man systematically desirous of founding a new and powerful sect. The mere elevated religionist would certainly have confined the notion of reward to the vale of futurity!

His love of artifice is clearly betrayed in his conduct on board the vessel bound for America. He retired, and sought communion with heaven. "The Lord," he says, "shewed him that his power was placed between them and the vessel that held them in chase." Had Fox been the simple enthusiast which some part of his writings would appear to describe him, he would certainly have been satisfied with this sacred assurance, and have despised all efforts at self-preservation, while favoured with the particular care of that divine being, in whose name he had so often been able to work miracles. But it appears that, during the same minutes in which he informed the captain that they were quite secure, for heaven had spoken to him, its favourite agent, he directed the crew to alter their course and put out the lights.—This advice was so good, that the escape of the vessel must appear to every dispassionate reader very far from miraculous.

The singularities adopted by Fox were skillfully chosen. The "thou and thee" of his sect were at that time particularly offensive to the lower orders of people, the upper classes he knew to have more sense

than to resent so inconsequential a peculiarity with any great rigour.

Thus he fomented that continual opposition necessary to the consistency of the brethren, without hazarding the serious remonstrances of high authority. The invariable retention of the hat to what Hamlet justly styles its proper office, (the covering of the head) formed a rallying point, a sort of token in freemasonry by which friends recognised each other on all public occasions; and it was a singularity judiciously calculated to please the men who had acquired a considerable liking for notions of republican equality from the temper and discussions of the age.

In many respects the Journal of George Fox resembles the ancient works of knight errantry. In one the similitude is striking:—there is little or no mention of that "one thing needful," the circulating medium. George rode a good horse, and went to good inns, before his matrimonial connection with the widow of Judge Fell. Whence the money came that enabled him to do so does not appear. It could not be from his family, for they discountenanced his rambles. It would be invidious to hazard supposition. Suffice it, George does not appear to have travelled without money in his pocket.

It may be asked what but mere enthusiasm could possibly induce a man to defy the beatings of some, and the opprobrium of others, during the most fatiguing expeditions for a long series of years, when that man, both in theory and practice, declined all the pomp and grandeur usually seen attendant on individual distinction?—To this query it would not be difficult to give a lengthened reply. The records of human nature would produce many parallel instances of men rejecting positive benefits for the pursuit of gratifications not deemed equivalent to such a sacrifice by the bulk of mankind. On this head, however, I forbear to say more than the egotistic vanity continually evinced in the Journal renders it highly probable that the love of fame, the pride of being accounted by future ages the founder of a sect, was a

stimulus sufficient to produce all the ardour and perseverance noted in George Fox.

If he really* acted under such an impulse, it confessedly was a love of fame very innoxiously employed—for it has produced a religious brotherhood remarkable for temperance and the decent graces in an age of coppery, licentiousness, and insincerity.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

• VERITAS.

A VINDICATION of the OPENING of the THIRD BOOK of PARADISE LOST.

Sir,

DR. NEWTON, in his notes upon Milton, has the following words, speaking of the introductory lines to B. III. of Paradise Lost:

"Our author's address to light, and lamentation of his own blindness may perhaps be censured as an excrescence or digression not agreeable to the rules of epic poetry."

This opinion, as expressed above, is partly false and partly true. It may be true that Milton's lamentation of his own blindness, as it introduces the author when we wish to be acquainted only with the action, is digressive, and perhaps censurable; but his address to light, considered without the connection which he has forced upon it, by bewailing the "drop serene" which obstructed his own visual ray, has a regular coherence, in my opinion, with the narrative. Satan, at the conclusion of the second book, having toiled through Chaos and Darkness, at length reaches the confines of Light:

But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of
heaven

Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimmering dawn: here nature first be-
gins

Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works a broken foe
With tumult less, and less hostile din
That Satan with less toil, and now* with
ease

Wafes on the calmer wave by dubious
light.

After reading this, can any one say that the invocation with which the

third book commences, "Hail, holy light! Offspring of heav'n first born, &c." is an excrescence? Is it not rather a natural effusion of the poet, warranted by the course of the narrative, in which he seems to rejoice that he has at length finished his sojourn in the region of darkness, and now "revisits safe the sovereign vital lamp?" It has an intimate connection with the conclusion of the preceding book, and therefore cannot, I think, be censured as digressive. I agree indeed with Dr. Newton, that the lamentation of his own blindness, which follows, is an excrescence, but I also agree with him, "that it is so charming a part of the poem that the most critical reader cannot wish it were omitted."

While my pen is occupied with this subject, I will point out a ridiculous error in Milton, which I have not seen noticed by any commentator. Satan, in his address to the sun, B. iv. l. 76, exclaims,—

Which way I fly is hell: myself am hell:
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
&c.

Surely this would have done credit to the pen of Blackmore, and may stand without fear by the side of those lines which have been often quoted, and which, whether they are Blackmore's or Howard's, or belong to neither, I pretend not to decide: they answer my present purpose.

A painted vest Prince Voltiger had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire
won.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Canterbury,

Jan. 4, 1809.

A. B.

FURTHER CONSIDERATIONS on the ABSURDITY of the New Review to be EDITED by R. CUMBERLAND.

SIR,

I WAS pleased with the observations of X. in your Magazine for November last, p. 402, upon the projected new Review to be edited by Mr. Cumberland. I perfectly agree with him, that nothing *will*, that nothing *can* be gained by a plan so absurd in its very principles; and I

will go further than X. by saying, that even if the *optimates* of modern literature, even if a Roscoe, a Parr, a Gillies, or a Stewart, *did condescend* to become hired reviewers, with this only distinction, of affixing their names, yet the cause of sound criticism would be no farther advanced. On the contrary, it would be retarded, for the very reasons stated by your correspondent. If we allow human passions to operate with equal or nearly equal influence, why, it may be asked, would not Mr. Roscoe, or Dr. Parr, be as open to the bias of friendship, or as sensible to the attack of friendship, as other men? and though they might imitate other critical professors in their merciless severity towards the humble, the obscure, and the unassuming delinquent, we should find them abundantly polite, and ceremonious, and affable to each other. The *esprit du corps*, as the French term it, would operate here in full force, though within a narrower circle than usual.

Let us suppose that fifty years ago, such a ridiculous idea had been started by the trade, and that Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c. had been engaged upon it. I ask, would it have been possible that those great men could have sat in impartial judgment upon each other's productions, and yet have lived, as they did live, within the circle of the strictest friendship? Had they praised, would not their praise have been suspected by the world of adulation? Had they censured, would they not have been accused of rancour, of malignity, or of envy? — Placed between Scylla and Charybdis, they could not avoid self condemnation on the one hand, or the world's censure on the other. And would such men have found an adequate reward for such trial in the pecuniary compensations of a bookseller? The answer is obvious. They would have spurned at the illusion which would mislead them under the guise of candour and honesty, and they would have left to venal minds what only venal minds can perform. I speak thus strongly, because I know the great difference there is between the profession of integrity and the practice: and I am confident there is

not one of those who may be engaged upon this new Review, that would, if called upon to criticise the performance of one of his brethren, or one of his friends, exercise his judgment in a fair, unbiassed, impartial manner.

There is also another reason that would prevent the exercise of legitimate opinion in the *undersigned* reviewers: the anticipation of a future acquaintance with those whose productions they judge. I cannot easily conceive a predicament more awkward or more absurd than that of a known reviewer being introduced to the object of his attack. Such considerations will deter every man of sense, of feeling, and of liberality, from being engaged in a task so ungrateful; and if therefore we are to receive the precepts of science, of knowledge, of judgment, and of taste from obscure men, without sense, without feeling, and without liberality, I cannot envy those who may be content to listen to them. It is not impossible, indeed, they may find readers co-ordinate to themselves in mental qualifications; let them rejoice if they do: it is lawful for ignorance to triumph when wisdom is silent.

I remain, &c.

Jan. 7, 1809.

X. jun.

OBSERVATIONS upon the NATURAL HISTORY of the HORSE in SOUTH AMERICA. By SONNINI.

For the Universal Magazine.

THOSE troops of wild horses which inhabit some parts of the old world, are well known. They are conducted by, rather than submitted to, a leader, whose superintendence, rather than authority, ceases to be acknowledged as soon as he ceases to be the most fierce and vigorous amongst them. It is in the midst of these free and roving bands, in the deserts of Africa, and in the northern regions of Asia, that we must look for the type and original of all the different races of horses, which education, the shackles of domesticity, and the other effects of man's jurisdiction, have produced. There alone will be found the horse of nature, while we have,

around us, only the horse of art. But, if this last were abandoned by man, it would soon return to its original qualities: those habits which it had acquired in servitude, would be effaced with the chains of that servitude, and he would resume his liberty with more facility, and in infinitely less time than was necessary to fashion him to slavery.

Let us consider those numerous troops, which, in less than two centuries, have formed themselves in the new world, and which caused animals to seek again the bosom of nature that had been subjected to an immemorial servitude. If we traverse South America, we shall behold immense plains, fruitful lands, sayannahs covered with verdant spots, watered by copious rivers, and shaded with umbrageous forests. These eternal pastures of liberty presented to the horse, restored to a state of freedom, the most delightful shelter from a too ardent sun, and inexhaustible resources of food at choice: there they roved, propagated rapidly, and soon formed numerous bodies, which present a race, totally different from that whence they drew their origin. In nearly the centre of this part of South America there exists a prodigious quantity of these wild horses, which are descended from the Andalusian breed, transported thither by the Spaniards at the epoch of their first conquests. They live in separate troops, but are so multiplied, that when they happen to meet, they form sometimes bodies of ten thousand. These numerous troops are diffused principally to the south of the river Plata, as far as Rio Negro, to the land of the Patagonians, &c.*

Fierce, and contented with perfect freedom, these horses, become wild, seemed animated with the desire of participating their freedom with those of their species who yet remain under the dominion of man; and they are therefore dreaded by the colonists. As soon as they perceive in the fields any domestic horses, they set off, at a full gallop, towards them, pass and

repass among them, caress them, and call them by various sounds and motions, and by neighings expressive of affection. The domestic horses are soon seduced away; they unite themselves to the wandering troops, and follow them into their retreats of independence. Travellers are often stopped on their journey, by the desertion of their horses, who are thus enticed away by the wild ones, whom they endeavour to frighten and keep at a distance by every possible means. On these occasions, the wild horses use a degree of sagacity and put evolutions in practice which bespeak considerable intelligence. A few of them separate from the main body and advance in front, while the rest of them march in a close compact column which nothing can break. If they are so alarmed as to be induced to retreat, the column changes its direction, but without disorder and without division. Sometimes they make several circuits round those who endeavour to frighten them: sometimes they abandon their enterprise; and, as they require day-light to reconnoitre their enemy and to direct their manœuvres so as to attract new companions, they never make these attempts during the night.

The colonists, however, do not content themselves with keeping these dangerous seducers at a distance: they also carry on an active warfare against them. In great battles they endeavour to surround them, or to drive them close against a ditch, where they kill them with spears. The *Pampas* eat their flesh, and they give the preference to that of the mares and colts. The Spaniards never eat of them; but sometimes they kill a very fat mare to make a fire with her fat and bones, in the country of *Pampas* where fuel is very scarce.

M. Azara, who relates these facts, observes further, that the prevailing colours of the wild horse, in the most southern countries of America, are a brown-bay, the *zain** (or dark colour), the black, and the jet black (*jais*). If there happens to be among them an individual that is grey, or any other colour, it may safely be con-

* See Observations of Don Felix Azara on the Natural History of Paraguay, inserted in the *Decade Philosophique*, 1799. No. 9. p. 513.

* They call a horse *zain* which has no white hairs.

cluded that it has escaped from a state of domesticity. There are, according to Azara, ninety brown bays to ten *zains*, and the black colour is so rare, that you do not sometimes find one in two thousand. From these observations he concludes, that those three colours, the brown bay, the *zain*, and the jet black, are the primitive hues which designate, at least in part, horses that have recovered their liberty; that the first horse and the first mare that ever existed were of one of these three colours, and, most probably, of the brown bay; since, among wild horses, it appears that the black colour decreases, and that the dark colour, or *zain*, will also: that, assuming the colour as a criterion, it may be said that the best breed of horses is that of the brown bay; next to that, the *zains*; and lastly the black: all other colours have less excellence of qualities, because they are the result of greater degradations from the primitive horse, which would of course be the most perfect. Experience, the author thinks, does not contradict these conjectures; for, according to him, the brown bay horses are the most esteemed, if we except the phantasies of individuals, and the *zains* hold the second place, though in France there exists a prejudice against this last colour, which M. Azara considers as being without foundation, and as being especially opposite to the opinion of the Spaniards.*

In these same countries, however, those horses which are called domestic live in a state of comparative liberty. They are left, during a part of the year, to roam at will over spacious pastures; and to this custom, of permitting them to be in the open air, to yield to every feeling of nature in their motions and in their coursing, and to feed, at their pleasure, upon whatever they like best, we must attribute the prodigious multiplication and the incomparable agility and vigour of those horses which the Europeans have transported to several

parts of South America, more than to the nature of the climate, which however is highly favourable, as Dr. Robertson has already remarked in his History of America. They may be seen laden with burdens far beyond the strength of the most renowned horses of the old world:—the most steep mountains, the most rugged rocks, do not stop them: they will descend, at full speed, such declivities as a man could not walk down without trembling; they will leap from precipice to precipice in a manner that is truly astonishing and very frightful. The horseman has only to keep himself firm in his saddle while descending heights almost perpendicular, and with such velocity.

In Peru, they call these horses *parameros*, because the mountains are called *paramos*. While yet young they are trained to run over the most difficult and elevated places: their only paces are the trot and the amble, both of which they perform in a very active way. There are, in the same country, other horses, which are called *aiguillitas*, which are not less vigorous, less agile, nor less courageous. They only walk, but with such celerity, that it equals the trot of the others; some of them indeed go with such rapidity that no horse can outstrip them, nor even overtake them, let them use what pace they will. Don Ulloa, who saw these horses in the province of Quito, relates that he had one of them, which, without being the very quickest of the species, walked him, over a stony bad road, in twenty-eight or twenty-nine minutes, from Callao to Lima, a distance of two leagues and a half, geometrically measured; and, in the same space of time, he brought him back to Lima without being once unbridled.* From the description, however, which Don Ulloa gives of this precipitate pace, it is evident that he does not mean the common walk, but the *amble*, which is considered in Europe as a pace less noble and less natural than the walk, the trot, and the gallop, and even as

* There exists, in fact, in several countries of Europe, great prejudices against dark-coloured horses, or *zains*. They were formerly thought to be either vicious, or to bode misfortune.

* See Historical Voyage to South America, made by order of the King of Spain, by Don George Juan and Don Antonio de Ulloa, vol. i. p. 370.

dangerous to the horseman. The Peruvians obtain from Chili the wonderful *parameiros* and the best *agutillas*; and the choice individuals of these two races are nothing inferior in elegance of form to the most beautiful of the Andalusian breed: they are also of a fine size; they breathe fire and spirit, and their speed is unequalled. *

[To be concluded in our next]

ANTI-SOPHOS in REPLY to SOPHOS.

Sir,

THE query of your correspondent *Sophos* seems to have excited some discussion among your numerous readers; and, indeed, the question is of that nature which would be likely to stimulate the energies of every thinking mind.

When I first perused the query in your Magazine for August last (p. 101) I was a little startled; but I wished not to prejudge, and *Sophos* had pledged himself to unfold his opinions if no abler hand anticipated him. In the ensuing number there were two replies; one by a Mr. Fletcher, the other signed P. M. W.; and, in October, *Sophos* himself appeared in battle array against his opponents.—How he has wielded the weapons of controversy, I wish not to decide; but with your permission, Mr. Editor, I will offer a few remarks to his consideration, upon those parts of his letter wherein I differ from him.

He commences by degrading the pleasures of childhood, and reducing them to a level with the gross delights of mere animal sensation. But his assumptions here are gratuitous, and I do not think that experience will warrant them. It is to be remembered that there are gradations of intellectual pleasure; and, indeed, it seems to me an unphilosophical and an immoral supposition to believe, that a being, endowed with the capacities for intellect, and having its organisation complete, should be found in a state in which those capacities lie inert. The fallacy and absurdity of this may be argued *a priori*; but it is also possible to shew, by deductive reasoning, that the opinion is erroneous. Contemplate children in

their sports, and examine the nature of their pleasures. What gives animation to the one, what gives variety to the other, but the presence of mind? Not, indeed, in the same degree as is to be found in the matured intellect; but in that degree which is sufficient to direct, to excite, and to cherish, the feelings, the hopes, the amusements, and the desires of childhood. The pleasure which accompanies youth in the pursuit of its sports, is not, cannot be, merely the pleasure of the senses abstracted from all consideration of the mind. What impels him to the ring? not merely the hope of winning the marble, but the mingled desire of evincing his superior skill and obtaining its reward: or the wish to conquer some sullen competitor, or to hold the rank of first player. All, or any of these motives are enough to shew the existence of mind in its simplest operations; and no one will deny their existence, that has any recollection of his own childhood, or any sagacity to trace action to its source. It will be found the same in examining all the pleasures of childhood. What invites him to start at the race, and strain and pant to reach the appointed goal? Not the mere delight of running, for it is often painful from its celerity and exertion; but the hope of outstripping his antagonist, and the eager anticipation of the shouts that await the conqueror. It will surely be allowed that the feelings of resentment, of hope, of fear; the arrangements of foresight and the cautious barriers of experience, are to be found in the conduct of children: and if so, to what source shall we refer their origin, if we deny them that of mind?

To unfold itself gradually is the property of reason; and it is no invalidation of my argument, therefore, to say, that it exists in an inferior degree in the minds of children: for the same objection would equally hold in more advanced years, and there is not a greater difference between the mind of an uninstructed child of six years old and an adult of ordinary faculties, than there is between that adult and a man of genius.

The effects of religion upon the mind of man, as exhibited by *Sophos*, do more credit to his pen than to his

head. If the mild tenor of the Christian faith really appear to him in so solemn and repulsive a guise, I fear his mental vision requires to be purged of its gross humours by the detergents of study and extended knowledge.—From what honest, from what lawful, from what dignified enjoyments of life does religion call us away? The exercise of what virtue does it impede? The discharge of what duty does it restrict? It may bid us renounce all low, all vulgar, all bestial indulgences: it may exhort us to subdue the intemperance of passion, to overcome the evil propensities of our nature, and to train the heart in the ways of virtue: it may promise the blissful regions of beatitude to the faithful: it may thunder in the ears of the sinner the punishment of guilt. But in this, what does it do more than the laws of man—of weak, erring, and resentful man? Is it compatible with the eternal order and harmony which reign throughout the universe, that human nature alone should be a lawless planet, running at will through the fabric of creation? Is it inconsistent with the mercy of a righteous deity, that he should reward those who have deserved; that he should punish those who have erred? The book of knowledge is laid open to us; the laws by which we are to be tried are promulgated; the issue of trial is announced;—what would we more? Shall man, whose soul, touched with the ethereal spark of reason, kindles into a consciousness of futurity, shall he repine because the door of vile and obscene delights is closed against him? Shall he murmur, because he is forbidden to descend below the very herds of the field in the pursuit of debasing pleasures? Shall he remonstrate, because he is called upon to earn a glorious state of bliss, in regions of immortality, in worlds of everlasting joy? Shame upon the heart that does not glow with gratitude as it contemplates the opportunities for endless felicity which are held out to man! And let the sordid being, who pants for delights at which the gorge of virtue rises, wallow in the filthiness of his own desires, while the chastened, the temperate, the good man, enjoys what this

world can give, but looks forward to bliss unutterable in a future.

This declamation of *Sophos* against religion, seems not to have much connexion with the tenor of his argument; but to have been interpolated, if I may so speak, for the purpose of indulging in the expression of opinions which do him little honour.

"Virtue," says *Sophos*, "rarely brings with it any present, any positive delight." I deny this, even with the limitations which *Sophos* himself has imposed. I will suppose a man totally ignorant or totally careless of a future state: yet even to such a man virtue will not be without delight; and of course that delight, if any, must be present, and if present, must be positive. Where is the man, having human feelings, that is not delighted with the expression of human love and gratitude? If I assist the needy, comfort the afflicted, counsel the timorous, defend the weak, and direct the erring, do I find no delight, no pleasure, no sweetly-thrilling sensation, as I read in their countenances, as I hear in their words, the looks, the language, of gratitude, peace, and contentment? Is it not soothing to my thoughts to reflect that I have made those happy, who mourned; that I have bestowed comfort upon those that were despairing? In the world, there is not a rapture more intense than the sight of human felicity: he must have the heart of a daemon who can look, unmoved upon the scene of man's happiness; but what must be his rapture, when he not only beholds that felicity, but hears a gentle voice whisper to his soul—"This is the work of thy hands?" By heavens, I would not exchange such a bliss for any other that life could offer me: and this bliss may be enjoyed without any reference to futurity: it is present and positive. The assertion of *Sophos*, therefore, that without the general apprehension of a future state, no man would, in this world, be virtuous, according to our present notions of virtue, is false; or, I should be glad to see by what dexterity he can support it.

His two pictures of the "individual free from the belief of futurity," and

"the virtuous man acting from the consciousness of a future state and a moral governor," are conclusive; if we admit his premises; but if these are destroyed, then they lose their cogency. I cannot, however, bring myself to admire the sensual bliss of the first: nor do I believe that any happiness can be so perfect and unchanged that has not *mind* for its basis. To that quality alone is it given, to renovate bliss by combinations known only to itself: while the mere delights of sense pall by repetition and lose all their flavour and poignancy.

There are other parts of the letter of *Sophos* which might be justly animadverted upon; and there are some parts also which deserve assent: but I have already extended these remarks to some length. If *Sophos* think me worthy of a reply, I shall be ready to defend my arguments or to be convinced of their futility. I perfectly comprehend the distinction upon which *Sophos* grounds his argument: and I hope I have shewn that *with* that distinction virtue brings *present* and *positive* delight; that no pleasure can be lasting that is merely animal; and that, in fact, man is *incapable* of receiving pleasure entirely abstracted from mind.

I remain, Sir, &c.

ANTI-SOPHOS.

Cambridge, Jan. 2, 1809.

TWO ORIGINAL LETTERS from
JAMES BOSWELL to WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE. Never before published. (Communicated by Mr. SIM.)

For the Universal Magazine.

Edinburgh, 27 June, 1768.

SIR,

I DID not receive your very polite letter till I was in the hurry of leaving London, so I hope you will excuse my having been so long of answering it.

Both your poems in Donaldson's collection pleased me, especially the first; in which there is a cast of thought as well as of expression, truly poetical; and I remember that when it was first published in one of

our newspapers, my friend, Lord Hailes, pronounced the author a poet; and his lordship's judgment, as a critic, is one of the ablest and most severe that I know.

Your poem, called *The Concubine*, has considerable merit; and I have had much pleasure in reading it. But you must forgive me for thinking your genius greatly obscured by the style of Spenser. In the *Rambler*, Number 121, you will find some just and striking reflections upon this subject; and I hope that you will not again think of making modern beauties appear in the antiquated garb of Queen Elizabeth. Beauties will charm in any dress; but it is not doing them justice to wrap them up in the hoods and cloaks of their grandmothers.

You may be sure, Sir, that I shall most willingly peruse the manuscript piece which you mention, and give you my opinion of it with candour: and if my friendship with Mr. Garrick can enable me to be of any use to you, I shall not fail in doing what is in my power. If you send your manuscript to the care of Mr. Dilly, he will forward it to me. I could wish to know who the gentleman is who has pleased me as a poet, and honoured me with his attention as a correspondent; and whenever I have any interest with him, he must not be surprised to find me solicit him in behalf of the brave Corsicans, whose story is surely not unworthy of his verse.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

SIR,

Edinburgh, 22 June, 1769.

I now return you Chateaubriant, with a letter of recommendation for Mr. Garrick. I am sure it is in Mr. Garrick's power to make it appear to advantage in Drury-Lane, if he will take the trouble to suggest to you such alterations and additions as he may think necessary. I join with Mr. Colman in thinking it rather deficient in *business* (as the phrase is) for the taste of the modern theatre. It appears to me that your lady is too easily vanquished. She understands the king's purpose too quickly.—Should she not have been more

shocked? Should there not have been more struggles before virtue expired? And might not obstacles have been thrown in the way, to retard the ungrateful and wicked action? There is a great deal of poetry in the piece, beautiful imagery, and fine language. I heartily wish you success.

Indeed, Sir, since the letter I wrote to you last summer, I have often found fault with myself for not saying more to you on the pleasure which your genius has afforded me. The Concubine is a capital poem, though I find fault with the antiquated style. There are many passages in it painted by the hand of a master.

I am, at present, under great concern, on account of the brave, unfortunate Corsicans. I have not yet received any letter. But I fear the bad news are true. In which case liberty is actually robbed and murdered in Corsica. May I beg, however, Sir, that you would finish the Prospects which you have promised me.

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni. Extravagant as that sentiment may be in one view, Cato's part of it is surely noble. Paoli is still the great and good man he ever was — Pray let us have the poem. If you honour me with an apostrophe, I shall be very proud of it. I could wish you would represent me among the rocks and woods of my ancestors. Auchinleck is a most unpoetical name. But it may be mentioned at the foot of a page. I beg to know if these packets come safe; and am, with much esteem, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

P.S. I have taken the liberty to mark a few words which I do not like, by drawing one line above and another below them. I hope your Prospects will be ready for publication by the beginning of winter.

CURIOUS EXTRACT from a RARE BOOK.

Sir,

THE Rev. Mr. Beloe, in his last volume of *Anecdotes of Literature, &c.* has preserved the following singular excerpt from a singular book; and, as I believed it might be read

UNIVERSAL MAG VOL. XI.

with amusement by some of your readers, I have copied the whole account verbatim, for your acceptance or rejection; and remain, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

P. F.

London, Jan. 41, 1809.

CHRYSOMESON,

GOLDEN MEAN.

Or a middle way for Christians to walk by, wherein all seekers of truth, and shakers in the faith, may find the true religion, in depending upon mans invention, and be established therein.

intended { as a key to Christianity.
as a touchstone for a traveller.
as a probe for a protestant.
as a sea mark for a sailor.

By Benjamin Spencer, who worshipping Unity in Trinity, and most earnestly prayeth, that people may come to unity in verity, at home and abroad.

In a Christian Dialogue between Philaethes and his friend Mathetes, seeking satisfaction.

London,

Printed for B. S. the author, and are to be sold by William Hope, at his shop next door to St. Bartholomews Church, on the North Side of the Royall Exchange. 1659. Folio.

The above uncommon book, which belongs to my friend Mr. Meen, has a curious engraved frontispiece, which at the top represents the inside of a church, a congregation, preacher, &c. &c. At the bottom are a number of human figures of the various sects of Brownists, Papists, Jesuits, Levellers, Seekers, Quakers, &c.

The following explanation, by which it is accompanied, seems worth preserving.

Gentle Reader, here behold
A shadow'd Church of antic mold;
Where Christian people meet to advance
God in his holy ordinance.

In the outward count you see
In a circle each degree
Of sects both old and new, of late
Troubling both our Church and State.

The ancient CHILIAST pretends,
That Christ will shortly make amends
To him with bags, and fattening farms,
Whoever suffers wrongs or harms.

D

The **JESUITE**, with his naked knife,
And box of poison always rife,
Stands ready magistrates to kill,
That will not buckle to his will.

The common Papist his sight takes
By spectacles the Jesuit makes;
And whether he readeth verse or prose,
He must put them upon his nose.

The **BROWNIST**, craving a new fashion,
Prayeth for thorough reformation;
His broom to give the Pope a fall,
Sweeps down the windows, Church and
all.

The **FAMILIST** and **ADAMITES**
Share in carnall foul delights,
But unless they leave that vice,
They'll misse the blessed Paradise.

The **ANTINOMIAN** spurns gods law,
As if it were not worth a straw;
Yet law is good if rightly used,
Liberty bad if't be abus'd.

The **ANTISABBATARIAN**
No Sabbath day endure can,
But thinks it much unto his praise
To hammer out all holy daies.

The **ANABAPTIST** fire spits
In zeal, but dipping cools the fits
Awhile; but yet he cries anon
'Gainst Paul, more baptisms than one.

The **ARMINIAN**, with his double face,
Maintaineth universall grace,
Doubting that if it be not so,
Whether he shall be say'd or no.

The **LEVELLER** makes much adoë,
Having but little to take to,
Hopes to make equall poor and rich;
His silver bell makes humours itch.

SOCINIANS finding now fit season,
Offer their cup of faith in reason,
Which if to coole your heat it faile,
He fans you with a foxes tale.

INDEPENDENTS breake the band
Of discipline; to none will stand
But their own fancy. Read the text,
The Devil did so first, and **ADAM** next.

The **QUAKER** shakes shuddering
duck,
While joints and mouth convulsion
plucks;
I fear 'tis some dissembling evill,
If not possession by a devill.

The **SEEKER** blindfold gropes about
To feel some new religion out;
But since he hath the old truth lost,
He'll find but error to his cost.

The regular **PRIEST** catcht in the lurch
Can hardly get or keep a church;
In chambers fain to preach about,
Hoping to drive these homers out.

But there is an eie above,
Fix'd on the church which God doth love;
And an ear that hears the cry
Of others foolish blasphemy.

Also a fist wrathfully bent
To avenge the innocent,
And to beat in piecos all
Sects and schismes, great and small.

Therefore repent both all and some,
Methinks I hear the bridegroom come,
Whil'st we fall to anarchie,
Will'ring in the fifth monarchy.
Let no man dream of any more,
Since **DANIELS** vision shewed but foure.

ANNOTATIONS on the TEXT of
SHAKSPEARE.

No. VIII.

[Concluded from VOL. X. p. 495.]

MACBETH*.

*Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleave
of care.*

Mr. Seward proposes *sleave*, in a note on A. 3. S. 5, of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, from the communication of an ingenious friend. "Sleave," he observes, "is the ravelled, knotty, gouty part of the silk; which makes it an exceeding proper emblem of the perplexities and uneasiness of care and trouble."

*Acquaint you with the perfect spy
o'th time.*

Mr. Tyrwhitt's strictures, published from the Clarendon Press, in 1766, suggested an amendment; "the *spot*, the time." I think the conjecture ingenious.

A conjectural emendation in *Coriolanus*,

'And forth I'll quickly draw out
my command'

may appear redundant; but this reduplication of prepositions is frequent in our old authors; as is well-known to all who are versed in Massinger and others.

That the historical plays are not wholly Shakspeare's is, I think, undoubted. Mr. Douce thinks that "they

* In first collecting these dispersed papers for the *Universal Magazine*, one or two remarks were overlooked, and are incorporated above, with those on the authenticity of some of the plays in Shakspeare's works.

were written by some person who had more classical knowledge, but infinitely less genius than our author." Mr. Morgan, the essayist on Falstaff, is of the same opinion. According to Mr. Malone, the First Part of King Henry VI. was not entered at Stationers' Hall until 1623, and then, under the title of the *Third Part*. We may therefore presume that it was the work of some preceding writer, refitted and improved by our author, after he had completed the two which nominally follow it. It may be observed that *Rome* is pronounced *Room* by Shakspeare, as in Julius Cæsar,

"Now is it *Rome* indeed, and *Room* enough;"

but in this first part, when Winchester alludes to Rome, the Earl of Warwick desires him to "*Roam* thither." There is the same contradiction in the pronunciation of *Hecate* in this piece, and in *Macbeth*. As to his share in *Cymbeline*, I agree with Mr. Strutt; but in *Titus Andronicus*† I cannot believe that he had any concern; and in *Pericles*,‡ either little, or, more probably, none.

The characters of Shakspeare, in some few instances, have probably been misunderstood in common with the authenticity which has been borrowed in his name for the questionable productions already noticed. The reply of Octavius Cæsar to Antony's challenge, has been very generally censured;—

"*Let the old Russian know,
I've many other ways to die;*"

although, if he were confident of success in the combat, it would be difficult to imagine a more poignant and

ironical sneer, in return for the presumption of his unfortunate antagonist; whom he also sufficiently degrades by the term with which he previously qualifies him. The conduct of Hamlet at Ophelia's tomb has been equally blamed; but that our author really intended the temporary disorder of his intellects, in that afflicting ceremony, I have always thought; both on account of the suddenness of Ophelia's death, and his solemn assurance to Laertes before their engagement. The tension of the firmest mind may surely be allowed to relax, for so short a time, under the united influence of grief, love, remorse, and the sense of injury, reflected on himself, and originating in the murder of a father.

Since the talents of Shakspeare are now emerged from the obscurity wherein the commotions of the rebellion overwhelmed our classical literature,* every prejudice relative to his memory should have been already annihilated; and even after so much as the editors of his works have devoted to illustrate him, any addition will be scarcely thought needless by those who properly estimate his genius, and who reflect that the trouble bestowed from age to age upon the poets of antiquity, is not unprofitably applied to one of the first among our own. The sentiments entertained concerning the deficiency of his learning, is one of these traditional, but unauthorised reports; and this prejudice has been extended to the pursuit of an originality absolutely unattainable by any writer.

Indeed, the attention of an uninformed reader may perhaps have been attracted by the parallel passages which occur in the progress of these notes. Yet many have been suppressed, to lighten the uniformity of the task; and none have been noticed but such as forced themselves on the recollection of the present writer, during a critical perusal of his author. With a consistency worthy of their

† The style of *Titus Andronicus* considerably resembles that of the Spanish tragedy, inscribed to Thomas Kyd. Compare more especially the conclusion of the latter.

‡ An apparent solecism took place in the last number; *Pericles* being reckoned among the productions of contemporary writers, after some animadversions on it among Shakspeare's dramas. The latter circumstance was merely in compliance with the example of several editors.

* In the seventeenth century, there were but four of Hemming's and Condell's edition; 1623, 1632, 1663, 1685. This I have from Berkenhout. *Biographia Literaria.*

cause, the advocates of his ignorance will allow that the age of Elizabeth was eminent for its classicality; they will grant that our illustrious dramatist was a copious reader, at least in his own language; but refuse him any acquaintance with the antient classics, or obligations to their works, although the English language swarmed at that era with translations of them.

In fact, originality, both in dramatic character and in other subjects, consists far less in the novelty than the combination of ideas: coincidences may be easily traced in the personifications of our author with those of his contemporaries; but, to borrow the remark of an accomplished gentleman and a scholar,* on another occasion, we must not enquire, whether or not a family likeness be perceivable, but whether it be a distinct individual, or a mere picture,† that we contemplate; for true genius in lieu of profiting by the labours of a precursor, often experiences a disadvantage in the restraint which that consciousness imposes on its powers. The applause of soaring to the heights of empyrean poetry, that would have been otherwise undivided, is thus liable to the imputation of having ascended with the muse of another.

The meaning attached to Ben Jonson's well known phrase of "*small Latin and less Greek*," cannot be elicited from the context which accompanies these words. This does not refer to Shakspeare's supposed ignorance of the languages, but the slight use which he made of his opportunities, compared with curly Ben. Contrasted with the pages of translation which Jonson introduced into his pieces, Shakspeare borrowed little;

but it is to be regretted that these words, and other far-fetched inferences, should have been so much insisted upon for the sake of maintaining a pre-conceived system.

Dr. Farmer says, at p. 47 of his essay, that Shakspeare, in King Henry V. has followed Holinshed, who translates *præclarissimus* by *nostre très cher fils*. But what is the "*clarissime vir*," in epistolary correspondence, but the English form of politeness, "*dear Sir*?" Certainly *præclarissimus* would not suit the genius of the Latin language; and that alone should be consulted, in preference to servile translation.

If the imputation of envy be removed from Ben Jonson, it will be more easily believed, that he would not insinuate the illiteracy of his friend, under the pretence of an eulogy. This has been so ably done by Mr. Gilchrist, as to render the subsequent remarks, perhaps, unnecessary, but for the farther satisfaction of those who are unwilling to resign an inveterate sentiment.

There is a passage in *Cynthia's Revels*, which Mr. Malone supposes to be aimed at Shakspeare:—

"They would wish your poets would leave to be promoters of other men's jests, and to way-lay all the state apophthegms or old books they can hear of, to farce their own scenes withal."

Now that this was intended for Dekker, will be evident, after reading the direct attack upon Jonson in the *Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*, which contains a precisely similar charge:—

"A gentleman, or honest citizen, shall not sit down in your penny bench theatres, with his squirrel by his side cracking nuts, or sneak into a tavern with his mermaid, but he shall be satir'd and epigram'd upon, and his humour must run upon the stage: you'll ha' *Every Gentleman in his Humor*, and *Every Gentleman out of his Humor*."

Sir Vaughan again addresses Horace:—"You shall swear, not to bombast out a new play with the old linings of jests, stolen from the *Temple's Revels*."

Elsewhere too, he accuses him of carrying Latin authors in his pockets;

* General Burgoyne. *Preface to the Heiress*.

† "It is best for the philosopher of the age to imitate the antients as their children; to have their blood derived down to them, but to add a new complexion and life of their own; while those that endeavour to come near them in every line and feature, may rather be called their dead pictures or statues, than their genuine offspring." Sprat.—*History of the Royal Society*, Sec. 22.

plainly alluding to Jonson's practice of transcribing their works into his scenes.

If Mr. Malone be right in his conjecture, it would totally militate against the opinion of our author's want of learning; for I humbly conceive that "*old books*," in the age of Elizabeth, might allude quite as probably to antient classics, as to publications in our native tongue; and more especially, if Jonson's censure were meant for Dekker.

An author may frequently choose rather to sin against his knowledge, than to display it. If any one were to inform me that Shakspeare was unacquainted with Livy, because Menenius Agrippa,† who related the celebrated apologue to suppress a popular commotion, is said by the Roman author, to have died the same year that Marcius signalized himself at Corioli, whereas Shakspeare continues his life to the conclusion of his drama, it might be readily answered, that he preferred scenic effect to chronology, and that such a character as Menenius is cheaply acquired in the sacrifice.

By the belief of Shakspeare's possessing sufficient erudition to obviate this imaginary freedom from imitations in every case, his reputation will be incomparably less injured than in the defence of the theory, which makes him the author, *in toto*, of the worst pieces in his collection: their disparity is only to be accounted for, by the disadvantage which his genius sustained, in repairing the productions of inferior talent.

The accusation of malice wherewith Ben Jonson has been charged, and on which the tradition of ignorance was grounded, having now vanished, I proceed a step farther, and think that he has plainly eulogised his abilities elsewhere, than in the commendatory verses to his memory.

In *The Poetaster*, it is admitted that *Crispinus* represents Dekker; but there is another remarkable personage, the poet Virgil, in praise of whom Jonson says:—

"That which he hath writ
Is with such judgment labour'd and distill'd
Through all the needful uses of our lives,
That could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him"

These words are so excellently applicable to the writings of Shakspeare, that it may be at least assumed as a *probable* compliment from Jonson to his "*beloved*," before the song of the "*Sweet Swan of Avon*," was silenced in death.

I cannot better conclude, than with so gratifying a prospect in honour of our illustrious dramatist; and have but a few words to add.

It can scarcely be necessary to state, that every thing which may have been quoted for the purpose of illustration, is by no means critically approved; and this remark will glance with peculiar propriety on a fugitive tract, concerning Watton's history of English Poetry; for the present writer would indeed regret, were he supposed to view with complacency the insolent and brutal spirit that pervades it. The name of its reputed author is, however, not unknown.

Such is the multiplicity of notes that have been offered for the explanation of Shakspeare, that he who undertakes still farther to elucidate him, will be often compelled to erase his own remarks, or to insert others, in deference to the anticipation of some previous annotator. This task is by no means enviable; but I am not aware that any of the foregoing observations have appeared, having undergone considerable trouble to prevent the occurrence or appropriation of the thoughts of other persons. Conciseness has however been studied as a desirable object; and my comments may therefore be found, on some occasions, to involve a silent allusion to opinions already published.

Jan. 1809.

τηλευθυσ.

Dr. JOHNSON and the METAPHYSICAL
POETS of ENGLAND.

Sir,

JOHNSON has been much praised for his ingenious definition of the poems of Cowley, Donne, Suckling, &c. which he termed *metaphy-*

* Livy, Lib. 2. Sec. 83. If this objection has been ever employed, I know not; but it would be as reasonable as some that have appeared.

sical: but "praise undeserved is scandal in disguise," and let me therefore snatch a borrowed plume from his literary glory. Dryden, in his preface to the translation of *Juvenal*, after lavishing the most abject flattery on the Earl of Dorset and his poems, thus proceeds,—

"You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner and the words. I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He affects the *metaphysics* not only in his satires but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should engage their hearts and entertain them with the softnesses of love. In this, if I may be pardoned for a bold truth, Mr. Cowley has copied him to a fault; so great a one in my opinion, that it throws his *Mistress* infinitely below his *Pindarics* and his latter compositions, which are undoubtedly the best of his poems and the most correct."

The great merit of originality must therefore be taken from Johnson, and he must be content to retain that which is derived from a more luminous amplification of the thoughts of Dryden.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

Jan. 12, 1809.

SCRIBATOR.

MONTALBERT: A FRAGMENT.

For the Universal Magazine.

* * * * * Next day J visited again my venerable friend. He was still in bed, and during the night his disorder had reached a crisis which took an unfavourable turn. When I entered I was struck with the alarming alteration which appeared in his countenance. 'Death was marked in every lineament. His eyes had a sort of rayless glare, which seemed to indicate that nature was hastening to a close. He was more feeble than when I saw him last, and a torpid lethargy seemed to possess his whole frame. Yet, at my approach, he made an effort to assume somewhat of animation, and with a

languid smile of welcome he stretched his hand towards me. I took hold of it, and found there a clammy moistness, which tended to increase my apprehensions. I ventured to express my fears that he had experienced some alteration.

"Yes," said he, "I now begin to see the bourne. We shall set together," added he, pointing to the sun, "my hours are now numbered, and I shall soon be laid at rest."

"I trust not," I replied. "Nature may yet do much: this change perhaps may only be an effort to expel the malady, and she will rise from this depression only with increased vigour."

"I do not even wish it," said Montalbert; "and yet," continued he hesitatingly, "a longer life might be well employed in expiation."

As he uttered these words he became a little agitated: he looked towards me with an enquiring glance—then at his son—then at me again—and sighed heavily. After a pause of a few moments he pressed my hand strongly, and murmured in a sort of whisper, "scorn has no empire beyond the grave."

I heard these words with anxiety: they were ambiguous: they were attended with emotion on the part of Montalbert, and they seemed capable of eventful construction. I was unable to reply, for in fact I knew not their meaning: Montalbert did not seem to notice my embarrassment, but continued to speak:

"The arrow that may pierce our own heart, 'twere folly to put in the hands of any created being. Misplaced confidence is a two edged weapon, which wounds the giver and the receiver: but when he that gives the sword is about to depart from the sphere of its destruction, he takes from it its greatest force, and leaves it but a pointless instrument in the hands of him who takes it. Though I unsheath the steel, yet shall its wasting fury disturb not one moment of my repose."

I looked steadily at Montalbert: there was a peculiar sort of expression upon his countenance, not pleasing but striking: it was a mixture of exultation, fear, reproach, and

doubt: his eyes had lost their glare: they sparkled with momentary fire, and lent a transitory animation to his whole face. But it was the hectic flush of an instant, and was succeeded by a death-like paleness, and more than ordinary dullness of vision. I was perplexed in the extreme: I saw these varying emotions, but knew not their cause: I watched their progress, but knew not their object: all to me was dark and inexplicable, and the delicacy of my own situation, as well as the melancholy one of Montalbert, seemed to forbid any rash or premature interrogatories. In this state of dubiety and suspense, I still continued to hold his hand, and gaze upon him with earnestness, when he continued to speak, and, as before, without adverting to my embarrassment.

"Yet even in the most depraved hearts so poor a malice hardly can reside, as to spend its shafts upon the idle air. Such villainy would want the covering, the flimsy covering, needful even to itself to hide its own deformity; and would recoil upon its possessor the gnawing pains of disappointed envy. In the cunning machinations of the world, we love to see the object writhe in agony before our eyes; we love to rankle the ulcerous wound, and glut our eyes with luxury of woe. It is only the half-faced villains of society, who shoot their bolts with the random hand of wanton malice; the rancorous cowards of the world who love to spit abroad their deadly venom in darkness, heedless where it strikes. And yet"—he paused—he withdrew his hand from mine—he passed it twice or thrice across his brow, as if meditating—he fixed his hollow languid eyes upon me with a steady look, as though he would dive into my very soul—and he appeared troubled: but at that instant a benevolent smile succeeded, and he exclaimed,—

"Yes! my young friend, in thy heart virtue is throned as in her temple; she is shrouded there in the secrecy and solitude to which you have condemned her, prompt however at every call, and quick to obey your summons. I traced her hand in our first meeting; and I traced it with accuracy; for approaching to the con-

fines of the grave, my perceptions are stronger and can more easily pierce the veil which habit sometimes throws over our actions. In that temple I feel I may repose my sorrows."

For the first time a thought glanced across my mind to what all this tended. I guessed that he had some secret to communicate; some fears and anxieties perhaps to express, relative to the future welfare of his son; some revelation of past events, intimately connected with his destination in life; or perhaps some distresses to impart, whose recollection now weighed upon his soul and depressed its aspiring flight. These thoughts succeeded each other with the rapidity of lightning in my mind, and diffused over it a sentiment of peace, from the consciousness that I might be able to administer to the comfort of his last moments. Instantly replied:

"I lay claim to no virtue beyond the character of my species: the spark that animates my bosom glows, I am persuaded, as intensely in the hearts of thousands, and I even hope more intensely, for in myself I often find it obscured by passion, and often repressed by the dictates of a sordid feeling. Yet, as I know myself, I dare assert a steady, honourable, and independent mind; a mind which zealously nurtures the most amiable principles of our nature, and strives to give them efficacy in the narrow sphere of active benevolence to which I am restricted. If to such a mind you can commit any affliction which now harasses you, any anticipating fear of the future with regard to that youth"—

"Ah!" interrupted Montalbert, "when I look that way I am overwhelmed with anguish. My poor, friendless child, who shall shield you in protecting arms when thou hast committed my body to the grave?"

"In my power it is," added I, "to give him the protection of a father, if not the love, for who can teach his heart a father's feelings when not awakened by a father's character? Yet I can do much. Providence has given me wealth beyond, far beyond my own necessities; and I should wrong the sentiments of my heart, as well the dictates of my rea-

son, did I regard that wealth in any other light than as a deposit, and a sacred, very sacred deposit, bestowed upon me by the Great Creator to imitate his goodness by relieving those who sorrow and pine in the dark abodes of poverty and want. I pledge myself, my valued friend, here by the solemn adjuration of my God, that if it please Him to take you to himself, to receive your Henry as my own, to cherish him as my child, to provide for his future welfare, and to place him in this world beyond the reach of distress and penury."

Oh that I held a poet's pen, to paint Montalbert as he lay, while I uttered these concluding words. His feeble frame admitted not the clamorous exclamations of gratitude, the ardent, vigorous, embraces of an awakened heart. In him all was silent; but solemn, impressive, and sincere. His soul, his grateful and adoring soul moved upon his lips; grateful to me; adoring to his Creator. What he felt was too big for utterance, and seemingly absorbed in the inward contemplation of the workings of his mind, he continued silent and motionless: peace settled on his countenance: parental love mingled with its beams, and produced a mixture of composure and emotion: seeming half to doubt the possibility of what I had said, he turned towards me an enquiring eye, but which instantly shot forth conviction. Then he drew young Henry towards him, who stood on the other side of the bed, threw his arms round his neck, hid his venerable face in the bosom of his son, and, bursting into a flood of tears, could only utter,—“My child! my child! I die in peace!”—After this violent emotion had subsided, he disengaged himself, and, placing the hand of Henry in mine, exclaimed,—“Reverence him, I charge thee, as your father: love him as your protector and as your deliverer.” The youth was sensibly moved by this pathetic scene, and wept a plentiful effusion of tears, while he pressed my hand to his lips with ardour.

Montalbert now addressed himself to me.

“You first rescued my child from the perils of death, and restored him

to me: for that I was grateful, and loved you: but that was an action which I know every man in a similar situation would have done, and though this ought not to diminish our gratitude towards him who does save us, yet the act wants that indefinable charm, that universal character which fills the hearts of all who behold the exercise of more exalted virtue. The infrequency of great and generous actions makes us believe them not to be within the reach of every one; to suppose that they demand some peculiarity of soul, touched with a more ethereal fire, or informed by a more genial stream of living feeling; and endowed with a loftier tone of thought. Hence, when a character of this stamp comes into play before us, we are accustomed to regard it as something more than mortal; to open our hearts to feelings of a more generous impression; to place no bounds to them; and even to proffer a sort of adoration. Nor do I think this otherwise than just: surely the character by which we approach nearest to the image of that Deity who is all perfection, ought to obtain the strongest possible expression of our love and admiration. Be not therefore offended, my young friend, if I value too highly (in *your* estimation, for modesty is the grace of virtue) your generous conduct towards me and my before helpless child.—
* * * * * *Cætera Desunt.*

Jan. 5, 1809.

W.

On the CRITICAL DEFICIENCY of DAVID HUME.

SIR,

WHOEVER has read the critical strictures of Hume, upon the literature of England, in his history, must have felt convinced that the sagacity and penetration of an historian may exist without the sympathetic feeling of a judicious critic.—His estimation of Shakspeare would have done credit to a French critic, who, unacquainted with the English language, knew nothing of the fervid inspiration of Shakspeare, but judged his sentences by the torpid criterion of rules.

These, however, are not the only instances which Hume has given of

his sickly, enervated judgment in literature, and of his puerile preference of polish and refinement to the vigorous roughness of nature and genius. In his *Essays*, he says, "it is sufficient to run over Cowley once. but Parnell, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as at the first." It would be difficult, I believe, to discover the cause of this preference. It must be allowed, indeed, that the harmony of Parnell's numbers, though not very transcendent, is yet sometimes superior to Cowley's; but the mere jingle of words is but a poor recompence for the want of that acuteness of remark, that nice discrimination, and that splendour of imagery, which every careful reader may discover in Cowley. The poetry of Parnell is tame and languid; it has neither brilliancy of wit, nor vigour of thought; and still less has it any of those powerful charms which surely must exist to induce a *fiftieth* reading.

The works of Cowley are, in every respect, but metre, infinitely superior; and the most sage moralist may be content to learn something new from them. The vigour of his intellect enabled him to throw forth thoughts useful, new, or amusing; and I never rise from a perusal of him but with a greater desire to return. He probably disdained the inferior merit of a smooth versifier, and sought rather to instruct than to please; and if his poems are less read than those of Parnell's, it is because he is little congenial to a frivolous taste, which cannot submit to the labour of extracting his gold from amidst some dross and rubbish.

I remain, &c.

Richmond, VINDICATOR.
Jan. 14, 1809.

SOME PARTICULARS relative to the
CONQUEST and Possession of
BRAZIL by the DUTCH, in the
Seventeenth Century.

FROM the present political circumstances relative to the Brazils, and the interest naturally excited by the transfer to that country of the Portuguese government, and its novel commercial and political relations with Great Britain, the following de-

tails respecting the conquest and possession of Brazil by the Dutch, in the seventeenth century, with some particulars as to the present state of the country, will not be unacceptable to the public.

It was in the year 1621, that the States General of the United Provinces granted a charter to a company of merchants under the designation of the West-India Company; in whom an exclusive right of trade was vested, along the coast of Africa, from the Tropic of Cancer to the Cape of Good Hope, and in North and South America, and the West-India islands, the latter being denominated in their charter, "the islands between the North and the South Seas." Their charter comprised full authority to erect fort and castles, to establish colonies, and to enter into treaties of alliance with the natives.

The company were in the commencement rapidly prosperous; and the war then raging between the Dutch and Spaniards, at that time masters of Portugal, gave them opportunities, not only of capturing a very considerable number of Spanish and Portuguese prizes, the value of which amounted, between the years 1623 and 1636, to ninety millions of guilders (about 8,200,000*l.*), but also of making many considerable and valuable conquests, both in Africa and America.

The first expedition, which is deserving of particular attention, took place in the year 1623. It consisted of twenty-six vessels of various sizes; all well manned, and equipped with the means of offensive warfare.—*Jacob Willekens*, of Amsterdam, was appointed to the chief naval command, and the celebrated *Peter Peterson Hein* was his vice-admiral. *Van Doeth*, Lord of *Horst* and *Pesh*, commanded the land forces. Their place of destination was *Bahia de Todos los Santos*, or All-Saints-Bay, now generally called *Bahia*, or the Bay in Brazil; and the object they had in view was two-fold; that of obtaining possession of a secure post, whence other settlements might be attacked; and that of acquiring the controul of the trade in sugar and Brazil wood, from which the Dutch promised themselves great advantages.

It was, however, not till the 22d of December that they put to sea. Their first place of rendezvous was *St. Vincent*, one of the Cape Verde islands; the ship *Hollandia*, on board of which was Colonel Van Dorth, was here found to be missing. They remained at *St. Vincent* till the month of April, taking in the necessary refreshments, and exercising both the soldiers and sailors; and here, too, the sealed orders of the directors were opened. They weighed anchor on the 21st of April, and came in sight of the coast of Brazil on the 4th of the following month, in the latitude of fourteen degrees south. When they got abreast of the Bay, they anchored about nine leagues from the shore, keeping as far in the offing as possible, in order to avoid being seen from the coast.

After concerting a plan of attack, the fleet run into the Bay on the following day. They were smartly cannonaded from the castle of *San Philippo*, and the fort of *Tapagipe*, but particularly from a battery under the city of *St. Salvador*, erected upon a platform lately made of white stone upon a rock lying under water, which was mounted with eleven heavy guns. Vice-admiral *Hein* approached, with three ships, to within a musquet-shot of this battery, and of fifteen Portuguese vessels of different sizes, lying near the shore. *Hein*, perceiving that little advantage was derived from his fire, whilst one of his ships had suffered very much, manned three boats with twenty sailors in each, and sent them to board the shipping. On their near approach, the Portuguese abandoned their vessels, and set some of them on fire; eight of them were, however, made prize of. *Andrew Nieuwerkerk*, surnamed the *Patient*, an experienced seaman, and a brave soldier, commander of the ship *Groningen*, lost his life on this occasion. As this platform battery annoyed the assailants extremely, the admiral directed *Hein* to attempt it with 14 well-armed boats. In the midst of the incessant fire from the battery, and from the shore, he succeeded in the attempt; a trumpeter was the first, and the Vice-admiral himself the second, who mounted upon the walls. This was a most daring enterprise;

the walls were a considerable height out of the water, and the garrison consisted of upwards of 500 men. It was by climbing over each other's shoulders, and by the assistance of boat-hooks, that the Dutch scaled the walls, not having any ladders. It was not, however, thought prudent by *Hein*, as his ammunition was nearly expended, to keep possession of this fortress, and therefore, after spiking the guns, he withdrew with his prisoners on board his ships. In this desperate attack the Dutch lost only four killed, amongst whom was the daring trumpeter, and eight or ten wounded. In the mean time Admiral *Willekens* made preparations for disembarking the troops; these amounted to 1200 men, to whom were added 200 sailors, principally to manage the artillery, and to convey the ammunition and provisions. Colonel *Van Dorth* not having made his appearance, the command devolved on Major *Albert Schouten*. The men were landed in Sandy-Bay, without opposition, and advanced rapidly, along a narrow road to the city of *St. Salvador*. Had the Portuguese not been struck with a panic, they could have stopped the progress of the assailants in this defile with little difficulty. They encountered some opposition in the suburbs, which, however, ceased in the evening; at which time the city was entirely evacuated by the military. This, however, they did not know till at day-break the following morning, upon approaching the gates, a Portuguese with a flag of truce, informed them from the walls that the town had been evacuated; and the Dutch advanced in order of battle, and with proper caution to the market-place without meeting any one but the civil governor and his attendants, whom they made prisoners. They then began plundering the town, and, with uncurbed licentiousness, broke open and despoiled the houses and warehouses, destroying more than they took away. Vice-admiral *Hein* had landed the same morning on the other side of the town, and, advancing, found the Dutch troops in possession of the place. Notwithstanding the destruction of property and the private plunder, a considerable public booty was

made. About 4000 chests of sugar, and a large quantity of hides, were the principal articles. Twenty-three brass and twenty-six iron pieces of ordnance were taken in the city and the fort.

Bahia exhibits of course a different appearance at the present time, than it did at the period just mentioned; but the following short description of its actual state will illustrate the historical part of this account.

The Bay or Gulph of All Saints is open to the south, and is formed by a large peninsula, and the island *Itaporica*, extending to the north-westward amongst various islands, and a branching inland sea, about 70 miles in extent, and into which fall six large rivers, all mostly navigable. From the bar off fort *St. Antonio*, at the point of the large peninsula, to the point of *Montserrat*, and the beach of *Tapagipe*, is the part used for anchorage; and vessels are sheltered from every wind that blows, in a space in which it has been stated that the united shipping of the globe might assemble without inconvenience.

The city of *Bahia*, or *St. Salvador*, is on the right side of the bay, and is principally built upon the summit of a steep hill, rising at a small distance from the beach. From the inequality of the ground, and the gardens interspersed between the houses, it occupies a considerable space. The cathedral is large, and the college and archiepiscopal palace are also spacious buildings. The grand church of the Jesuits is entirely constructed of European marble, and the internal ornaments are sumptuous beyond measure. The whole of the wood-work is inlaid with tortoiseshell; and paintings, images, and other decorations, load the interior in cumbrous profusion. The college and monastery adjoining have, since the expulsion of the Jesuits, been converted by government into a commodious hospital. The books and manuscripts which formed the library of the Jesuits, are huddled together in a neglected room: the most interesting of the manuscripts are said to be the unpublished discoveries of the Jesuits in the interior of America; but strangers are denied access to them. There are many other churches,

chapels, monasteries, and convents. The streets are narrow, ill paved, and disgustingly filthy.

The city is protected by a number of forts and batteries; but, with the exception of a battery of 18 guns, and the forts of *St. Philip* and *Do Mar*, they are very ill provided with ordnance.

The fort *Do Mar*, the scene of the heroic achievement of Vice-admiral *Hein*, just related, was erected about the year 1600, on a small rocky bank of the inner bay, three quarters of a mile from the shore. It was first built in a circular form, and was completed in the shape it bears at present by the Dutch, during the time they were in possession of *Bahia*. They raised the original tower, and surrounded it with an extensive lower battery. The lower battery now mounts 29 guns, of which a few are 42-pounders, and the rest 24's. The upper one mounts 16 guns, 24 and 18-pounders. The tower rises from the level of the battery about 25 feet. It is divided into several apartments, which diverge like radii from the centre to the circumference, and are used as magazines and barracks. The top of the tower is covered with flag-stones, carefully cemented, and sloped to preserve the rain, which, collecting in the centre, descends through a grate into an extensive reservoir below, which contains a supply of water adequate to the consumption of a garrison of 500 men for six months.

Shipping usually anchor between this fort and the city, where they are immediately under the protection of its guns, and of those of fort *St. Philip*, on the opposite shore.

On the extreme point of the peninsula, and opposite the bar, is the small and ancient fort and light-house of *San Antonio do Barro*; and proceeding to the bar, a deep but narrow bay runs in, and is bounded by a sandy beach, flanked on one side by the trifling fort of *Santa Maria*, and on the other by *San Diego*, which is a semi-circular battery.

An eighteen-gun battery, chiefly 24-pounders, at the extremity of the city, ranges *à fleur d'eau*, and is in tolerable condition. Beyond this is the dock-yard, which admits but of one ship of the line on the stocks at

once*. It is defended by the elevated battery of fort St. Philip, which mounts about thirty guns of various calibres. There are three other insignificant batteries along the beach, and a small one on the point of Montserrat.

On the land-side, the city is defended, at the south and north passes, which are parallel with the beach, by three forts: on the south, by the extensive fortification and outworks of *San Pedro*, now, however, almost dismantled: the northern pass is a valley, entirely commanded by fort *Barbalho* on one side, and by fort *San Antonio do Carmo* on the other, nearer the bay.

Barbalho lies high, and is an irregular square; two of its angles are furnished with quadrangular bastions, the others with half-moons. The surrounding fosse is deep, and the whole structure is strong and in an unimpaired condition: it mounts, however, but few guns, and those are placed at straggling distances, and are almost ruined by neglect and time. *San Antonio do Carmo* is a small quadrangular fort with a few guns.

The inhabitants of the city and its suburbs are estimated at upwards of 100,000; of whom 30,000 are whites, 30,000 mulattoes, and the rest negroes.

To return, however, to the seventeenth century, and the capture of Bahia by the Dutch. Colonel *Van North*, and the ship *Hollandia*, who had, as before observed, been given up for lost, arrived soon after the capture. To him, therefore, who had been appointed governor in the event of success, did Admiral *Willekens* render report of what had occurred; and he immediately entered upon his office. He issued a proclamation, calling back to the city those inhabitants who had fled, and promising them protection, and unmolested liberty. A few Portuguese came in

in consequence; but the most opulent and most respectable kept themselves concealed. The new governor, however, who was a man of talent and promising abilities, did not long enjoy his situation: accompanied by fifty men, he one day rode out in order to reconnoitre the environs and approaches to the city, and unfortunately fell into an ambush of *Brasilians*, who, discharging a shower of arrows and spears upon the party, killed the governor, whose head they afterwards cut off. Major *Albert Schouten* succeeded as governor.

Admiral *Willekens* set sail for Holland, with the merchant vessels, in the latter end of July; and the Vice-admiral *Hein* did not stay long after him. He sailed on the 6th of August, with four ships from *Bahia*, for *Angola* and the coast of Africa.

[To be continued.]

The FIRST IDEA of BURNS' "TAM O' SHANTER."

Sir,

THERE can be none of your readers who have not been delighted with the "Tam o' Shanter" of Robert Burns; and to none, therefore, can the following letter be unacceptable. It was written to the antiquary Grose; and besides the tradition upon which *Tam o' Shanter* is founded, contains two others which may amuse the curious in hobgoblinism. It is but justice to add, that it appeared in print some years ago, and that Mr. Cromeke has also transplanted it into his *Reliques*, recently published. Still, however, it may not be familiar to the general reader, as it is not in Dr. Currie's edition of his works; and therefore I transmit it to you.

I remain, &c.

January 14th, 1809.

S. S.

"AMONG the many witch stories I have heard relating to Aloway kirk, I distinctly remember only two or three.

"Upon a stormy night, amid whistling squalls of wind, and bitter blasts of hail; in short, on such a night as the devil would chuse to take the air in; a farmer or farmer's servant was plodding and plashing

* At *Tapagipe* there are several private yards, in which merchant ships of all dimensions are built. The timber of the country is well adapted for ship-building, from its hard and durable quality, and, like teak-wood, is impervious to worms; but it is said to have a great fault, that of imperceptibly decaying the iron-work.

homeward with his plough irons on his shoulder, having been getting some repairs on them at a neighbouring smithy. His way lay by the kirk of Alloway, and being rather on the anxious look out in approaching a place so well known to be a favourite haunt of the devil and the devil's friends and emissaries, he was struck aghast by discovering through the horrors of the storm and stormy night, a light, which on his near approach, plainly shewed itself to proceed from the haunted edifice. Whether he had been fortified from above on his devout application, as is customary with people when they suspect the immediate presence of Satan; or whether, according to another custom, he had got courageously drunk at the smithy, I will not pretend to determine; but so it was that he ventured to go up to, nay into the very kirk. As good luck would have it his temerity came off unpunished.

"The members of the infernal junta were all out on some midnight business or other, and he saw nothing but a kind of kettle or cauldron, depending from the roof, over the fire, simmering some heads of unchristened children, limbs of executed malefactors, &c. for the business of the night.—It was in for a penny, in for a pound, with the honest ploughman: so without ceremony he unhooked the cauldron from off the fire, and pouring out the damnable ingredients, inverted it on his head, and carried it fairly home, where it remained, long in the family, a living evidence of the truth of the story.

"Another story which I can prove to be equally true, was as follows —

"On a market day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Alloway kirk-yard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards further on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, 'till by the time he reached Alloway it was the wizard hour, between night and morning.

"Though he was terrified, with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet as it is a well-known fact that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief, he

prudently advanced on his road.— When he had reached the gate of the kirk-yard, he was surprized and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old Gothic window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old sooty, blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the power of his bagpipe. The farmer, stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was dressed, tradition does not say; but the ladies were all in their smocks: and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purpose of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out, with a loud laugh, "Weel luppen, Maggy wi' the short sark!" and recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact, that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream.— Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing, vengeful hags were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprung to seize him; but it was too late, nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning: but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tail-less condition of the vigorous steed was to the last hour of the noble creature's life an awful warning to the Carrick farmers, not to stay too late in Ayr markets.

"The last relation I shall give, though equally true, is not so well identified as the two former, with regard to the scene; but as the best authorities give it for Alloway, I shall relate it.

"On a summer's evening, about the time that nature puts on her sables to mourn the expiry of the cheerful day, a shepherd boy, belonging to a farmer in the immediate

neighbourhood of Aloway Kirk, had just folded his charge, and was returning home. As he passed the kirk, in the adjoining field, he fell in with a crew of men and women, who were busy pulling stems of the plant Ragwort. He observed, that as each person pulled a Ragwort, he or she got astride of it, and called out, "up horsie!" on which the Ragwort flew off, like Pegasus, through the air with its rider. The foolish boy likewise pulled his Ragwort, and cried with the rest, "up horsie!" and, strange to tell, away he flew with the company.—The first stage at which the cavalcade stopt, was a merchant's wine cellar in Bourdeaux, where, without saying by your leave, they quaffed away at the best the cellar could afford, until the morning, foe to the imps and works of darkness, threatened to throw light on the matter, and frightened them from their carousals.

"The poor shepherd lad, being equally a stranger to the scene and the liquor, heedlessly got himself drunk; and when the rest took horse, he fell asleep, and was found so next day by some of the people belonging to the merchant. Somebody that understood Scotch, asking him what he was, he said he was such-a-one's herd in Aloway; and, by some means or other getting home again, he lived long to tell the world the wondrous tale. "I am, &c. &c."

A MONOLOGUE: a RHAPSODY: or,
WHAT YOU WILL? *By a Man
who sometimes thinks wrong.*

EUGENIO had just told me, that in the next cottage lay a veteran soldier, on the bed of death, stricken with poverty and languishing with disease. I was returned from my morning ramble, invigorated by exercise, and health beating in every pulse. The story of Eugenio arrested my feelings; and I suffered him to conduct me to the abode of sickness. There I passed some hours in consoling the horrors of dying man, and pouring balm into the wounds inflicted by the gloomy terrors of religion. My efforts were not unavailing: he smiled in peace and hope ere I left him. I returned to my house full of

anxious thoughts upon what I had witnessed, and I entered my library, but with no disposition to enjoy its treasures. I threw myself on a sofa in deep meditation. Heavens! thought I to myself, of what a strange, mingled mass is this world composed! Pleasure beams her golden smile, even on the confines of poverty, age, sickness, and death! But a thin partition, a few miserable bricks, separate me—sparkling with healthful vigour, and sharing the choicest bounties of indulgent heaven—from one—whose grey hairs are fluttering over the grave, blown by the rude gale of poverty!—upon whose wan and faded cheek disease has triumphed many a day!—Such is man! the presence only of affliction affects him! I have slept well and easy: contentment has spread my pillow, and shaded me with her halcyon wings: I have waked to a happy morning, and my heart, which yet hath known no sorrow, has beat with gladness at the expectation of the coming day! Yet let my fancy remove this mass of brick and mortar, and I behold a noble heart borne down by hard oppression: an eye, languidly gleaming in the morning sun, which once beamed cheerily in the active field, and lent its fires even to the meanest soldier in the camp! I see, perhaps, that, breast heaving fast the sighs of struggling nature, which has often stood within the cannon's shot, and never owned the bodings of dismay! A form and countenance in fact, where honour, manly virtue, shone resplendent, and seemed to inform each petty action that hung upon its motion—now sunk, enfeebled, pale, emaciated, its nerves unstrung, and all its boiling blood for ever laid at rest!

God of Heaven! what are those qualities on which we build our pride, and swell our arrogance? Like prating infancy, we weave aloft our frail fantastic joys, which the first wind of accident may overthrow!—Unstable as the sand, unsteady as the gale, are the shadowy forms with which we invest our unreal hopes! like that they crumble into nothing: or like this they change at every instant. And yet, who, who is there so unblest, that would strip them of

their fairy colours? Ah! who has a heart so bold, that can look undaunted upon the naked truth of life?—Who does not gladly withdraw his aching sight from the dark waste of mournful unadorned reality, and relieve its pains in the softened tints of fancy? Yes! when man shall know, why now he hopes, now fears, now trembles, now exults; when his mind shall pierce the shadowing envelopements of passion, and trace his action to its uncorrupted source; when he shall comprehend the links that bind him to superior and inferior worlds, and spurning sense, spring aloft and view the mazy wheels of life; then, and only then, shall he be able to scorn the soft allurements that hold him now to existence, and tear off all the gawds and trappings that now surround it!

Man's greatest bliss depends upon those very illusions which, in the pride of reason, he often treats with affected scorn and contumely. Error in fact is the nurse of man, and, in

after life, his friend and his companion. Even in her very name we own her influence. Some call it ambition, others glory, others patriotism, others virtue; our vices too assume her garb. To me therefore it has always appeared, that religion more frequently makes us unhappy than happy. Few minds receive comfort; few minds can receive comfort from it. Those who feel happy under its influence deceive themselves; and they it is who try to deceive others. If they are really happy, they owe it to their virtue, not to their religion. They are like a man who, labouring under an imaginary disease, receives an imaginary cure, and praises the virtue of an imaginary medicine.—Go to the really diseased: go to him who writhes beneath the agony of an accusing conscience: apply your specific: exhibit it in every form: exhaust it; and then ask your trembling patient how he feels? Woe to the man that shuts his heart to the replication!

' X.

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam"

POEMS, by the Rev. GEORGE CRABBE, LL. B. Third Edition. 1 vol. 8vo. 1808.

[Continued from Vol. x. p. 518.]

THE third part of the Parish Register is devoted to the *Burials*; and here, where we expected most, we have been most disappointed. We looked for some of those tender delineations, those moral effusions, and that spirit of placid meditation with which the contemplation of mortality so naturally fills the heart. We hoped to find some affecting narrative, or some highly wrought picture, which might please, even after the *Grave* of Blair. Why Mr. Crabbe has omitted all that we looked for, we have no right to ask; for, in works of imagination, an author must consult his genius, and not sign his own condemnation by an attempt beyond his powers. If motives like these operated upon Mr. Crabbe, his prudence deserves commendation.

Among the various portraits that are produced, none please more than that of *Isaac Ashford*:—

Next to these Ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble Peasant, *Isaac Ashford*, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His Truth unquestion'd and his Soul serene;
Of no man's presence *Isaac* felt afraid;
At no man's question, *Isaac* look'd dismay'd:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no Dis-
grace;
Truth, simple Truth, was written in his
Face; [prov'd,
Yet while the serious Thought his Soul ap-
Cheerful he seem'd and Gentleness he lov'd:
To Bliss domestic he his Heart resign'd,
And with the firmest, had the fondest Mind:
Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,
And gave Allowance where he needed none;
Good he refus'd with future Ill to buy,
Nor knew a Joy that caus'd Reflection's
Sigh;
A Friend to Virtue, his unclouded Breast
No Envy stung, no Jealousy distress'd;
(Bane of the Poor! it wounds their weaker
Mind,
To miss one Favour, which their Neigh-
bours find:)

Yet far was he from Stoic-pride remov'd;
 He felt humanely, and he warmly lov'd:
 I mark'd his Action, when his Infant died,
 And his old Neighbour for Offence was
 tried;
 The still Tears, stealing down that furrow'd
 Cheek,
 Spoke Pity, plainer than the Tongue can
 speak.
 If Pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar
 Pride,
 Who, in their base Contempt, the Great
 deride;
 Nor Pride in Learning, though any Clerk
 agreed,
 If Fate should call him, *Ashford* might
 succeed;
 Nor Pride in Rustic-skill, although we knew
 None his Superior, and his Equals, few:
 But if that Spirit in his Soul had place,
 It was the jealous Pride that shuns Dis-
 grace;
 A Pride in honest Fame, by Virtue gain'd,
 In sturdy Boys to virtuous Labours train'd;
 Pride, in the Power that guards his Coun-
 try's Coast,
 And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
 Pride, in a Life that Slander's Tongue gle-
 dy'd,
 In fact, a noble Passion, misnam'd *Pride*.

He had no party's Rage, no sect's Whim;
 Christian and Countryman was all with
 him:
 True to his Church he came; no Sunday-
 Shower,
 Kept him at home in that important Hour;
 Nor his firm Feet could one persuading
 Sect,
 By the strong glare of their new Light di-
 rect;
 "On hope, in mine own sober Light, I
 gaze,
 "But should be blind and lose it, in your
 Blaze"

In Times severe, when many a sturdy
 Swain,
 Felt it his Pride, his Comfort, to complain;
Isaac their Wants would soothe, his own
 would hide,
 And feel in *that*, his Comfort and his Pride.

At length, he found, when seventy Years
 were run,
 His Strength departed and his Labour done;
 When, save his honest Fame, he kept no
 more;
 But lost his Wife and saw his Children
 poor;
 'Twas then, a Spark of—say not Discon-
 tent—
 Struck on his Mind and thus he gave it
 vent:—

"Kind are your Laws, ('tis not to be
 denied,)
 "That in yon House, for ruin'd Age, pro-
 vide,
 "And they are just;—when young, we
 give you all,
 "And then for Comforts in our Weakness
 call—
 "Why then this proud Reluctance to be
 fed,
 "To join your Poor and eat the Parish-
 bread?
 "But yet I linger, loath with him to feed,
 "Who gains his Plenty by the Souls of
 Need;
 "He who, by Contract, all your Paupers
 took,
 "And gauges stomachs with an anxious
 Look:
 "On some old Master I could well depend;
 "See him with joy and thank him as a
 Friend;
 "But ill on him, who doles the Day's
 Supply,
 "And counts our Chances, who at Night
 may die:
 "Yet help me Heaven! and let me not
 complain
 "Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain"

Such were his Thoughts, and so resign'd
 he grew;
 Daily he plac'd the Workhouse in his view:
 But came not there, for sudden was his Fate,
 He dropp'd expiring, at his Cottage-gate.

I feel his Absence in the Hours of Prayer,
 And view his Seat and sigh for *Isaac* there;
 I see no more those white Locks thinly
 spread,
 Round the bald Polish of that honour'd
 Head;
 No more that awful Glance on playful
 Wight
 Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the sight;
 To fold his Fingers all in dread the while,
 Till Master *Ashford* soften'd to a Smile;
 No more that meek and suppliant Look in
 Prayer,
 Nor the pure Faith (to give it force) are
 there:—
 But he is blest and I lament no more,
 A wise good man contented to be poor.

Natural and pathetic sentiments
 are but thinly scattered through this
 division of the poem; yet both nature
 and pathos are to be found in the fol-
 lowing lines, which paint the melan-
 choly emotions that throng to the
 mind when returned from the burial
 of those we love, and are beholding
 those objects that once occupied their
 minds, or delighted their view. He

who has felt this distressing sensation ;
 he whose eye has moistened at the
 sight of the most insignificant bauble
 that once belonged to departed friend-
 ship or love ; he who has sighed with
 sorrow and anguish as he looked upon
 the vacant chair that once they sat
 in, or noticed the neglected avocation
 that was once theirs, will immedi-
 ately recognise the melancholy accuracy
 of the following lines :—

Arriv'd at Home, how then they gaz'd
 around,
 In ev'ry place, where she—no more, was
 found,—
 The Seat at Table, she was wont to fill ;
 The Fire-side Chair, still set, but vacant
 still ;
 The Garden-walks, a Labour all her own ;
 The latic'd Bower, with trailing Shrubs
 o'ergrown ;
 The Sunday-pew, she fill'd with all her
 Race,
 Each place of hers, was now a sacred Place ;
 That, while it call'd up Sorrows in the Eyes,
 Pierc'd the full Heart, and forc'd them still
 to rise
 Oh sacred Sorrow ! by whom Souls are
 tried,
 Sent not to punish Mortals but to guide ;
 If Thou art mine, (and who shall proudly
 dare
 To tell his MAKER, he has had his Share ?)
 Still let me feel for what thy Pangs are sent,
 And be my Guide and not my Punishment !

The story of Roger Cuff is well
 told, but might have been better in-
 troduced in the second part.* The
 garrulous sexton, as it concludes the
 poem, may be extracted.

My Record ends :—But hark ! ev'n now
 I hear
 The Bell of Death and know not whose to
 fear :
 Our Farmers all and all our Hinds were
 well ;
 In no Man's Cottage, Danger seem'd to
 dwell :—
 Yet Death of Man proclaim these heavy
 Chimes,
 For thrice they sound, with pausing space,
 three times.
 “ Go ; of my Sexton seek, Whose Days
 are sped ? ”—
 “ What ! he, himself !—and is old *Dib-
 ble* dead ? ”
 His Eightieth Year he reach'd, still unde-
 cay'd,
 And Rectors five to one close Vault con-
 vey'd :—
 But he is gone ; his Care and Skill I lose,
 And gain a mournful Subject for my Muse :
 UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XI.

His Masters lost, he'd oft in turn deplore,
 And kindly add,—“ Heaven grant, I lose
 no more ! ”
 Yet while he spake, a sly and pleasant
 Glance
 Appear'd at variance with his Complai-
 sance :
 For, as he told, their Fate and varying
 Worth,
 He archly look'd,—“ I yet may bear thee
 forth.”

“ When first ”—(he so began)—“ my
 Trade I ply'd,
 “ Good Master *Addle* was the Parish-
 Guide ;
 “ His Clerk and Sexton, I beheld with fear
 “ His Stride majestic and his Frown se-
 vere ;
 “ A noble Pillar of the Church he stood,
 “ Adorn'd with College-gown and Parish-
 hood ;
 “ Then, as he pac'd the hallow'd Aisles
 about,
 “ He fill'd the sevenfold Surplice fairly
 out :
 “ But in his Pulpit wearied down with
 Prayer,
 “ He sat and seem'd as in his Study's
 Chair ;
 “ For while the Anthem swell'd and when
 it ceas'd,
 “ Th' Expecting People view'd their slum-
 bering Priest :—
 “ Who dozing, died.—Our Parson *Peele*
 was next ;
 “ ‘ I will not spare you,’ was his favourite
 Text :
 “ Nor did he spare, but rais'd them many
 a Pound ;
 “ Ev'n me he mulct for my poor Rood of
 Ground ;
 “ Yet car'd he nought, but with a gibing
 speech,
 “ ‘ What should I do,’ quoth he, ‘ but
 what I preach ? ’
 “ His piercing Jokes (and he'd a plenteous
 store)
 “ Were daily offer'd both to Rich, and
 Poor ;
 “ His Scorn, his Love, in playful Words
 he spoke ;
 “ His Pity, Praise, and Promise, were a
 Joke :
 “ But though so young and blest with
 spirits high,
 “ He died as gave as any Judge could
 die :
 “ The strong Attack subdu'd his lively
 Powers,—
 “ His was the Grave and Doctor *Grand-
 spear* ours.”
 “ Then were there golden Times the
 Village round ;
 “ In his Abundance all appear'd t' abound ;
 F

- " Liberal and rich, a' plenteous Board he spread,
 " Ev'n cool Dissenters at his Table fed;
 " Who wish'd,—and hop'd,—and thought
 a Man so kind,
 " A Way to Heaven, though not their
 own, might find;
 " To them, to all, he was point and free,
 " Kind to the Poor, and, ah! most kind to
 me:—
 " ' *Ralph*, would he say, ' *Ralph Dibble*,
 thou art old;
 " ' That Doublet fit, 'twill keep thee from
 the Cold;
 " ' How does my Sexton?—What! the
 Times are hard;
 " ' Drive that stout Pig and pen him in
 thy Yard;
 " But most, his Reverence lov'd a mirthful
 jest;—
 " ' Thy Coat is thin; why, Man, thou'rt
 barely drest;
 " ' It's worn to th' Thread! but I have
 nappy Beer;
 " ' Clap that within and see how they will
 wear.'
 " Gay Days were these; but they were
 quickly past:
 " When first he came, we found he
 couldn't last:
 " An whoreson Cough (and at the Fall of
 Leaf)
 " Upset him quite:—but what's the Gam
 of Guai?
 " Then came the *Author-Rector*; his
 Delight
 " Was all in Books; to read them, or to
 write:
 " Women and Men, he strove alike to
 shun,
 " And hurried homeward when his Tasks
 were done:
 " Courteous enough, but careless what he
 said,
 " For Points of Learning he reserv'd his
 Head;
 " And when addressing either Poor or Rich,
 " He knew no better than his Cassock
 which;
 " He, like an Osier, was of pliant kind,
 " Erect by Nature, but to bend inclin'd;
 " Not like a Creeper falling to the ground,
 " Or meanly catching on the Neighbours
 round;—
 " Careless was he of Surplice, Hood, and
 Band,—
 " And kindly took them as they came to
 hand;
 " Nor, like the Doctor, wore a World of
 Hat,
 " As if he sought for Dignity in that:
 " He talk'd, he gave, but not with cautious
 Rules: [Fools;
 " Nor turn'd from Gypsies, Vagabonds, or
 " It was his Nature, but they thought it
 Whim,
 " And so our Beaus and Beauties turn'd
 from him:
 " Of Questions, much he wrote, profound
 and dark,—
 " How spake the Serpent, and where
 stopp'd the Ark;
 " From what far Land the Queen of Sheba
 came;
 " Who Salem's Priest, and what his Fa-
 ther's Name;
 " He made the Song of Songs its Myste-
 ries yield,
 " And Revelations to the Word, reveal'd.
 " He sleeps i' the Aisle,—but not a Stone
 records
 " His Name or Fame, his Actions or his
 Words:—
 " And truth, your Reverence, when I look
 around,
 " And mark the Tombs in our Sepulchral
 Ground,
 " (Though dare I not of one Man's Hope
 to doubt,)
 " I'd join the Party who repose without.
 " Next came a Youth from Cambridge,
 and, in truth,
 " He was a sober and a comely Youth;
 " He blush'd in Meekness as a modest
 Man,
 " And gain'd Attention ere his Task be-
 gan:
 " When preaching, seldom ventur'd on
 Reproof,
 " But touch'd his Neighbours tenderly
 enough.
 " Him, in his youth, a clamorous Sect
 assail'd,
 " Advis'd and censur'd, flatter'd, and pre-
 vail'd —
 " Then did he much his sober Hearers vex,
 " Confound the Simple and the Sad per-
 plex;
 " To a new Style his Reverence rashly
 took;
 " Loud grew his Voice, to Threatning
 swell'd his Look;
 " Above, below, on either side, he gaz'd,
 " Amazing all and most himself amaz'd:
 " No more he read his Preachments pure
 and plain,
 " But launch'd outright and rose and sank
 again:
 " At times he smil'd in Scorn, at times
 he wept,
 " And such sad Coil with Words of
 Vengeance kept,
 " That our best Sleepers started as they
 slept.
 " ' Conviction comes like Lightning,'
 he would cry;
 " ' In vain you seek it and in vain you fly;

" 'Tis like the rushing of the mighty
 Wind,
 " ' Unseen its Progress, but its Power you
 find;
 " ' It strikes the Child ere yet its Reason
 wakes;
 " ' His Reason fled, the antient Sire it
 shakes;
 " ' The proud, learn'd Man, and him who
 loves to know
 " ' How and from whence these Gusts of
 Grace will blow,
 " ' It shuns,—but Sinners in their Way
 impedes,
 " ' And Sots and Harlots visits in their
 Deeds;
 " ' Of Faith and Penance it supplies the
 place,
 " ' Assures the vilest that they live by
 Grace,
 " ' And, without running, makes them
 win the Race.'

" Such was the Doctrine our young
 Prophet taught,
 And here Conviction, there Confusion
 wrought:

" When his thin Cheek assum'd a deadly
 Hue,
 " And all the Rose to one small Spot
 withdrew:

" They call'd it hectic; 'twas a fiery Flush,
 " More liv'd and deeper than the maiden
 blush;
 " His paler Lips the pearly Teeth disclos'd,
 " And lab'ring Lungs the length'ning
 Speech oppos'd.
 " No more his span-girth Shanks and
 quiv'ring Thighs,
 " Upheld a Body of the smaller Size,
 " But down he sank upon his Dying-Bed,
 " And gloomy Crotchets fill'd his wander-
 ing Head—

" ' Spite of my Faith, all saving Faith,'
 he cried,
 " ' I fear of worldly works, the wicked
 Pride;
 " ' Poor as I am, degraded, abject, blind,
 " ' The good I've wrought still rankles in
 my Mind;
 " ' My Alms-deeds all and every Deed
 I've done,
 " ' My Moral-rags defile me every one;
 " ' It should not be:—what say'st thou?
 tell me, Ralph.'
 " Quoth I, ' Your Reverence, I believe,
 you're safe;
 " ' Your Faith's your Prop, nor have you
 pass'd such Time,
 " ' In Life's Good-works as swell them to
 a Crime—
 " ' If I of Pardon for my Sins were sure,
 " ' About my Goodness I would rest se-
 cure.'

" Such was his End; and mine ap-
 proaches fast;
 " I've seen my best of Preachers,—and
 my last."—

He bow'd, and archly smil'd at what he
 said,
 Civil but sly:—' And is old *Dibble* dead?'

Yes! he is gone: and we are going all;
 Like Flowers we wither and like Leaves
 we fall:—

Here, with an Infant, joyful Sponsors
 come,
 Then bear the new-made Christian to its
 Home:

A few short Years and we behold him stand
 To ask a Blessing, with his Bride in hand:
 A few, still seeming shorter, and we hear
 His Widow weeping at her Husband's Bier:
 Thus, as the Months succeed, shall Infants

take
 Their Names, while Parents them and us
 forsake;

Thus Brides again and Bridegrooms blithe
 shall kneel,

By Love or Law compell'd their Vows to
 seal,

Fre Lagan or one like me, explore
 These simple Annals of the VILLAGE
 Poor.

The next poem is the *Library*,
 which was published five and twenty
 years ago, and does not therefore de-
 mand from us that specific notice
 which it is our province to bestow
 only on new productions. The con-
 ception was happy, but it has not
 been employed with all that ampli-
 tude which would have afforded a
 wider scope for variety, for instruc-
 tive observation, and for amusement.
 It might have been enlivened too by
 the introduction of character. It is
 not, however, without merit; and it
 has, in particular, the excellence of
 smooth versification, and a plain pro-
 priety of observation. The best exe-
 cuted part is where the poet turns to
 the shelf of medical books:—

Whilst thus engaged, high Views enlarge
 the Soul,
 New Interests draw new Principles con-
 troul;

Nor thus the Soul alone resigns her Grief,
 But here the tortur'd Body finds Relief;
 For see where yonder sage Arachnè shapes
 Her subtle Gin, that not a Fly escapes!
 There *PHYSIC* fill the Space, and far a-
 round,

Pile above pile, her learned Works abound;
 Glorious their Aim—to ease the labouring
 Heart,

To war with Death and stop his flying Dart;
 F 2

To trace the Source whence the fierce Contest grew,
 And Life's short Lease on easier Terms re-
 To calm the Frenzy of the burning Brain,
 To heal the Tortures of imploring Pain,
 Or, when more powerful Ills all Efforts' brave,
 To ease a Victim no Device can save,
 And smooth the stormy Passage to the Grave.

But Man, who knows no Good unmix'd and pure,
 Oft finds a Poison where he sought a Cure:
 For, grave Deceivers lodge their Labours here,
 And cloud the Scene they pretend to clear:
 Scourges for Sin, the solemn Tribe are sent;
 Like Fire and Storms, they call us to repent:
 But Storms subside, and Fires forget to
 These are eternal Scourges of the Age:
 'Tis not enough that each terrific Hand
 Spreads Desolation round a guilty Land;
 But, train'd to ill, and harden'd by its Crimes,
 Their Pen relentless kills through future Times.

Say ye, who search these Records of the Dead,
 Who read huge Works, to boast what ye have read;
 Can all the real Knowledge ye possess,
 Or those (if such there are), who more than guess,
 Atone for each Impostor's wild Mistakes,
 And mend the Blunders Pride or Folly makes?

What Thought so wild, what airy Dream so light,
 That will not prompt a Theorist to write?
 What Art so prevalent, what Proof so strong,
 That will convince him his Attempt is wrong?
 One on the Solids finds each lurking Ill,
 Nor grants the passive Fluids power to kill;
 A learned Friend some subtler Reason brings,
 Absolves the Channels, but condemns their Springs;
 The subtle Nerves, that slum the Doctor's Eye,
 Escape no more his subtler Theory;
 The vital Heat, that warms the labouring Heart,
 Lends a fair System to these Sons of Art;
 The vital Air, a pure and subtle Stream,
 Serves a Foundation for an airy Scheme,
 Assists the Doctor, and supports his Dream.
 Some have their favourite Ills, and each Disease
 Is but a younger Branch that kills from these:

One to the Gout contracts all human Pain,
 He views it raging in the frantic Brain;
 Finds it in Fevers all his efforts mar,
 And sees it lurking in the cold Catarrh:
 Billions by some, by others nervous seen,
 Rage the fantastic Dæmons of the Spleen;
 And every Symptom of the strange Disease
 With every System of the Sage agrees.

Ye frigid Tribe, on whom I wasted long
 The tedious Hours and ne'er indulg'd in Song;
 Ye first Seducers of my easy Heart,
 Who promis'd Knowledge, ye could not impart;
 Ye dull Deluders, Truth's destructive Foes;
 Ye Sons of Fiction, clad in stupid Prose;
 Ye treacherous Leaders, who, yourselves in doubt,
 Light up false Fires and send us far about:—
 Still, may yon Spider round your Pages spin,
 Subtle and slow, her emblematic Gin!
 Buried in Dust and lost in Silence, dwell,
 Most potent, grave, and reverend Friends—
 Farewell!

We think the following passage, describing the influence of Laws, felicitously executed:—

Like some vast Flood, unbounded, fierce,
 and strong,
 His Nature leads ungovern'd Man along;
 Like mighty Bulwarks made to stem that Tide,
 The Laws are form'd and plac'd on ev'ry side;
 Whene'er it breaks the Bounds by these decreed,
 New Statutes rise, and stronger Laws succeed;
 More and more gentle grows the dying Stream,
 More and more strong the rising Bulwarks seem;
 Till, like a Miner working sure and slow,
 Luxury creeps on, and runs all below;
 The Basis sinks, the ample Piles decay,
 The stately Fabric shakes and falls away;
 Primæval Want and Ignorance come on,
 But Freedom, that exalts the Savage State,
 is gone.

We cannot accede to the morality of Mr. Crabbe, who, in his address to the *Critics*, advises that *mercy* should hold the place of *truth*. (See p. 168.) This is specious reasoning: it cloathes error in the form of virtue; and would dignify, sometimes, the vices of the heart with the laurels which should be worn by the uncorrupted, and incorruptible, powers of the mind.—Mercy, unrestrained by truth, and

unsupported by justice, is a solemn crime against the rights of society.

To the author who murmurs at the evils of a literary life, we recommend the following rational consolation :—

What vent'rous Race are ours ! what mighty Foes,
Lie waiting all around them to oppose !
What treacherous Friends betray them to the Fight !
What Dangers threaten them ! yet still they write :
A hapless Tribe ! to every Evil born,
Whom Villains hate and Fools affect to scorn :
Strangers they come, amid a world of Woe,
And taste the largest Portion ere they go.

Pensive I spoke, and cast mine eyes a-
round ;
The Roof, methought, return'd a solemn Sound ;
Each Column seem'd to shake, and Clouds,
like Smoke,
From dusty Piles and ancient Volumes broke ;
Gathering above, like Mists condens'd they seem,
Exhal'd in Summer from the rushy Stream ;
Like flowing Robes they now appear, and twine
Round the large Members of a Form di-
vine ;
His silver Beard, that swept his aged Breast,
His piercing Eye, that inward Light ex-
press'd,
Were seen,—but Clouds and Darkness veil'd the rest.
Fear chill'd my Heart ; to one of mortal Race,
How awful seem'd the Genius of the Place !
So in Cimmerian shores, Ulysses saw
His Parent-shade, and shrunk in pious awe ;
Like him I stood, and wrapt in thought profound,
When from the pitying Power broke forth a solemn Sound :—

“ Care lives with all ; no Rules, no Precepts save
The Wise from Woe, no Fortitude the Brave :
Grief is to Man as certain as the Grave ;
Tempests and Storms in Life's whole progress rise,
And Hope shines dimly through decloud-
ed skies ;
Some drops of Comfort on the favour'd fall,
But showers of Sorrow are the Lot of all :
Partial to Talents, then, shall Heav'n with-
draw
Th' afflicting Rod, or break the general Law ?

Shall he who soars, inspir'd by loftier Views,
Life's little Cares and little Pains refuse ?
Shall he not rather feel a double Share
Of mortal Woe, when doubly arm'd to bear ?

“ Hard is his Fate who builds his Peace
of Mind .
On the precious Mercy of Mankind ;
Who hopes for wild and visionary things,
And mounts o'er unknown Seas with ven-
turous Wings :
But as, of various Evils that befall
The human Race, some Portion goes to all ;
To him perhaps the milder Lot's assign'd,
Who feels his Consolation in his Mind ;
And lock'd within his Bosom, bears about
A mental Charm for every Care, without.
E'en in the Pangs of each domestic Grief,
Or Health or vigorous Hope affords Relief ;
And every Wound the tortur'd Bosom feels,
Or Virtue bears, or some Preserver heals ;
Some generous Friend, of ampler power
possess ;
Some feeling Heart, that bleeds for the
distress ;
Some Breast that glows with Virtues all
divine ;
Some noble RUTLAND, Misery's Friend
and thine.

“ Nor say, the Muses' Song, the Poet's
Pen,
Merit the Scorn they meet from little men.
With cautious freedom if the Numbers
flow,
Not too high, not pitifully low ;
If Vice alone their honest Aims oppose,
Why so ashamed their Friends, so loud
their Foes ?
Happy for men in every Age and Clime,
If all the Sons of Vision dealt in Rhyme.
Go on then, Son of Vision ! still pursue
The airy Dreams ; the World is dreaming
too.
Ambition's lofty Views, the Pomp of State,
The Pride of Wealth, the Splendour of the
Great,
Strip'd of their Mask, their Cares and Trou-
bles known,
Are Visions far less happy than thy own :
Go on ! and, while the Sons of Care com-
plain,
Be wisely gay and innocently vain ;
While serious Souls are by their Fears un-
done,
Blow sportive Bladders in the beamy Sun,
And call them Worlds ! and bid the great-
est show
More radiant Colours in their World be-
low :
Then, as they break, the Slaves of Care
reprove,
And tell them, Such are all the Toys they
love.”

[To be concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EXTEMPORE STANZAS on the NEW YEAR. In pairs have dragg'd them from their den,
Till, chac'd by lurking fishermen,
Away I've flown, as fleet as wind,
My lagging followers far behind!
And, when the vain pursuit was o'er,
Return'd successful as before!

By CLIO RICKMAN.

REJOICE ye! whom the Seasons bless,
With Wealth, and Plenty's store;
Whom Fortune's fondest smiles caress,
And makes your cup run o'er.

REJOICE ye! whom 'tis kindly given,
A life of ease to prove;
Who boast the choicest gifts of Heaven,
FRIENDSHIP, and HEALTH, and LOVE.

O ye! who thus are blest indeed,
Hail the NEW YEAR's return;
And give! Oh give! to those who need,
From out your BRIMMING urn.

And ye! who mourn, and weary bear
OPPRESSION's grievous weight;
Whom *illness, loss of friends, and care,*
And poverty await!—

Who mark the seasons as they go,
With sad dejected eye,
To whom each coming day brings woe,
And reasons new, to sigh.

TAKE COMFORT! hail the coming year,
For nigher still to you,
That moment is, which every tear,
And anguish, shall SUBDUCE.

REJOICE then ye! who joy, or weep,
By different motives led,
For soon will FATE, with levelling sweep,
Consign you to the dead.

BEAR UP! ye suffering sons of woe,
To whom distress is given;

REJOICE! ANOTHER YEAR to know,
That brings you nearer HEAVEN!

AFROSTROPHÉ, to the RIVER NITH.

By JOHN MAYNE.

HAIL, gentle stream! for ever dear
Thy rudest murmurs to mine ear!
Torn from thy banks, tho' far I rove,
The slave of Poverty and Love,
Ne'er shall thy Bard, where'er he be,
Without a sigh remember thee!
For there my infant years began,
And there my happiest minutes ran;
And there, to love and friendship true,
The blossoms of affection grew!

Blythe on thy banks, thou sweetest stream
That ever nurs'd a Poet's dream!
Oft have I, in forbidden time,
(If youth cou'd sanctify a crime!)
With hazel rod, and fraudulent fly,
En-suar'd thy unsuspecting fry;

QUATORZAIN.

APPROACH with awe this unemblazon'd
tomb,
For Beauty's self its marble sides infold;
Here fade those cheeks that glow'd with
hallow'd bloom,
Lost to my sight, insensible and cold!

On those soft cheeks the genuine kiss I've
prest,
While Nature spurn'd fastidious con-
troul;
And yet those cheeks have *innocence* con-
fess—

Have kindled nobler virtues in my soul!

But, ah! the recollection of such joys
For ever troubles this distracted head;
My sorrowing heart unceasingly annoys,
And bids me quest the mansion of the
dead!

Yet, while I ponder on this sacred shade,
Conviction points afar where lives the
lovely maid!

Grafton-street, Oct. 1808.

J. G.

*STANZAS, written after parting with a
Young Lady of very interesting Person
and Conversation, who had been a Fellow-
traveller with the Author in a Stage-coach.*

FAIR Stranger! let me think on thee,
And thou art still my constant theme;
Alas! 'tis all remains for me,
For thou art vanished like a dream.

Yet still thy lovely form I view,
Thy timid glance, thy modest air;
Fond fancy will the scene renew,
And paint a picture passing fair.

Tho' thou art gone and left me here,
Alone upon life's weary way,
Yet oft to memory will be dear
The incident of yesterday.

Ah! gentlest Maid! of cultured mind,
Can I forget thee? no, no, never:
But 'tis most hard a gem to find,
To lose again so soon for ever!

So in the path of human kind,
As up and down we're rudely driven,
We meet a dear congenial mind,
And hail it as the boon of Heaven.

But soon each take a different way ;
I mourn the loss of many a friend :
By interest led, we vainly stray,
Nor meet until our journey's end,

When* sick of noise and smoke, once
more
To rural scenes thou shalt retreat,
And stray along the winding shore,
Or watch the wild waves rudely beat.

Might I thy walk at even or morn
In love and confidence but share,
Nor thus be left to sigh forlorn
And yield myself to dark despair.

What happiness would then be mine !
Imagination can but give
A narrow and a faint outline,—
'Twould then indeed be joy to live !

Beloved maid ! may peace attend,
And strew thy future path with flowers.
May Wit, good Sense, and Genius lend
A charm to cheer thy social hours.

Yet ah ! full oft the hopeless sigh
Will raise when I am far from thee ;
To share thy love the fates deny,
O ! might thy bliss proceed from me !

W. P.

Manchester, Jan 12, 1809.

INTERROGATORIES ANSWERED.

“ SAY why my friend to this funereal
bed,
“ O'erhung with cypress, at the midnight
hour,
“ Hast thou so often, contemplating, sped,
“ And shunn'd soft Sleep's invigorating
power ?
“ Do not the shapes that, round yon tale-
ful yew,
“ Now wildly revel, by the moon's pale
light,
“ Deter thy musings, and distract the view
“ That yields thine eye unspeakable de-
light ”

The man whose breast rejects the plaints
of woe,
Whose conscience startles at the light
of truth,
Might feel uneasy ; but, I'd have thee know,
'T has been my custom, from my earliest
youth,
Sublim'd in thought, to pore upon the
tomb,
And watch the spirits of the midnight
gloom !

Grafton-street, Jan. 3, 1809:

J. G.

* Her residence, during the summer,
was on a beautiful part of the sea coast.

SONNETS on reading in the Papers that
BONAPARTE had arrived at VICTORIA.

I.

YE patriot bands ! how awful is the time,
When in the perilous fight you must
withstand,
The man who scourges with a giant hand
The nations. But O, with energy sublime,
Freely to live resolve, or dare to die !
And in the armour of the godlike cause
Of independence, liberty, and laws,
What savage tyrant can your arms defy ?
Think of your native homes, your native
fields,
Vine-cover'd hills ; and all those ties so
near,
Of friends, or parents, wives, or children
dear !
Your children's children, if your courage
yields,
May crouch in chains. Then O ye patriots
brave,
Repel the foe, or find a glorious grave !

II.

NEETHINKS 'tis like the calm that reigns
awhile,
Sad and presageful of the coming storm,
Which mars each fair variety of form
That on the face of nature wont to smile.
Yet hot for things inanimate I mourn,
The sunny hour will soon their tints
restore ;
But when shall his lost joys to man re-
turn
That on the plain lies weltering in his
gore ?
Tho' life's endearments him no more
shall charm,
His fame shall live in history's " ample
page."
Iberia's sons his bright example warm
With love of liberty from age to age !
The storms of discord soon shall pass away,
And freedom's glorious sun illumine the
day !

Manchester, Jan 7 1809.

W. P.,

IMITATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

No. I.

" How can I help it, if by queer mishap,
" On your own head you place my random-
cap ! " *

PEDRO'S SOLILOQUY.

NOW is the winter of my 'prenticeship
Made radiant summer by the march
of Time ;
And all the cares, that rent my tim'rous
heart, *

* Beattie.

Lost in the whirlpool of Forgetfulness :
Now is my bosom fill'd with flutt'ring hopes,
My shapely pen contemptuously forsook,
My master's gloomy brow bedeck't with smiles :

Stern, stupid Dick appears more com-
plaisant,

Grim-visag'd Hunks hath smooth'd his
wither'd front,

And now, instead of copying Letters in a
Book,

To serve as Chronicles to future Clerks,
I caper fearless round the Counting-house,
To the melodious cadence of a hum :

But I, that am not form'd for *dirty tricks*,
Nor fit to crouch before a *puff'd-up Drone* ;
I, that am nobly bred, and lack trade's
villainy,

To seize the vantage from an easy fool ;
I, that am frank in thought,—in heart
erect,—

With Nature's purest language in my traits,
Enlighten'd, too, and taught each varying
hour

To shun this devilish,—serio-comic world,
And that so chastely (tho' unfashionably !)
That some full often take me for a Dunce ;
Why I, among this hideous horde of
Knaves,

Have nought to guile the pensive hours
along,

Except I pen soft Sonnets to my Nymph,
And forthwith send them to the Magazine :
Then, since this commerce yields me no
delight,

It must o'er-rule and cramp superior
pow'rs,

That might, develop'd, " strike for honest
fame ! "

Why, then, to me this C¹*m*n-Street's
but Hell,

Nor while I stav, will this aspiring head,
Be circled in the Laureat's Diadem !!

But soft !—'tis fixt on *such a Sconce* !—
Oh ! I

Must wake the dormant cunning of the
Muse !

—I'll rise to-night, without a shade of
dread,

Sieze poor Jem P—e, and knock him
on the head !!!

MENANDER.

G.S.T.C.R. 3d January, 1809.

THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

In Imitation of certain fashionable Poetry.

BY the side of a soft-running stream,
An elderly Gentleman sat ;
On the top of his head was a wig,
On the top of his wig was a hat.

The wind it blew hard, it blew cold ;
It blew his hat into the stream :
He sat on the bank and he sigh'd,
And he tried his lost hat to redeem.

He labour'd to pull it to shore,
While mourning his sorrowful fate ;
Another gale took off his wig,
Which swam away after his hat.

His bald head expos'd to the wind,
All wild and despairing he stood ;
He mutter'd a few angry words,
And then *threw* his stick in the flood.

He fold'd his arms and he groan'd ;
He smote his sad breast in dismay ;
To the river with anguish he look'd ;
While his HAT, WIG, and STICK,
away.

January, 1809.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

PLANT of bright celestial soil '
Bestow'd on man below
To sweeten life, to soften toil,
And rapture teach to flow.

Raise thy altar in my breast !
Fill it with thy sacred fire !
Give to life a higher zest ;
With higher pleasures life inspire !

Not the formal, civil bow ;
The supple shrug, and cringing leer ;
Not the smiles that always flow,
The eye unconscious of a tear !

But honest, plain, ingenuous worth ;
The heart from base admixture free
As shines in B— conspicuous forth,
'And casts its warmest beams on ME.

January, 1809.

W.

THE DEATH OF LIFE.

CHARMING Nymph with sloe-black eye '
Auburn tresses, graceful mien !
Must I for thy beauties sigh,
Lovely Girl of sweet fifteen ?

No ; together let us haste ;
Fly the world's unsafe alloy ;
Mutual, endless pleasures taste,
Mingle, riot, die with joy.

On beds of roses let's recline ;
Sweetest violets form *thy* pillow,
But thy heaving bosom *mine*—
Heaving like the gentle billow.

Stretch'd at length, with arms entwin'd,
Kisses take and kisses give :
Then rise to raptures more refin'd,
And die of that by which we live.

January, 1809.

W.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. W. CONGREVE's, (*London*) for
a new Principle of measuring Time.

THIS principle is founded on certain modes of detaching the time-measurer from the first mover for an extent of duration, far beyond any thing yet effected, and which is not confined within the limits of ordinary detachments. Thus the only detachments hitherto effected have either been limited to a period somewhat less than the smallest portion of time indicated by the vibrations of their time-measurer, and have therefore seldom been extended beyond seconds; or they have been effected by the intervention of an auxiliary power between the first mover and the time-measurer, which indeed ought scarcely to be considered as falling within the class of detached movements, as the time-measurer, when discharged from the maintaining power is, in this case, still combined with another free. But by the system here specified, the duration of the detachment of the time-measurer from the first mover may, without the intervention of any immediate power, be extended to a period comprehending any number of the smaller portions of time, indicated by the time-measurer; in other words, the time-measurer shall indicate seconds, or any smaller division, and yet it shall be absolutely detached from the maintaining power for a period of one or more minutes. The great difficulty of combining the actions of the regulating principle of clocks with the maintaining power, so that the regulating organ should be operated upon freely and uniformly by the pure action of gravity, neither accelerated nor retarded by the non-accordance of the first mover, has long since pointed out that the only true system of effecting this desideratum, was, by detaching them, as much as possible, rather than by combination with the ordinary regulators, that is to say, with the common pendulum, or balance-wheel: the extent of this principle of detachment, as already observed, is extremely limited; for, as with the most perfect detached escapement in use, the maintaining power is allowed

to act on the pendulum for a certain portion of every oscillation, it follows, that with the common pendulum it would be extremely inconvenient to detach the first power for an interval much longer than a second; in so high a law do the lengths of pendulums increase as to their times; so that to obtain a detachment of 2" would require a pendulum of 13 feet 0,512 inches in length; to obtain one of a minute would require no less a length than 11,733 feet 4,800 inches; the first, therefore, which would still be very limited, as to any important correction in its effect, would be of a most inconvenient, and the latter of an impossible length. By adopting the mode of this patent, however, it will be found such or even a greater extension of detachment than a minute is practicable without any difficulty or inconvenience whatever, and even in a smaller space than is required for the common seconds clock. The next general advantage is, that a clock made on this principle of extreme detachment requires a much less first power than a common clock; for the power of the former may be organized, so as to rest altogether for intervals of minutes, and to be limited, when in action, to less than half seconds between those intervals, while that of the latter is constantly exerted every second; nevertheless, the maintaining power of the former need not have more to perform every minute, than the other has every second. It follows, therefore, that a clock may be constructed on this principle to require only one sixtieth of the weight or power of a common clock, or that with the same power it will go sixty times as long. Again, the mode of extreme detachment, by diminishing the quantity of the first force to so great a degree, and by the constant state of repose which it preserves in the train of the clock, removes almost entirely the strain and friction to which the works of a common clock are subject; so that the wear of the patent clock becomes next to nothing, and it can, therefore, scarcely ever require the application of oil, or get out of order.

So also this system of detachment will be found greatly to simplify the train: in fact, the greater the extent of the detachment, the more simple will it be, by working from minutes instead of seconds. Notwithstanding which, however, the seconds, or any less division of time, may be indicated with as much accuracy as in the more complicated train of the common time-piece. Mr. Congreve next describes his plan by means of drawings, observing that he has introduced a new modification of the action of gravity, as applied to time-keeping, by taking as the time-measurer "a perfectly detached body, descending freely down an inclined plane;" which modification, although it has never yet been applied to the measurement of time, is as immutable in its operations as the oscillations of a pendulum, and is in fact governed by the same law. The extreme detachment of which it is capable, and certain specific advantages, which the pendulum does not possess, have pointed it out as an important agent in the measurement of time. Thus we are told, that in the space of a moderately sized table clock a time-piece is constructed, the vibrations of the regulating organ of which are as slow as those of a pendulum 11,738 feet 4,800 inches in length, by which the first power is so reserved, that the weight or spring of a common 8-day clock may be made to carry it 480 days; neither is there any friction or motion in its train for one hundred and nineteen hundred and twentieths of the whole time of its going, while the train itself is also considerably more simple than that of the common seconds clock. It is evident there are innumerable varieties of configuration in the application of this principle which it is impossible to specify, or even to anticipate, but which must, nevertheless, be integral parts of this invention; if they in any shape accomplish the mode of measuring time by means of the extreme detachment here specified. And it is assumed by the patentee that to obtain this, it cannot be lawful for any one to make use of any body, whether spherical, cylindrical, or conical, moving on any inclined plane, however the same may be combined

with any machinery or clock-work whatever; whether the plane be simple or complex; curvilinear or rectilinear; whether it vibrate or revolve; whether the body moving down it be a simple or a compound substance, consisting of one or more parts; whether it be a fluid or a solid, or a combination of both. Various modes also may be introduced for the compensation of the expansions and contractions of temperature, either in the detent or in the rod, which it is not necessary here to specify; but it should be observed, that an inherent power of compensation is combined in the very principle itself, for as the plane expands, so also does the ball, and *vice versa*; the ball, therefore, moves quicker as its course is lengthened, and slower as it is shortened; because the vertical distance of the points of contact form the centre of gravity, the ball increases with the expansion, and decreases with the contraction of this ball and plane, so as to accelerate the motion of the ball in the first case, and retard it in the second: it appears, therefore, that this inherent property may, by a due proportioning of the diameter of the ball, and the matter of which it is formed, to the mean length of the plane and its component materials, be so adjusted as of itself to produce a perfect compensation. And lastly, with respect to the workmanship of clocks made on this principle, it appears that less attention to it is required than in common clocks; for as to the train, it has so little, comparatively, to perform, and so little of the measure of time has been shewn to depend upon it, that any want of superior workmanship must be little felt; and for ordinary purposes, therefore, even less than ordinary accuracy must be sufficient. The advantages are thus enumerated:—in the first place, the description of its action shews how much more the detachment is extended, and how much more the pendulum, as the regulating organ is in this case left to the pure and unmixed action of gravity. In no escapement hitherto constructed has the pendulum a perfect freedom of oscillation, even for a single second, without having, at some given point

or other, to unlock some detent, or perform some similar operation, which immediately brings upon it a controuling power in a direction contrary to its spontaneous effort, or an accelerating power to urge it forward; and which, from the infinite nicety of application required, must from its constant interference, continually tend to effect the isochronism of the pendulum. Here, on the contrary, for fifty-nine seconds, the gravity of the pendulum is the sole and uncontrouled cause of its motion, having its arcs of vibration neither lengthened nor shortened by any urging or opposite cause, for the mere driving of the light and perfectly free seconds' hand, constant, uniform, equally poised, and opposing no limit to the arcs of vibration, can be considered as nothing but a small increase of friction on the point of suspension, until the 60th second, when it has to unlock the detent, and when at the same instant it receives a fresh supply of force, left, however, to operate as freely as before in the production of its effect upon 59 out of 60 of the subsequent oscillations of the pendulum. In the second place, it will be found that considerably less first power is required to keep the same pendulum in action for a given time by this mode; because one great impulse will be found to be given with much less absolute friction than the sum of a great number of small forces, even if they amount to the same impulse, for as many parts (or even more) of the train are in motion, and in as

much motion each to produce the lesser impulse as the greater one; and, therefore, in giving the one united impulse, there is no more friction than in using each of the lesser ones; that is to say, the friction in applying the requisite maintaining power on this principle, is only one sixtieth of what it is in the ordinary mode. In the third place, this application of the system of extreme detachment has all the advantages of increasing the time of repose, as to the wear of the works in common with the inclined plane regulator, but it is of enhanced importance with reference to the escapement; for as in this case the swing-wheel and the pallet by which the force is imparted to the pendulum, are only in contact once in a minute, a relief is thus afforded to this most delicate and important part of the works, not accomplished by any escapement hitherto constructed. So also is the train in like manner simplified; for the two swing-wheels are here the indicator of seconds and minutes, though both are connected immediately with the pendulum; that is, one revolves once in a minute, and the other once in an hour, without any intermediate train. Hence arises a great additional saving of friction and work; for an eight-day clock requires only one pinion with the ordinary numbers, and an extremely small power; and a year-clock may be made with only two pinions with the ordinary numbers of an eight-day clock, and with very little more power.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—Mr. Everard Home, in a paper lately read before this learned body, has ascertained the existence of a communication between the cardiac portion of the stomach and the circulation of the blood, through the medium of the spleen. Mr. H. had previously, during the investigations of the functions of the stomach, found, that while digestion is going on, there is a separation between the cardiac and pyloric portions, either by means of a permanent or muscular

contraction. This fact, placing the process of digestion in a new light, led him to consider in what way the quantities of different liquors, which are so often taken into the stomach, can be prevented from being mixed with the half digested food, and interfering with the formation of chyle. In pursuing this enquiry, after a series of interesting experiments, he established the fact, that fluids received into the stomach, when the pylorus is closed, pass through the spleen into the circulation of the blood; and from the

whole of the subsequent observations made by Mr. H. it appears that though the vessels which communicate between the stomach and the spleen were not discovered; yet, from the colouring matter of the contents of the stomach being met with in greater quantity in the spleen, and in the vein which goes from that organ to the liver, than in the other veins of the body, there can be no doubt of its conveyance thither by means of such vessels. This discovery will explain the circumstance of those who are in the habit of drinking spirituous liquors having the spleen and liver so frequently diseased, and the diseases of both organs being of the same kind.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE public have lately had the supreme satisfaction of hearing Mr. Davy's first lecture of the present season, delivered on the 17th of December. The Professor commenced his course with an intimation of those important discoveries which it would be his task to communicate this year. In that place, he said he always delivered himself with pleasure, because he was sure to experience candour; at present, he added, he felt himself like the architect who in changing the foundation of a building, must necessarily create much inconvenience to the inhabitants, while the new edifice was rearing. He gave a sketch of chemical history, and speaking of the alchemists and their mode of operating, he said, with regard to the masters all was mystery; to the pupil, surprise and astonishment. Chemistry, he said, might be considered and treated, either as an art or a science, and its investigation might be after the order of analysis, or synthesis. In the course now entered upon, he adopted the synthetical mode, and he apprized the audience that his lectures would be chiefly adapted to the practical student without their having any connection with, or reference to, the arts of life. The application of chemistry to these he would reserve till another season; and it was a source of satisfaction to know that philosophical discovery and

practical utility would advance with equal pace.

The great principle by which chemical changes were perpetually taking place in the world was solar heat; and the chemist, imitating the principle by means of artificial heat, had been aptly called the philosopher by fire. Hence Mr. Davy was led to consider the laws of attraction and repulsion, observing that the term attraction had been first applied to chemical phenomena; and since, according to the principle laid down by the illustrious Newton, no more causes are to be introduced in philosophy than are necessary to explain the effect, he was willing to refer the whole system of chemical agency to the different electrical states in which bodies are found. Attraction, Mr. Davy observed, so capable of elucidating the phenomena of nature, was but the agent of the supreme intelligence; who, whether the dust was scattered in the wind, or the planets carried round the sun, was still the governor, whose wisdom preserved in their harmonious order the vast system of the world. He explained the theories of Stahl and Lavoisier, particularly with regard to combustion, and shewed in what their difficulties consisted, all of which he thought might be obviated by introducing the positive and negative principle, the former ever attaching itself to inflammable matter, and the negative to oxygen. Sulphur and phosphorus, which till lately had been regarded as simple bodies, he had decomposed, and should be able to shew by experiments that they consisted of oxygen, hydrogen, and a certain basis. Charcoal had yielded to analysis, and proved to be composed of the carbonaceous principle and hydrogen; the diamond likewise was now found not to be pure carbon, but consisted of the carbonaceous principle and oxygen. Plumbago he also thought must be referred to the carbonaceous principle, with a small portion of iron. He then spoke of the importance of the discovery of the new metals, Potassium and Sodaum, and of the still more important results to chemistry which these bodies promised to produce. In future, he hoped to gratify the audience by

exhibiting large quantities of these specimens. As soon as he had published his late discoveries, the chemists in France and Sweden immediately repeated his experiments, and hit upon a different method of decomposing the alkalis, by which the new metals were obtained more abundantly than by means of the voltaic battery. He then referred to the decomposition of ammonia, the base of which, he is understood to have said, would combine with mercury, and in the proportion of only the $\frac{1}{13}$ part would render that metal solid, and by this operation reduce the specific gravity from thirteen, that of mercury to three, the specific gravity of the compound. The boric acid and fluoric fluids, he said, had been decomposed, but at present the muriatic acid had not yielded to the powers of his apparatus, though he fully expected it shortly would. It was reserved, he said, for the present year to prove that the different earths, on which we daily walk, are also the repository of metallic bodies: of these he had decomposed four, namely, lime, magnesia, strontites, and barytes, all of which had produced metallic bases; from hence he concluded that the two grand principles ever operating in nature, are the inflammable and the oxygenous; from which all the phenomena of volcanoes and other subterraneous fires might be accounted for. Anticipating the results of the voltaic battery, which had gone beyond his expectations, he was proud to state that it had originated in the munificence of a few enlightened men, and liberal patrons of science. The sum of 20,000 francs had been devoted by the Court of France for a similar purpose; in this country, the idea of a subscription was no sooner started, than it was cordially embraced, and a larger sum was raised here sooner than the national treasury in France, under Imperial command, could furnish them. The promotion of philosophical discovery, he observed, was attended with much labour and no profit to the student; not only his time and attention were demanded, but very often an expense beyond his reach. The man of letters required no such apparatus to pursue

his enquiries: the whole moral world was his subject. In the fine arts, he who obtained fame was sure of obtaining fortune also. To the experimental philosopher, no such objects were presented. His reputation might be established after his death, but till then his authority must be questionable. He had, however, a consolation of a nobler kind; the conviction that he was devoted to the cause of truth; that he had enlarged the human intellect, and in developing the laws of nature, he had demonstrated the wisdom and benevolence by which it was governed.

The public ought to be apprized that the Royal Institution is provided with a spacious theatre for the delivery of the public lectures; with a chemical laboratory for the use of the enquirers; with a collection of specimens in mineralogy and geology for the use of the students in these sciences; with an apparatus room, containing instruments, models, a library of reference, &c. and reading rooms, with the monthly publications and daily newspapers.

The following arrangements, relative to the lectures, &c. have been made for the present year:—

The Lectures on Experimental Chemistry, Electro-Chemical Science, and Geology, are delivered by H. Davy, Esq. Sec. R.S.—Those on Mechanical Philosophy, by William Allen, Esq. F.R.S.—On Botany, by James Edward Smith, M.D. Pres. Lin. Soc. and F.R.S.—Those on History and Poetry, by the Rev. W. Crowe, Public Orator in the University of Oxford.—Those on Music, by Mr. Samuel Wesley.—Those on Perspective, by Mr. George Wood.

The laboratory, under the inspection of the Professor of Chemistry, is open to any scientific persons who may propose important chemical investigations. There a series of experiments are continually carried on; minerals and other substances which promise to be of utility, are analysed; the voltaic battery, constructed by the contributions of some liberal persons, is of very great power; and it will soon be known how far its operations can be extended to useful purposes.

The apparatus of the model room

is continually increasing. The Library of Reference is open every day, except Sunday and Monday, from ten o'clock till four; the reading rooms are open every day, except Sunday, from nine in the morning till eleven at night. Here every new publication is to be met with; and the literary journals and newspapers, foreign and English.

The members consist of five classes; the first is full: ladies may belong to any of these classes, and subscribing two guineas each, are admitted to all the public lectures, and to the collection of mineralogy and geology, and for a small advance in their yearly subscription they may introduce one or more of their unmarried daughters.

LINNEÆAN SOCIETY.

AMONG a number of curious particulars, respecting the feathered tribes, the following birds are recorded, which, as far as the reporter has been able to discover, have not till recently been found in this kingdom, but now claim a place in the British Fauna.

Ardea Aquinoctialis, *Ind. Orn.* 11. p. 606. 70.—*Little White Heron*, *Latham, Syn. F.* p. 93. No. 63. This bird was killed in Devonshire, in the latter end of October, and is now in the museum of George Montagu, Esq. Upon dissection, it proved a female.

Tantalus Viridis, *Ind. Orn.* 11. p. 707. 15.—*Green Ibis*, *Lath. Syn. F.* p. 114. 13. This species was shot in the interior part of Devonshire, about the middle of September 1805; it is a male, and is also preserved. Whether this, the bay, and the glossy ibis, are specifically distinct, admits of doubt, and requires further investigation.

Scolopax Noceboracensis, *Ind. Orn.* 11. p. 723. 32.—*Red-breasted Snipe*, *Lath. Syn. F.* p. 153. 26. A small flock of these extremely rare birds made their appearance on the Devonshire coast in the spring of 1803, one of which was shot near the residence of G. Montagu, Esq. Soon after this he received information that a similar bird had been shot near Weymouth in company with several others; and the skin of a third was sent him which had been killed at Sandwich, in Kent,

probably belonging to the same flock, as the number seen on that coast, tallied with what was seen in Devonshire, allowing for those that were shot.

Glabeola Austriaca, *Ind. Orn.* 11. p. 753. 1.—*Austrian Pratincole*, *Lath. Syn. F.* p. 222. t. 85. A bird of this species has been shot at or near Liverpool, and is now in the museum of Lord Stanley. A publication, it is said, will soon make its appearance, in which the particulars of the capture of this bird will appear, together with a very excellent figure of the same.

Experience from ocular demonstration has at last been able to collect materials concerning the natural history of *Sylvia Provincialis*, which serves to evince that M. de Buffon was misled, and that in fact, little was known of the habits of this elegant little warbler till the present discoveries.

WERNERIAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

AT their meeting on the 10th of December, the secretary read a communication from the Rev. John Fleming, of Bressay, describing a Narwhal, or Sea Unicorn, of the species denominated *le narwhal microcephale*, by M. Lacepede, which had lately been cast alive on shore at Weisdale Sound, in Zetland. The description was accompanied by a correct drawing of the animal, which is ordered to be engraved.

The following gentlemen have been elected Office-Bearers of this Society for 1809:

President, R. Jamieson, Esq. Prof. Nat. Hist. Edin.—Vice Presidents, Dr. Wright, Dr. Macknight, Dr. Barclay, and Dr. Thomson.—Of the Council, General Dirom, Colonel Fullarton, C. S. Monteith, Esq. Dr. Hollies, Dr. Yule, James Russel, Esq. C. Anderson, Esq. C. Stuart, Esq.—Treasurer, P. Walker, Esq.—Secretary, F. Neill, Esq.

Mr. Mackenzie, jun. of Applecross, a member of this society read a short account of the coal-formation in the vicinity of Durham. According to the accurate description delivered by this gentleman, the rocks appear to

belong to the oldest coal-formation of Werner. He also explained what the miners mean by *creep*, and exhibited specimens of the different rocks, with a section of the coal-mine of Kipia, in which both the miners, and the scientific names of the different strata were inserted.

At the same meeting, Dr. Ogilby, of Dublin, read the continuation of his mineralogical description of East-Lothian.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE Directors of this patriotic and useful Establishment have lately met at their Gallery, for the purpose of adjudging the premiums offered for the three best pictures and model, executed in the preceding year, in the four following classes, viz.

1st. For the best Picture in His-

torical or Poetical Composition, 50 guineas.

2d. Ditto in Familiar Life, ditto.

3d. Ditto Landscape, ditto.

4th. For the best Model in Heroic or Poetic Composition, ditto.

The following decisions, we understand, took place:—

To Mr. G. Dawe, for his *Picture of Imogen*, from *Cymbeline*.

To Mr. W. Sharpe, for his *Picture of the Music-Master*.

To Mr. J. Linnell, for his *Landscape*.

To Mr. S. Gahagan, for his *Model of Sampson breaking the bonds*.

The above performances remain the property of the respective Artists. This judicious and patriotic spirit of rewarding native talent cannot fail of accelerating the great object of the British Institution, namely, the establishment and perfection of the fine arts in this country.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

MR. TODD's new edition of Milton is very nearly ready for publication. The same gentleman's *Observations on Gower and Chaucer*, are in the press.

Lord Valentia has printed two volumes of his *Travels*; the whole will appear about May or June next, in three quarto volumes.

The following new works are on the eve of publication:—Dr. Hales's first volume of a new *Analysis of Chronology*; Dr. Popham's *Remarks on various Texts of Scripture*; Dr. Kidd's *Outlines of Mineralogy*, in two octavo volumes; Dr. Nott's edition of the *Poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surry*; and Mr. Edgeworth's work on *Professional Education*.

The London booksellers having completed *Hollinshed's Chronicle*, that of Hall is nearly ready, and Grafton is in the press.

A new Grammar, entitled, *The English Tutor*, written in familiar letters, and intended particularly for Ladies Seminaries, by Mr. W. C. Oulton, author of the *Traveller's Guide*, &c. will shortly be presented to the public.

A volume of burlesque, dramatic, and miscellaneous Poems, by the same gentleman, is now in the press.

The Rev. Mr. Plumptree of Clare Hall intends to publish four Discourses on the Stage, lately preached by him at Cambridge.

The Medical and Chirurgical Society of London intend shortly to publish the first volume of their Records. Some very valuable contributions from practitioners of first-rate eminence in the metropolis, will thus meet the public eye.

Mr. James Morison, of Glasgow, intends to publish the *General Accountant*; or, a *Complete Course of Mercantile Computations and Accountantship*, adapted to modern practice. He is also engaged on *Popular Elements of Book-keeping*.

A complete and comprehensive Dictionary of the Fine Arts, to include accounts of the arts in theory and practice, and their professors in all ages, by Mr. James Elms, is preparing for the press.

Mr. Thomas Mortimer, author of the work, called *Every Man his Own Broker*, published fifty years ago, is

preparing a legacy to the world, viz. a new Dictionary of Trade, Commerce, and Manufactures. This is expected to constitute a commercial library of itself, and excites astonishment that such a useful publication should have been delayed so long.

An Historical Survey of the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of France, with a view to illustrate the rise and progress of Gothic architecture in Europe, a work which long engaged the personal inspection of the late Rev. G. D. Whittington, of Cambridge, is now in the press, being completed by some judicious and honourable friends.

A member of the University of Oxford has announced for publication, *Lindley Murray Examined*; or, An Address to Classical, French, and English Teachers; and grammatical errors in Mr. Murray's Grammar are pointed out; showing, at the same time, the necessity of an English Grammar, that will lead to the grammar of any other language, without violating the purity of the English.

A new selection of the most favourite pieces, under the title of *The Muse's Bower*, will shortly be published in four small volumes.

Mr. Macartney intends to publish a small work on the Relation between external and internal parts, by which the situation of any important blood-vessel, nerve, &c. may be precisely ascertained in the living body. To be illustrated by plates, &c.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

An aperient Chalybeate Spring has lately been discovered near Begging-hall, Norwood, which, from the analysis and repeated trials made by Dr. R. Reece, and others, is likely to prove a discovery of the greatest importance, particularly on account of its contiguity to London. In constitutional diseases, especially scrofulous affections, inflammatory, gouty, and bilious habits, eruptions, or leprous complaints of the skin, and such constitutions as have been impaired by long residence in hot climates, or by the too liberal use of spirituous liquors, it has proved more beneficial than any other spa water in this kingdom, and has effected

cures in cases of scrofula, and diseased livers, which appeared to the Faculty hopeless.

The Lovers of the Fine Arts will be gratified in the course of this month with Miss Linwood's splendid Exhibition of Pictures of her own production, in two magnificent rooms on the north side of Leicester-square. Twenty new pictures are in readiness.

From the following Extract it will appear that, if the paintings of the twelve Cæsars which have lately been brought into public notice, and which have been the subject of general conversation among the admirers and patrons of the Arts, be genuine, they most probably formed a principal ornament of the Royal Palace in the reign of Charles I. The extract is taken from the History of the Entry of Mary de Medicis, the Queen mother of France, into England, Anno 1638, translated from the French of the *Sieur de la Serre*, published 1639.—After detailing the magnificent entry of Mary de Medicis, a short description of London is given by the author, which, speaking of the Royal Palace, he says "a gallery open at both sides, through which lay the way to the Great Chapel, was also in the suite from the Queen's Chamber, as a place destined for a private walk, and, where the mind might be deliciously diverted by the number of rare pictures with which its walls were covered. And among others, the twelve Cæsars by the hand of Titian, were much admired; I say the twelve, notwithstanding this famous painter only drew eleven, since Monsieur the Chevalier Vandheich has represented the twelfth, but so divinely, that to me to admire it seems too little; for as he has in this work raised up Titian from the dead, the miracles of his industry make it inestimable."

Wilkie has been employing himself on a picture representing a child with a cut finger, and the grandmother binding up the wound. It is painted with his usual excellence.

Northcote is painting a portrait of Captain Seymour, whose recent gallantry in the *Amethyst* will live for ever in the naval records of this country. The same ingenious artist is proceeding in his whole-length

portrait of Sir Charles Brisbane, which we noticed some time ago.—Both of these pictures will do honour to the artist, and it is to be hoped that they will both come to the engraver, as the public in general will always be gratified with the sight of British Heroes.

The Honourable Basil Cochran, of Portman-square, has made considerable improvements in warm-water, vapour, and air-baths. They are constructed in his own house, and the many complaints removed by them have induced him to prepare a model and engraving for the further benefit of the public.

Mr. George Singer has by some recent arrangements considerably improved the original plan of the Scientific Institution, Prince's-street, Cavendish-square, where in future the public Lectures are to be assisted by courses of private instruction, and conversations on the various subjects of philosophical inquiry; to be severally illustrated by an extensive collection of instruments. Electrical and chemical researches will engage the attention of the pupils in the ensuing season, with the particular view of developing and explaining the new experiments.

Practical substitution of Gas for Light instead of Candles.—Mr. B. Cook, of Birmingham, has invented an apparatus, which consists simply of a small cast-iron pot, of about eight gallons to receive the coal, and a cast iron cover, which is luted to it with sand. The gas passes through water, into the gasoneter or reservoir, which contains about four hundred gallons, and by means of old gun-barrels, he conveys it all round his workshops. The saving by it he computes at three-fifths. But he thinks, if erected on a smaller scale, the saving to the manufacturer would be equally great; for the poor man, who lights only six candles, or uses only one lamp, will find it cost him only ten or twelve pounds, which he will nearly, if not quite, save the first year. The pipes, if made of old gun-barrels, should be once a year, or once in two years, coated over with tar, to keep them from rusting; thus they may last half a century. Mr. Cook thinks a spirit may be made

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XI.

from the tar of the coal, to substitute for that brought from Russia, and used by a number of jappanners, &c. &c. that article having advanced from 3s. 6d. to 20s. per gallon since the interruption of our trade with the north. Great merit is attached to Mr. Cook for making and publishing this valuable experiment.

The Massoolah boat, common on the coasts of Hindostan, has justly attracted the notice of the Europeans. To appearance, any other vessel would be safer on the water than this; but the fact is that no other boat dares venture over the violent surf which breaks along the sea shore at Fort St. George. It is unique in its construction, equally unlike the solid canoe, and the European invention of caulked vessels. It is flat-bottomed, and its planks are literally sewed together with the fibres of the kvar rope, made from the cocoa-tree. The stitches not being very close, each boat is provided with a baler. These boats are used to convey goods and passengers to and from the ships in the Madras roads, and on their return are sometimes thrown with such violence against the shore, that if their singular construction did not prevent the effects of the shock, they must inevitably be dashed in pieces. The steersman stands on the stern of the vessel, and the rudder is simply an oar. The dexterity with which he balances himself in a heavy sea is truly astonishing. Upwards of an hundred and twenty of these boats are used at Madras.

East Indies.

The Abbé Duhois, who escaped from France during the revolution, and has since resided in the Mysore country, has completed a valuable work on the various casts of India. It has been inspected and highly approved by Sir J. Mackintosh, and other literary characters in India, and recommended by them to the notice of government, who have agreed to purchase the manuscript at their own expense. Being written in French, the translation of it is entrusted to a military officer of consequence and ability.

H

France.

In the department of experimental philosophy, the French have lately displayed in common with some other naturalists, a degree of ingenuity bordering upon inhumanity; this is apparent from the following extract from a paper presented to their Philosophical Society:—

"Gentlemen.—On the 27th of May, 1808, at nine in the morning, the weather being very serene, I cut off the entire heads and horns of twenty snails, and of twelve of the naked kind, without shells, of a dark brown colour; at the expiration of fifteen days two of my snails shewed the rudiments of a new head, and began to feed; their autenea, or horns, began to bud; they were in good health, but did not lengthen their necks when they eat; half my naked or unshelled snails died; the remainder of the unshelled ones crawl about, and climb up a wall; they also lengthen their necks, but the head has appeared on one only. I have great hopes of applying the experiment to some other animals with the same success. I shall send you an account of any further success I may meet with.

"Note.—I believe the vital principle to be in a certain joint in the neck, and that I had not severed the head in that particular spot in those which died, but shall try to ascertain it."

Since the above has been made public in Paris, thousands of young Anatomists are searching for the joint which contains the principle of life, and millions of unfortunate snails have been decapitated. Another Naturalist and Anatomist has begun to *behead frogs*, but the success of his experiment is not yet known.

Germany.

Relative to the Agricultural State of this great portion of the continent, though it has with Poland been deemed the granary of Europe, it appears from the observations lately made by M. Voght, that both these countries, from the circumstances of the times, have declined in fertility, as they have increased in military strength. The greatest number of estates in Germany, he intimates, are cultivated by a set of people very

little better than slaves. We are also reminded that the "present times are not favourable to agricultural pursuits or refinements; and that the whole edifice of society, every where is tottering." Hitherto, however, Great Britain may derive comfort from comparing its condition with that of the inhabitants of the rest of Europe.

Holland.

The Haerlem prize-medal, value 42 guineas, awarded by Teyler's Theological Society to the Rev. Cæsar Morgan, M.A. now D.D. for his Dissertation, intitled, "A Demonstration that true Philosophy has no tendency to undermine Divine Revelation, and that a well-grounded philosopher may be a true Christian," was presented by him to the University of Cambridge, Nov. 16, and is deposited in the Public Library.

Spain.

The extreme stupidity of our late allies, appears in a point of view extremely prominent, by the following letter from Madrid of a very recent date:

"The Spanish theatre still retains many of those mysteries which founded the dramatic art in Europe. *Las Profecías de Daniel*, form at present a favourite spectacle, and certainly no subject could be better adopted for combining a splendid variety of pageantry in one oratorio, or sacred opera. The Jubilee of adoration to the golden Colossus of Bel, the flaming *auto da fe* for the refractory holy children, the voluptuous dances exhibited during the meal of Belshazzar, the sacrilegious use of the chalices from Jerusalem, the sudden wrath of heaven, the gloom, the thunder, the shadowy hand writing on the wall, in characters of lurid fire, and the armed irruption of the besiegers to renew a scene of purer triumph, form a series of picturesque magnificence, which you would enjoy to see repeated some Sunday evening at Drury-lane. To the popularity of this play, may be ascribed the continual allusions of the Spanish patriotic writers, to the seizure and (supposed) profanation of sacramental vessels by the French.

"Another new and very singular drama opens with Bonaparte, who

soliloquizes about Spain. Allegorical dæmons stand watching around, and when he has confessed the whole atrocity of his purposes, they seize, and carry him off in a fiery car to the place of torment. Next appears Ferdinand the VII.; a ballet of Angels listen to his promises of virtuous sway, and crown him during their dance with wreaths of victory. Finally ap-

pears King George the Third, who declares his horror for the tyrant, his affection for the virtuous and native monarch, and who is entertained by St. Jago and the Virgin Mary, or by figures representing the genius of Spain, and that of Christianity, with a performance in full chorus of God Save the King."

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

CHARLES GRIGNON, *Esq.*

THIS eminent artist died at Leghorn, in 1804, on his return from Rome, after a residence there of many years. He was the son of Thomas Grignon, a mathematician and horologist of unrivalled excellence, said to have descended from the illustrious Ademare, who, according to the custom of France, becoming possessed of the lordship of Grignon, assumed that name. Charles Grignon was born in 1754, in Russel-street, Covent-garden. At seven years of age he was able to copy some fine prints of Hogarth's in such a masterly manner as to attract the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds. At fifteen he gained the honorary silver pallet from the Society of Arts, for the best drawing of the human figure; though it should have been observed, that when only thirteen years of age, his father placed him under Cypriani, of whom, he was at all times the favourite élève. In August 1769, he was admitted a student of the Royal Academy; and in 1780, he gained the gold medal for the best historical painting with great applause, though there were fourteen or fifteen competitors. The subject was the choice of Hercules from the Greek of Prodicus; to make his piece more classical, he divested it of every emblematical allusion, the club excepted.

On these occasions a trial sketch is given, always made in the presence of the president and council; and that no previous assistance may be obtained from the more experienced students, the subject is not announced till they are called before the council. This trial sketch was the Angels appearing to Abraham, when they promised him a son in his old-age. In this, young Grignon acquitted him-

self much to the satisfaction of Sir Joshua Reynolds. After this he was sent out by the Academy, for three years study at Rome, where he soon engaged upon a large historical composition of the attack on Captain Cook by the natives of the Island of Owyhee. The scenery he sketched from the description of Lieutenant Hargist, who was on shore at the time of the captain's death.

Grignon chose the moment previous to this catastrophe; three of the party being then killed, others wounded, and Captain Cook in the attitude of attempting to undeceive the Islanders. This picture, owing to Grignon's nice criticism, was a long while under hand: even his grand work, for the same reason, though undertaken under the patronage of Lord Clive, was at length left unfinished, probably at Rome. The subject of this noble picture was Prometheus chained to a rock, a prey to vultures, &c. The finished study, however, was at length completed; and, after twice suffering quarantine at Leghorn and London, remains in the hands of the brother of Mr. Grignon, at the house of their late father, in Russel-street, Covent-garden. Here also will be found another finished study of Homer reciting his poems at the tomb of Achilles; a picture ordered by Lord Berwick, and which, like the Prometheus, was to have its figures larger even than life; but in consequence of the first French revolutionary inroad into Italy where Grignon thought, without any foundation, that it would be unsafe for him to stay, they were left in his study in the vineyards, where he occupied the house of Raphael.

Mr. John Penn, of Stoke Park, near Windsor, had some drawings exe-

cuted by young Grignon of the most celebrated Greek marbles of a colossal size. For Lord Clive he executed two drawings; one the Collet-lato, or the fatal effects of a Roman quarrel, near the Porto del Popolo; the other the Salterello, or an Italian party performing that favourite luxurious dance. At length he thought proper to quit Rome for Palermo, which proved the happy occasion of his being introduced to Lord Nelson, when mentioning his anxiety about the cases of pictures which he had on board the *Tigre pollaca*, his lordship exclaimed,—

"Grignon, this is a national concern," and, calling for paper, wrote to the Governor of Gibraltar for a convoy for the pollaca: this happened at Sir William Hamilton's table. On the 7th of Feb. 1799, Lord Nelson being at Palermo, sat to Grignon for his portrait. The drawing is now in his brother's study, as are also two exquisite drawings, in pencil of Lady Hamilton, in attitudes the most noble that can be imagined. On the 21st of August 1799, Mr. Grignon returned to Leghorn, where he remained four years happy in his friends, and studious as well as fortunate.

While at Leghorn he undertook to paint for the guardians of a church, a picture. The subject he chose was that of Elisha ascending in the chariot of fire, while the son of the prophet with extended arms is catching his falling mantle. Jordan winds in the back ground with great sublimity and grandeur; the cartoon was finished in black chalk in a great manner, but Grignon was not destined to live to finish the picture, being seized on the 29th of October 1804, with a malignant fever, and died there after an illness of only four days. He was buried the next day in the ground belonging to the English factory, by his intimate friend, the Rev. Mr. Hall, chaplain to that establishment. The fever which carried him off had been so malignant for some time before, that people even shunned each other; and many went up to Pisa to avoid the disease, as Mr. Grignon was advised to do, but wanted the resolution; and taking leave of Mr. Eituledale, when he went to Pisa, Mr.

Grignon then had the fever on him, though he did not perceive it, observing, "it was only a head-ache." Mr. L. died of the same species of fever at Berbice, in South America, precisely that day three years.

Mr. Grignon, who was allowed "to be rather inclined to melancholy," when the French were at Leghorn in 1802, waited on the General, to express his fears; the General replied with great urbanity,—“You need not, Mr. Grignon, be under the least apprehension: yourself and property are perfectly safe: you have always conducted yourself with great prudence and propriety, and we do not make war with the arts.”

The artist bowed, returned to his house to pursue his profession, and like Parmeziano, received nothing from the invading soldiers but their admiration. Mr. Grignon in his person was about five feet six inches in height, well proportioned, with a countenance of great expression; he was humane in his disposition, but rather slow in his studies.

Mr. J. IRELAND, Author of the Illustrations of Hogarth, &c. &c.

THIS gentleman, who died in the vicinity of Birmingham, where he had recently retired from his residence at Brompton, was born at the Trench farm, near Wem, in Shropshire, in a house which had been rendered somewhat remarkable by having been the birth-place and country residence of Wycherley the poet; and is descended from a race that were eminent for their conscientious adherence to their religious principles. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Holland, and great grand-daughter of the Rev. Philip Henry. Mr. I. discovered a strong predilection to letters and painting, but his friends thought he had also a turn for mechanics, and therefore determined to make him a watchmaker, and to that business he was accordingly devoted.—When very young, he married an amiable and estimable woman, of a turn and temper exactly congenial with his own, and, with every prospect of success, engaged in an extensive business. In this, though his con-

nections were numerous, and his knowledge of his art indisputable, he was not successful. For pictures and prints he had an enthusiastic fondness, and in each class, especially in the works of Mortimer and Hogarth, had a well-selected collection; and of books, a well-chosen library. He lived on terms of the most unreserved intimacy with many men that were eminent in the arts, at the bar, and in the church: and at his table were to be met Mortimer, Gainsborough, and Henderson, with many other characters highly distinguished for talents and taste, most of whom have long since

"Shook hands with death, and call'd the worm their kinsman."

With Gainsborough he was upon the most friendly terms, and that admirable artist presented to him an excellent portrait of Henderson, of whom Mr. Ireland was the first protector: for in his house this popular actor resided many years, as a friend and a brother, before he could be admitted to try his strength on the stage, though

aided by every recommendation which Mr. Ireland or any of his connections could afford him. His *Life and Letters of Henderson* were published in 1786, and are stated in the preface to have been the first book he had written.

The next publication with his name prefixed, was *Hogarth Illustrated*, in two volumes. For the works of Hogarth, we have already said he had an early predilection, so that we can readily conceive he engaged in their illustration *con amore*. The book abounds with anecdotes, which the author's long connections with men conversant with such subjects enabled him to supply. These are generally told in an easy and agreeable style, and if not always appropriate to the print described, have a general relation to the subject. For several years Mr. Ireland had been afflicted with a complication of disorders, which rendered society irksome to him; and we are concerned to hear that his latter days were clouded by pecuniary difficulties.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

HOW important have been the events, since our last! What a record for the future historian of this country! A glorious cause completely lost! England, the deliverer of Europe, is not only not able to support this title, but she has proved herself to be unworthy to assume it!—What a glorious opportunity was offered to this country six months ago, and how has it been used? If we compare together the councils, acts, energies and strength of Great Britain and France, how must we not be humiliated at the manner in which our immense resources have been exhausted; and to what an idle purpose our fleets and armies have been employed. Six months ago the flame of liberty was kindled in Spain: the whole peninsula was in action: the French were driven to the northern extremity; and the Gallo-Spanish king expected every moment to be forced to retrace his steps to Bayonne, and to leave the kingdom to the management of an independent people. The assistance of England was courted: it was granted by the cabinet: and the

whole nation joined most cordially in the approbation of the measure. The resources of this country were immense: a navy that had the complete command of the sea; a numerous army well appointed in every respect; shipping to transport them without measure. On comparing together the situation of the French, English, and Spaniards six months ago, it would have seemed impossible, that in the month of October a single Frenchman should have been left in Spain.

The fact is, that Bonaparte was taken by surprise. The insurrection in Spain was totally unexpected by him. He was not prepared to send a sufficient number of troops to preserve the positions taken by his brother, much less to advance in the country to quell the insurgents. Had we been in his situation, and he in ours, would he have played the game as we have done? Would he have lost the opportunity of driving an enemy out of Spain? Would he have suffered troops to be dancing about here and there, ships to be wandering to no visible purpose? Every one will answer, and

common sense points it out, that, if Bonaparte had had our army and our fleet, in less than two months from the retreat of Joseph from Madrid, a hundred thousand men would have been landed in Biscay, cleared the country of the enemy, secured the passes of the Pyrenees, and established the independence of the Spanish nation.

But what has been our real conduct? The Gallo-Spanish king was left to occupy at his ease the northern extremity of the kingdom, and not a single English regiment faced a French one till Bonaparte had so completely poured in his troops, that the whole kingdom lay at his mercy. What has thus paralysed the energies of this empire, and with them the energies of Spain? for it is singular, that the moment we interfered in its cause, the symptoms of failure appeared. At first there was a greatness of plan, and a spirit of liberty in the proclamations of the various provinces; gradually the latter subsided, and nothing appeared in the contest but the restoration of Ferdinand to the throne, and the establishment of the old government with all its abuses. We are not surprised at the accusations thrown out against the Spaniards for relaxing in the glorious cause of patriotism. But what had patriotism to do with the cause of Ferdinand, and a government one of the most infamous in Europe. Bonaparte knew better how to ingratiate himself with the people; and it was not only by the terror of his arms, but by the positive advantages which he held out to the country that his cause has prevailed.

It is melancholy to trace the courses of the opposing armies. Bonaparte had an object in view in every step he took. Having joined his grand army, he cleared the way to the right and left of him, by a complete defeat of Blake on the right and Castanos on the left; the actions being fought by his Generals. He himself marched then with the main army to Madrid, meeting nothing in his way of consequence to oppose him. At Madrid there was for a short time a shew of resistance; the streets were barricaded, and the people armed. Some actions also were fought, in which the French were said to have been severe-

ly handled. But it was soon found that resistance was in vain. The Central Junta and the regular troops made their escape to the southward, and the city surrendered by capitulation. The first article gives us but a very poor opinion of the inhabitants, and shews that they were unworthy of liberty. It claims not only the preservation of their religion, the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, but that no other shall be legally tolerated.—From this article we may conclude, that the opposition to the French was conducted chiefly by the priests and monks and the bigotry of the lower orders. The article was granted; and the popery crew of that town was as much gratified as the no-popery party of this country would be on any similar act of intolerance and folly. The other articles referred chiefly to the preservation of property, and the usual points of civil liberty, which were all granted: the preservation of their present laws being allowed only till the kingdom had undergone its definitive organisation.

Bonaparte was very properly not contented with a mere capitulation, which guaranteed to him the town only, as long as he had a strong force to overawe it. By one of his masterly strokes in politics, he has aimed at converting the metropolis into an instrument for the forwarding of his designs, and a precedent is given for the submission of all the towns to his government. Meetings were called of the inhabitants in every district, where it was proposed that an address should be presented to the Emperor, thanking him for his clemency to the city, and requesting him to restore their King Joseph to the seat of government, that they might be made happy under him, and forget the evils that had passed. This address was presented to the Emperor by the Corregidor, in the names of the magistracy and citizens of the capital.

Such an opportunity was not lost by the hero, whose answer may vie with any thing that has been left upon the records of history. There is a grandeur in the sentiments and a nobility in the expressions which are seldom met with. He expresses his pleasure at the address, sorrow for the evils which the city had suffered, and

his haste to restore tranquillity. He informs them, that he had lessened the number of monks, and destroyed the inquisition. Upon this infamous ecclesiastical court his words ought never to be forgotten:—"I have abolished that court which was a subject of complaint to Europe and the present age. Priests may guide the minds of men, but must exercise no temporal or corporal jurisdiction over the citizens." What a sentence of happiness this to Spain! We do not scruple to observe, that the destruction of the inquisition, and the abolishing of the power of the priests are blessings to that country, far outweighing all the evils which they have suffered by the revolution of their government. His abrogation of many civil restraints is no less grand. "I have abolished the feudal rights, and henceforth every man may set up inns, ovens, mills, employ himself in fishing and rabbit hunting, and give free scope to his industry, provided he respects the laws and regulations of the police. The selfishness, wealth, and prosperity of a small number of individuals were more injurious to your agriculture than the heat of the dog-days."

Those things, in his power to do, he tells them he has done; but he plainly tells them that he cannot consolidate them into one nation if they continue their aversion to France. The Bourbons cannot reign any longer in Europe, and it would be easy for him to govern Spain by viceroys: but he promises to abdicate his rights of conquest, if the thirty thousand inhabitants of Madrid would assemble in their churches, and there take an oath of allegiance, support, attachment, and fidelity to Joseph. This determination of the Emperor the Corregidor was desired to impart to his fellow citizens to desire them to make their choice with sincerity, and tell him their genuine sentiment.—The result was, that when the Corregidor returned, the citizens were assembled in their churches, made their choice, and took the most solemn oath of allegiance to Joseph. Thus Spain is no longer a conquered country: it is, according to Bonaparte, under its legitimate sovereign; and every city will be treated in this manner, the

refractory being in future obliged most probably to quit the kingdom.

When we consider what Bonaparte has done, and what the Central Junta might have done, we are lost in astonishment at the infatuation of the latter. What support can they meet with, when no solid amelioration of the affairs of the people is to be expected from their success, and their conduct since they were in power could not hold out any encouragement that resistance, under their auspices, would be of any avail. Having thus composed the people at Madrid, Bonaparte made a rapid march to the north-west, to drive into the sea, as he expressed it, the English. The latter had marched in two columns, the one from Lisbon, the other from Corunna, and had formed a junction somewhere in Spain, north-east of Portugal. Neither of them had been spectators of the march of Bonaparte to Madrid, but they were no obstacle to it; and upon the capitulation of the capital, they thought it advisable to retreat towards the sea, intending to take shipping at either Vigo or Corunna. The army of Marshal Soult, which had destroyed Blake's army, now pressed upon them, and from another quarter Bonaparte himself. The retreat was consequently precipitate; but the main body reached Corunna, seeing at the same time their transports entering the harbour, and bodies of the French upon the summits of the hills.

A sad task is now imposed upon us. We have to record the melancholy triumph of the English army. They had retreated before the forces of Bonaparte: what were the amount of the assailants we know not. Our troops took refuge in Corunna, it could be but for a short time. They were not competent to keep the place, and without having performed a single service in favour of those they went to protect, they must re-embark.—This was a service of great danger, but they were under a General who would leave nothing untried to alleviate the miseries of those committed to his care, nor would he avoid danger when the protection of his army was at stake. Suffice it, the news of this melancholy day reached England, the greater part of the army re-embarked;

but in their embarkation they were assailed by the French, who were repulsed indeed, in every quarter, in the conflict, but our brave general was killed, and Sir David Baird, the second in command, lost his arm. The number of wounded and slain must have been considerable. We have to regret the loss of General Moore, a real general, and of many of our brave countrymen, whilst Bonaparte is triumphing in his prediction, that he would in a short time oblige the English to take refuge in their ships.

Thus has ended the ill-fated campaign. The north and middle of Spain, with the whole of Portugal, fell to Bonaparte; what resistance can be made in the south of Spain, a short time will discover. We cannot flatter ourselves with any hopes that Andalusia will maintain the contest. Bonaparte will every where find adherents. The people will compare together their probable condition under his government, with that under a Ferdinand; and however melancholy it may be to submit to a foreign power (if such a yoke is lighter than their own countrymen) it is not surprising that it should be preferred, especially when it is accompanied with the splendor of so much glory. It is from this cause that Bonaparte has levelled thrones with the ground; has ungirded the loins of kings. Wherever he goes he meliorates the condition of the people, and destroys the chains of ancient prejudices.

Another revolution has taken place at Constantinople. The full effects of it are not known. The Janissaries, that is the standing army of the Ottoman empire, were discontented with the last change, and being too powerful for the new Vizier, have confounded all his plans, and introduced again the ancient confusion. The Vizier himself lost his life in the conflict, and with him, we may say, are flown all the hopes that the Turkish empire might be made capable of resisting impending danger. The whole extent of the revolution is not known. One effect will be the annihilation of every future attempt to introduce European tactics; and of course, the moment the attack is made by the French, they will march with ease from D. Mania to Constantinople.

The abominable manner in which Greece has been governed from the time that it was overrun by the Turks, will reconcile the country to the future change, and the arms of the French will be well employed if they are turned to that quarter.

In the north of Europe appearances are far from flattering. The king of Sweden may receive our money, but he cannot depend upon us for any effectual assistance. In this situation what is he to do? Is he to continue a war which will endanger the rest of his dominions? There is reason to believe, that the loss of Finland, and of his estates in Germany, has cured him of his chivalrous notions; and when the Baltic is opened by the genial warmth of spring, his ports will be shut to us. Two allies will then remain—the kings of Sicily and Sardinia. Sicily will probably soon fall into the hands of the French, for Bonaparte has declared that not a Bourbon shall reign in any place. Sardinia will fall whenever he chooses to attack it, and then he will model Europe in the manner that he likes best, and England will not be able to prevent any of his measures. All these evils to our country have arisen from former misplaced confidence in an arrogant minister, and the interference of Great Britain in a contest which has really belonged to the continent to settle for itself.

American politics have been displayed in a manner which does not please the politicians of this country, and thence, we have every reason to believe, that they are the best suited to the interests of the United States. The question of the embargo was the first taken up by the congress, and very warm and animated debates ensued. The question was sifted to the bottom, and the result was, that in the choice of evils, the continuance of the embargo was the least. It was not denied by the advocates of this measure, that it was attended with considerable inconvenience, but it could not be avoided without entering into a war with one of the conflicting nations in Europe, and war would be attended with far more injury to their national happiness than could be compensated by partial advantages to their commerce. This is new doctrine to Eu-

ropean nations, who, like duellists, demand satisfaction upon every appearance of injury, and make no account of the lives of men in their foolish disputes. How long the United States will persevere in this line of conduct, it is not easy to say, but it is certain that they have within themselves sufficient for the conveniencies and support of life; and as long as they can avoid an intercourse with quarrelsome people, the better will it be for their happiness, and a noble example do they present to mankind.

The debates in the United States, though warm, have ended with much greater tranquillity and satisfaction to all parties than those in the house of assembly in Jamaica. It will be recollected, that in that island the assembly possesses powers similar to those of our house of commons; that the Duke of Manchester is the governor; and that great repugnance has been expressed in the country to the black regiments. In last May was a mutiny in the Second West India regiment, which occasioned the death of several British officers; at the meeting of the house of assembly, a committee was appointed to enquire into this affair, on which they made a report, and the governor was in consequence requested to direct the proceedings of the court-martial and court of enquiry to be laid before the house. The commander of the forces refused to deliver up these proceedings, and the house of assembly prayed the duke to direct the attendance of certain officers to be examined, who appeared at the bar, but declined to answer any questions, on account of the prohibition issued by the commander of the forces, which they laid before the house. Upon this, the house resolved itself into a committee, and drew up some strong resolutions, declaring the commander guilty of a breach of the privileges of the house, and the speaker was directed to issue his warrant for the attendance of the commander at the bar of the house. The next day brought a message from the governor, with a letter from the commander, to which the former gave his unlimited concurrence. The letter stated, that the commander could not allow the legislative body an au-

thority over the troops, in a military point of view; that he had made a representation of the matters in question to his majesty's ministers; and should wait the orders of the commander in chief. Without any disrespect, therefore, to the house, he declined to attend, adding, that his majesty's service required his attendance at head-quarters. The house deliberated on this letter with closed doors, and resolved *nem. con.*—That the speaker should issue his warrant to take the commander into custody of the serjeant-at-arms, for a contempt of the house; and they made strong resolutions in support of its rights, declaring, that the governor's message, joining his concurrence in the conduct of the commander, was a breach of the privileges of the house. Just as these resolutions were passed, they were summoned before the governor, who addressed them on the subject of the commander, treating it as a question to be solved by the authorities at home, and, in consequence, proroguing the house to the 27th of December following. This has of course occasioned a great ferment in the island, and a stop to much of the public business. The commissioners of accounts resolved unanimously, that they could not provide for his majesty's troops after the 31st of December, and that a message to this effect should be sent to the governor. They directed their agent to dispose of all provisions for the white troops, remaining on hand on the 31st of December, and resolved not to raise any money for the use of the public until the next meeting of the assembly. This dispute is of great importance, and will not easily be settled; and it is to be lamented, that the governor should have so completely implicated himself in the question, that, in whatever manner it is decided, his future government cannot be conducted in that easy manner which the good of the island requires.

The greater part of the remainder of America is in no small confusion, and this confusion will be rendered greater by the news they receive from Spain. It is now in our power to render the conquest of Spain of no use to the conqueror, as far as its colonies are concerned, but we must not at-

tempt to prescribe the constitution they are to adopt, and the time seems to have arrived for them to choose an independent form of government. In this case their whole trade will be open to us, and we may be the protectors of Spanish America. But a new scene of politics is opening to the world, which time must develop; and they, who have been brought up to old forms, and are rigidly tenacious of them, may lament their disappearance, but contend in vain against nature.

At home, the attention excited by the meeting at Chelsea hospital, on the subject of the Convention at Cintra, has given way to the usual interest occasioned by the meeting of parliament. The report drawn up by the gentlemen at Chelsea did not give satisfaction to any party; they differed in opinion in some points, but all concurred that there was no necessity for any farther military enquiry. The disapprobation of the king on some parts of the convention has been communicated to Sir Hew Dalrymple, and the nation in general will not alter its sentiments. The matter will not rest here, though the parliamentary enquiry will be of as little consequence as that of the gentlemen at Chelsea. Had three of Bonaparte's generals acted in the same manner their treatment would have been very different; but it is impossible that a similar thing should happen in Bonaparte's army, for in his expeditions he takes care to whom he confides power; and three generals, superseding each other in the space of a couple of days, is a manœuvre in the art of war with which he is unacquainted.

The king did not meet his parliament; his speech was read by the Chancellor. It stated the despair of terminating the war with safety and honour, except by vigorous exertions—the bar to negotiations for peace, by his refusal to condescend them with the French and Russian emperors, except in concurrence with the Spaniards—his promise to support the Spaniards, with whom a treaty of alliance had been formed—his disapprobation of the Convention at Cintra—his reliance on the country for aid to the king of Sweden—his hopes of supply without any great or immediate

increase of the burdens on his people—his exhortation to effectual measures for the augmentation of the army, by which the contest may be terminated in a manner compatible with the honour of his crown, the interests of his allies, of Europe, and of the world.

In the lords the Earl of Bridgewater moved the address in a very weak and feeble manner, and was seconded by Lord Sheffield. Lord St. Vincent then spoke to the purpose, and with great warmth and animation condemned the administration, whose conduct had been guided by a constant system of vacillation and contradictory councils, and whose only exertions appeared in the collecting of transports, for which they paid more than the market price. The Convention at Cintra he termed (and we agree with him thoroughly in the use of the term) the most disgraceful transaction that had sullied the naval or military annals of this country since the revolution. The blame of it he attributed to the ministers. He then expressed his disapprobation of private confidential letters to persons holding commands, and what could be worse than the instruction of a minister to the first in command, not to take a step without the consent of the third in command. He accused the ministers of ignorance in geography, and declared them to be fitter for returning to school than to direct a great nation at so critical a juncture; and so decidedly was he of this opinion, that he declared the house to be deficient in duty if it did not inform his majesty, that if he did not dismiss the ministers the country would be lost. Having given his sentiments, and complained of his infirmity, the old peer wished his colleagues a good night, and left the house. Lord Sidmouth reserved to himself the right of disapproving the treaty with Spain. Lord Grenville thought that a British army ought not to have been sent into the interior of Spain, and contended that, by sending our army, we destroyed the admirable plan of defence laid down in the precautions. But allowing the propriety of sending troops, he condemned ministry for their roundabout journey by Portugal of some, and the distant landing of others in Galicia. He could not therefore

commend the ministers for either vigour or skill. On the Convention at Cintra he could not speak decisively till the proper papers were before the house. On American affairs he dilated at large, expressing it as his opinion, that it was the intention of administration to drive matters to an extremity in America; and he expressed a proper abhorrence of the abominable maxim in Mr. Canning's letter, that whatever acts of injustice may be committed by the enemy, gives us a right to commit acts of injustice, equal in degree and extent, under the pretence of retaliation. He protested against that part of the address which thanked the king for entering into a treaty with the Spaniards, and declared, that if the whole armed force of this kingdom were sent into Spain, the destruction of our government was inevitable, and we should be reduced to the same state as Prussia and the vassals of Bonaparte on the continent.

Lord Liverpool asserted, that it was difficult to conceive any situation which would better warrant hopes of ultimate success than that of Spain at this day. He defended the equipment to Portugal, asserting, that in every respect, and specifically in the proportions of cavalry and artillery, it was perfectly competent to the service of its mission; and made a grand eulogium on our commercial and financial resources. Lord Moira compared the assistance afforded by ministers to Spain to the conduct of an ally, who, when Scotland was invaded, should send his troops to protect Penzance in Cornwall. He contended that a large force should have been sent to the foot of the Pyrenees, when the French were weak in that quarter, which would have given an opportunity to Spain to bring forward its troops, and defend the passes against future invasion. All our advantages had been lost by the gross mismanagement of the ministers, to whom he attributed the culpability of the convention at Cintra, and whose conduct towards the city of London he reprobated in the strongest terms. Lord Erskine dwelt chiefly on the great impolicy of the orders in council, as far as they affected America. Several other lords spoke, and the

address was agreed to without a division.

In the house of commons Mr. Robinson moved the address, and, converting to the affairs of Spain, contended that the restoration of Ferdinand was not incompatible with a proper reformation of the abuses of government, and he did not think it a contemptible prejudice to prefer a legitimate sovereign to a foreign tyrant. He was seconded by Mr. Lushington, who was followed by Mr. Ponsonby, the leader of the opposition in the house of commons. He declared, that never was so little skill, so little foresight, and so little success in the councils of government, as at present. In expending money ministers do not want vigour, and they probably have sent Sweden its subsidy; but was it ever known that the general of an allied army was obliged to quit, in disguise, the capital of a king whom he came to assist, and take away his army without aiming a blow at the enemy. The fact was, that ministers had neither system, method, nor design; they moved troops from one end of Europe to the other in a sort of pantomimical dance, without effecting any thing. Thus General Moore was carried about from port to port, and Sir Arthur Wellesley sailed with a sort of adventurous roving commission. He ridiculed, in pointed language, the ministerial arrangements in Portugal, and the appointment of three commanders in chief; the facility with which ministers could find transports for shipping the French to their own ports, and the delay of them when they were wanted for our own army. Their conduct to the city of London he represented to be as little congenial to the spirit of the constitution as to the dignity of the august personage in whose mouth they put their reproof. A minister may be flippant—he may pun and epigrammatize when he pleases—but when the sovereign feels it his duty to declare his dislike of the proceedings of any part of his subjects, a gravity ought to be observed that would give to the rebuke a far different effect than the royal answer had upon the citizens of London.

Lord Castlereagh confessed that ministers were open to examination;

and like every thing human liable to error, but without vanity he might say, that they were at least as good as the last. On the expedition to Sweden he asserted, that it had been sent out at the special instance, and on the express desire of the minister for Sweden. On the departure of General Moore he declined to speak farther than that no blame could attach to him on the subject. He vindicated the campaign in Spain and Portugal, and, as to the reception given to the city address, he thought it right to check *in limine* any attempt to confound grave matter of enquiry with any factious views. Mr. Whitbread remarked on the inconsistency of the disapprobation expressed in the speech of the Convention of Cintra, with the demonstrations of joy by the Tower guns on this occasion, and the call upon the house to enter into an approbation of the convention without documents. He reproached the

minister's arrangements in Spain and Portugal, and asserted that the whole of our conduct towards Sweden ought to be an object of enquiry. He regretted that no allusion had been made to the state of our connections with America, and deprecated the thoughtlessness of those persons, who would engage us in a war with that country. Mr. Canning vindicated the conduct of ministers, deprecated as much as any man a hostile spirit against America, but maintained that her neutrality had not been strictly impartial. Several other members spoke, and the address was carried without a division. In neither house did the debates carry much interest with them. The usual mode of parliamentary tactics was observed, but neither side seems to have been so well drilled as usual. Whilst they are talking, Bonaparte is acting, and mutual recrimination tends but little to advance our affairs.

DEATH OF GENERAL SIR JOHN MOORE.

THIS melancholy event our readers will perceive is announced in the London Gazette Extraordinary, inserted in our Historical Chronicle. In addition to this, we find that he preserved to the last moment the admirable presence of mind which has distinguished the whole of his military career. From the instant he received his fatal wound to the moment of his dissolution, he remained perfectly collected, and continued, until conveyed from the field, to give his orders with his accustomed precision and coolness. "He has," to use the language of General Hope, "terminated a career of distinguished honour by a death that has given the enemy additional reason

to respect the name of a British soldier."

Fainting with the loss of blood his men were removing him to Corunna in a blanket, he was met by Colonel Anderson, who has since arrived.—He grasped the Colonel by the hand and expressed his wish that he would accompany him. The request was, of course, complied with, and Colonel Anderson did not leave him until he expired.

As an accompaniment to the likeness of the deceased, which embellishes our present number, we intend in our next to present to our readers a copious biographical account of the life and achievements of this gallant General.

ADDITIONS TO, AND CORRECTIONS IN, FORMER OBITUARIES.

THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.
HIS Lordship (see p. 561, Vol. X.) continued in the possession of his faculties to the last moment, though he was incapable of rising, or moving without assistance, for some years previous to his decease. He has left to his eldest son, the present Earl

15,040*l.* per annum, of which only about 3,500*l.* per annum is in land. To his widow, the Countess of Liverpool, only 700*l.* per annum for life, in addition to her former jointure, as Lady Cope, of 1,000*l.* per annum; but the present Earl has added 500*l.* more per annum to his father's be-

quest; and it is understood that the Duchess of Dorset, her daughter, adds 300*l.* per annum more. To the Hon. Cecil Jenkinson, his second son, in 1761, brought him forward, and he has left 1,000*l.* per annum, in addition to an estate of near 3,000*l.* per annum of which Mr. Cecil Jenkinson is already in possession, by the death of a relation. To Lady Charlotte Grimstone, now Lady Forrester, he has left only the 700*l.* per annum bequeathed to the Countess of Liverpool, after her decease. The landed property is entailed to all the family of the Jenkinsons, in tail male, to a great extent. The late Earl of Liverpool, though one of the most unpopular Ministers and men of the present reign, was nevertheless a man of profound ability. He rose from very narrow beginnings, though of a good family. He succeeded to the estate and title of Sir Banks Jenkinson, soon after he was raised to the peerage, by Mr. Pitt, in 1786. As a Speaker, he was correct, but not eloquent. His enemies compared him to a dark lanthorn—a resemblance to which his figure, manner, and deportment, bore as much analogy as the human figure could do to that machine. For many years past, a debility in his knees prevented him from rising without assistance. The present Earl is his son by Miss Watts, whose mother is still alive. Lord Liverpool's house at Addiscombe, near Croydon, was only a leasehold property, which goes away at his decease.

Though the first Duke of Leeds and the first Duke of Montagu both rose from private gentlemen commoners, to the highest dignity and rank of the English peerage, yet, few individuals in the history of our country have been elevated from a private station, and a narrow fortune, to greater honours than the late Earl of Liverpool. His outset in life was

very obscure; but the patronage and favour of the celebrated Earl of Bute, to whom he became private secretary, made him personally known to his present Majesty, soon after his accession to the Throne. Patience, perseverance, application, and indefatigable assiduity in business, supplied in him the want of brilliant parts. His education had not qualified him for contending in Parliament with Fox; but his speeches were always full of matter, and to the point. In all the departments of commerce, his knowledge was profound, and his ability recognised. During the course of the American contest, Lord North made him Secretary at War; and he was always considered by the Opposition of that time, as the secret director of the Royal Councils, whose influence superseded or controlled that of the Cabinet itself. No man more uniformly enjoyed the royal favour, and, at the levee, his Majesty's attention to him was always marked. Mason, in his *Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers*, describing the circle, at Court, and the anxiety of individuals to attract the attention of the Sovereign, says of the crowd composing it,—

“Pleas'd with a single word, nor hope for more,
Though Jenkinson is blessed with many a score.”

He accumulated, in the course of a long life, and he partly inherited, a large fortune. In 1798, he gave in 16,000*l.* a-year to the Income Tax Commissioners, as his annual receipt; but some part of his property died with him. In his person he was above the ordinary size, and his manners were unassuming. His publications on trade and finance were justly esteemed, and added to his reputation.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

DRURY-LANE.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 4.—This evening a new comedy was produced, which the epilogue seemed to insinuate was the first attempt of the author, whose name is unknown, called “*Man and Wife*”; or, more Se-

crets than *One*.” Although the play is written in very indifferent taste, yet, as it is not altogether destitute of talent, we shall treat it as a first attempt, and try it with lenity.

The Fable.—Sir Willoughby Wortett has a daughter by first marriage,

and a wife by a second. His wife is perpetually making large draughts on his temper, which being naturally fretful, betrays frequent uneasiness in answering her demands; and he consoles himself for every thing by the notion that he has the character of a kind husband. Lady Worrett wishes her daughter-in-law, Helen, to marry Lord Austincourt; Helen prefers Charles, a naval officer, who is stated to be the cousin of his lordship, and the son of Sir Rowland Austincourt.—Lord Austincourt is beloved by Miss Falkiner, whom he has secretly married; but who, by the deficiency of evidence, is unable to prove that marriage. A vague report of these circumstances reaches the ears of Helen; her dislike to his lordship is increased by the tale; and Mr. Falkiner, the father of the rightful Lady Austincourt, works so powerfully on the mind of Sir Rowland, as to throw a most material impediment in the way of an union between Helen and his lordship. Sir Rowland is induced to confess that Charles is not his son, but is the rightful lord, and that the actual holder of the title is in fact his own offspring, whom ambition tempted him to substitute, while yet a baby, for the infant justly entitled to the peerage. A further development is made by O'Dedimus, an Irish attorney, who has been often employed by Lord Austincourt, and who relates, that having been commissioned to obtain a false licence and priest for that nobleman's marriage with Miss Falkiner, he so far departed from his instructions, as to procure a genuine performance of the ceremonial: Lord Austincourt, struck with remorse, abandons his views on the large estates of Helen, and adopts the wife of his earlier choice. Helen is united to Charles, now Lord Austincourt, and Lady Worrett, in consequence of Sir Willoughby's exertions of his conjugal authority, so far reforms, as at least to rule her husband rather by compliance than by opposition. O'Dedimus has a clerk, who, though he effects no material purpose of the plot, contributes to the liveliness of several scenes.

Mr. Elliston was a very able representative of Charles; his manner, if it has not the perfect elegance of a

highly bred man of fashion, has all the ease that can be acquired for a naval officer who has been educated as a gentleman. Mrs. Jordan, in Helen, was pleasing, but not quite well bred enough; all her ladies break out into the tricks of her hoydens; but thus she contrives, even in her defects, to remind us of her excellencies. Mr. Dowton's performance of his *Willoughby* was chaste, natural, and highly amusing; and Mrs. Henry Siddons, though she had but little to do as the wife of the false peer, did that little so sweetly, as to make every body regret that such a creature should be thrown away on Lord Austincourt. Mr. Matthews was quaint and diverting as the clerk. Johnstone, in an honest *Irish Attorney*, afforded much exquisite pleasantry, and gave his points with his usual whim. Mrs. Jordan performed with great spirit and vivacity. Her taunts in the scene with *Lord Austincourt* were admirable. Mrs. H. Siddons was pathetic and interesting, and Mrs. Harlowe deserves commendation for her performance of *Lady Willoughby*.

These incidents are none of them original; and the play has not a turn of plot, which has not served the purpose of half a score novels; and the incident of the marriage by a supposed sham priest and false licence, which afterwards turn out to be true, with many circumstances connected with it, are palpably borrowed from the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

The characters of the play have no originality, unless the want of nature, which some of them exhibit, can be called so. Mrs. Jordan's part is half a romp and half a lady, treating others with the blunt satire of the former character, and expecting to be treated with the delicate politeness due to the latter. Mr. Dowton's seems to be written merely to display the actor's exquisite picture of testiness; and Mr. Johnstone's is an Irishman, settled in England as a country attorney, where he has all the great men of the country for his clients, although he pronounces and blunders like a bog-trotter.

The dialogue of the play is now and then smart; but it often puns, and often labours at patriotism. Every speaker has something generous, or

something noble to say, and he must out with it. Sentiments like these secure the applause of the audience, who, in the present play, can readily forget whether they are in character or not.

To conclude, the piece is a sentimental novel, and is criticized than a comedy. It indulges too freely in tears, wants a continuity of plot, and illustrates no one moral principle. So far from correcting the bickerings of *Man and Wife*, although the *Man* has been henpecked during the four first acts, and seems to gain his rightful precedence in the last, the *Wife* assures us *aside*, that her apparent subjection is only feigned, and that she will govern him yet; and this point is, at the dropping of the curtain, left wholly undetermined.

We have freely pointed out the faults of this first attempt; and we have done so the more minutely, that the author may, on another occasion, employ those talents he certainly possesses to better advantage.

A very good prologue was delivered by Mathews, in his best manner. The house was crowded in every part.

● A very lively epilogue was delivered

in a pleasing manner by Mrs. Jordan; after which Wroughton announced the repetition of the great applause. It was received with a *Man and Wife*. It was not please for one night.

• MAY-MARKET.

Saturday, Jan. 7.—This evening was performed the tragedy of *The Revenge*. Mr. Young, as *Zanga*, exhibited a striking instance of his merit. The gloomy majesty of the character was pursued throughout with the utmost consistency, and those fine touches, which bespeak true genius, appeared in almost every scene. At the commencement of the play he gave uncommon force to the indignant description of his injuries; but his greatest and most successful effort was in the last scene, where he discovers himself to *Alonso* as the enemy of his happiness, and the accomplisher of his ruin. The savage joy of the haughty Moor struck forcibly at the heart of every spectator; or if any did happen to be present, without feeling the appeal, they were lost in the crowd of the approving.

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HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

THE Session of Parliament was opened on Thursday, January 19, by Commission. After the usual forms, and the Commons being in attendance, the Lord Chancellor read the following Speech:—

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" We have it in command from his Majesty, to state to you, that his Majesty has called you together, in perfect confidence that you are prepared cordially to support his Majesty in the prosecution of a War, which there is no hope of terminating safely, and honourably, except through vigorous and persevering exertion.

" We are to acquaint you, that his Majesty has directed to be laid before you, copies of the proposals for opening a negotiation, which were transmitted to his Majesty from Erfurth; and of the correspondence which thereupon took place with the Governments of Russia and of France; together with the Declaration issued by his Majesty's command on the termination of that correspondence.

" His Majesty is persuaded, that you will participate in the feelings which were expressed by his Majesty, when it was required that his Majesty should consent to commence the negotiation, by abandoning the cause of Spain, which he had so recently and solemnly espoused.

" We are commanded to inform you, that his Majesty continues to receive from the Spanish Government the strongest assurances of their determined perseverance in the cause of the legitimate Monarchy, and of the National Independence of Spain; and to assure you, that so long as the people of Spain shall remain true to themselves his Majesty will continue to them his most strenuous assistance and support.

" His Majesty has renewed to the Spanish nation, in the moment of its difficulties and reverses, the engagements which he voluntarily contracted at the outset of its struggle against the usurpation and tyranny of France; and we are commanded to acquaint you, that these engagements have

been reduced into the form of a Treaty of Alliance; which Treaty, so soon as the ratifications shall have been exchanged, his Majesty will cause to be laid before you.

" His Majesty commands us to state to you, that while his Majesty contemplated with the liveliest satisfaction the achievements of his forces in the commencement of the campaign in Portugal, and the deliverance of the kingdom of his Ally from the presence and oppressions of the French army, his Majesty most deeply regretted the termination of that campaign by an Armistice and Convention, of some of the articles of which his Majesty has felt himself obliged formally to declare his disapprobation.

" We are to express to you his Majesty's reliance on your disposition to enable his Majesty to continue the aid afforded by his Majesty to the King of Sweden. That Monarch derives a peculiar claim to his Majesty's support in the present exigency of his affairs, from having concurred with his Majesty in the propriety of rejecting any proposal for negotiation to which the Government of Spain was not to be admitted as a party.

" Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

" We are commanded by his Majesty to inform you, that he has directed the estimates of the current year to be laid before you. His Majesty relies upon your zeal and affection to make such further provision of supply as the vigorous prosecution of the War may render necessary; and he trusts that you may be enabled to find the means of providing such supply without any great or immediate increase of the existing burthens upon his people.

His Majesty feels assured, that it will be highly satisfactory to you to learn, that, notwithstanding the measures resorted to by the enemy, for the purpose of destroying the commerce and resources of his kingdom, the public revenue has continued in a course of progressive improvement.

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" We are directed to inform you, that the measure adopted by Parlia-

ment in the last Session, for establishing a Local Militia, has been already attended with the happiest success, and promises to be extensively and permanently beneficial to the country.

"We have received his Majesty's commands most especially to recommend to you, that duly weighing the immense interests which are at stake in the War now carrying on, you should proceed with as little delay as possible to consider of the most effectual measures for the augmentation of the regular army, in order that his Majesty may be better enabled, without impairing the means of defence at home, to avail himself of the military power of his dominions in the great contest in which he is engaged; and to conduct that contest, under the blessing of Divine Providence, to a conclusion compatible with the honour of his Majesty's Crown, and with the interests of his Allies, of Europe, and of the World."

IMPROVEMENT OF SMITHFIELD MARKET.—A Court of Common Council has been held at Guildhall, when the Lord Mayor laid before the Court a Letter he had received from the Right Hon. Earl Bathurst, President of the Board of Trade, relative to the Improvement of Smithfield Market, together with a copy of a Memorial presented to that Board on behalf of the Land Owners, Graziers, &c. His Lordship stated, that the Committee of City Lands had formerly in their contemplation two spots of ground in the neighbourhood of Islington, and which his Lordship had since taken a view of, and he thought either of them would be a very eligible situation for removing the Market of Smithfield to. His Lordship recommended the same to the serious consideration of the Court. The Letter and Memorial were then read, and it was referred to the Committee of City Lands to examine and report.—The Members of the Court, who are *ex officio* Governors of Christ's Hospital, reported their proceedings, and it was referred to a Committee to enquire into the Rights of the Corporation to obtain a Reform of Abuses.

The following is the Memorial on which the Lords of Trade grounded

their recommendatory Letter of the Plan proposed to the Lord Mayor:

To the Right Honourable the Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council for the Board of Trade.

THE MEMORIAL and REPRESENTATION of the several Persons whose Names are subscribed, being Land Owners, Graziers, Salesmen, Butchers, and others, interested in the business transacted at Smithfield Market.

Sheweth,

That the ancient Market Place at Smithfield is much too small to contain the live Cattle necessary for the supply of the immensely increased, and increasing population of the metropolis and its environs.

That the Cattle often bruise and lame, and sometimes trample upon, and kill each other, by being confined, for hours together, in a crowded state, in the Market; and some of them are maimed or bruised in a shocking manner, by the waggons, carts, and drays, driven through Smithfield during the market hours.

That the buyers cannot go between or amongst the beasts, in their very crowded state in the market, to examine them, without the danger of sustaining serious bodily injury.

That the Cattle sold in Smithfield exceed in value five millions sterling per annum, and the loss sustained by the owners of the Cattle from the above-mentioned causes, occasioned by want of room in the Market-place, is not less than forty thousand pounds per annum.

That many representations have been made to the Corporation of London (as proprietors of the Market) for redress, and the Corporation have caused several applications to be made to Parliament, during the last six years, for power to enlarge the Market-place, but no act has passed for that purpose.

That, in the last Session, the Corporation of London applied for power to purchase numerous buildings, to enable them to enlarge the Market-place, and widen the avenues to the same, at an estimated expence of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which your Memorialists have reason to believe is greatly below what the real charge would be; and your Memo-

rials, with other persons interested, were willing to submit to a great increase of tolls, in order to answer that very large expenditure, although about two acres of ground only would, according to that plan, have been added to the Market-place, making the whole area six acres and a half, whereas your Memorialists are of opinion that the Market ought to occupy an area of twelve acres at least.

That this expensive plan (which would have given considerable relief, although it would not, by any means, have afforded ample accommodation) is now understood to be abandoned, which compels your Memorialists, after having been kept seven years in suspense, to resort to your Lordships.

That, it having been thought impossible to obtain even the insufficient additional accommodation in the Market-place (but at a very heavy expence) already stated, and disturbing a great number of householders, your Memorialists were induced to enquire whether another spot could not be found convenient, in point of situation, in the environs of the city, and they have found two such situations to the northward, at a short distance from the present Market-place, and double the size of it, to which large and convenient avenues may be made, and at less than one-fifth part of the estimated expence of the proposed partial enlargement of the present Market-place.

Your Memorialists presume to hope, a matter of the high importance to the regular supply of food for this great capital, will not be unworthy of the attention of your Lordships, and that they may have the assistance of your support in an application to Parliament, for a Bill to establish a Market of sufficient extent, and in a convenient situation for conducting the business necessary to be transacted, or to enable your Memorialists to raise a sufficient sum of money for effecting the same, on having such remunerations from the Tolls of such new Markets, for the money to be raised, as may be thought proper and reasonable.

Your Memorialists therefore pray, that your Lordships will take the premises into consideration, and adopt such measures as may be necessary

for the obtaining the establishment of a New Market of sufficient extent, and in a convenient situation, or of investing powers in your Memorialists to affect the same at their own expence, on such terms and conditions, and under such regulations as, in the wisdom of Parliament, may be thought necessary.

[Signed by upwards of 600 persons.]

GREAT FLOODS.—The effects of the rapidity of the thaw, which commenced on Tuesday the 24th, will be severely felt by many of the inhabitants of Lea, Lewisham, and Deptford. The snow had fallen in an immense quantity on the hills and country round the two former places, which, on thawing, ran off into the Ravensborn river at Lewisham, which early on Wednesday morning overflowed its banks, inundating all the fields between that place and Deptford. From the water-works, at the top of Mill-lane (in the broad way, which leads to the Ravensborn) to the tide-mills in Church-street, Deptford (where it found vent in Deptford Creek) it rushed in torrents in many parts up to the chamber windows; chairs, tables, and furniture of various descriptions, were washed away, and carried through the creek into the Thames. The body of a man was also observed, carried forward with the torrent. It rushed in an awful manner from the fields on the right of Deptford bridge, and about nine o'clock became higher than the arch of the bridge, in consequence of which it broke down the parapet, and about four yards of the bridge gave way, the water still rushing with great fury, in a manner to threaten the total destruction of the bridge, but meeting no obstruction it ran into the river, gradually subsiding; and about one o'clock passengers were able to pass from the broad way, over to Greenwich, which had been obstructed for five hours. The water, however, still continued to rush over the fields, from the hills and passes, under the bridge, with greater velocity than the fall occasioned by the water-works at London-bridge. The water in Mill-lane was as high as the window-stools of the ground floor. It is reported, a woman and two children are drowned at Lewisham; all the

gardens, out-houses, &c. within reach of the torrent, are entirely destroyed.

Many families in London and Westminster were kept up all Tuesday night, by the quantities of water that, from the stopping of water-spouts and other obstructions, inundated their bed-rooms, &c.

The low ground of Battle-bridge was completely flooded on Wednesday, in consequence of the thaw. All the lower parts of the houses were abandoned, the inhabitants being obliged to retreat to their first floors. Horses and carts were employed at the toll gate, to carry passengers across the road.

In the neighbourhood of Kennington and Vauxhall, a torrent of water has arisen, which, in its progress, carried away furniture, trunks of trees, cattle, &c. and destroyed a great number of bridges. The Clapham road was rendered quite impassable; several houses were on Wednesday completely insulated by the water, and the inhabitants unable to obtain provisions, or to get out of their houses.

The Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, was so swollen, and the arch of the bridge through Knightsbridge, so overflowed, that the water passed through the public house adjoining, in a great torrent, compelling the family to take up their residence in the first floor.

In Dorset-street, Portman-square, the common-sewer has blown up, and left a dreadful chasm; and the houses in the neighbourhood are all under water.

The principal part of Chelsea was under water during Wednesday night, and yesterday there was no passing but by boats and carts, to take persons to their own homes. The walls of several buildings were washed down.

The bank of the Grand Junction Canal, at Uxbridge, gave way—the particulars of the mischief are not yet received.

Other accidents occurred; a man fell off a house, in clearing away the snow, in King-street, Holborn, and a similar accident happened at the house of Mr. Coster, in Marlborough-buildings.

Numbers of children in Somers Town (who were sleeping in cellars

and kitchens) were obliged to be carried on their parents' backs from their beds, owing to the flood.

FIRE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

On Saturday morning, Jan. 21, about two o'clock, the attention of one of the centinels in the Palace-yard was engaged by the violent barking of a dog, in the south-east wing of the building, and shortly after he observed an unusual smoke to issue from the spot; an alarm was immediately given, and several engines, with their accustomed alacrity, attended. A considerable time, however, elapsed before the necessary supply of water could be obtained. At length the expedient of procuring a supply of water from the canal in St. James's Park, a distance of 1000 yards from the conflagration, was resorted to, by placing engines at proper intervals, and forcing the water from one to another, through their pipes, in succession, from the canal across the Park and royal gardens, to the south side of the Palace; but the supply thus procured, even had it been uninterrupted by the obstructions and accidents which must inevitably occur in its progress from so distant a source, was barely sufficient to keep the engine nearest the flames at work; and the supply from the pipes and pumps on the northern side was equally scanty. Under these circumstances, the exertions of the firemen and assistants were directed to cutting off the communication, and removing the furniture and articles of value to the gardens, courts, and areas in and about the Palace.

About three o'clock the roof of that part of the building which was on fire fell in with a tremendous crash. The lead of the roof had previously descended in liquid torrents, to the great danger of the firemen working under it.

The fire appears to have broken out in the apartments situated between the armoury and his Majesty's private entrance into the Palace from St. James's Park.

The flames very soon spread to the whole east wing of the inner courtyard, on the left-hand side as it is entered. In this wing were the Queen's private drawing-room, bed, and other apartments; and adjoining, behind it,

were the apartments of her attendants on the Palace establishment. At the end of the wing were some apartments of the Duke of Cambridge, which extended to the front next the Park.—The whole of the east wing of the inner court-yard was speedily in flames, and is entirely burnt down; that being the only wing of four in this court-yard which is burnt, the others being scarcely damaged.

The Queen's German chapel, situated immediately adjoining the conflagration, was not injured, from the durability of its construction, and it was found extremely useful as a place of deposit for such property as was saved from the flames. The principal sufferers among the royal domestics are Mrs. Planta and Mrs. Davenport, who have lost all their furniture. The tapestry of the grand drawing-room is damaged. The chandeliers, looking-glasses, silver plate, &c. are safe.

The inhabitants of the Palace were seen running in all directions from their apartments half naked, and every effort was made to save the furniture and effects. Little, however, was saved of that part which was on fire.

Various reports have been circulated respecting this unfortunate accident, as is generally the case where the cause is not clearly known. We have been at considerable pains and trouble to ascertain the origin, and so far as information from the best sources can be relied on, we believe the following may be depended upon as facts.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge's apartments are under the Queen's private apartments in St. James's Palace. His Royal Highness spent the evening at Lady Haggerston's on Friday, and returned home to his apartments about two o'clock: the porter, who was sitting up for him, had, for some time previous to the Duke's return, perceived a strong smell of fire, and, not being able to discover from whence it proceeded, when the Duke came home, he communicated to him his suspicions that some part of the Palace near his apartments was on fire. The Duke agreeing with the porter, from the sulphureous smell, proceeded to examine his apartments, but could not

perceive any thing that had the least appearance of fire. He therefore went out into the palace-yard, and from thence into the yeoman's guard-chamber, which commanded a full view of the premises over his apartments, and he discovered the flames arising through a window; his Royal Highness in consequence gave notice to the guards, and ordered the drummers to beat an alarm to arms.—The notice roused all those in and about the Palace.

It has been reported, that the fire broke out in the bed-room of a servant of Miss Rice, one of the assistant dressers to Her Majesty; but there is every reason to believe it is without any foundation. The young woman alluded to, it appears, was to have gone to Windsor on Friday, but on account of the Royal Family removing to Windsor on that day, she could not procure a place in any of the coaches; she therefore took a place to go by one of the Saturday's coaches. Although some doubts were entertained, on Saturday morning, respecting the safety of this young woman, none remain now, as it is ascertained that she was burnt in her bed, in a room in the Queen's private apartments. Reports never lose by circulating, and Miss Rice's servant being burnt, was converted into Miss Rice; this erroneous, though distressing account, reached her father, who is one of the Clerks of his Majesty's kitchen at Windsor; he immediately set off to London, in the greatest agitation of mind imaginable, but, on his arrival, to his great consolation and comfort, he found his daughter perfectly safe, she having spent the evening and slept at the apartments of Mr. Warton, in St. James's Palace. No tidings could be learned of the servant; the only account that could be obtained of her was from Mrs. Ellis, a servant to Mrs. Brandenburgh, the necessary-woman to the King's apartment, who said she drank tea with her, and, about ten o'clock, it being her intention to get up early, she went to bed, taking a small piece of candle to light her.—Mrs. Ellis slept in a room near her's, they were both near the King's back stairs, and when she was awakened with the alarm of fire, she went to the young woman's bed-room to alarm

her, the door of which was unfortunately locked, and she could make no impression upon her to awake her; she having two children with her, was fearful of them and her being suffocated with the smoke; and seeing the flames coming up the stair-case, she, with the children, made her escape out of a window upon some leads; so that there is no doubt but the young woman perished.

The cause, or by what accident the fire happened, remains a matter of doubt; but it is certain, that it broke out on or near the King's back stairs.

There are several excellent engines kept in the Palace, and in very good order; but, upon this, as well as all similar occasions, great confusion prevailed in getting them to work, which was considerably heightened by the want of water, although some excellent regulations have been adopted by order of the Lord Chamberlain, and executed by the Board of Works, by sinking a large well, to guard against fire, which would have afforded an almost inexhaustible supply of water; but, unfortunately, the water plugs leading to it could not be found in the garden, the ground being covered with snow, and the man who was the labourer in trust at the time the works were executed having been since dismissed from his situation.—The man, however, on hearing of the fire, went to the Palace, but the soldiers would not for some time let him go in, till the Duke of Cambridge was informed of his being in the Park, between seven and eight o'clock; his Royal Highness had him admitted, when a plentiful supply of water was procured for a great number of the engines to work. Till this time water was procured from the Canal, by means of several engines being stationed within a short distance of each other.

The soldiers on duty, as well as the firemen, as they arrived, were employed in saving the furniture in the Palace, and other property. The whole of the Duke of Cambridge's property, with the exception of some wine and liquors, was saved: it was taken into the garden adjoining the Park, where it remained till about eleven o'clock on Saturday, when the fire being considered as got under, it was removed

into the Ball-room and Grand Council Chamber.

His Royal Highness and his household have removed into the Queen's Palace. The glasses, tapestry, and other furniture, were also removed from the garden back to the palace; in doing which, we are sorry to say, one of the glasses, valued at 150*l.* was, by accident, broken to pieces. The King's and Queen's footmen's rooms are burnt; one of the King's and one of the Queen's have lost considerable property, which will be felt as a great loss to them.

The armoury was removed from the armoury-room to the palace-yard, and is all safe. The whole of the Queen's private apartments, the Duke of Cambridge's, and the apartments of two of his Majesty's pages, who have sustained very considerable loss, are consumed. Miss B. Planta's and other apartments are also destroyed. The Dutch Chapel, nearly under the armoury-room, has sustained considerable injury. The fire extended to the King's Closet, which is entirely consumed, as is an adjoining room, where it ceased. His Majesty's state bed-chamber is not injured by the fire, nor is the state bed. The extent of the fire on the Queen's side of the palace, is to the Queen's Presence-chamber, and adjoining to the Yeomen's Guard-chamber, so that we are extremely happy to say, all that matchless suite of rooms for holding a Court, is not injured, except the King's Closet.

A man servant of Miss B. Planta was nearly suffocated; he is now recovering. Mrs. Thelckie, her Majesty's wardrobe woman, who resides in the Queen's Palace, was knocked up, and she, with the assistance of her husband, was so fortunate as to save all her Majesty's Court Wardrobe.

The father of the unfortunate young woman, the servant to Miss Rice, left Windsor for London, on hearing the fate of his unfortunate daughter; but no tidings could be learnt even of her ashes, the ruins continuing in too heated a state to attempt to dig among them. The apartments adjoining her Majesty's private apartments, formerly used as the nursery, was saved from the ravaging flames by the

firemen unroofing the building. The apartments of Miss Brudenell, one of the maids of honour, Lady Charlotte Finch, Mrs. Fielding, and others, were considered in great danger of catching fire; the families were put to much inconvenience and alarm, and had the principal part of their valuable property removed; the soldiers of the First regiment of Guards, who were on duty, were called in to their assistance to remove the property. We are extremely sorry to say, that at this time of general calamity and distress, one of them disgraced himself by stealing a watch and a necklace, which were found at his lodgings.

DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

Died.] At his house in Grafton-street, the Marquis of Sligo, Knight of St. Patrick, and Governor of the county Mayo, in Ireland. His lordship was in his 55th year. He married Lady Louisa Catherine Howe, daughter of the late Earl Howe, and sister to Baroness Howe.—He is succeeded by his only son, the Earl of Altamont, now Marquis of Sligo, who will attain his 21st year in May next.

Captain Bouchier, the late Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital. It has been stated in several of the papers, that Captain Bouchier died in consequence of a wound which he received 35 years ago, and which had never been perfectly cured. This statement is incorrect. After the glorious action in the West Indies in 1782, Captain Bouchier was appointed to the *Hector*, of 64 guns, one of the French Prizes, and ordered to bring her home. The *Hector* had suffered much in the action, and still more in the dreadful storm which happened soon after, in which the *Ville de Paris*, the *Centaur*, and several other vessels were lost, when she was attacked during the night, on her passage home, by two large French frigates. Although his ship was nearly a wreck, Captain Bouchier defended her with the greatest bravery, and succeeded in beating off the frigates; but the *Hector* suffered so much, that she sunk the next day, and the whole crew must have perished,

if a Danish merchantman had, not fortunately hove in sight, on board of which they were saved. It was in this gallant action that Captain Bouchier received the wound which disqualified him for active service.

At his house, in Whitehall, at the advanced age of 82, James Duff, Earl of Fife, Viscount Macduff, Baron Braco, of Kilbryde, in the county of Cavan, in Ireland. His lordship was created an English peer, by the title of Baron Fife, in Great Britain, and was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Bamfshire. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by Colonel Duff, who was married to Miss Manners, daughter to Lady Louisa Manners, and sister to the Duchess of St. Alban's.

At his house, in Old Burlington-street, aged 72, his Excellency Count de Brühl, many years Minister from the Elector of Saxony to his Britannic Majesty, Knight of the Order of the White Eagle. He was deep in science, and his learning as great as his family was illustrious.

John Francis Moore, Esq. of York-buildings, New Road, late an eminent Sculptor in Berners-street.

At her house in Argyle-street, at a very advanced age, Lady Lumm, relict of Sir Francis Lumm, Bart. She formerly made a distinguished figure in the fashionable world, and previously to her union with the late Sir Francis Lumm, Bart. was well known by the appellation of *Buck Bland*. Mr. Bland, the brother of the above lady, was the father of the inimitable actress, Mrs. Jordan.

At his house at Hampstead, aged 80 years, Lieut.-Col. Robert Stewart, who has been many years a martyr to most distressing and complicated complaints, which he bore with the greatest fortitude and resignation. This gentleman entered early in life into the service of the country in 1754 and 1755, was particularly distinguished at the battle of Monongahela, in North America, where he commanded a troop of Light Horse, raised principally as Body Guard to the commander in chief, Gen. Braddock; during that bloody action he had the honour to remount the Gen. four times, having two horses killed under himself; and after the General

had received a mortal wound, and the libris of the army had retreated, he had the good fortune, assisted by only four privates of his own troop, (the rest being either killed or wounded) to carry the commander in chief off the field of battle across a broad river, under a heavy fire from the enemy, thereby rescuing his person from the cruelty of the savages. In the course of that war he was entrusted with several difficult commands, and had the happiness to give entire satisfaction to the different Generals under whom he served, of which the most ample testimonies remain among his papers. Lieut.-Col. Stewart lived in great friendship and intimacy for many years with that truly good and great man the late General Washington. At the beginning of the late American war, he endeavoured to remove the very erroneous opinions the Ministers of that day had formed of the General's character and military abilities, but most unfortunately other advice prevailed: towards the latter end of the war he was brought up from Scotland, for the purpose of being sent with overtures to the American General. Delays, indecision, and at length the resignation of the Ministers, finally prevented that measure being resorted to. Lieut.-Col. Stewart will be long and sincerely regretted by all who had the happiness to enjoy his friendship, as one not only possessed of the best abilities, and great knowledge of the world, but of the most benevolent qualities of the heart, with such polite accomplishments, and amiable manners, as are the true characteristics of the well bred and finished gentleman. His remains were interred at his own desire, in the vault, by his friend Captain Robert Mackenzie, under St. James's Chapel, Tottenham-court-road.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Downing-Street, Jan. 24.

The Honourable Captain Hope arrived last night with a dispatch from Lieutenant General Sir David Baird to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, of which the following is a copy:—

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL XI.

His Majesty's Ship, Ville de Paris, at sea, Jan. 18, 1809.

MY LORD—By the much-lamented death of Lieutenant General Sir John Moore, who fell in action with the enemy on the 16th inst. it has become my duty to acquaint your lordship, that the French army attacked the British troops in the position they occupied in front of Corunna, at about two o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

A severe wound, which compelled me to quit the field a short time previous to the fall of Sir John Moore, obliges me to refer your lordship for the particulars of the action, which was long and obstinately contested, to the inclosed report of Lieutenant General Hope, who succeeded to the command of the army, and to whose ability and exertions in direction of the ardent zeal and unconquerable valour of his Majesty's troops, is to be attributed, under Providence, the success of the day, which terminated in the complete and entire repulse and defeat of the enemy in every point of attack.

The 'Hon. Captain Gordon, my aid-de-camp, will have the honour of delivering this dispatch, and will be able to give your lordship any further information which may be required.

I have the honour to be, &c.

D. BAIRD, Lieut. Gen.

Rt. Hon. Lord Visc. Castlereagh.

His Majesty's Ship, Audacious, off Corunna, Jan. 18, 1809.

SIR—In compliance with the desire contained in your communication of yesterday, I avail myself of the first moment I have been able to command, to detail to you the occurrences of the action which took place in front of Corunna on the 16th instant.

It will be in your recollection, that about one in the afternoon of that day the enemy, who had in the morning received reinforcements, and who had placed some guns in front of the right and left of the line, was observed to be moving troops towards his left flank, and forming various columns of attack at the extremity of the strong and commanding position which on the morning of the 15th, he had taken in our immediate front.

This indication of his intention was immediately succeeded by the rapid and determined attack which he made

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upon your division which occupied the right of our position. The events which occurred during that period of the action you are fully acquainted with. The first effort of the enemy was met by the commander of the forces, and by yourself, at the head of the 42d regiment, and the brigade under Major General Lord William Bentinck.

The village on your right became an object of obstinate contest.

I lament to say, that soon after the severe wound which deprived the army of your services, Lieutenant General Sir John Moore, who had just directed the most able disposition, fell by a cannon-shot. The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed, but by the most determined bravery not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire, although he had brought up fresh troops in support of those originally engaged.

The enemy, finding himself foiled in every attempt to force the right of the position, endeavoured by numbers to turn it. A judicious and well-timed movement, which was made by Major General Paget, with the reserve, which corps had moved out of its cantonments to support the right of the army, by a vigorous attack, defeated this intention. The Major General, having pushed forward the 95th (rifle corps) and 1st battalion 52d regiment, drove the enemy before him, and in his rapid and judicious advance, threatened the left of the enemy's position. This circumstance, with the position of Lieutenant General Fraser's division (calculated to give still further security to the right of the line) induced the enemy to relax his efforts in that quarter.

They were, however, more forcibly directed towards the centre, where they were again successfully resisted by the brigade under Major General Maningham, forming the left of your division, and a part of that under Major General Leith, forming the right of the division under my orders. Upon the left, the enemy, at first, contented himself with an attack upon our picquets, which, however, in general maintained their ground. Find-

ing, however, his efforts unavailing on the right and centre, he seemed determined to render the attack upon the left more serious, and had succeeded in obtaining possession of the village through which the great road to Madrid passes, and which was situated in front of that part of the line. From this post, however, he was soon expelled, with considerable loss, by a gallant attack of some companies of the 2d battalion 14th regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Nicholls; before five in the evening, we had not only successfully repelled every attack made upon the position, but had gained ground in almost all points, and occupied a more forward line than at the commencement of the action, whilst the enemy confined its operations to a cannonade, and the fire of his light troops, with a view to draw off his other corps. At six the firing entirely ceased. The different brigades were re-assembled on the ground they occupied in the morning, and the picquets and advanced posts resumed their original stations.

Notwithstanding the decided and marked superiority which at this moment the gallantry of the troops had given them over an enemy, who from the numbers and the commanding advantages of his position, no doubt expected an easy victory, I did not, on reviewing all circumstances, conceive that I should be warranted in departing from what I knew was the fixed and previous determination of the late commander of the forces to withdraw the army on the evening of the 16th, for the purpose of embarkation, the previous arrangements for which had already been made by his order, and were in fact far advanced at the commencement of the action. The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order that did them credit. The whole of the artillery that remained unembarked, having been withdrawn, the troops followed in the order prescribed, and marched to their respective points of embarkation in the town and neighbourhood of Corunna. The picquets remained at their posts until five on the morning of the 17th, when they were also withdrawn with similar orders, and without the enemy having discovered the movement.

By the unremitting exertions of Captains the Hon. H. Curzon, Goselin, Boys, Rainier, Serret, Hawkins, Digby, Cardeu, and Mackenzie, of the Royal Navy, who, in pursuance of the orders of Rear Admiral De Courcy, were entrusted with the service of embarking the army; and in consequence of the arrangements made by Commissioner Bowen, Captains Bowen and Shepherd, and the other Agents for Transports, the whole of the army was embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled. With the exception of the brigades under Major Generals Hill and Beresford, which were destined to remain on shore, until the movements of the enemy should become manifest, the whole was afloat before day-light.

The brigade of Major General Beresford, which was alternately to form our rear-guard, occupied the land front of the town of Corunna; that under Major General Hill was stationed in reserve on the promontory in rear of the town.

The enemy pushed his light troops towards the town soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour. But notwithstanding this circumstance, and the manifold defects of the place; there being no apprehension that the rear-guard could be forced, and the disposition of the Spaniards appearing to be good, the embarkation of Major General Hill's brigade was commenced and completed by three in the afternoon; General Beresford, with the zeal and ability which is so well known to yourself and the whole army, having fully explained, to the satisfaction of the Spanish Governor, the nature of our movement, and having made every previous arrangement, withdrew his corps from the land front of the town soon after dark, and was, with all the wounded that had not been previously moved, embarked before one this morning.

Circumstances forbid us to indulge the hope, that the victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army, can be attended with any very brilliant consequences to Great Britain. It is clouded by the loss of one of her best soldiers. It

has been achieved at the termination of a long and harrassing service. The superior numbers and advantageous position of the enemy, not less than the actual situation of this army, did not admit of any advantage being reaped from success. It must be, however, to you, to the army, and to our country, the sweetest reflection, that the lustre of the British arms has been maintained, amidst many disadvantageous circumstances. The army which had entered Spain amidst the fairest prospects had no sooner completed its junction, than owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources. The advance of the British corps from the Duero afforded the best hope that the south of Spain might be relieved, but this generous effort to save the unfortunate people, also afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his principal resources, for the destruction of the only regular force in the north of Spain.

You are well aware with what diligence this system has been pursued.

These circumstances produced the necessity of rapid and harrassing marches, which had diminished the numbers, exhausted the strength, and impaired the equipment of the army. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, and those more immediately attached to a defensive position, which the imperious necessity of covering the harbour of Corunna for a time had rendered indispensable to assume, the native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous, and must have exceeded what even your own experience of that invaluable quality, so inherent in them, may have taught you to expect. When every one that had an opportunity seemed to vie in improving it, it is difficult for me, in making this report, to select particular instances, for your approbation. The corps chiefly engaged were the brigades under Major Generals Lord William Bentinck, and Manningham, and Leith, and the brigade of guards under Major General Warde.

To these officers, and the troops under their immediate orders, the great-

est praise is due. Major General Hill and Colonel Catlin Crauford, with their brigades, on the left of the position, ably supported their advanced posts. The brunt of the action fell upon the 4th, 42d, 50th, and 81st regiments, with parts of the brigade of guards, and the 26th regiment. From Lieutenant Colonel Murray, Quarter Master General, and the officers of the General Staff, I received the most marked assistance. I had reason to regret, that the illness of Brigadier General Clinton, Adjutant General, deprived me of his aid. I was indebted to Brigadier General Slade during the action, for a zealous offer of his personal services, although the cavalry were embarked.

The greater part of the fleet having gone to sea yesterday evening, the whole being under weigh, and the corps in the embarkation necessarily much mixed on board, it is impossible at present to lay before you a return of our casualties. I hope the loss in numbers is not so considerable as might have been expected. If I was obliged to form an estimate I should say, that I believe it did not exceed in killed and wounded from seven to eight hundred; that of the enemy must remain unknown, but many circumstances induce me to rate it at nearly double the above number. We have some prisoners, but have not been able to obtain an account of the number; it is not, however, considerable. Several officers of rank have fallen or been wounded, among whom I am only at present enabled to state the names of Lieutenant Colonel Napier, 92d regiment, Majors Napier and Stanhope, 50th regiment, killed; Lieutenant Colonel Winch, 4th regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Maxwell, 26th regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Fane, 59th regiment; Lieut. Colonel Griffith, guards, Majors Miller and Williams, 81st regiment, wounded.

To you, who are well acquainted with the excellent qualities of Lieutenant General Sir John Moore, I need not expatiate on the loss the army and his country have sustained by his death. His fall has deprived me of a valuable friend, to whom long experience of his worth had sincerely attached me. But it is chiefly on public grounds that I must lament the

blow. It will be the conversation of every one who loved or respected his manly character, that after conducting the army through an arduous retreat, with consummate firmness, he has terminated a career of distinguished honour by a death that has given the enemy additional reason to respect the name of a British soldier. Like the immortal Wolfe, he is snatched from his country at an early period of a life spent in her service; like Wolfe, his last moments were gilded by the prospect of success, and cheered by the acclamations of victory; like Wolfe also, his memory will for ever remain sacred in that country which he sincerely loved, and which he had so faithfully served.

It remains for me only to express my hope, that you will speedily be restored to the service of your country, and to lament the unfortunate circumstance that removed you from your station in the field, and threw the momentary command into far less able hands.

I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN HOPE, Lieut. Gen.

To Lieut Gen Sir David Baird, &c.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Admiralty Office, Jan 24, 1809

Copy of a letter from the Hon. Michael De Courcy, Rear Admiral of the White, to the Hon William Wellesley Pole, dated on Board his Majesty's ship the Tonnant, at Corunna, the 17th and 18th inst

January 17, 1809.

SIR—Having it in design to detach the Cossack to England as soon as her boats shall cease to be essential to the embarkation of troops, I seize a moment to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that the ships of war, as per margin, and transports under the orders of Rear Admiral Sir Samuel Hood and Commissioner Bowen, arrived at this anchorage from Vigo, on the 14th and 15th inst. The Alfred and Hindostan, with some transports, were left at Vigo to receive a brigade of 3500 men, that had taken that route under Generals Alten and Crauford.

* Ville de Paris, Victory, Barfleur, Zealous, Implacable, Elizabeth, Norge, Plantagenet, Resolution, Audacious, Endymion, Mediator.

In the vicinity of Corunna the enemy have pressed upon the British in great force. The embarkation of the sick, the cavalry, and the stores, went on. The night of the 16th was appointed for the general embarkation of the infantry; and, mean time, the enemy prepared for attack. At three P. M. an action commenced; the enemy, which had been posted on a lofty hill, endeavouring to force the British on another hill of inferior height, and nearer the town.

The enemy were driven back with great slaughter; but very sorry am I to add, that the British, though triumphant, have suffered severe losses. I am unable to communicate further particulars, than that Sir John Moore received a mortal wound, of which he died at night; that Sir David Baird lost an arm; that several officers, and many men, have been killed and wounded; and that the ships of war have received all such of the latter as they could accommodate, the remainder being sent to transports.

The weather is now tempestuous, and the difficulties of embarkation are great. All, except the rear-guard, are embarked, consisting, perhaps, at the present moment, of 2600 men. The enemy having brought cannon to a hill overhanging the beach, have forced a majority of the transports to cut or slip. Embarkation being no longer practicable at the town, the boats have been ordered to a sandy beach near the light-house; and it is hoped that the greater part, if not all, will still be embarked, the ships of war having dropped out to facilitate embarkation.

January 18.

The embarkation of the troops having occupied the greater part of last night, it has not been in my power to detach the Cossack before this day; and it is with satisfaction I am able to add, that, in consequence of the good order maintained by the troops, and the unwearied exertions of Commissioner Bowen, the captains, and other officers of the Navy, the agents, as well as the boats' crews, many of whom were for two days without food and without repose, the army have been embarked to the last man, and the ships are now in the offing, preparatory to steering for England. The great body of the transports having

lost their anchors, ran to sea without the troops they were ordered to receive, in consequence of which there are some thousands on board the ships of war. Several transports, through mismanagement ran on shore. The seamen appeared to have abandoned them, two being brought out by the boats' crew of the men of war. two were burnt, and five were bilged.

I cannot conclude this hasty statement without expressing my great obligation to Rear Adm. Sir Samuel Hood, whose eye was every where, and whose exertions were unremitted.

I have the honour to be, &c.

M. DE COURCY.

Hazy weather rendering the Cossack obscure, I detach the Gleaner with this dispatch.

BULLETINS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN SPAIN.

The *Thirteenth* is dated St. Martin, Dec. 2. The Duke of Belluna, Marshal Victor, presented himself at the foot of the Soma Sierra, on the 30th, at day-break. The enemy, to the number of 13000, thought themselves unattackable in this position. They were intrenched in the narrow passage called Puerto, with 16 pieces of cannon. General Sennarion advanced with 6 pieces of cannon. A most brilliant charge, made at the head of the Polish cavalry, decided the affair; cannons, flags, muskets, soldiers, all were taken or cut to pieces. The Polish light horse proved themselves worthy to form a part of the imperial guard.

Major Segur, marshal of the emperor's household, charged among the Polish troops, and received many wounds. Thirty covered chests, 200 waggons, laden with all kinds of baggage, and the military chests of the regiments, these, with ten flags, were the fruit of this brilliant affair. All the colonels and lieutenant colonels of the Spanish division were taken. All the soldiers would have been, if they had not thrown away their arms, and dispersed in the mountains.

The emperor's head-quarters were at St. Augustin, on the 1st of December.

The *Fourteenth*, dated Madrid, Dec. 5,

states, that on the 2d instant, at noon, Bonaparte arrived on the heights near Madrid; that the Marshal Duke of Istria was sent to summon the town, that, in consequence, a Military Junta was formed under the presidency of the Marquis of Castelar, who had under his orders General Morla, Captain-General of Andalusia, and Inspector-General of Artillery; that the town contained 6000 troops of the line, 100 pieces of cannon, and a number of armed peasants—60,000 men, it is said, were in arms. According to this bulletin, when the general of the troops of the line was required to answer the summons, he was accompanied by thirty men, whose dress, looks, and ferocious appearance, recalled the recollection of the assassins of September!—The general expressed by *signs*, that all the *honest* men of Madrid groaned under oppression; but that when he raised his voice, the *wretches* dictated to him what he should say!—The *aid-du-camp* of the Duke of Istria was seized in the town by the populace, who were about to massacre him; but the troops of the line, *indignant* at the outrage, took him under their protection, and caused him to be restored to his general—that, in short, it was found, from the disposition of the lower orders, and the little influence which people of property and *honest* men had over them, conciliation was altogether impossible. At this time the French infantry were still three leagues from Madrid; the emperor, however, employed the evening in reconnoitring the town, and deciding a plan of attack. The General of Brigade, Maison, of the Duke of Belluna's corps, was ordered to take possession of the suburbs; and he was supported by the General of Brigade, Lauriston, with four pieces of artillery. At the first fire (says the bulletin) the enemy shewed as much *cowardice* as he did of arrogance all the day!—The bulletin then goes on to state the correspondence upon the proposed surrender, and describes the disposition of the French for the attack.

The *Fifteenth* is dated from Madrid on the 7th instant. It states, that General Lubinski had, on the 2d, reconnoitred the *remains* of the army of Castanos, near Guadalaxara, under

the command of General Peña—Castanos having, as it was said, been deposed by the General Junta. As soon as the report of Lubinski was known, the Duke of Istria marched with sixteen squadrons of cavalry to observe the enemy; and the Duke of Belluna following with the infantry, came up with and dispersed the rear guard of the enemy, which was filing off towards Andalusia, and took 500 prisoners. Madrid is then described as being in a tranquil state—that no difficulty was experienced in disarming the people—that King Joseph had formed two regiments of foreign troops from the late Spanish army. It then states, that General Morla and Don Bernardo Yriarte were deputed from the town to request a pause. They were presented to Bonaparte, who used the most insulting language to General Morla—allowing the town until six o'clock on the following morning (the 4th) for the submission of the people; threatening, in the event of a refusal, to put them all to the sword! The losses, however, (says the bulletin) sustained during the preceding day, had infused *terror* and *repentance* into all minds! During the night, the most *mutinous* withdrew themselves from danger by flight, and a part of the troops was distanced. At ten o'clock General Belliard took the command of Madrid; all the posts were put into the hands of the French, and a general pardon was proclaimed!

The *Sixteenth*, dated the 8th instant, states, that the General of Division, Ruffin, had passed the Tagus, and cut off the retreat of the remains of the army of Andalusia!—That the divisions of cavalry of the Generals Lasalle and Milhaud were directed to march on Portugal, by Talavera de la Reyna:—That if Saragossa was obstinate enough to resist, mines and bombs should bring it to reason! That the division of Lasalle had fallen in with sixteen straggling English, whom he put to the sword! It then states some particulars with respect to the siege of Rosas, in Catalonia, where 400 English had either been killed, or driven into the sea, by an Italian regiment.

The *Seventeenth* is dated Madrid, Dec. 10. After mentioning the movements of some of the corps, stated

that the enemy's army, beaten at Tudela and Calatayud, was abandoned by its generals, and a great number of soldiers, and was reduced to 600 men; and that on the 8th, at midnight, the Duke of Istria attacked, at Santa Cruz, a corps which covered the flight of the enemy's army. That corps was closely pursued, and a thousand prisoners taken. It wished to throw itself into Andalusia by Madridego. It appears to have been forced to disperse in the mountains of Cuenca.

The *Eighteenth* dated Madrid, Dec. 12, mentions that the Central Junta of Spain possessed but little power. The greater part of the provinces paid them but little obedience, and all of them had deprived it of the government of the Finances. It was influenced by the lowest classes of the people. It was governed by the minority.

Florida Blanca possessed no authority. The Junta was under the controul of two men, the one named Lorenzo Calvo, a grocer of Saragosa, who, within these few months, had acquired the title of excellency. He is one of those violent men who appear in revolutions, and his probity was more than suspected. The other is named Tilly, who was formerly condemned to the galleys as a thief. He is a younger brother of a man called Gusman, who acted a conspicuous part under Robespierre, during the reign of terror.

When General Lasalle, who was sent in pursuit of the enemy, arrived at Talavera de la Reyna, on the 11th inst. (the place through which the English had passed ten days before, boasting that they were going to relieve the capital) a most dreadful spectacle presented itself to the eyes of the French. A body, clothed in the dresses of a Spanish general, was suspended from a gallows, and pierced with a thousand balls. It was General Benito San Juan, whom his soldiers, in their terror, and as an excuse for their cowardice, had murdered.

The Bishops of Leon and Astorga, and a great number of ecclesiastics, have distinguished themselves by their good conduct and their apostolic virtues.

The general pardon offered by the emperor, and the dispositions which

have marked the establishment of the new dynasty, by the destruction of the houses of the principal culprits, have produced a great effect.

The destruction of the duties which were odious to the people, and injurious to the prosperity of the state, have produced beneficial results.

The hatred of the people is now directed against the English. The peasants say, that at the approach of the French, the English run away to mount their wooden horses.

His majesty yesterday reviewed several corps of cavalry.

The *Nineteenth*, dated Madrid, Dec. 13, mentions that Rosas surrendered on the 6th by capitulation. Two thousand men have been made prisoners. A considerable quantity of artillery was found in the place. Six English ships of the line, which were at anchor in the harbour, were not sufficient to carry away the garrison.

The breaking up of the Spanish troops is observed on every side. The new levies, which were attempted to be raised, disperse on all sides, and return to their homes.

The details which we learn from the Spaniards respecting the Central Junta, are all of a nature to place them in the most ridiculous point of view. That assembly is already become an object of contempt with all Europe. Its members, to the number of 86, have bestowed upon themselves titles and ribbons of every sort, and an annual allowance of 60,000 livre. Florida Blanca was a real Spaniard, he is now ashamed of the dishonour he has brought upon his old age. As usually happens in such assemblies, two or three persons domineer over all the rest, and these two or three persons were in the pay of England. The opinion held by the city of Madrid respecting the Junta is notorious: they are as much the objects of mockery and derision, as they are of the detestation of the inhabitants of the capital.

By a decree, dated Dec. 4, from the French camp at Madrid, the Council of Castile is dismissed, as being "cowards, and unworthy of being the magistrates of a brave and generous nation." Those members, however, who did not sign the deliberation of the 11th of August last, are excepted from this decree.

Annexed to the bulletins are several imperial decrees and articles of inter-cepted correspondence. One decree grants a general pardon to all except a few persons. The Inquisition is abolished, and the number of convents reduced to one-third; feudal rights are also abolished. The whole closes with a proclamation, which was signed by Bonaparte on the 7th. In it he says, "I shall soon drive the English from the peninsula." And he concludes with the following remarkable expression:—

"But if all my efforts be useless, and you do not merit my confidence, it will only remain for me to treat you as conquered provinces, and to place my Brother on another Throne—I will then place the Crown of Spain on my own head, and I will cause it to be respected by the wicked, for God has given me strength and inclination to surmount all obstacles.

"Given at our Imperial Camp at Madrid, Dec. 7.

(Signed) "NAPOLEON."

The *Twentieth* is dated Madrid, the 19th ult. at that time Bonaparte, in the environs of that capital, is stated to have reviewed his army, consisting of 60,000 men. He expressed the highest satisfaction at the conduct of his soldiers. The Duke of Dantzick's corps is stated to have been at that time at Talavera del Reyne. The 8th corps of the French army, lately arrived from France, was at Burgos, and some patrols of French cavalry had pushed on as far as Valladolid, on the one side, and to the frontiers of Andalusia on the other. The corps which had advanced to Talavera had at length discovered the existence of the English, who had remained in so extraordinary a manner immoveable at Salamanca.

FOREIGN EVENT,

TURKEY.

Augsburgh, Dec. 25. The following article, respecting Mustapha Bairacter, has appeared in our public prints:—

"From the moment Mustapha be-

ing placed at the head of the government, he was of opinion, that the Turkish empire could not be saved from the ruin which threatened it, but by a total change in the system of administration, and the adoption of new institutions more analogous to the system of the European powers. However laudable this principle might be in itself, he did not sufficiently reflect that much precaution, and, above all, a prudent moderation was requisite, in applying it to a people so strongly attached to their ancient usages. He acted the part rather of a military man than of an able politician. He injured private interests, and thus set all the passions in motion. He was not aware that he was exasperating all the zealous Mussulmen, and that, at the long run, it would be impossible for him to maintain his ground against powerful individuals, at the head of the military, civil, and religious classes.

"He also shewed a want of prudence in manifesting his contempt of the corps of Janissaries, that ancient support of the Ottoman throne. His conduct must have naturally driven them to extremities; for he made no secret of his plan to disband this corps, and to treat as enemies to the Porte all that would not serve in the corps of Scimmens. It is true that he endeavoured to make the Janissaries join the latter, by gratuities and increase of pay; but these means were not sufficient to overcome the attachment of the majority of them to their ancient corporation, and they waited only for a favorable opportunity of rising, and getting rid of him. He discovered and frustrated several plots which were hatched against his life. In one of them was implicated two of his favourites, whom he was under the melancholy necessity of beheading along with their accomplices. From that instant his conduct was full of suspicion and tyranny. New decapitations daily took place, and these continual executions produced only fresh conspiracies, and led to the late catastrophe, which put an end to his power, and, as is reported, to his life."

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

CORNWALL.

NATURAL HISTORY.—At day-break, on the 3d of January, 1809, an enormous fish was descried at half cable's length from Penryn quay, steering towards the town; and three boats, under the direction of Captain Dunn, were manned to attack him; the first he inclosed as it were in a pond, formed by a circular curve from head to tail, without doing any injury. A man then courageously cut a hole in the dorsal fin, through which he rove a hooked rope. Upon feeling this, the fish attempted to put to sea, but being diverted by some hard blows on his snout, he sheered towards the Falmouth road. A three-inch rope, doubled, was then parbuckled round him, which he instantaneously snapped. A hawser from the quay was next applied to him, when, after dragging a sloop's anchor, tearing up a moor-stone post on the quay, and staving a boat, he was brought into shoal water, and, it being ebb tide, subdued. He was afterwards towed round by three boats, and, with the tackle of a sand-barge, and the exertions of 20 men and three horses, he was drawn upon the flip of Colonel Heame's quay, where he remained a few days for the amusement of the curious. He measures 31 feet long, 19 feet round, 9½ feet high, 7½ feet mouth; and his weight is supposed to exceed five tons. Although the general appearance and disposition of this fish approach more towards the whale than the shark, he is undoubtedly a male of the *Squalus* Genus, being the *Squalus Maximus*, the basking shark, or sun-fish of Pennant. It abounds in the Irish Channel, and on the west coast of Scotland. It has been observed to derive great pleasure from basking on the surface of the ocean during the heat of the day, whence both its English denominations. The liver of this kind yields on an average eight barrels of oil, which is not only pure, sweet, and fit for lamps, but is also much used externally, for relieving bruises, burns, and rheumatic pains. It is generally seen in pairs; accordingly, the mate of this animal

was observed in St. Kerne Bay, next day, by the Walsingham packet.

DEVONSHIRE.

The beautiful mansion of Sir John Kennaway, Bart. called Escot-house, near Honiton (formerly the residence of Sir George Yonge) lately caught fire. The conflagration was so tremendous, that little could be saved, except some papers, plate, and jewels. The accident was occasioned by a lighted candle being left in a dressing room, which set fire to one of the curtains, and spread so rapidly as not to be extinguished. Sir John and a party of friends were at dinner when the first alarm was given. No personal injury was experienced by any of the family; but Mr. Pile, a respectable young farmer, in assisting to extinguish the flames, fell from a 20 feet ladder, and was killed on the spot.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At his seat at Gorbamby, near St. Alban's, after a very short illness, in the 62d year of his age, Viscount Grimston. His lordship was an Irish Viscount and Baron; he was called to the British House of Peers in the year 1790, by the title of Baron Verulam, of Gorbamby, in the Kingdom of Great Britain. He is succeeded by his only son, who, in right of his mother, has lately inherited the Barony of Forrester, of Costerphrine, in Scotland. Lord Forrester married, in August 1807, Lady Charlotte Jenkinson, daughter of the Earl of Liverpool.

LANCASHIRE.

The new Exchange coffee room, at Liverpool, was opened last week, which, with its appendages, occupies nearly the entire length of the east wing of the New Exchange Buildings. The extreme length of this magnificent room extending from north to south is 94 feet 3 inches, the breadth 42 feet 7 inches, and its greatest height 51 feet 9 inches.—The ceiling of the room is supported on each side by 8 stone columns of the Ionic order, each column composed of one entire and very beautiful shaft, and, including its capital, measures 40 feet 9 inches from the floor to the bottom

M

f the architrave. The centre part of the roof between the columns is covered, and the arch is neatly ornamented in pannels—a magnificent colonnade is thus formed in the centre of the room, which has a most striking effect when viewed from the fire places either at the north or south end; and the intermediate spaces on each side are appropriated to chairs and tables, and are amply provided with all the Newspapers and periodical Publications of the day. The walls of this noble room are ornamented with 20 pilasters, corresponding to the colonnade. There are six large arched windows on the west side, five on the east, and two at the south, between which is a handsome recess for an elegant stove. There are three large fire places, and the chimney pieces are constructed of British black marble, raised near Kendal, having a rich and handsome effect. Such are the dimensions and construction of a room which reflects the highest honour on the public spirit of the town of Liverpool.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Died.] At Bath, where he had been some time for the benefit of his health, Lord Gardner. His lordship was in his 66th year; he was born at Uttoxeter in Staffordshire; his father was a lieutenant-colonel in the 11th regiment of dragoon guards, and a native of Coleraine, in the north of Ireland. Lord Gardner commenced his naval career on the 1st of May, 1755, on board the Medway, of 60 guns, commanded by Capt. Peter Dennis; he was in that ship in 1757; when, in company with the Eagle, they took the Duc d'Aquitaine, of 60 guns. On the 7th of March, 1760, he was advanced to a lieutenant, and appointed to the Bellona, of 74 guns; he was afterwards in nine glorious actions, in all of which he displayed such courage, skill, and magnanimity, as were rewarded ultimately by his sovereign, with the appointment of Admiral of the Blue, Major General of the Marines, created a Baron of the United Kingdom, and had the honour of receiving from the hands of his Majesty a gold chain, in approbation of his conduct on the 29th of May, and the

1st of June 1794. He married in the year 1769, Miss Hale, of Jamaica, and has left by her ladyship, who survives him, a very numerous family, including two sons in the navy.

At his house in Clifton, Thomas Beddoes, M.D. If, by his death, Physic has lost one of her ablest practitioners, Philosophy certainly has been deprived of one of her profoundest disciples. As an author he was read and admired, and as a private character he was esteemed and beloved. If jealousy detracted from his merit while living, justice will be done to his memory now he is dead.

At his house, in Seymour-street, Bath, in his 84th year, the Rev. John Duncan, D.D. formerly of St. John's College, Oxford. He was 45 years rector of Southwamborough, Hants; author of the Essay on Happiness; Address to the rational Advocates of the Church of England; and other theological works. Liberal in his principles as a theologian, warm in his attachment as a friend, and earnest in his endeavours to promote the cause of rational piety as a Minister of the Gospel, he shone to the last a bright example of private virtue and professional excellence. His solid worth was rewarded with the blessing of Heaven even on this side the grave; he reached a venerable age, cheerful and contented, respected and respectable; and he fell asleep in the arms of affectionate, dutiful, and exemplary children. In the years 1745 and 1746, while chaplain of the king's own regiment, he was an eye witness of every battle in Scotland in which that regiment was engaged; he afterwards accompanied the regiment to Minorca, and was present at the memorable siege of St. Philip's, which was followed by the execution of Byng.

At Bath, General E. Smith, Colonel of the 43d regiment, Governor of Fort Charles, Jamaica, and uncle to Sir Sydney Smith. He was one of the few surviving officers who were present at the death of General Wolfe.

At Bath, aged 72, Mrs. Ann Stratton, whose death was occasioned by her clothes taking fire.

DORSET.

Died.] At Woolbegin, the seat of Lord Robert Spencer, of a short but

Fig. 1. WELCOMBE LODGE. p. 505.

1717. May. June. 1. 193. F. 1.



Fig. 4. p. 307

Fig. 3. p. 507.

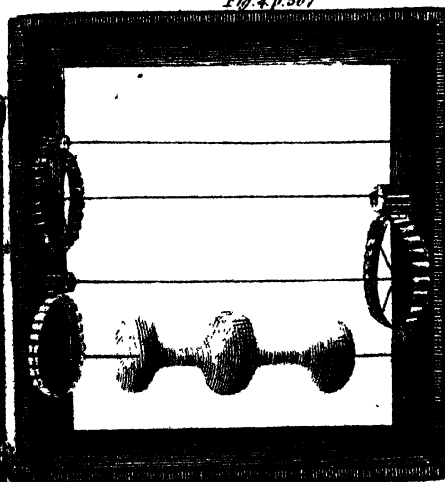


Fig. 2. p. 506.



violent fever, Sir F. Vincent, Bart. of Debdon-Hall, in this county. He was a young man of considerable promise, who made his *debut* in political life, a few years since, as Private Secretary under Mr. Fox. He married the eldest daughter of Mr. Bouverie, who died about three years ago, by whom he had two sons, the eldest of whom, Francis, has succeeded to the title, &c. in the seventh year of his age.

WILTSHIRE.

An association of gentlemen of the city and close of Salisbury, have formed an institution, which seems to hold out a precedent to other places where the article of fuel is scarce and dear. They have, by a general subscription, established a *depot* of coal, laid in at the most favourable season, and upon the best possible terms, in reserve for the poorer class of house-keepers, during the severity of the winter; dealing it out to them in small quantities, full measure, and at a moderate price. This, with a subscription for soap, and their excellent infirmary for healing their diseases, affords peculiar comfort and relief to the poor.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

A number of well-disposed persons are making arrangements for organizing a public school in Worcester, upon Mr. Lancaster's system of educating poor children, and there is no doubt of its meeting general approbation. The intention being intimated to Mr. Gordon, one of the representatives for the city, he has not only signified his full approbation of the measure, but promised that it should receive every support in his power. Thus patronized, it can hardly fail to meet with due encouragement, its principle being formed on universal philanthropy.

YORKSHIRE.

Respecting the leech, as a prognosticator of the weather, a gentleman at Malton, a short time since, related the following particulars:—these were exhibited by a single leech kept in a large phial, three parts full of clear rain-water, regularly changed thrice a week, and which stood on a window-

frame fronting the north. In fair and frosty weather it lies motionless, and rolled up in a spiral form, at the bottom of the glass; but prior to rain or snow it creeps up to the top, where, if the rain will be heavy, and of some continuance, it remains a pretty considerable time; if trifling, it quickly descends. Should the rain or snow be accompanied with wind, it darts about its habitation with amazing celerity, and seldom ceases until it begins to blow hard. If a storm of thunder or lightning be approaching it is exceedingly agitated, and expresses its feelings in violent convulsive starts at the top of the glass. It is remarkable, that however fine and serene the weather may be, and not the least indication of a change either from the sky, the barometer, or any other cause whatsoever, yet, if the animal ever shift its position, or move in a desultory manner, so certainly, and I have never once been deceived, will the coincident results occur within thirty-six hours; frequently within twenty-four, and sometimes in twelve; though its motions chiefly depend on the fall and duration of the wet, and the strength of the wind.

An affecting scene lately occurred at Southend, in this county. During the violence of the storm, five of the Humber pilots took a small boat, with the intention of going aboard their pilot-boat, when a wave struck the boat, which instantly upset, and only two were saved.

Died.] At York, in his 64th year, W. Burgh, Esq. L.C.D. in whom that city and the literary world, have sustained an irreparable loss. His genius and talents were of the first eminence, and they were always employed in the cause of religion and good government. Mr. Burgh was the most intimate and confidential friend of Mr. Mason, and furnished the commentary and notes to his celebrated poem of the "English Garden." He possessed a very extensive acquaintance with the first political and literary characters of his time; but was more particularly in habits of intimacy and friendship with Mr. Pitt and Mr. Wilberforce, and with Sir Joshua Reynolds. His remains were interred in the Cathedral at York,

WALES.

W. A. Madocks, Esq. of Tremadoc, in Carnarvonshire, is recovering from his indisposition. This gentleman has nearly completed an embankment at the north-end of Cardigan Bay, at an immense expence, by which he has wrested 2700 acres of rich land from the sea.

Dr. Pring, of Bangor, has completed a system of printing music by type, which is likely to prove of great public importance, as, by this new method, music may be sold at one half the present exorbitant price; besides embracing other material advantages, which will give it a decided preference to the tedious process, and extravagant expence now incurred by engraving. The doctor means to give it publicity as soon as letters patent are procured to secure his right and title to the invention.

SCOTLAND.

Highland Society.—The anniversary general meeting of this Society was held in their hall at Edinburgh, on Tuesday, Jan. 10, at which there was a very respectable and full attendance of the members, to the number of upwards of one hundred. The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Cathcart, vice-president, in the chair.

About forty new members were admitted into the society, and various notices were given respecting the premiums for the improvement of agriculture and manufactures. Among many other matters, the attention of the society was called to the highly meritorious and spirited conduct of two individuals, who, among many others of our gallant countrymen, had particularly distinguished themselves at the battle of Vimiera, so as to attract the notice of Major-General Fergusson, under whose command the 71st Highland regiment, to which they belonged, had been placed. General Fergusson, in his letter, states, that Angus Mackay (then a corporal in the 71st regiment, but who had since been very deservedly promoted to a commission) was the person who had, on the above occasion, refused to accept the French General Bernier's watch and purse, when tendered to him by that officer, at the time he was taken prisoner: and that Stewart, the piper

of the grenadier company of the same regiment, had, after being severely and dangerously wounded, continued to play to animate the men. General Fergusson expresses a hope that this society would confer some public mark of its approbation upon these men for their conduct.

The meeting, with much approbation, and agreeable to the suggestion of the directors, unanimously resolved, that a gold medal, with suitable devices and inscriptions, should be presented by the society to Mr. Mackay, as a mark of the sense the society entertains of his meritorious, manly, and disinterested conduct, as above stated: and that a handsome stand of Highland pipes, with a proper inscription engraved thereon, shall be given to Stewart, the piper, for his highly spirited and laudable conduct at the battle of Vimiera.

A plan for the establishment of a Caledonian asylum in London, for the maintenance and education of the sons and daughters of Scottish sailors, soldiers, and marines, brought forward by the Highland Society of London, and communicated by them to this society, through Sir J. Sinclair, Bart. was laid upon the table, with the report from the directors thereupon. It is proposed that, in this institution, besides reading, writing, and arithmetic, the boys shall receive such preparatory instructions as may be necessary to qualify them for the royal navy, the army, merchant service, or the fisheries. The girls also to receive an education suited to their situation in life; and for the purpose of bringing up the children in habits of industry, it is proposed to introduce into the establishment certain manufactures or mechanic arts, adapted to their subsequent pursuit in life. Due attention is also to be paid to the morals and religion of the children. Contributors to this benevolent asylum are to have votes in the management of it, with the privilege of presenting children for admission. The society unanimously expressed its highest approbation of the establishment of such an asylum, and their satisfaction that so many noblemen and gentlemen of this society had already come forward in its support. While

the object of it is humane and laudable, it appears peculiarly proper to provide for the families of Scots soldiers, sailors, and marines, who have on every occasion upheld the high military fame acquired by their ancestors. Therefore, as the plan of this institution seems well calculated for attaining its purpose, the society take the liberty of recommending the establishment as an object worthy of the encouragement and patronage of the public.

SHIPWRECK AND EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.

The Newspapers have lately stated that the ship *Monticello*, from Lima, had fallen in with the wreck of a vessel at sea, on which was found a man, the last of the crew, who had preserved a precarious existence for a number of days by feeding upon the bodies of his comrades. When the Captain of the *Monticello* took this wretched man on board his ship, he gave him a change of clothes and linen, and would not suffer him to take much sustenance at a time. The first nutriment he gave him was two cups of coffee and a small piece of toast; and by adhering to this system, in the course of a few days, the man was quite restored to health. He proved a most excellent sailor, and was a great acquisition. But it is a curious fact, that not one of the crew of the *Monticello* would, for a length

of time associate with him, on account of the diet he had fed upon. Hoping to cure them of their prejudice, the Captain kindly invited the unfortunate seaman to his table; but this had not the desired effect; on the contrary, those persons who usually messed with the Captain deserted his table. Time, however, and the general good conduct of the man, restored him to the society of his shipmates. In relating to them his sufferings on board the wreck, he abstained, as much as possible, from mentioning the manner of his subsistence; but the crew themselves had witnessed his food hung up in the shrouds at the time he was taken from the wreck.

The name of this wretched mariner is Thomas Morhead, a native of Durham. He served his time to the sea, in the coal trade. The ship in which he was wrecked was the *Acorn*, Captain M'Leod, of Stockton, to which place they were bound, from America; when, on the 30th of October, a severe gale came on, in lat. 51. long. 48: in consequence of which the vessel suffered so much, that all the hands, except this man, were either washed overboard or died in the tops. The *Monticello* fell in with the wreck of the *Acorn* in lat. 51. long. 25. when the Captain humanely sent a boat for Morhead. He was taken out of the top, where he had been for fifty-one days, and towards the latter end of them, hourly expecting to share the unhappy fate of his companions.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The favours of "SINCERITAS," and "R. M." are inadmissible.

ERRATA.

CYMBELINE, Act III. Sc. IV.—Transpose reciprocally the two last paragraphs of the note.—"Quench'd of Hope."—For "his preface to his" read *the*.

Spanish quotation in ROMEO—read *efectos*, and *flaman*.

PERICLES, Act II. Sc. III.—read "*this* predominance."

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

DEC. 28, 1808, to JAN. 24, 1809, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette.]—The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.

ANDERSON J. Stockport, draper, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Budden H. Little Chapel-street, (Latkow, Wardrobe-place). Blannin N. Westbury-upon-Trim, Gloucester, timber-merchant, (Field and Co. Clifford's Inn). Barlow W. Stockport, timber-merchant, (Edge, Inner Tem-

Browne E. Liverpool, tea-dealer, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Birchall J. Liverpool, butcher, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Blackburn W. Leeds, wool-

ple): Barton J. S. Liverpool, merchant, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings, Chaucery-lane).

Davies S. and P. Drayton in Hales, Sallop, bankers, (Butterton, Market Drayton). Davis H. Warminster, grocer, (Davies, Lothbury). Dawson J. Tottington, Bury, Lancashire, innkeeper, (Wigglesworth, Gray's-Inn-square). Douglass J. Loughborough, Leicester, merchant, (Bleasdale and Co. New Inn). Dewhurst P. Preston, Lancaster, slater, (Bleasdale and Co. New Inn). Dutton W. Liverpool, grocer, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court).

Edwards W. Bristol, cordwainer, (James, Gray's-Inn-square). Etty S. Oxford, wine-merchant, (Moore, Bow-lane).

Fraser T. Well-street, coach-spring manufacturer, (Pincro, Charles-street, Cavendish-square). Frost T. Leadenhall-street, stationer, (Evitt and Co. Haydon-square).

German W. Bristol, tiler, (James, Gray's-Inn-square). Glazier E. Lea-Bridge, publican, (Tebbutt and Co. Gray's-Inn-square).

Harvey R. Woolwich, baker, (Allan, Frederick's-place). Haydon L. Edgeware-Road, merchant, (Hall, Colman-street). Heaven W. Nailsworth, Gloucester, clothier, (Pullen, Fore-street). Harrison J. P. St. Bees, Cumberland, cotton-manufacturer, (Milne and Co. Temple). Hayes J. Oxford, grocer, (Young, West Smithfield). Hunt J. Liverpool, haberdasher, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court).

Jacob M. Berner-street, Commercial Road, dealer in foreign spirits, (Lyon, Somerset-street). Jefferys H. Malcomb-Regis, linen-draper, (Syddall, Aldersgate-st). Johnson J. Clifton, Gloucester, coach-maker, (Bigg, Hatton-garden). Jenkins E. Bath, victualler, (Norton, Furnival's-lane).

Kinder S. Heafield, Derby, clothier, (Jackson and Co. Stamford).

Lockwood G. Huddersfield, woollen-draper, (Taylor, Manchester).

Mobbs S. Southampton, milliner, (Mason, St. Michael's Church-yard). Marriott J. Burnley, Lancaster, cotton-spinner, (Hurd, King's-Bench-Walks). Marshall T. Scarborough, vintner, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street). Mills J. and Rich J. merchants, Lewes, (Pember, Great Charlotte-street).

Poore J. Mill lane, lighterman, (Lee, Three Crown-court, Southwark). Pearson T. South Shields, shipwright, (Bell and Co. Bow-lane). Pickwood G. Cloak-lane, merchant, (Godmond, New Bridge-street).

Raistrick S. Idle, in the parish of Calverley, York, clothier, (Evans, Hatton garden). Rogers S. Chepstow, stationer, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry).

Stone T. Wilton, Hereford, cornfactor, (James, Gray's Inn). Smith J. Evesham, Worcester, innholder, (Ponsfield, Bouverie-street). Sampson S. and Chipchase C. Broad-street, silk-mercers, (Carpenter and Co. Basinghall-street). Smith J. and C. Bath, plane-manufacturers, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Sellars B. Little Mutton, Lancaster, innkeeper, (Hurd, Temple). Smith J. Nottingham, mercer, (Baxters and Co. Furnival's-Inn). Sampson W. Liverpool, flour dealer, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row).

Tomlinson W. Toxteth Park, near Liverpool, merchant, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Tanner T. Barnstaple, money-scrivener, (Bremridge, Common-Pleas Office, Inner Temple).

Willan R. H. Wakefield, factor, (Taylor, Southampton-buildings). Woolf J. Liverpool, merchant, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, and WATER WORKS, SHARES, &c. &c.—Jan. 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 118*l*. per Cent.
West-India ditto, 164*l*. ditto.
East-India ditto, 125*l*. ditto.
Commercial ditto, 135*l*. ditto. [share
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 130*l*. per
Grand Surrey ditto, 60*l*. ditto.
Thames and Medway ditto: old shares 45*l*.
new at 6*l*. per share premium.
Kennett and Avon ditto, 4*l*. per share premium. [per cent.
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 112*l*.
Albion ditto, 2*l*. per cent. prem.
Hope ditto, 21*l*. per share prem.
Eagle ditto, par.
Atlas ditto, ditto.

Imperial Fire Assurance, 4*l* per cent. pm.
Kent ditto, 45*g*s. per share.
London Assurance Shipping, 21*l*. per share.
Rock Life Assurance, 4*l*s. to 5*l*s. per share premium
Commercial Road Stock, 116*l*. per cent.
London Institution, 84*l*. per share
Surrey ditto, 39*l*. ditto [prem.
South London Water-works, 40*l*. per share
East London ditto, 46*l*. ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 26*l*. ditto.
Lower Navigation of the Medway, pays 5*l*.
per cent. per annum—90*l*. ditto.
Golden Lane Brewery—90*l*. ditto.

L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE long continuance of the frost, and the floods that have succeeded the late sudden thaw, have checked the appearance which the favourable state of the weather had previously promised. The state of the ploughed lands, especially in the lenny countries, is very backward, and the sowing, in some districts, must be considerably retarded. The intention of several forward husbandmen to begin, upon the dry soils in Kent and Essex, the new year, with dibbling Mazzigan beans, has been, in some measure, thwarted by the weather. The same cause has still prevented much from being done in husbandry, beyond the ordinary operations of clearing farm-yards, and disposing of the manure. The turnip crops will fall short. Winter tares are still backward. Potatoes are upon the rise. Report states, that the loss of lambs in the snow has been considerable. The meat market continues to have an abundant supply of prime beef and mutton; and the decline of the silly affection of rearing over-fat cattle, has manifestly contributed to a better supply of well-fed cattle than usual. Veal has been rather scarce, and dear of course. Wool continues to increase in price.

Prices of Meat in Smithfield Market—beef, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.—mutton, 4s. 8d. to 6s.—veal, 6s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.—pork, 5s. 4d. to 6s. 4d.

Middlesex, January 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Jan. 21, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats		Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Middx	93 0	61 1	44 5	39 11	Essex	92 0	51 6	44 8	37 4
Surrey	98 0	56 0	47 0	43 4	Kent	89 6	59 0	44 6	36 0
Hertford	87 11	49 0	49 7	35 6	Sussex	88 8		49 0	37 4
Bedford	88 0	64 8	43 1	35 6	Suffolk	86 7	56 9	42 6	34 8
Hunting	90 3		44 10	34 10	Cambridge	81 0		39 6	31 3
Northam	83 6	55 0	43 1	34 2	Norfolk	87 1	61 0	39 5	35 7
Rutland	89 6		46 9	35 6	Lincoln	91 5	63 10	45 3	36 4
Leicest	89 1	49 11	46 7	33 9	York	87 0	66 2	42 5	31 5
Notting	94 2	66 0	51 4	33 8	Durham	97 3		49 6	33 1
Derby	96 6		51 0	31 10	Northumberland	84 9	61 6	44 4	29 6
Stafford	95 0		48 1	38 2	Cumberland	96 0	61 0	46 6	31 3
Salop	90 9	62 10	45 7	31 11	Westmorland	99 11		58 2	35 11
Hereford	86 1	46 5	41 5	33 8	Lancaster	98 4		46 4	31 7
Worcest	94 3		44 7	40 2	Chester	92 6		55 6	31 9
Warwic	94 10		50 10	39 9	Flint				
Wilts	82 0		45 2	39 1	Denbigh	105 7		50 6	39 10
Berks	94 0		44 8	40 9	Anglesea			41 0	24 0
Oxford	90 7		42 5	36 10	Carmarvon	95 8		44 4	26 0
Bucks	87 1		42 6	38 9	Merioneth	101 1		47 2	25 6
Brecon	89 6	70 4	47 2	24 0	Cardigan	84 0		36 0	23 0
Montgo.	96 9		45 11	35 0	Pembroke	74 2		39 8	24 0
Radnor	91 1		42 7	29 5	Carmarthen	82 8		40 0	25 7
					Glamorgan	89 1		48 0	26 8
					Gloucester	93 4		47 5	26 5
					Somerset	89 8		41 1	29 2
					Monmouth	88 3		45 9	
					Devon	87 1		39 7	29 6
					Cornwall	86 6		39 3	25 9
					Dorset	89 6		45 2	24 6
					Wants	88 6		48 7	22 0

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 90s. 6d.; Rye 59s. 0d.; Barley 44s. 11d.; Oats 39s. 0d.; Beans 65s. 5d.; Pease 66s. 0d.; Oatmeal 49s. 8d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from DEC. 28, to JAN. 24, 1809.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.		Between			
Males	759	Males	693		2 and 5	144	
Females	788	Females	674		5 and 10	65	
Whereof have died under two years old		432			10 and 20	37	
					20 and 30	83	
					30 and 40	95	
					40 and 50	145	
				50 and 60	117		
Peck 1 loaf, 4s. 11d. 4s. 8d. 4s. 9d. 4s. 11d							
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.							

PRICE OF STOCKS, from DECEMBER 29, 1908, to JANUARY 23, 1909, both inclusive.

Days	Bank	3 p Cent	4 p Cent	Navy	N. S.	Long	Imperial	Imperial	Irish	Irish	S. Sea	S. Sea	India	India	Exche.	Lotteny	Cons.
1878	Stock.	Consols.	Reduc.	Cons.	5 p Cent.	p.Ct.	Ann.	1 1/2 dis.	3 p Cent	5 p C	Ann.	Stock.	Ann.	Sto	Bills.	Tickets	Acct.
Dec																	
29		Shut	65 1/2	81 1/2	Shut		18 1-16th	1 1/2 dis		9 1/2				3s. pm.	6s pm	35	0 66 1/2
30	2 41	Do.	65 1/2	81 1/2	Do.		18 1-16th		64 1/2	9 1/2				3s. pm	5s. pm	55	0 6 1/2
31		Do.	65 1/2	81 1/2	Do.		18 1-16th			9 1/2				4s. pm.	5s. pm		0 6 1/2
Jan																	
2	235	Do.	65 1/2	81 1/2	Do.		18							4s. pm.	5s. pm		0 6 1/2
3		Do.	65 1/2	81 1/2	Do.		18 1-16th							4s. pm.	6s pm		0 6 1/2
4		Do.	66	81 1/2	Do.		18 1/2	1 1/2 dis.						5s. pm	6s. pm		0 6 1/2
5	235 1/2	Do.	66	81 1/2	Do.									7s pm	7s. pm.		0 6 1/2
6	holiday																0 6 1/2
7		65 1/2	66 1/2	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1/2	1 dis.						8s. pm.	8s. pm		0 6 1/2
8		65 1/2	66 1/2	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1/2	1 1/2 dis						8s. pm.	8s. pm		0 6 1/2
9		65 1/2	66	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1/2	1 1/2 dis						9s. pm.	9s. pm.		0 6 1/2
10	238	65 1/2	66	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1/2	1 1/2 dis	65					10s. pm	10s pm		0 6 1/2
11	238	65 1/2	66	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1/2	1 1/2 dis						10s. pm	10s pm		0 6 1/2
12	237 1/2	65 1/2	66	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1/2	1 1/2 dis		9 1/2				10s. pm.	10s. pm		0 6 1/2
13	236 1/2	65 1/2	65 1/2	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1/2	1 1/2 dis	64 1/2					10s pm.	10s. pm		0 6 1/2
14		65 1/2	65 1/2	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1/2	1 1/2 dis						10s pm.	10s. pm.		0 6 1/2
15		65 1/2	65 1/2	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1/2	1 1/2 dis						10s pm.	10s. pm.		0 6 1/2
16		65 1/2	65 1/2	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1/2	1 1/2 dis	64 1/2					10s pm.	10s. pm.		0 6 1/2
17		65 1/2	65 1/2	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1/2	1 1/2 dis	64 1/2					10s pm.	10s. pm.		0 6 1/2
18	holiday													10s pm.	10s. pm.		0 6 1/2
19	240	65 1/2	65 1/2	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1/2	1 1/2 dis	64 1/2					10s pm.	10s. pm.		0 6 1/2
20		65 1/2	65 1/2	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1/2	1 1/2 dis	64 1/2					10s pm.	10s. pm.		0 6 1/2
21		65 1/2	65 1/2	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1/2	1 1/2 dis	64 1/2					10s pm.	10s. pm.		0 6 1/2
22		65 1/2	65 1/2	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1/2	1 1/2 dis	64 1/2					10s pm.	10s. pm.		0 6 1/2
23	241 1/2	65 1/2	65 1/2	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1-16th	1 1/2 dis		9 10ths				10s pm.	10s. pm.		0 6 1/2
24	241 1/2	65 1/2	65 1/2	81 1/2	97 1/2		18 1-16th	1 1/2 dis						10s pm.	10s. pm.		0 6 1/2
25	holiday						18 3-16ths	1 dis.						10s pm.	10s. pm.		0 6 1/2

N.B. Lowest 3 p. Cent. Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given: in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

EDWARD FORTUNE, STOCK-BROKER and GENERAL AGENT, No. 13, Cornhill.

THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Nº LXIII.—VOL. XI.]

For FEBRUARY, 1809.

[NEW SERIES.]

“ We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth ”—DR. JOHNSON.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FIVE ORIGINAL LETTERS, *addressed to a LADY, upon the PLEASURES and IMPORTANCE of INTELLECTUAL CULTIVATION.*

[Concluded from p. 9.]

MY DEAR ELIZA,

IN the course of this short correspondence with you, I have been more than once impressed with the truth of a remark of Sir William Jones, “ That no man knows, when he sits down to write, what he shall perform, nor when he begins a sentence, in what manner he shall end it.” A subject, which I intended to have comprised in *one* letter, has already extended to *four*, and, for aught I know, may extend to four more; but I hope you will not think them tedious, for be assured, that in every thing I do in this correspondence, whether I am laconic or diffuse, whether I extend my observations to many or to few pages—your advantage is the object I perpetually place before my eyes; that alone stimulates me to a task I never undertook before; and sorry should I be if my exertions towards obtaining that point should become irksome to *her* for whom they are made.

In this letter I shall say something of the *pleasures* of intellectual cultivation, and which will embrace some of those views which ought to have formed part of my last.

I will venture to say, that every object of human contemplation, is viewed with additional advantage when seen through the medium of books, that is, when contemplated by a mind cultivated by learning and literature. In proportion to the improvement of our intellectual faculties, in that proportion we are render-

ed susceptible of higher and more refined enjoyments; we acquire a more delicate sense of perception; and by the power which we possess, of combining our feelings, and multiplying them by the aid of association, we attain so many additional inlets to pleasure. The truth of this may be illustrated a thousand ways. In a flower garden, for instance, how different are the pleasures of him who possesses botanical knowledge, and of him who looks upon the scene with the broad and vacant stare of mere wonder and admiration! How much more vivid are the feelings of the former as he contemplates the structure and economy of a flower! How much more forcibly he feels the presence of a deity; and while his soul looks abroad upon the works of his creation, rises in secret rapture to that merciful and bounteous God who has scattered from his hands, not only what is needful to his creatures, but what may serve to give a pleasure to the path of life. These are feelings which the man of science (supposing him to possess a good moral foundation) always must experience with infinitely stronger power than a rude uncultivated one. It is true, the boor, and he who rises but one step above it, may observe something like a consciousness of the deity springing up in his heart, but that consciousness must be greatly inferior to what the other feels, for this reason, that he is incapable of comprehending the whole of God's goodness. He sees only a part, and that but a very small part; he has no ideas of the beautiful connexion of causes and effects which operate through the whole system of nature; he cannot perceive that nice adjustment of means to their

ends, which prevails: he is insensible to the benevolent purposes which almost every object in creation fulfils, in consequence of the wise and beneficent laws impressed upon them by their creator in their first formation. These are feelings to which he is a stranger; but these, my dear Eliza, are feelings which fill the heart with the most consoling sensations, and spread a sacred calm over the mind which nothing can exceed.

Again: to prove the many sources of pleasure which are opened by intellectual cultivation, and which are denied to ignorance; consider, with what different degrees of delight the works of art are regarded by him who *does*, and him who *does not*, understand them. Take two men into a cotton-mill, the one possessing considerable mechanical knowledge, the other destitute of it: think which would behold the operations there carried on with the greatest pleasure. The one understands the whole of what he sees: he comprehends the distinct laws of mechanism, by which each part performs its task; and he comprehends likewise the complex movements produced by these separate agents; he sees, at one view, the whole chain of causes and effects, and by knowing how the one is commensurated to the other, he is delighted to see with what regularity the laws of each are supported; but the other looks upon it, perhaps, with wonder, though not without a strong conviction that it is a very noisy and a very dirty place.

In addition to these, might be added many others. In travelling, for example, how infinitely greater is the pleasure of a person, having his mind imbued with literature, as he recalls to memory whatever is remarkable or singular relating to any particular place. He animates into temporary existence events that have passed for ever—he fights with the warrior—he deliberates with the legislator—he pines and sighs with the captive—his bosom glows, with heroism as he treads upon the plains of Marathon, and burns with piety as he wanders among the ruins of Iona. These, too, are pleasures which are utterly denied to the vulgar and the ignorant.

This subject is so inviting, and capable of so much larger delineation, that I must (though I almost tremble while I say it) defer a further consideration of it to another letter; but I hope I shall make amends for this protraction, by the interest I will endeavour to throw over it.

Farewell.

MY DEAR ELIZA,

According to the intimation given you in my last, I shall now resume the consideration of the pleasures of intellectual cultivation—a subject which, on whatever side we view it, cannot fail to be interesting.

I have already pointed out some of those sources of delight which are opened to the refined, and closed to the illiterate mind; but I have only adverted to a very few. It is a boundless theme, to which human enquiry can hardly set a limit; and as a very great pleasure, I know, is derived from discovering, ourselves, whatever we can, I shall not deprive you of that gratification, by too minute an anticipation of such ideas as will naturally arise in your own mind upon contemplating the subject. Yet, in order to fulfil the purposes of this correspondence, and to impress the truth of my remarks upon you as forcibly as possible, I shall proceed to a few more illustrations.

Yesterday, my dear Eliza, furnished me with a very apt one; and, as it happened to yourself, nothing can more directly appeal to your own conviction. You remember when you and I were looking over the plates representing some of the antiquities of ancient Rome: a great number of them were representation: of objects and of buildings with which you were but slightly acquainted from history, or the remembrance of which, in regard to the events relating to them, had faded off your mind.—These, I observed, you viewed precisely with that degree of interest which is concomitant upon the mere perception of objects whose appearance, speaking only to the senses, and producing no operation of mind as combining events already passed, excite an interest either weak or strong according to the external ap-

pearance of the thing itself. You looked at them; you admired the grandeur, the sublimity of the architecture; you were pleased with the taste and beauty of the whole; but these were sensations which you possessed only in common with every one. But when you came to the tomb of the *Horatii* and *Curatii*, how different were your feelings!—How differently you expressed yourself! With what warmth you contemplated the picture before you, though in mere outward appearance it had less to attract than any of the others. Why, then, was this?—Whence proceeded that superior degree of interest?—Whence was it that you felt so strong an impression? Precisely because your mind, immediately, by a reflex operation, placed the scene before you to which the plate referred. For a moment, you imagined you saw the brave youths fighting; you beheld two of them slaughtered; you saw the third flying with weak and trembling steps; you saw his stratagem; the successive victories he obtained over his divided competitors; and you heard the and acclamations with which he was hailed by his countrymen.

These recollections passed rapidly through your mind, and shed that interest over the picture before you, which, otherwise, it would certainly have wanted. Had a person been present who was totally ignorant of Roman History, and the events to which the scene related, he would certainly have asked, when he beheld your emotions and heard the warmth of your expressions, What were the particulars connected with that plate, not having observed you so moved by any of the others.

Precisely in your situation, yesterday, is every man according as he is either learned or unlearned. You felt a much superior pleasure in contemplating the tomb of the *Horatii* and *Curatii*, because you were familiar with the events, than an ignorant person could have done; while the others affected you only according to their execution, and the objects they represented, merely by the external effect upon your senses; though these very plates, to one who was familiar with the events of Roman

History, would all have had an equal; or very nearly an equal, degree of interest. This it is, my dear Eliza, which constitutes the pleasures of a refined mind, and distinguishes them from those of an illiterate one: this it is which makes Italy to one man an elysium, while to the other it is merely a collection of fine buildings, noble palaces, and grand porticos, situated in a very hot country: the one, peoples every avenue, and fills every ruin with illustrious objects; as he wanders through the mouldering ruins of the Forum, he hears *Cicero* thundering forth his eloquence; he sees him in graceful act, and with commanding look; he beholds him fired with indignation, and calling upon the immortal Gods to avenge his country and punish the impious parricides who would destroy it:—he sees the severe and awful *Cato*, stern to himself, rigid in judging his own vices, and unbending in arraigning the crimes of others:—he sees the ambitious *Cæsar* planning the subjugation of the world, and charming, by his eloquence, the conscript fathers of his country.—There is not a spot of ground over which he passes that does not carry back his mind to former days, and he is in rapture:—but the illiterate man views all this with cold, frigid, and indifferent feelings, compared to the former.

This, too, it is which makes one man view the tombs of great and illustrious men with emotions—oh! how superior!—to those of him who is unlearned; who regards them merely as monuments of mortality, as receptacles of dust and corruption; as the coverings of what was once living; and as *memento moris* that he himself must die. The former looks upon them with a sigh, that marks a feeling heart, a cultivated mind: he reads the name and pauses; he animates into existence the being whose ashes rest below; he lives with him through his career; he enjoys his fortunes, he weeps at his sorrows, he shudders at his dangers; he mourns his death anew, as if it happened beneath his eye:—Is he a poet, a statesman, or an orator, who lies below? his soul melts in adoration of those qualities which raised him so high above his fellow-creatures! he repeats some

sublime effusion of his pen, or of his tongue, and he repeats it with tears: he remembers some worthy action of his life, and he blesses him. *He, too, feels,* as he looks upon the tombs around him, the sense of his mortality, and his heart rises to God, with trembling fear and hope; but at that moment he is inspired with the wish to live in the hearts and minds of his fellow-creatures, like those whose frail memorials are before him: he is animated with the desire to enjoy an earthly immortality. *Eliza!* the earliest wish my heart ever formed towards fame, was formed while leaning on the tomb-stone of Dryden in Westminster Abby, and contemplating around me the names of Shakspeare, Milton, Johnson, Rowe, Addison, &c. Even then I whispered to myself—"Oh! that I may one day be like these!"

My dear Eliza! I am afraid you will ask, rather impatiently, when shall I finish this subject; for, dare I tell you, I must yet carry it on to *another* letter. I hope, however, you will have, after you have read these last letters through, and the one that follows, a clearer idea of intellectual pleasures than ever you had before. And that is all the reward I ask.

Heaven bless you!

Your's, most affectionately,

MILTON rescued from the CHARGE of INCONGRUITY.

SIR,

I CANNOT discover the "ridiculous error in Milton" alluded to by your Correspondent A. B.; on the contrary, I think that the passage fully explains the meaning of the sublime author, without incurring the remotest charge of incongruity. With your permission, therefore, I will again lay before your readers the three lines quoted by A. B., and in the second of which he thinks the "ridiculous error" is to be found.

Which way I fly is Hell: myself am Hell:
And in the *lowest* deep a *lower* deep
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide.

Whoever reads this passage with attention, will immediately perceive

that, in the first line, Satan speaks of a *Hell within* (if I may be allowed the expression), or, in other words, describes those sensations of guilt, horror, and despair, which had taken possession of his mind, and which by some are supposed to constitute the chief torments of the damned; and that although he might be engulfed (locally) in the "*lowest* deep," yet that a still "*lower* deep" existed in his own mind. The poet, therefore, using the word "*Hell*," as applicable not only to a *place allotted to the damned*, but also to a *state of mind*, will, in my opinion, completely exonerate our immortal bard from the charge of a "ridiculous error," and be considered, by readers of taste and judgment, rather as a *beauty* than a *defect*.

Your correspondent observes, that this "ridiculous error" has not been "noticed by any commentator;" which circumstance ought to have led him to study the passage more attentively, before he ventured to impeach the correctness of so classical a writer as Milton.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

P.

Woburn, Feb. 2, 1809.

AN ACCOUNT of the ORIGIN and PROGRESS of the COMMERCE of FRANCE with the OTTOMAN EMPIRE and BARBARIAN STATES,

PRIOR to the end of the fifteenth century, and previously to the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, the commerce of France with the Levantines was of a nature widely different from that of the trade at present existing between the French nation and Barbary. Independently of the productions of the fertile soils of Greece and Egypt, and of the manufactures of Antioch and Laodicea, of which the Greeks, the Jews, and the Syrians had magazines at Marseilles, Narbonne, and Thoulouse, those countries served as the *depots* of Indian commodities brought by way of Persia, Syria, the Red Sea, and Egypt, in general to the Mediterranean, whence they were disseminated throughout Europe. But all that history has handed down to us relative to the commerce and navi-

gation of Marseilles in respect to the Levant, as well before the Crusades as during the short-lived sovereignties of Jerusalem, Tyre, and Cyprus, by reason of the great privileges granted to the Marseillaise by Christian princes, cannot possibly be put in competition with the present state of French commerce in the Levant. Neither can we draw an inference from the immense riches acquired by *Jacques Cœur*, when he transferred this trade to Montpellier during the decline of Marseilles, occasioned by the long and disastrous wars of the Counts of Provence, in support of the House of Anjou's claims to the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily. The commerce of Marseilles, impeded at different epochs, since the establishment of monarchy in France, successively by the Goths, the Greeks, and the Moors, and afterwards nearly annihilated by the ambition of the French princes, finally reared its head at the time when Provence was reunited to the crown of France under Louis XI. Then it was that the commerce of the Levant became centered in this port, after having so long been divided among the various ports of Languedoc and Provence. The real date, however, of the Levantine commerce (as it now stands), is assigned to that epoch when the Turks made themselves masters of Constantinople.

Since the reign of Francis I. (1535), the French have entered into different treaties of commerce with the Ottoman Porte. One of these treaties granted to the French merchants, or to those trading under the French flag, the exclusive trade to the Levant; a grant not very advantageous to the French, by reason of the shortness of its duration. The internal commotions of France, under the successors of Francis, as far as the reign of Henry IV. enabled the Venetians, in 1580, and the English, in 1590, to appoint consuls in the Ottoman Empire; and hence it happened that when Henry the Great renewed the commercial treaty with the Porte in 1604, the Venetians and the English were excepted in the list of nations disqualified from trading with the Levant, unless under the auspices of France.

It would appear, from the terms of a project conceived by Cardinal

Richelieu, in 1626, to establish a commercial company for carrying on the Levant trade under the title of "*Compagnie du Morbihan*," so called from a part of Brittany; that, first, the commerce with the Levant was, at the said epoch, free; and, secondly, that it was then one of the most lucrative branches of French traffic.

With respect to the freedom of Levant commerce, we shall observe, that it was conducted for nearly a century by the ports situated on the ocean; for, in 1479, a Duke of Brittany obtained leave from the Pope that, without doing violence to their religious principles, his subjects might traffick with the Turks. As to its value, it is very probable that the Indian Commerce still, in part, was mingled with that of the Levant; since the merchants of the French ports could derive much larger profits from speculating in Asiatic goods, than in Levant commodities alone. Let this be as it may, the conduct of Louis XIV. in 1664 and 1667, in sending succours to Leopold Emperor of Hungary, and the Venetians, against the Turks at the siege of Candia, weakened the confidence of the Porte, and proved highly conducive to the interests of the Dutch and the Genoese, who were permitted to traffic directly with the Levant; and thus, on the French entering into treaty with the Ottoman empire in 1673, they found that they had no less than four commercial rivals to contend with. Moreover various causes had combined to retard and enfeeble the growth of this branch of French commerce. The consulships were bought and sold as though they were public property, under a government continually disturbed by the state of its finances and its daily increasing exigencies; they were filled by deputies and renters, who, without regarding the commercial interests of their nation, made use of their authority to harass the traders and fill their private purses by extortion. Again, the duties imposed upon merchandise, as well in the Levant ports as at Marseilles, to alleviate the national debt, were either dissipated or badly administered; nay, even the ambassadors themselves exercised a species of commercial speculation. In fine, the

merchants of Marseilles had neither money nor vessels to undertake those enterprises to which the situation of their port naturally pointed.

Colbert saw the necessity of reforming those abuses, of remedying those evils, and of provoking emulation by means of competition.—His first step was to establish, in 1669, the effective immunity of Marseilles, in such a manner that the opulent merchants of those nations which had no treaty existing with the Porte, flocked to the great mart of French trade, with large capitals, in order to enjoy the advantages derived from Levantine trade. At the same time he suppressed the heritage of the consulships, and nominated new incumbents, for six years, to whom he held out the promise of being continued in their office according to the utility of their services and their zeal in behalf of the public weal. He himself superintended the discharge of debts contracted in the ports of the Levant; and, in 1670, disenabled the French ambassador at the Sublime Porte from taking any share in the commercial concerns of his nation. In fine, in 1671, he obtained leave from the king to direct that his fleets should protect the French trade in the Levant.

Colbert was not equally happy in the project, which he conceived and realised in 1670, to form an association or company (not exclusively privileged) of merchants who should fit out vessels for this trade. Notwithstanding the advances which, during two years, was made them of 200,000 francs free of interest, a premium of 10 francs for every piece of cloth they should send to the Levant, and different other advantages, the competition of individuals proved too powerful for this company: and, on its dissolution, the members found themselves deeply involved.

[*To be concluded in our next*]

The Gout never can, nor ever ought to be cured. A Fragment from an ancient MS.

For the Universal Magazine.

BLESSED Gout! most desirable gbut! sovereign antidote of murdering maladies! powerful cor-

rector of intemperance! deign to visit me with thy purging fire, and throw off the tophous injury which I may have suffered by wine and wit, too hard for the virtue of a devotee upon a holy festival, but fail not thy humble supplicant who needs thy friendly help to keep his tottering tenement in order; fail him not every vernal and nocturnal equinox.

1. The gout gives a man pain without danger.

2. The gout is no constant companion, but allows his patient lucid, joyous intervals.

3. The gout presents you with a perpetual almanack.

4. Gouty persons are most free from the headache.

5. The gout preserves its patient from the great danger of fever.

6. To crown the honour of the gout, it is not to be cured! The gout defies all your gross Galenical methods, and all your exalted chemical preparations. For the conjunct causes thereof lie in parts so very remote, that the virtues of medicine can never reach them; and heaven be praised for it: for why would you cure the gout, which gives pain without danger, a better taste of health by an acquaintance with pain, a knowledge of future things, free from the headache and from fevers?

TWO ORIGINAL LETTERS from JAMES BOSWELL to WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE. Never before published. (Communicated by Mr. SIM.)—Continued from p. 25.

For the Universal Magazine.

SIR, Edinburgh, 5th Aug. 1769.

I AM to beg your excuse for having delayed too long to give you what intelligence I have received concerning your tragedy. You must know that I am an Advocate at the Scots Bar; and I find it happen that if I do not write a letter the very first opportunity, the hurry of business may prevent me from doing it till it must appear very late.

I enclose you Mr. Garrick's letter to me; which please return. You will observe the reason that he cannot bring on your play next season. But I think we are to expect that he is not

to refuse it. I would advise you to write to Mr. Garrick again, and tell him that I have communicated to you what he wrote to me; and you may beg to know if he would suggest any alterations or additions. I, for my part, shall not be wanting in my endeavours to obtain his interest for you. Let me beg leave to put you in mind, that a theatrical monarch is a very great prince. Do not enquire into the foundation of his consequence, but take it for granted, which I believe is the best way with most things. I should be sorry if you went to India. We have occasion in Britain for men *who desire no secondary fame*. Our parish minister and my old governor Mr. John Dun, was acquainted with your father: and I remember a brother of yours with the late Gideon Craufurd, bookseller, here. Be assured, sir, that I sincerely wish you all success.

I am much flattered with your polite intention of introducing me into your Poem on Liberty and Slavery. I wish you was acquainted with me; for I may venture to tell you that you would find me possessed of a heart and soul more valuable than any talents; and what faults I have would not hurt me much with a true poet. Auchinleck is a very fine place, particularly for the natural beauties of rocks, wood, and water. I have said in an Ode on Ambition—

For when my calm retreat has been
The genuine classic Tyrrhene saw,
Nor could I her richest Poets draw
A more romantick scene.

The river which runs by it is called Tugar, a true Pagan name, signifying *the black water*, as it is of a dark colour. There is an old castle, built on a rock, where my ancestors dwell. Thomas Boswell, the first of our family, was killed at Blowden Field. I am proud of this. Believe me to be, with sincerity,

Sir, your obliged and most
humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

Sir, Edinburgh, Sep. 1, 1776.

You may be assured of my willingness to do you any service that lies in my power. I am much pleased with your proposals for a translation of the *Iusiad*; and I am of opinion it cannot

fail of being attended with great success. Your cousin, Mr. Henderson, has been with me. From his manner of talking on your affairs, it appears to me that you are in the wrong to entertain an unfavourable idea of him. I explained your views to him. He did not seem to give much faith to your expectations of profit; but declared, that he, for his part, should give you no trouble. He also promised to speak to Mr. Good, and he is to come to me again, and let me know the result. At the same time he will write to yourself. I hope matters shall be made easy for you here. I shall write to you again when Mr. Henderson has again been with me, and shall then return you Mr. Garrick's letters. In the mean time, I return you the Specimen of your Prospects. I have read it with much satisfaction. There is a rich flowing vein of poetry in it; and I please myself that the poem will do you honour. I have sent a few remarks. They are thrown out as they occurred. If they can be of any use good and well. But I do not desire you to pay much regard to them. I shall be glad to see pieces of the Poem as you advance. Pearch's Collection has not yet reached me. When it does I will give you freely my opinion of your Elegy on Queen Mary. I tell you, beforehand, my idea of the beautiful queen is very different from Lord Lyttelton's. I am glad to hear you have now modelled your tragedy. I hope it shall get forward. But do not trust too much to the most uncertain of all literary pursuits. Goldsmith will give you a lecture on that subject. I shall secure a good bookseller here for your *Iusiad* by the time I write again. My wife, after being dangerously ill, was delivered on Tuesday of a son; but the poor child had suffered so much that it did not live above two hours. She and I are both resigned to the divine will. Thank God, she is in a good way. It is not right to dwell upon one's private concerns and afflictions. But I know you will feel for me. I am, very sincerely,

Sir, your most obedient
humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

*See Sim's Life of Mickle, p. 25.—Edit.

A few remarks on the first draught of Prospects of Liberty and Slavery.

I know not whether it would be better to leave out the address to my lord. It appears as too evident a copy of Addison's addressing his Epistle from Italy to Lord Halifax—

While you, my lord, the rural shades ad-
And from Britannia's publick posts retire.

I suggest this only as a doubt. The address would not be lost, as it may be applied on any other occasion.

P. 2* The vine that *mantles* the domestic bower.—One is so much accustomed to the *mantling vine*, that is, to the word *mantling*, in a neutral signification, as *spreading luxuriantly*, that the meaning here, when in an active sense, is not very obvious. I should think another word might be used.

P. 2* I do not like the expression *corny* field. *Corny* is so usually applied to the *tors*, that it does not do well in another sense. I also object to *little*; why a little field? A full waving plenteous harvest seems more applicable to Patriarchal times.

P. 3* Hollow with deafen'd sound the turf rebounds, is not perspicuous. You mean, the hollow turf rebounds with deafen'd sound, I presume; besides, *deafen'd* rather implies something artificial.

P. 3* Though, to *stamp*, is much used metaphorically in various meanings, I am not fond of it. I particularly object to *stamping a smile*. A smile plays on the face like sunshine. It is not analogous to any thing *impressed*.

P. 3* *Unmodelled* does very well. But is not *unstained* rather too severe on *laurels*? Perhaps you will impute this remark to the prejudice of profession; but I have a notion I am right for all that.

P. 4* I am no farmer, but I imagine, till the *dusty* field, not just. To *pulverise* is a great object of agriculture. A field is properly *dusty* after it is both plowed and harrowed, but not before tilling.

P. 5* Are you sure that the English accent the *o* in *Njobe*?

P. 5* An height was near, does not please me.

Some PARTICULARS relative to the CONQUEST and POSSESSION of BRAZIL by the DUTCH, in the Seventeenth Century.

[Continued from Vol. XI. p. 36.]

THE expedition of Admiral Hein against the Portuguese Settlements on the coast of Africa, being connected with, and in fact a part of, that by which the Dutch attained the possession of Brazil, we will here give a short account of it.

Very shortly after his departure from Bahia, he captured a vessel from the Canaries, laden with wine, flour, and oil, and other goods, and finding her to be a good sailer, added her to his squadron. In the end of October, 1624, they came in sight of the coast of Angola. On the 30th, a large ship was seen about half a league from the island *Loanda*, making for the harbour; being pursued and attacked, she ran on shore under the guns of the city of *St. Paul*. Here lay four other vessels laden with slaves: and all were taken possession of by the Dutch, notwithstanding a heavy cannonade from the shore. The slaves, however, were previously taken out by the Portuguese. The first-mentioned vessel was laden with wine and oil, which was taken out, and put on board the Dutch ships; on board of the others nothing but calavances, and a little dried fish for the slaves, was found. Upon reconnoitring the place, it was found to be of greater strength than had been supposed, and the admiral did not think it prudent to commence an attack with his inadequate force. He therefore dispatched Capt. *William Jansz*, with the ship *Hollandia*, and three smaller vessels, to make an attempt upon the Portuguese at *Benguella*, which he understood was very weakly garrisoned; remaining himself at anchor in the road of *St. Paul de Loanda*, to intercept the trade. Owing to the inaccuracy of the charts, and their deficiency of information, however, they could not even discover *Benguella*, and after ranging along the coast from the 6th of November to the 1st of December, they gave up the pursuit, and returned to their admiral on the last-mentioned day. *Hein* now found it necessary, in order to restore

the health of his men, to proceed to the river *Congo*, where he continued procuring refreshments, and taking in water and wood, till the 2d of January 1625. He then cruized, but unsuccessfully, along the coast, and rendezvoused at the Island of *Annobon*, lying in 1° 30' south latitude. Here they obtained abundance of refreshments; hogs, oranges, lemons, and excellent water; the Portuguese governor treated them with great civility in return for their forbearance in not hostilely attacking the island, intimidated also, no doubt, by their force, and the fame of their achievements in Brazil.

Having taken in a necessary supply of provisions at *Annobon*, *Hein* determined upon again running over to the coast of Brazil, partly for the sake of making some attempts upon the capitanias of *Rio Janeiro* and *Spiritu Sancto*, whence several vessels used to be dispatched every spring with sugar and other produce; but chiefly to see whether he could be of any service at *Bahia*. He sailed from *Annobon* on the 2d of February. Calms and variable winds detained him on the passage, till the 9th of March, when he came in sight of the coast of Brazil. A few days after which he called a council of war, to consider of the necessary preparations for an attack upon the town of *Spiritu Sancto*.

The largest proportion of his force now consisted of the sailors of his ships, who were little adapted for military operations, and less under discipline. On this account, he directed them to be divided into three bodies, and that, after landing, the ranks should be so arranged, that two soldiers should be placed on each flank of every rank. He sailed up the river with the sea-breeze, and anchored about a stone's throw from the town. He then landed his men, and led them in person through a narrow road, in which only eight or ten could go abreast. A piece of brass ordnance, however, which had unexpectedly been brought to bear upon this defile, threw the motley ranks of the assailants into confusion, and notwithstanding the intrepidity and repeated efforts of their commander, they were repulsed, and compelled to

retreat to their ships, with the loss of eight killed, and many more wounded. The next day he sent the boats and small craft of his squadron up the river, to see whether they could make any prizes, but they met with none, and retired, after losing a boat and her crew. Finding there was little advantage to be obtained here, *Hein* fell down the river again, and put to sea. In the beginning of April, he took a ship, laden with sugar, from *Rio Janeiro*. On the 18th of that month, he was off *Bahia*, and was upon the point of running in, when he learnt that it was besieged by a powerful Spanish fleet, then in the bay. This made him resolve on dispatching a small vessel, the *Mermaid*, to the southward, to look for, and hasten the fleet from Holland, which was then daily expected, whilst he remained cruising as near as he could to *Bahia*, without being discovered by the enemy, that he might be at hand to receive from, or convey intelligence to, the besieged, his force not being adequate to afford them succour. Shortly after, however, he was discovered by the Portuguese, and, apprehensive of an attack by their very superior force, he sailed away along the coast to *Pernambuco*. On the 3d of May they saw Cape *St. Augustine*, and on the following day anchored in the road of *Pernambuco*, about half a league from the city of *Olinda*. He saw above forty ships lying in the *Pozo*, but had not a sufficient force to attack them. He here received the unpleasant intelligence from a fisherman, that the city of *St. Salvador* had been taken, and all the Dutch there put to the sword. Despairing now of performing any effectual service in that quarter, he sailed for Holland, and after having wooded, watered, and refreshed his men at the island of *Fernanda Noronha*, he arrived in the *Tetel* on the 31st of July.

In the mean time, eight ships had been equipped in Holland, and dispatched in the beginning of March, under the command of *Baldwin Hendriks*, with the title and rank of general. He was met off the Isle of *Wight*, by his vice-admiral, with two sail, and afterwards by Admiral *Keron*, with a ship and a yacht. Off

Plymouth he was joined by eighteen sail of the fleet under Admiral Lam; and these united squadrons, amounting to thirty-four vessels of various sizes, came in sight of the coast of Brazil, about the middle of May. Intelligence was obtained of the strong Spanish fleet, which lay before *Bahia*, but nothing could be learnt as to the fate of the place. In hopes therefore, that the city had not yet surrendered, the general determined upon attacking the besiegers, for which purpose he divided his fleet into four divisions, and sailed into the bay; but he soon perceived the Spanish flag flying from the battlements of the city, which induced him to turn back. The Spaniards, with 37 of their largest ships, pursued him, but soon gave up the chase. The Dutch then sailed to the bay *Trahison*, where they landed. The Portuguese fled from a village in the neighbourhood at their approach, but the Brazilian Indians received them with great friendship, and gave them assistance in the throwing up of intrenchments, and the erection of huts for the sick.

After this *Hendriksz* sailed to the West Indies where he attacked and plundered the town of *Porto Rico*, but died shortly after of disease, and his fleet returned home.

The directors of the West India Company had, in the interim, fitted out some vessels in the beginning of 1626, to reinforce the fleet of Admiral *Hendriksz*, and gave the command of them, with the title of admiral, to *Peter Paterson Hein*, upon his return, as just related, from his former expedition. He put to sea about the middle of May, with nine large ships and five yachts. After cruising for some time, and taking some prizes, he learnt the death of Admiral *Hendriksz*, and proceeded to the West Indies. He did not succeed in intercepting the Spanish homeward-bound *flota*, and determined therefore to proceed to the coast of Africa, and thence to Brazil. He remained at *Sierra Leone* taking in refreshments and repairing his vessels, till about the 19th of January, 1627. On the 1st of February they came up with and took a Spanish vessel from *Mataira*, bound to *Bahia*, with 150

pipes of wine, a quantity of woollens and linens, and other articles. The cargo and crew were taken out, and the vessel burnt. Soon after they took a ship, with 360 negroes, bound from *Angola* to *Bahia*.

The 1st of March they came in sight of *Bahia*. The admiral intended to have run into the bay, unexpectedly, and to have taken the enemy by surprise, but was prevented from doing this by a calm, in consequence of which, the enemy had timely notice of his purpose, and sufficient leisure to collect all their ships, about 30 in number, under the guns of the batteries, and of the city of *St. Salvador*. In the mean time, a breeze springing up, orders were given to weigh; and *Hein* leading the van, ran in upon the enemy's fleet, letting fall his anchors in the midst of them, just between the Portuguese admiral's and vice-admiral's ships. Two ships, the *Geldria* and the *Hollandia*, followed his daring example; but the others, on what account is not known, remained behind. Those three ships, therefore, had to bear the brunt of the action; in the course of which the Portuguese vice-admiral was sunk. In the mean time the boats of the other ships were dispatched, well manned and armed, to attack and carry, first, the outermost, and afterwards the other vessels of the enemy's fleet. So persevering and intrepid were the assailants, that, in spite of the strongest opposition, and the constant cannonade from the batteries and fort, every vessel of the enemy, 22 in number, was either destroyed or taken, and towed out of the reach of the batteries, in a period of three hours; and this achievement was executed with a force of no more than eight ships and four yachts.

After gaining this victory, the first care of the Dutch was to get their own much disabled ships out of the reach of the enemy's gun-boats. The admiral's ship, and the *Geldria*, ran upon a shoal, from which the latter got off in the night, but the former remained aground. The enemy's fire was therefore mostly pointed at her. After using every endeavour to save his ship, the admiral found himself under the necessity of abandoning and setting her on fire, and he

went on board the *Walcheren*. Whilst attempting the relief of the flag-ship, the *Orangetree*, one of the smaller ships, unfortunately caught fire, and blew up, by which accident 65 men were lost. Besides these the number of killed on board the fleet amounted to between 40 and 50, amongst which was *John Christiaansz*, captain of the *Geldria*. The admiral and vice-admiral were both wounded, the former having a musket ball through the left arm, and a splinter wound in the leg, and the latter a musket ball under the short ribs.

The ships that had been taken were stationed in the midst of the fleet for more safety, whilst the cargoes were taken out. These were chiefly put on board of two of the largest prizes, which were the Portuguese flag-ship of 600 tons, and one of 300 tons burthen. These vessels, and two others, were dispatched home by the admiral; and conveyed, as principal articles of the booty made, 2614 chests of sugar, 55 chests, and 20 hhd. of tobacco, 1125 hhd. 21 bags, of cotton, some gold and silver, plate, and specie, and a considerable quantity of Brazil wood.

On the 9th of March the admiral sent his Rear-admiral *Peter Stotfilsz*, with a few ships, to cruise off the bay, in order to intercept such of the enemy's vessels as might be coming in, and unacquainted with what had happened. On the following day he made a proposal to the Portuguese governor, to ransom, or rather purchase the negroes, which he had captured, and were on board his fleet; but received an answer in the negative, which was even accompanied by insult. Not knowing, however, what to do with them, he at length set them on shore, on a small island lying before *Bahia*. The Dutch were occupied till the 27th of the month, in discharging the Portuguese prizes, and burning such as they did not mean to keep. On that day *Commodore Corn. Dirks. Bestevader* set sail for Holland, with four ships, and the prize goods above-mentioned.

On the 31st of March, Admiral *Hein* again left *Bahia*, with seven ships, and as many smaller vessels. He had fitted up some of the prize vessels for his own use. On the day

after they came to anchor, near a small island, lying at a considerable distance from the continent. Very good water was found by digging. It did not comprehend more than half a league in circumference. Nothing appeared to grow upon it but sea-parsley. From the time of the year it was called *Easterisland*.

The fleet remained here till the 12th of April. After their departure they met with very bad weather, and in about six days were abreast of the famous shoals of *Abrolhos*. Six days after that they had discerned land, appearing very high, which they judged to lie between Cape *Frio*, and the Point of *Rio Janeiro*. Here they fell in with two vessels, but could only take one, which had about 200 chests of sugar on board. From the prisoners they learnt that since the war with the Dutch, those districts were so well armed and guarded, that it would not be advisable to make any attempt with a certainty of danger, and little probable advantage hereabouts in case of success. It was judged more prudent to make the river of *Spiritu Sancto*, in order to procure refreshments, into which the whole fleet run, in the beginning of May. Here the crews were landed, to gather oranges and lemons, and fill water. At the same time a vessel was taken, that came in from *Lisbon*, laden with 70 pipes of wine, and some piece-goods, which were divided amongst the fleet. The vessel herself being in very good condition, was taken into the service by the admiral, and the Portuguese, who were on board, were set on shore.

[To be continued.]

On the EFFECTS of the SEA at different Periods on the Continent of the Earth, and on the Annihilation of several Species of Animals.

ON a minute inspection of the formation of the world, it cannot be doubted, that the present solid land of our earth, has in times, long since elapsed, and in general during long protracted periods, been the bottom of the sea. This is evident, not only from the exterior construction, and the enormous bulk of many hori-

horizontal layers, but also from the nature of their constituent parts.

In the midst of the solid lands, not only on the highest mountains, but also in the bowels of the earth, are found the remains of marine animals and shells, in one place dispersed, and in another united in inconceivable numbers, into extensive beds, and inclosed in solid strata, which have formed and hardened themselves gradually about them, and what is more worthy of remark, in one place over, and in another under remains, and impressions of terrestrial animals and plants. The naturalist is seized with astonishment when he reflects on this remarkable phenomenon, and the following questions arise in his mind: By what means has the ocean elevated itself over the summits of the mountains of our highest lands? What power has effected its sudden secession from the solid land? Why was the solid land hereafter again inundated by the waters of the ocean? Whence the often repeated inundation and secession of the ocean?—These are the questions which naturally arise to the mind of the geologist, when he reflects on these phenomena, and it shall be my endeavour to solve them.

It will, however, be necessary to examine more minutely the facts which have been stated, for on their admission rests the basis of a theory which cannot fail to overturn the Huttonian system.

The great beds and strata of muscles which have been discovered in all the quarters of the globe, on the highest mountains and in the vallies*, consist of the remains of several generations of marine animals, and

which must necessarily have lived on the places where they are found in secession at one period: and also where the sea covered those places for centuries and millenaries, the following observation is highly important, viz. that the muscles and madrassores generally appear in the strata in the order of their families, as they are found on the shores, or in the depths of the sea; and, that most of the muscles of one place are also of one genus*. In the midst of these strata, which can only be produced by the sea, other strata are found, in which are insulated the remains of terrestrial animals, and plants, and which are not com-mixed with the productions of the sea. In Derbyshire, for example, it has been observed, that no vegetable remains are to be found in chalk strata, which contain many petrifications, whilst on the other hand, the horizontal layers of schistus and thon, which are incumbent on chalk strata, between strata of coal, contain vegetable productions, but no marine productions†. The plants of such strata do not in general consist of woody species of plants, which are difficult of decay, but of those species of grasses and herbs which are more easy of dissolution‡; and they are often of those species which are found on bogs and peat morasses§. This is of itself a distinct proof that such vegetable remains have not, as some geologists affirm, been conducted to the sea by adventitious causes, but that they have been generated on that spot where they are now found, and that the ocean, at the time of their formation, had there forsaken the surface of the earth.

The traces of the sea having alternately forsaken and covered, at different periods, the same places, are most particularly apparent in the alternate changes of coal, which, according to more modern researches, is of vegetable origin; and also of

* Saussure's Voyage aux Alpes. Wild's Description of the Salt Mountains at Aalen. Fichtel's Mineralogical Essays, and many other Works. Buffon, in his Demonstrations of the Theory of the Earth, quotes a number of Examples in the 8th Article. Ulloa has even remarked Marine Muscles at an altitude of 2387 toises, on a chalk mountain of the Andes. Mem. de l'Académie des Sciences, p. 280. Others also confirm these observations in other places, especially in Switzerland, viz. Leblond, Wild, and Montet.

* LaMetherie. Theorie de la Terre, tom. 2. p. 130.

† Whitehurst's Inquiry, chap. vii. p. 56.

‡ Lehman's History of Mountains, p. 168.

§ Von Beroldingen, 1st Essay, p. 123.

those argillaceous strata, which contain impressions of plants, or remains of terrestrial animals, or marine productions, with those strata which the sea has produced; examples of which are numerous.

According to De Luc, coal is generally found between strata of stone, which consist principally of argillaceous, sandy, or chalky substances, and these strata were formed in the sea, as marine bodies are frequently found in them. They alternate in one and the same uninterrupted order of parallel strata, often, and variously with the strata of coal.* Poiret has discovered crustaceous animals of fresh water, lying under beds of peat, which were themselves covered by other strata, which contained marine crustaceous animals, and which is an evident proof that the country of Saissons, where these strata are found, and which are continentally situate, has been alternate land and sea†.

In one place, the strata of chalk stone with marine productions, lie higher than those which contain coal, and remains of terrestrial animals and plants‡; and in other places the case is reversed. In some parts of England, the chalk strata, with shells, are covered with horizontal layers of coal and argillaceous earth§; on the other hand, in Scotland, chalk strata are often incumbent on horizontal layers of coal. In Flanders likewise, the chalk strata lie higher than coal||. In the Harz also, the primitive argillaceous schistus and schorl, contain traces of terrestrial animals and plants, whilst on the other hand, no such traces are found in the later horizontal layers, which

afterwards formed themselves at the foot of the Harz; on the contrary, traces of marine productions are found, and which can only be accounted for, by the sea again taking possession of those parts.*

A more minute observation of the remains of the organised terrestrial and marine productions, confirms, in a remarkable degree, the theory of the increase of organization on our earth, in proportion as it advanced in its formation; also of the variety of organic productions, which at different times existed in the same place, in regard to the climate and the element in which they lived, and of the extinction of many of their species, by the distinctive effects of the various revolutions which the earth has undergone.

The organic remains of the earlier states of our earth, are found buried beneath the earth, in a quantity, the extent of which borders on incredulity. This has been already mentioned, in regard to marine animals, and conchiglia. The strata of coal, and the demolished forests, which are so frequently found in the interior of the earth, are the principal proofs of the rich vegetation which formerly flourished on its surface. The accumulated masses of those substances, which are discovered near to the surface of the earth, compose a very small part of the productions which were generated at earlier periods. The major part are either wholly destroyed or buried by the revolutions, so deep under the surface of the earth, that they are for ever inaccessible; yet, in many of the few places where human ingenuity and perseverance have extracted them from the earth; their accessible quantity is so great that centuries have not been able to exhaust it.

An idea may be formed of the richness and fertility of the animal economy, which existed in our earth in its different preceding situations, from the immeasurable beds of muscles, and the remains and impressions of marine and terrestrial animals, which have been found under the earth in all countries in which a search has been made for them. In several ca-

* Beroldingen. Williams. De Luc de la Metherie, Theorie de la Terre, p. 187. Werner's Journal, 1st vol p. 283.

† Comte rendu des Travaux de la Classe des Sciences physiques de l'Institut. National, dans la Seance publique du 4 Janvier, 1800, par Cuvier. Decade philosophique, an 8, No. 12.

‡ Lehman's History of Mountains, p. 68.

§ Whitelock's Inquiry, p. 195, and 200.

|| Williams' Natural History of the Coal Mountains,

* Von Beroldingen, 2d Essay, p. 281.

vities of the Harz* in the rock of Gibraltar, on the coast of Dalmatia, in the caves near Gailensenth, and Muggendorf in Franconia†, and in the layers of Gyps, near Paris, great accumulations of bones, have been discovered, which once belonged to mammillary animals. The ground of Siberia is literally sown with them. Almost all the countries of Germany, Italy, France, England, Ireland, Spain, the United States of America, the shores of the Ohio, Peru, Paraguay, and Tartary, abound with similar fossil bones. Figures of fresh water fish, of amphibia, and of insects, are also frequently found. An example of which may be deduced from the figures of the fresh water fish, which have been discovered not far from the village of Oeningen, in the vicinity of the lake of Constance, 600 feet above the Rhine, mixed with demolished remains of sea fishes, and other marine productions‡.

If we consider the positions of these animal and vegetable remains, no doubt can be entertained of the extreme age of the period in which most of their originals lived, and consequently, of the many great and violent revolutions which the earth has suffered since the time of its formation, for they are not only found in cavities and hollows, in which in later times they might have been inclosed by stalactics; but they are also found in the natural layers of Gyps, chalk, schistus, and other species of stones, which bear the marks of a very ancient origin. Thus, for example, the fossil bones, which are found in the vicinity of Paris, in the midst of large beds of Gyps, are themselves again covered with beds of oysters, and other marine animals.

In regard to the terrestrial animals, it is visible from the existence of their remains, how great and sudden those revolutions have been, by which those

animals have been buried under the earth. Had they not been suddenly covered by the earth, or immersed in the ground by the fluids, or had not precipitations enveloped them, which rapidly attached themselves to them, their bones would in a short time have been destroyed in the same manner as those of the animals of the present world, which soon corrode in the air or in the hollow earth, and of which we never find proper fossil bones. R. H.

Poplar Row, Newington.

[To be continued.]

THE PRACTICE OF SWEEPING CHIMNIES by a MACHINE, not a new invention.

SIR,

THE practice of sweeping chimnies by other means than by climbing them is, I believe, by many people thought to be a new invention; and by some, I fear, one which, like many new schemes, will last but for a few years. If such persons will take the pains to enquire into the manner of cleansing chimnies in the different counties of this kingdom, they will find that time out of mind other means have been used besides the barbarous and disgraceful one most commonly adopted. When this was first introduced it is not easy to ascertain. In Scotland we are informed that climbing was unknown until of late years, and at present, if at all, but little practised in Edinburgh. There the chimneys are swept by means of a rope and bunch of furze, or a broom let down with a weight from the top; which mode is sometimes, in narrow flues, made use of in London, a bunch of straw instead of furze being tied to a rope, this is called by the chimney-sweepers sweeping "with a weight and whisp." Bricklayers, when they are employed in repairing houses, also clean the flues in this way. It is understood that in some of the counties not very distant from London, it is not uncommon to clean them by the method lately practised in the metropolis: that is by ascending rods as a pole with a broom, or bunch of holly, at the top is first thrust up, then other

* De Luc's History of the Earth and of Man, 114th Letter.

† Vide the two first volumes of the Franconian Archives.

‡ Saussure's Journey to the Alps, p. 1533, in which these strata are minutely described, and a Table of the Fishes adjoined, whose effigies have been ascertained.

poles are tied on, until the whole is of a sufficient length to reach the upper part of the chimney.

Surely it is an object well worth the attention of the legislature to consider of an act of parliament, to prohibit entirely children being employed in climbing, as it is a business so very detrimental to their health. Let those who are desirous of knowing the evils resulting from climbing, observe all the climbing boys they may meet with, and they will very seldom, if ever, see one, who has been several years thus employed, who is not deformed in the legs or stunted in his growth. Individual cases may occur to the contrary, but it is believed will *very rarely*. If the history of the victims to this trade were sufficiently made public, there can be very little doubt but an alteration would speedily take place, and the mechanical mode would be much more generally used than it is at present. An act of parliament to enforce the building of all chimnies of such a form, that they might be easily cleansed with machines, would greatly facilitate the desired object—the **ABOLITION OF CLIMBING.**

Perhaps where easy access can be had to the top of the chimney, the best way is to use the whisp and weight, as before mentioned. The principal obstacle to the use of *ascending rods* is a *very sharp turning* in the flue; and where this occurs, it would be well to have an opening made with an iron frame and slider fixed in it, which slider being drawn up, the machine might be introduced.

Jan. 20, 1809.

E.

OBSERVATIONS on the COMMERCE of this COUNTRY.

[*Concluded from p. 12.*]

SIR,

IT may be objected in reply to the arguments I have adduced to prove the pernicious effects of the balance of trade, that though this system heightens the price of provisions and other necessities of life, yet, that it is of no importance, as the quantity of money in the country is proportionally increased. But this idea will appear to be fatally erroneous, when we consider that the state has in fact

suffered a double loss. In the first place it no longer possesses a large portion of its real wealth, and secondly a great quantity of specie is introduced into the market, which by rendering money less valuable, i. e. causing a larger quantity to be required in exchange for any other article, distresses individuals who possess but little specie, by lessening the quantity of those goods they can command in exchange for it.

Again an abundance of specie gained by commerce, though it lessens the wealth of the state, yet it produces a great number of rich individuals, who, finding it not necessary to labour in order to possess the conveniences of life, sit themselves down idle to enjoy the fruits of other men's industry, and thus encrease the number of those who *produce nothing but consume much*, and, as an author has justly remarked, imagine "that the privilege of being useless is stamped upon their coin."

It will be immediately replied to this last observation by those who have not attended to the reasoning of our preceding essays, that the moneyed man is extremely useful by giving employment and subsistence to others, but this is an illusion. He gives them *employment* indeed, but not *subsistence*. Instead of meat he gives them paper or gold. With which, you answer, the labourer can procure food. True; but let us put a case.

Suppose six men on an island, (six or six millions it comes to the same point) let us also suppose that they only possess six loaves. One eats his loaf, but he has a purse full of gold: he exchanges a guinea with his neighbour for *his* loaf; the second makes a similar exchange with the third, the third with the fourth, &c.; now, though each man obtains a loaf when he pleases for the guinea, will the island contain as many loaves as if the first had kept his loaf, or by his industry produced another? Supposing the inhabitants of the island to form a little commonwealth, would that commonwealth be as truly rich as if the wealthy idler produced by his labour his own loaf? Certainly not. If he produced nothing, a thousand exchanges would not enrich the little state. There would be still but

five loaves and a piece of yellow metal. Which would be best for the state; a good loaf, or a warm coat, or a piece of metal which increased neither the food or the cloathing of the people?

That some powerful cause has been operating for many years which diminishes the *real* wealth of the state, while it bears the external marks of prosperity, will not, I think, be disputed when we look around us, and behold the vast number of paupers who crowd our workhouses, and the innumerable debtors who languish in our prisons. This cause I hope I have proved is to be found in our balance of trade, which robs us of *real* and leaves us only *nominal* wealth; and still more perhaps in the expensive wars which we have sagaciously waged, to preserve that very balance!

Should this position be doubted, a host of arguments might be brought forward in support of it; but as I presume it will not be contested, I shall proceed to its effects.

The evil consequences arising from a numerous body of paupers are too evident to require much consideration. Every one must be aware that their labour cannot be so productive, or beneficial to the state, as it would were it exerted for their own immediate advantage; otherwise it would not be necessary to raise such immense sums for their maintenance, a maintenance which those persons who are not supported by the parish evidently are capable of earning by their own industry, and most assuredly many of those who subsist at the public expense are capable of maintaining themselves, had they any capital to enable them to purchase the necessary implements, &c. Again, marriages are very uncommon amongst paupers, by which the state is obviously deprived of many useful subjects: for putting their labour entirely out of the question, a large army might be formed of the children of those paupers who now remain unmarried; and the expense of raising a regular force would certainly be less in proportion to the increased number of men in the market. Thus, in this view, the increase of paupers is a grievous injury to the revenues and

wealth of the country. Besides, the charge of supporting these paupers, falling principally on the middling class of people, ultimately tends to reduce many persons of small incomes to the situation of those very people before supported; and thus the burthen gradually becomes heavier and more insupportable, both to individuals and the state.

That a vast increase in the number of paupers has of late years taken place will be readily acknowledged by any one who shall take the trouble of comparing the present state of this nation with the situation in which it stood a few years since. He will perceive that formerly the poor were industrious and independent, most of them being maintained by their own exertions; at present they are dirty, drunken, ragged, and idle, while our workhouses and prisons are overflowed.

The vast weight of the poor rates produced by this crowd of paupers is such as to be almost incredible, some parishes paying rates equal in amount to the rent of their lands.*

While the lower orders of society are thus crushed to the earth, while the little cottagers and petty, yet independent farmers are dissolved and sink into labourers, and the small traders into journeymen, the higher classes of the community roll in the most unbounded luxury. Our poor starve, while our merchants amass princely fortunes. The middling and most useful class of all gradually disappear; and, it is much to be feared, we shall soon see the nation divided (as it was in France) into two bodies of men, the one miserably poor, wretched, and dependent; the other opulent, luxurious, and despotic.—Whenever this fatal hour shall arrive, it will be speedily followed by rebellions, seditions, perhaps revolutions, the natural and inevitable consequences of such an accumulation of all the wealth of the state in the hands of a few. To suppress these tumultuous re-actions a large standing army will be necessary, who, adding to the number of the unproductive, will help to consume the ex-

* This is actually the case in some parts of Essex.

hausted resources of the country, while they keep in awe and terror both the starving peasant and luxurious capitalist.

Another consequence of the increase of taxes, the high price of provisions, and other evils arising from our erroneous system of trade, is the immense emigrations which have taken place within these last forty years to various foreign countries, particularly to America, where a new Britain is forming which threatens to rival the mother country, to the great prejudice and loss of the state, both in useful subjects and in real wealth. We have additional reason to regret these emigrations, if we reflect that the fewer bear the burthen of taxation, the heavier it presses on its supporters.

But an evil greater than any we have enumerated is to be found in the loss of that manly and independent spirit, which heretofore adorned and dignified the British nation. The formerly industrious poor, now reduced to depend on the charity of others for support, the father of a starving family applying at a soup-house for a scanty meal, cannot be supposed to have much independence or dignity of character, but will be willing to stoop to any meanness for bread. Dependence also has a natural tendency to produce idleness. A pauper in a workhouse labours without energy, because he lives as well if his work produces a shilling as if it sold for two. He considers his task as a slavery, and performs it unwillingly. The journeyman labours till he gains enough for the necessities of the day and cares little for the morrow. A master, or independent man, on the contrary, looks forward to ease, importance, affluence, or the providing for his family, and works with redoubled energy and perseverance to attain these ends.

M.

On a remarkable PROPERTY of STEEL.

SIR,

THE following curious fact not being generally known, I take the liberty of communicating it, that among the numerous readers of your

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XI.

valuable work it may meet with an explanation,

There is a fault in most candles, viz. that of not having the cottons properly disposed, and of the same length throughout, which causes what is commonly called a thief, from its wasting the tallow in its descent down the candle; now the effect of steel is such, that if you lay any piece of that metal, as the snuffers, on the opposite side of the candle to that on which the thief is, in such a manner that it may touch the candle, where it meets the candlestick in the socket, it will not only stop the progress of the thief down the candle, but will cause it to be taken up and consumed in the flame itself.

In hopes that through the medium of your valuable magazine, I may learn in what way the steel thus acts,

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

CANTABRIGIENSIS.

February 9, 1809.

VINDICATION of GEORGE FOX, in Reply to VERITAS.

Sir,

A WRITER in the last Magazine, has undertaken to give us the real character of George Fox, and the result of his investigations is to hold him up to view as a clever fellow (which is more than most of his former accusers have chosen to own), but as an ambitious, designing man, greedy of fame, and steadily pursuing it through 30 or 40 years of suffering and persecution. To acknowledge him to have been a true prophet is what one cannot expect from this writer; and yet if we take only this writer's account, we may be induced to suspect he had something of the prophet about him; for, as he gathered 'a religious brotherhood, remarkable for temperance and the decent graces*,' he seems to have spoken "to men to edification, and exhortation, and comfort," (1st Cor. xiv. 3.). Nor will this writer allow George Fox even to have *thought himself inspired*—a notion which would, in a great measure, account for his perseverance, and which I believe he did entertain; for

V.'s words.

P 1

Veritas (a term I use as a proper name, though I am clear he is inaccurate) refuses his assent to the more common obloquy, namely, that Fox was an enthusiast.

As all the information of *Veritas* is taken from Fox's own Journal, I consider that as fair a source whence to draw a vindication of him, as it seems to V. for an accusation, and I use the 1st edit. fol. 1604.

V. says (Mag. p. 14) that the sway of Fox was only acknowledged by the inferior members of the commonwealth, until his marriage with the widow of Judge Fell. This marriage was in 1669. In 1649 Fox mentions a Sheriff of Nottingham as a convert, (Journal, p. 27). In 1652, Francis Howgill, minister of Ferbank Chapel, Westmoreland, and John Audland, a preacher there (p. 76.) The same year, as even V. allows, Colonel West, over whom indeed Fox had so much sway, that (p. 92) he once refused to commit him, though ordered by the judge. The same year, Thomas Lawson, of Ramside Chapel (p. 78.) In 1653, Anthony Pearson, a Justice of the Peace (p. 104). Also a Lieutenant at Carlisle (p. 112). Also John Stubbs, an oriental scholar (p. 123). In 1661, Benjamin Parly, another learned man (p. 245). Such are not commonly accounted inferior people. However, we may leave this subject, which I chiefly mention to shew V.'s partial research. The same remark was made by the Pharisees, respecting the Lord of Life, (John vii. 48).

One Brown, we are told by V. is said to have prophesied of Fox; 'but what,' says V. 'we are not informed.' But Fox himself says, 'He spake openly of what I should be made instrumental in the Lord's hand to bring about.' What well-informed man does not know that this was to gather a people believing and professing the immediate revelation and teaching of Christ?

The story of the trooper is a very remarkable one. It is simply told by Fox (p. 45) without giving any hint, kind or unkind, to the soldiery; and, I would add, that it closes with saying, that the trooper 'seeing to the end of fighting, laid down his arms.'

Next V. tells us, that George Fox

was particularly favoured in 1651; for he saw the heavens open, and *thereupon* a heavenly breathing arose in his soul. But hear honest George himself—'I was moved to write to the judges, concerning their putting men to death for cattle, and money, and small matters, and to shew them how contrary it was to the word of God in old time; for I was under great suffering in my spirit because of it, and under the very sense of death; but, standing in the will of God, an heavenly breathing arose in my soul to the Lord,' (i. e. he prayed mentally, as he felt himself moved). 'Then did I see the Heavens opened, and I rejoiced, and gave glory to God.' He was then in Derby dungeon. (p. 47).

In 1652, says V. Fox brings forward the testimony of a priest to the church shaking. The priest was the author of the report, it seems; and so, in another case, in 1653, the people trembling themselves thought the place shook.—(Journ. p. 82 and 100). Is Fox to blame for what the one said and the other thought?

Then V. tells a story of Colonel West having been healed, 'merely as it appears, by the circumstance of George Fox appearing in court before him; but *thus*, saith the Journal (p. 87.) 'Colonel West, who was then upon the bench, and having long been weak in body, blessed the Lord, and said the Lord had healed him that day; adding, that he never saw so many sober people and good faces together in all his life. And then turning himself to me, he said, &c.' So it seems he was looking another way when he said he had been healed.

As to the butcher, to die of a swelled tongue, seems a heavy judgment for derision; but V. might have told the whole story, viz. that this butcher had sworn that he would kill Fox.

'In 1655,' says V. 'he restored a dying woman to life, merely by speaking to her.' Not quite so badly said by Fox. 'They told me,' says he, 'she was not a woman for this world, but if I had any thing to comfort her, concerning the world to come, I might speak to her, so I was moved of the Lord God to speak to her, and the Lord (mind) raised her up.' George knew where to give the glory.

I cannot well abridge the story about *blubbing* (V.'s own word, not Fox's); but I wish any one, who has Fox's Journal, would read it, anno 1656, Lancaster prison. Only I observe V. has made one *person*, the subject of the story, into *persons*.

The story of the man tossed by a bull, is a sad one, but the Journal does not say "to death,"—see page 206-7.

The woman cited by V. as reviling Fox, was the wife of a magistrate, who coming, as many people did, to look at Fox, then lately brought to Lancaster gaol, forgot the decorum of a gentlewoman so much as to tell him his tongue should be cut out, and that he should be hanged, showing him the gallows.

The case of John Line, the perjured constable, needs little comment; however it does not strain one's belief to hear that such a person, coming to a sense of his guilt, should pine away.

In 1664, V. tells us of a vision denoting wars, but shrewdly, as he may think, remarks that it was not published till after the event—may be not: and yet, in the paragraph next preceding that in which Fox describes this vision, he tells us of another, which it seems he *had* made known, (Journ. 295. — 'There was,' says Fox, 'a great talk of the Turks overspreading Christendom, and great fear, entered many. But one day, as I was walking in my prison chamber, *I saw the Lord's power turn against him, and that he was turning back again; and I declared to some what the Lord had let me see; and within a month after, the news-books came down, wherein it was mentioned that they had given him a defeat.*'

V. is inaccurate in quoting the story about Fox *nearly* curing a woman of the king's evil, by praying *over* her. 'Tis a much better one than so: 'A woman,' says Fox, 'brought her daughter for me to see how well she was, putting me in mind, that when I was there (i. e. at Coleshill, Fox calls it Cossel) before, she had brought her to me much troubled with the disease called the king's evil, and had *then* (not 1675) desired me to pray for (not *over*) her, which I did, and she grew well upon it—praised be the Lord!' It seems that

V. does not hold with the Apostle James, that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick."

Now as to the account of the escape from an Algerine pirate, (Fox terms it, p. 350. a Sally man of war) V.'s object seems to be to show that Fox was not content with what he pretended to think divine assurance, but recommended means. I would here ask, could not Fox be wise enough to know that Providence generally works by means; and is it not the less Providence?

And V. forgets, or omits to tell his readers, that before the moon set, Fox saw the pirate very near the yacht, and that when the moon was set, a fresh gale arose.

Now as to the Journal itself, and the manner of its compilation, there needs not much conjecture; and I think V. had better not have said, 'The fact is' this or that; of which, probably, he can know little that the volume does not tell him.

There can be no doubt that George Fox kept memorandums as he went along; and the solitary instance of his having none when he was once searched, cannot prove the contrary. He might be kept many weeks in prison without the means of writing; but it would not be difficult for a young man to recollect the circumstances of such duration: and that he was not always thus deprived is proved, by many of his papers written in prison. Upwards of twenty pieces are in the Journal, written during his first considerable imprisonment, namely, at Derby. Nevertheless, I think it probable that he more often employed an amanuensis than wrote himself. Elwood somewhere says as much. In hand-writing he was a poor proficient. There is still extant one of his late memorandum-books, evidently kept by some attendant. The Journal, voluminous as it is, is scarcely more than equal to one half of his other printed works, published in his lifetime, or posthumous; and in the last ten years of his life he had sufficient leisure to direct the compilation. Lastly, it is well known that Thomas Elwood transcribed the work for the press; and I have seen a minute of a meeting, which interested itself in the publication, dated about 1692,

when Elwood had written 200 sheets, in which minute he is reported to say, that he had spent more time in perusing and comparing than in writing, which shows that Fox left his Journal far from being in complete order.

If William Penn's account (preface to Journal) may be relied on, 'he held his place with great meekness, and a most engaging humility'—a hard task, truly, for an ambitious, designing man, especially after he had obtained that pre-eminence in esteem, which he so long enjoyed.

V seems to question whence arose the finances of Fox. It should seem that he was at no time unfurnished with money, but during his first travels his wants were few: for there is little doubt that he then journeyed on foot, and his attire was calculated for duration. The following extract from the Journal, p. 5, anno 1645, is somewhat in point, as it treats of a time previous to that in which his numerous converts might be supposed to share the expence of his journeyings. 'When the time called Xmas came, while others were feasting and sporting themselves, I would have gone and looked out poor widows, from house to house, and have given them some money. And when I was invited to marriages, (as I sometimes was) I would go to none at all, but the next day, or soon after, I would go and visit them, and if they were poor I gave them some money: for I had wherewith to keep myself from being chargeable to others, and to administer something to the necessities of others.'

This I think will shew that Fox was never in want of a competence. The following account extracted from the Journal, anno 1681, p. 488, may demonstrate that he was not a man that sought for more.

He and his wife had been sued for tythes in the count of Cartmel-Wapentake, Lancashire, to the jurisdiction of which they demurred, and the cause was brought before the four Judges of the Exchequer. On the part of George the Judges were informed, that he had engaged himself

never to meddle with his wife's estate. They were hard of belief that any man would do so, till they were shown the writing to that purpose, under the hand and seal of Fox.

The simple probability is, that George Fox did not set out on his career with any other view than to execute what he verily believed his duty, from day to day; that his views expanded with his success as he went along; that he was careful to note the occurrences of his life which seeing they appear extraordinary to us now, must have struck him probably with still more force, when he compared them with the previous feelings of his mind; and that at length he thought they would form, as they have indeed proved, a useful and instructive record for his successors in religious profession.

EXAMINER.

10th 2d Month, 1809.

The GUILLOTINE not a FRENCH INVENTION.

Sir,

THE merit of inventing this summary process of death has usually been ascribed to a person whose name the instrument bears: but there is good evidence that a similar implement of justice was formerly in use, both in England and Scotland. Pennant mentions a square spot, at Halifax, in Yorkshire, about four feet high and thirteen broad, made of neat ashler stone, accessible on one side by four or five steps. On this was placed the *maiden*, an instrument for beheading of criminals; a privilege of great antiquity in this place.

The same intelligent antiquary also says that he saw a machine of the same kind under the parliament house at Edinburgh, where it was introduced by the regent Morton, who took a model of it as he passed through Halifax, and at length suffered by it himself. Pennant gives the following description of it:—

It is in form of a painter's easel, and about ten feet high: at four feet from the bottom is a cross bar, on which the felon lays his head, which is kept down by another placed above. In the inner edges of the frame are grooves: in these is placed a sharp

* N.B. He had then got no further than 1666.

axe with a vast weight of lead, supported at the very summit with a peg; to that peg is fastened a cord, which the executioner cutting, the axe falls, and does the affair effectually, without suffering the unhappy criminal to undergo a repetition of strokes, as has been the case in the common method."

There is sufficient identity in this description to prove, that at least a machine, similar to the guillotine, has been employed both in England and Scotland.

I remain, &c.

Ilchester, Feb. 4, 1809.

Z.

A SUPPLEMENT to the Memoir of JOB, the AFRICAN PRIEST. By Dr. TOULMIN.

[Concluded from Vol. X. p. 412].

SIR

I PRESUME it will be gratifying to the eye of your numerous readers, who have taken an interest the biographical communication, relative to the above singular character, to receive information concerning the manner and opinions of his countrymen, as he imparted it in his conversations with his friend Mr. Binet.

It has been commonly known, that the Africans in general, especially in the inland parts of that country, are inured from their infancy to a hard and low style of living: great strangers to the luxury and delicacy of Europeans. It was his remark, that they had, it was true, the necessaries of life, and might have enjoyed many of its conveniences: but such was the simplicity of their manners, the effect of their ignorance and want of intercourse with polished countries, that they were contented: and, though their country was, in many places, capable of great improvements, they had no hankering desires after greater advantages, than their low and limited condition afforded.

The slaves and poorer class were employed in preparing corn, bread, &c. But they laboured under a great many difficulties in the most necessary matters. They had no proper implements for tilling the ground, or for reaping the corn, when it became

ripe. And it was their custom, in harvest time, to pull it up by the roots. They were obliged also to have recourse to the tedious process of rubbing it between two stones with their hands, to reduce it to flour. Their fatigue in building and carriage was great, for they had no other way of performing the whole but by laborious exertions and the dint of strength. The superior class, who applied themselves to reading and study, being destitute of candles or lamps, read whole nights by the light of the fire: the inconvenience of which was very much heightened by the sultry heat of the country.

Some spent a great part of their time in hunting, particularly after elephants: whose teeth was a great article of trade with them. An hunter told Job, that he had seen an elephant surprize and seize a lion, to which beast it bears a great hatred, and carry him to a tree, which he split down, and thrusting the head of the lion into the fissure, let the tree close on its neck, and left him there to perish. Job himself had seen an elephant, after he had caught a lion, carry him to a great slough, and pushing his head under the mud, held him in it, till he was smothered.

Job found one day a cow, belonging to his father, that had been killed and partly devoured, he resolved, if possible, to surprize the devourer. With this design he placed himself in a tree near the remains of the cow. In the close of the evening he saw two lions making up to it with great caution, moving slowly and looking carefully about them. At last came up one which Job shot with a poisoned arrow and wounded so deadly, that he immediately fell on the spot. The other came up soon after, Job shot another arrow and wounded him. Upon this he fled away roaring, but was found dead, on the next morning, about three hundred yards from the place.

The poison, in which the arrows are dipped, is the juice of a particular tree. So powerful is its venomous quality, it infects the blood in a short time, and renders the creature quite stupid and senseless. But although the poison is so deadly, it does not make the flesh of the animal unfit for

food. As soon as the stupor occasions it to drop down, it is caught, the throat is cut as the Mahometan law directs, and it is eaten. They have herb, which is immediately applied as a specific remedy; when a man receives a wound from one of these arrows, it extracts the poison.

Mr. Bluet remarks here, from his own observation abroad, and on the authority of the preceding anecdote; First, that in all countries, molested by wild beasts, at least which he had visited, Providence had so ordered it, that they will all fly at the sight of a man, and will never attack him, if they can escape by flight: and, Secondly, that all poisons, of every nature, have, generally, antidotes near them. Of this he gives a remarkable instance.

The milk, or liquor, squeezed from the Cassavi, or Cassader roots, of which is made the bread that bears that name, used in Jamaica, and all the Leeward islands, is so deadly a poison, that one pint will be the speedy death of any creature which drinks it. Yet to Mr. Bluet's knowledge, a cow drank a hearty draught of it; and, as if sensible of her danger, immediately went and fed on a shrub, called "the sensible plant," from its leaves shrivelling up at the least touch; and, although it was expected every minute, that it would fall down dead, the poison was so counteracted, that the animal received not the least hurt from it.

Job related some singular circumstances attendant on marriages and baptisms in his country. When a man is disposed to marry his son, which they generally do much sooner than in England, and has found a suitable match for him, he goes to the father of the girl, proposes the matter, and settles the price that he is to pay for her: which the father of the young woman gives to her, as a dowry: when all preliminaries are concluded, the two fathers and the young man go to the priest and declare their agreement. This finishes the marriage. But then ariseth a great difficulty: namely, how the young man shall get his bride home; for the woman's consins and relations take on mightily, and guard the door of the house to prevent her being

carried away; but presents from the young man, at last, prevail to sooth their grief, and abate their reluctance. He then engages a friend, well mounted, to carry her off; as soon as she is on horseback, the women renew their lamentations and rush on to dismount her. The man, however, is, generally, successful and rides off with his prize to the house destined for her reception. An entertainment is then made for their friends, but the bride never appears at it: and, though females in England are commonly more free after marriage than before, it was contrary with the women in Job's country: for they are so very bashful, that they will not even permit their husbands to see them without a veil on for the first three years. Job although he had a daughter by his last wife, had never seen her unveiled since his marriage, which had been two years, before he was forced from his country. The husbands to preserve peace among their wives and to prevent quarrels, divide their time equally between them: and they observe this rule with such exactness, that if one wife lies-in, the husband sleeps by himself in her apartment those nights, that would be her turn, and not with the other wife. If a wife prove very bad, but not on slight cause, they put her away, and she keeps her dowry: and is at liberty to marry again after her divorce. If a woman put away her husband, she must return to him her dowry: but she is looked on always afterwards, as a scandalous person, and no man chooses to have any connection with her.

All their male children were circumcised, and they practised a kind of baptism for all children of both sexes. When the child is seven days old, friends are invited to meet at the house of the father, who names the child before them, which the priest writes on a piece of smooth board. A cow, or sheep, according to the ability of the father is killed on the occasion: part of which is dressed for the company and the rest is distributed among the poor. After this the child is washed all over with fair water; then the priest writes its name on paper, which is rolled up

and tied about its neck: where it remains till it is worn, or rubbed off.

Nothing remarkable attended their funeral ceremonies. The dead body is put into the earth and covered over, as in England. But prayers are offered up at the time: which Job said were intended for the benefit of bystanders and not of the dead; for they had no apprehension that the deceased could derive any advantage from those devotions.

Their opinions and traditions in matters of religion were correspondent to those of the generality of the Mahometans: though the more learned among them give a more plausible and refined turn to the gross and sensual doctrines of the koran, than was admitted in Turkey and some other places. They had the strongest aversion to the least appearance of idolatry; insomuch that they would keep a picture of any kind in their houses: and the popish worship, at the French factory in their neighbourhood confirmed them in their opinion, that all christians are idolaters.

This survey of the customs of Job's country should not be closed, without noticing a great improvement of the laws and manners of it, which was introduced by the authority of Hibrabim, his grandfather, and which remained in force to the times of Job. It was, that no person who fled to that country for protection should be made a slave. This privilege was extended to all in general, that could read, and, as they expressed it, knew God: and it contributed very much to the population of the town of Boonda, which became large and flourishing.

I shall conclude this narrative with one reflection from the pen of Job's kind friend and biographer Mr. Bluet. "One cannot but take notice," says he, "of a very remarkable series of Providence from the beginning of Job's captivity, till his return to his own country. When we reflect on the occasion and manner of his being taken at first, and the variety of incidents during his slavery, which from slight and unlikely beginnings, gradually brought about his redemption; together with the singular kindness he met with in this country after he was ransomed,

and the valuable presents which he carried over with him:—I say, when all these things are duly considered, if we believe that the wise Providence of the great author of nature governs the world, it is natural for us to conclude that this process, in the divine œconomy of things is not for nought; but that there is some important end to be served by it."

I am, Sir, yours,

JOSHUA TOULMIN.

COINCIDENCE between MILTON and SHAKSPEARE.

Sir,

THE parallel passages quoted in your last number, by a correspondent, between Akenside and Gray, brought to my mind the following strong coincidence between Milton and Shakspeare.

The dialogue of the two brothers in *Comus*, has always delighted me as a beautiful display of reasoning and poetry combined, and I have often repeated with rapture the exclamation of the younger brother:—

"How charming is divine philosophy.
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose;

But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

But the most emphatic line in the above is, I think, manifestly copied from Shakspeare. *Biron*, in "*Love's Labour Lost*," utters a highly wrought eulogium upon the omnipotency of love; and adds

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross
in taste;

For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides;
Subtle as plumx: as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his
hair, &c."

I cannot but think this more than accidental, and if you are of the same opinion, and deem this letter worthy of your notice, I shall be glad to see it inserted. I do not know that any commentator on Shakspeare or Milton has noticed it.

I remain, &c.

Lincoln's-Inn,
Feb. 1, 1809

A. F.

An original Song by BURNS.

Sir,

POETA nascitur non fit. To no one can that maxim be with greater propriety applied than to Burns, the ever lamented Scottish Bard. The nation, and the literary world in particular, are indebted to Dr. Currie of Liverpool, for a judicious selection of the works of that unfortunate son of genius, but there are many smaller pieces, the early effusions of his vigorous mind, which deserved to be drawn from their concealment; and, I am convinced that the following pathetic piece, would have obtained a prominent place in Dr. Currie's selection, had he ever experienced the pleasure of its perusal. It is one of those wild flowers which spring spontaneous in the soil of genius: and if a wanderer chanced not to pass where it flourishes, it blooms unheeded, its sweets are unenjoyed, and it is left to waste its beauties on the desert air. During a visit to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of the country, where Burns first "warbled his wood notes wild," I was anxious to obtain every information respecting that highly favoured but ill-fated son of the muses. Amongst others the following anecdote was related to me. Burns being in company with some of his jovial companions, the conversation turned on the old song, to the tune of *Hey tutti tati*, to which Bruce led on his troops at the battle of Bannockburn, the words of which are as follows:—

"I'm wearin awa John, I'm wearin awa John,
I'm wearin awa John to the Land of the Leal.
There's a needle in the wa John, keep it to your sel John,
I'm wearin awa John, to the Land of the Leal.
You'll eat and drink to me John, you'll eat and drink to me John,
You'll eat and drink to me John, sugar sops and all."

Burns, on a sudden, sunk into a deep musing, and taking a blank leaf from his pocket-book he wrote the following: which for pathos and simplicity will not yield to any of his productions:—

I'm wearin awa John, like snow weather,
when it thaws John,
I'm wearin awa John to the Land of the Leal
There's nae hunger there, there's neither
could nor care John,
The day's aye fair John in the Land of the Leal.
Dry your glist'ning een John, my soul
lang's to be free John,
And angels wink on me John to the Land of the Leal.
Ye've been baith leal and true John, your
task is near done now John,
And I'll welcome you John to the Land of the Leal.
Our bonny bairn's there John, she was
baith gude and fair John,
And oh! we grudg'd her sair John to the Land of the Leal
But sorrow's sel wears past John, and joy
is coming fast John,
The joy that's aye to last John in the Land of the Leal
Now fare ye well my ain John, the world's
cares are vain John,
We'll meet and we'll be fain John in the Land of the Leal *

As the above has never yet been published in any collection of Burns' Poems, the perusal of it may perhaps gratify your numerous readers, and the insertion of it will oblige,

Your's &c.

February 12th, 1809.

R. H.

On the AGREEMENT of the NOMINATIVE CASE with the VERB.

Sir,

MR. LINDLEY MURRAY his many complex sentences it is difficult to ascertain which is the nominative case to the verb; whether one or more of the clauses, and he instances the following sentence:—

"Prosperity with humanity renders its possessor truly amiable."

Now in my opinion, the verb should here be in the plural; first, because the preposition *with* is used conjunctively; and secondly, because the assertion is not correct without

* We trust in the accuracy of our correspondent's information: and though the above has merit enough to have been written by Burns, yet we do not think it so decidedly characteristic as R. H.—Editor.

both the nouns are admitted as forming the predicate.

Mr. Murray also instances the following:—

“The ship, with all her furniture, was destroyed.”

This sentence I conceive to be elliptical: it means “the ship was destroyed,” and “all her furniture was destroyed.” Now, as the ellipsis is understood, I imagine that in this, and all such cases, the verb should be in the singular. It appears to me that it may be laid down as a rule, that when two or more nouns are so connected, that the sentence, whether affirmative or negative, would not be correct unless taken together, that then the verb should, unquestionably, be in the plural; and when this cannot be done without sacrificing to harmony, the sentence itself should be differently constructed.

I remain, Sir, &c.

Feb. 6th, 1809.

TYRO.

AN ACCOUNT of the PHILADELPHIA PREMIUM SOCIETY. Communicated by an American Correspondent.

THE directors of this society have resolved to offer premiums for the following articles, manufactured in, and of materials the growth of the United States. The goods which shall be offered in competition must be lodged at the store of the Domestic Society, No. 6, south Third street, Philadelphia, on or before the second Monday in November next, and proper judges, to be appointed by the board of manager will determine to whom the premiums shall be given, on the following day.

Premium 1.—Fifty Dollars.

For the best piece of superfine broad cloth, twenty yards or more long, and six quarters wide. It must be made from the fleece, or wool shorn from the living sheep—and that which in dyeing, dressing, finishing, &c. shall come the nearest to imported superfine broad cloth shall be preferred.

Premium 2.—Thirty Dollars.

For the second best piece of broad cloth, of the same description, and under the same restrictions as the preceding.

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XI.

Premium 3.—Thirty Dollars.

For the best piece of forest cloth, twenty-five yards long, and one yard wide—and made of the same description of articles as are prescribed for premiums one and two.

Premium 4.—Twenty Dollars.

For the best piece of forest cloth, made of the same materials as the foregoing, twenty-five yards long and three quarters wide.

Premium 5.—Twenty Dollars.

For the best piece of fancy cloth, for vests, made of cotton and wool, at least twenty-five yards long and three quarters wide.

Premium 6.—Twenty Dollars.

For the best piece of dressed flannel, in imitation of Welsh flannel, twenty-five yards long and one yard wide.

Premium 7.—Fifteen Dollars.

For the best piece of flannel, made of a cotton chain and filled with wool, not less than twenty-five yards long and one yard wide.

Premium 8.—Fifteen Dollars.

For the best piece of cotton goods, twilled and raised on one side to imitate flannel, not less than twenty-five yards long and three quarters of a yard wide.

Premium 9.—Fifty Dollars.

To the individual, or company, who first sets up a throwing or thread mill, and lodges, as a specimen, at the Philadelphia Domestic Society's store, at least fifty pounds weight of the grey and coloured kinds—the Scots Dundee thread such as is used by tailors, upholsterers, bookbinders, &c. is the thread recommended for imitation.

Premium 10.—Twenty Dollars.

For the best piece of cotton shirt-ing of a fine, smooth, hard texture, not apt, like muslin, to adhere to the skin by perspiration, and in all respects best calculated to supersede the use of Irish linen; to be not less than twenty-five yards long and one yard wide.

Premium 11.—Thirty Dollars.

For the best piece of cotton cloth, at least twenty-five yards long, well adapted for the outer clothing of working persons. Neatness, comfort, and durability will be considered in estimating the merit of this article.

Q

Premium 12.—Twenty Dollars.

For the best piece of sheeting, thirty-three yards long and nine eighths wide—made of linen chain and cotton filling, bleached and finished fit for sale.

Premium 13.—Twenty Dollars.

For the best piece of sheeting, thirty-three yards long and nine eighths wide, in imitation of Russia sheeting.

Premium 14.—Fifteen Dollars.

For the best piece of Raven duck, in imitation of the Russian manufacture, not less than thirty yards long and twenty-eight inches wide.

REGULATIONS.

Every competitor must mark in a distinct manner, upon the outside of his bale or parcel, the name of the article it contains, and the number corresponding with the number of the Premium offered by this advertisement, and to each piece of cloth, &c. a ticket expressing the length and number of the piece, and in the inside of each bale or parcel, must be inclosed a note, *sealed with wax*, containing in the inside the name and designation of such competitor, and upon the back of this sealed note, must be written the name and number of the article to which the note refers, which note shall not be opened till after the judges have determined the preference, and not at all if the goods should not gain a premium.

The society wish every article accompanied with an open invoice, without the proprietor's name, but impressed with the same seal that is on the sealed note, specifying the lowest wholesale ready money price, at which he is willing to sell.

This society reserves to itself, a power of giving such part only of any premium, as the performance shall appear to deserve, and in case of its not possessing any merit, to withhold it entirely.

Every competitor found entitled to a premium must, before receiving payment, make oath or affirmation, before a magistrate, as follows, and produce the magistrate's certificate thereof:

"I ———, do hereby solemnly swear (or affirm, that the ——— lately produced to the Philadelphia

Premium Society for competition, in my name, was fairly and truly manufactured in the United States, either by myself or persons employed by me, and for my behoof, out of materials the growth and produce of the United States."—And the gainers upon the articles 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th, must insert into their affirmation or oath—"that the article is entirely made from American fleece wool shorn from the living sheep, and no part of wool pulled or shorn from the skins of slaughtered sheep." It is expected no person will present any goods for competition, who cannot conform to this affidavit and the foregoing regulations, as a deviation from them can on no account be permitted.

Competitors will observe, that whether they are successful or not, their goods will be sold by the agents of the Domestic Society, agreeably to their established practice, unless the proprietor shall give orders to the contrary, in which case, the goods will be returned to their order.

No person or company will be allowed to gain more than two of these premiums, and those for different articles.

(Signed) JOHN DORSEY,
President.

Attest—George Bartram,
Secretary.

The Address of the Philadelphia Premium Society, to the People of the United States.

The natural pursuit of mankind is happiness; it is to procure and preserve it, that domestic and national associations are formed. Civil institutions, and all the arts and cares of government are properly intended for this supreme purpose. Even wars, when undertaken for justice sake, and not for ambition, have in view only the ultimate security of society, and the happiness of those who compose it. American independence was asserted for this end; the blood that was shed to secure it, was a sacrifice. An evil that was endured, was deemed of inferior magnitude to the unhappiness that is inseparable from subjection.

For twenty-five years our country has realised the wisdom of the found-

ers, and the solidity of the principles upon which our national association was established. No other nation in the circle of vulgar history has enjoyed so much prosperity, nor so little of civil evil, for an equal length of time.

But the old world is undergoing a total change, and when or where the current will settle into tranquillity, it is not in human sagacity to foresee. But although separated from the theatre of convulsion by a vast ocean, our happiness and peace have been endangered by the jealousy, the policy, or the necessities of contending nations, from whose influence it is at once our moral duty and our social interest to preserve our country disentangled.

The new situation in which we are placed, in relation to the rest of the world, naturally requires enquiry and deliberation on the means by which the purposes of society can be best ensured to us.—Deriving so much of our habits, both of acting and thinking, from the various nations whence our people have sprung; those habits kept alive by the intercourse which subsists between those nations and our own; the very necessities which our infant state as a nation subjected us to on the close of the revolution; and the prejudices which arose out of the ease and independence which our vast country afford, and the facility with which landed property can be acquired, have all contributed in some measure to render us not so well prepared for the critical situation of the world, as perhaps we may require.

Every reflecting mind must perceive at a single glance, the imperious call upon America at this moment, to provide for the maintenance of independence, and of a strict avoidance, if possible, of every the most remote concern in the troubles of the European world. A bare consideration of our own principles of national association, will place the subject in a proper point of view—and by contrasting our condition with that of Europe at this moment, we see in a stronger light the policy which we have to pursue.—The ancient world now struggles between two powers—one of whom claims the dominion of the ocean, and the other actually domi-

nates over all the continent of Europe. Their contention has virtually excluded us from intercourse with them on either element; and a serious reflection arises from this solemn fact—*had we made a proper use of our internal resources, we should not now be affected by the wars of nations three thousand miles distant.*

But this was not so much the fault of our minds as the effect of our habits—our very abundant comforts and superfluities have contributed to our present privations and critical situation; but there is enough of wisdom and of means to remedy all our evils, real and apprehended, if we are only guided by that reason which has hitherto distinguished us as a nation above all our contemporaries:—Our first concern is to overcome the most formidable of all our enemies, that is *prejudice*—and much has been already accomplished in that way. We have heard of a legislator who entertained the sentiment, that no dwelling-house should be so near to another, as that the barking of a neighbour's dog should be heard; others have entertained the opinion that there was no rational existence but in vast and populous cities.

In like manner it has been held as an universal principle, that manufactures were not necessary to public prosperity, nay, that they were the bane of society; that agriculture alone was all that was requisite for a nation. These are the *extremes of prejudice*. The truth, as is usual in all human affairs, occupies a middle place.

The circumstances of nations are so dissimilar, that few principles of political economy will be perfectly applicable to any two. The most fertile agricultural country of Europe, the Netherlands, was at one period the most manufacturing—it was also the theatre of the most frequent and desolating wars. The narrow territory, and accidental origin of Holland, made it mercantile and maritime; the little territory of Geneva, was for ages a prodigy of virtue and wisdom, wholly supported by manufacture. It would be ridiculous to talk of agriculture at Malta, or the vintage in Great Britain, of planting cotton and the sugar cane in Canada, or establishing the woollen manufac-

ture in Jamaica, or the Phillipine islands.

The natural and rational wants, and the means of supplying them, must always be the only criteria of national principles of economy. It would be deemed very absurd to propose to the people of America to import wheat from Sicily, or maize from Bengal, although both those products may be had cheaper in those countries than we can raise them ourselves. It would be equally ridiculous to import ploughs and harrows from England, or raw cotton from Surat, while we can make the one and produce enough of the other to supply all the world.

Let us then persevere more and more, for many triumphs have been already obtained over *prejudice*—was any public improvement ever more oppressed than that of public roads, the all important advantages of which are now universally acknowledged?

In the colonial period, when the hats manufactured in Pennsylvania, were prohibited from sale in New York or Virginia, Massachusetts, or Carolina, the evil was perceptible only by those who manufactured; yet it operated as a tax on every man who wore a hat; twenty years ago, our saddles and bridles, to the amount of a million of dollars annually, were imported from Europe, to which we sent the raw hides which were returned in that shape, and at a difference of twenty dollars for one in value; we now make sufficient of those articles for home consumption, and can afford to export to double the amount that we imported 20 years ago.

The manufacture of shoes was exactly so circumstanced.

From the single port of Philadelphia two or more vessels were constantly employed in importing hollow iron wares from Bristol in England; that import has ceased—because *we make them ourselves*.

How has this change of circumstances taken place? What has been the effect?

These are the considerations to which we have endeavoured to lead—the change has been effected by the *sagacity of individuals, whose industry has triumphed over general error and prejudice*.

But the effect is the most important consideration—that effect has been in a two fold form productive of national advantage. The establishment of every manufacture has retained the amount expended in the purchase of the articles in domestic circulation, and thereby preserved the real circulating capital, which is the medium that represents production in our own country. The million of dollars sent abroad for saddles, shoes, or iron wares, would remain abroad, and reward the industry of a people, who never consumed a barrel of our flour or corn; the same million expended at home rewards as many hands, and sustains as much of the true strength of the nation, in the people who are the manufacturers for our comforts and the consumers of our own productions.

The second and great political effect which operates at the present time, is, that while foreign nations oppress us, and by superior naval power, interdict us from commerce abroad, we are, so far as we are not competent to supply ourselves with necessaries, but through a foreign medium—*dependent* on those who supply us for so much of our comforts: and so far our national independence is imperfect.

Undoubtedly there are nations who must from natural causes, ever labor under this dependence—Great Britain is perhaps the most dependent nation in Europe; because, depending on manufactures and commerce, having few of the materials for manufacture within herself, she is at once bound by political necessity, to maintain foreign colonies and foreign trade, and a navy to protect both, in order to procure the means upon which her existence as a power depends.

But surely it would be the extreme of infatuation for a nation possessed of all the resources of the first necessity for use, for comfort, and even for luxury, within itself, to send her raw productions abroad, exposed to risks and delays, and the uncertainty of foreign markets, and to receive the same goods in a manufactured state at a price enhanced from 7 to 20 times the first cost—yet such has been the policy that the United States have blindly pursued, overlooking

permanent security and independent peace and prosperity, in the momentary avidity of adventure and speculation.

Events have brought about a season in which every man who really values the blessings of American government and social happiness, must perceive the true interests of the union. Every man must perceive that the exchange of superfluities is the only natural commerce; and that a profit on the exchange of goods, one sort the growth of the soil from the industry of the farmer, and the other the product of the fields or the forests, improved by the ingenuity and labour of the manufacturer, must give both a greater variety for choice and a certainty in the gratification of our national comforts and wants, when to be had at our own doors, and without paying tribute to foreign nations, who are insensible to the good which they derive from our consumption.

Every man must perceive that it would be impracticable, in the order of civil society, for a nation like this to be confined exclusively to agriculture: for it would be to infer the absurdity, that man in society is subject to no other want than food: or that there was a willingness in the nation to be dependent on other nations for all those articles which go to the support and comfort of man, as well under the vicissitude of seasons as in a variety of climates;—it would be saying to the human mind, “stifle thy insatiate passion for knowledge, forego all the gifts of genius and mind which Providence has so bountifully but needlessly bestowed upon thy species, and emulate the rude aborigines of your woods:”—for such would necessarily be the retrogression, and their fate would assuredly be ours; because the very dependence for the necessities of life on a foreign nation would immediately subject a nation without arts to nakedness, and the privations of all those articles which contribute to the enjoyments of a civilized and liberal people, at the caprice of that nation.

The great principle of social policy is to possess such a proportion of all the various professions, farmers, me-

chanics, manufacturers, and merchants, as the natural productions and civil wants, the means of purchase, and the superflux for exchange afford: in a society so constituted, the means for export is ever abundant; and the nation so circumstanced is always independent; because independence does not consist so much in the accumulation of pecuniary wealth, as in the possession of all that is necessary to ease and convenience, and our rational enjoyments. A nation, possessed of these, would need neither armies, nor navies, nor taxes. Our fortunate country is exactly calculated for such a nation, if we have but the wisdom to make the right use of our resources, and improve our condition. The progress already made, only within fifteen or sixteen years, surpasses all that has been done in the annals of mankind; and ought to be a proud and auspicious omen of what we can and will do, whenever the American people look into themselves, and shake off the prejudices and fatal attachments which have so long bound them in the slavish trammels of European monopoly.

The *Premium Society* of Philadelphia has been instituted with a view to invite the nation at large to the consideration of those first interests which are here feebly but fairly represented. It is the purpose of this society to offer premiums for the encouragement of articles of useful industry. The premiums are the product of voluntary contribution, and the society neither desires emolument nor any other reward from the objects which they propose, than the gratification which they must feel in common with every faithful citizen, in promoting the prosperity of our happy country.

In looking over the vast field of human industry, which contributes to the strength and substantial wealth of a nation;—articles of the first necessity, such as food, appear to be more abundant and plentiful, and labour better rewarded than in any other country.

In the catalogue of wants there appear to be four classes.

First.—Articles of the first necessity, such as cloathing of different descriptions.

Second.—Articles of necessary utility, which go into the convenience of both sexes, such as needles, pins; articles for house furniture; use and ornament; blanket and carpet weaving.

Third.—Articles necessary to the execution of arts and manufactures, such as wire-drawing, file-cutting, hinge-casting, door-locks, and table-cutlery, wood-screw-making.

Fourth.—Luxuries, or those articles which, as the production of foreign nations, are pernicious and wasteful, by carrying abroad vast sums of money, for little other than the momentary shew of evanescent and capricious fashion; such as millinery, straw and chip hat manufactures: kid and other like leather articles, such as gloves; and morocco leather.

The Philadelphia Premium Society in the first instance deem it expedient to limit their premiums; first, by the amount of each premium, and next, regard their primary importance and utility of the articles, which are all comprised in the first class, or articles of the first necessity, such as clothing

of various kinds, materials, and qualities; leaving to a more enlarged experience, and the result of the present experiment, to determine the further extension of their plan; and at the same time hoping to excite in each of the states, a congenial spirit, and the establishment of some similar institution.

With these views the Philadelphia Premium Society have offered to the citizens of the United States, without preference of any state, the foregoing premiums, upon the terms and conditions specified.

The subscription to this institution is one dollar annually, which will be received by the following persons:

JOHN DORSEY, *President*.

JOHN GOODMAN, *Vice president*.

HUGH HENRY, *Treasurer*.

GEORGE BARTRAM, *Secretary*.

Managers

W. Y. Birch, Abraham Small,
James Ronaldson, John Lang,
Thomas Wood, John Connolly,
Joseph Garlick, Samuel Smith,
Samuel Carswell,

Philadelphia, July 25, 1808.

CRITICISM.

“Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam.”

THE TIMES; an Ode at the Commencement of the year 1809. By JOSEPH BLACKET. p.p. 16.

WE have read this small production with considerable pleasure. The author, in a dedication to Mr. Pratt, speaks of himself as “labouring under every disadvantage of youth, inexperience, and a lowly situation;” and with a becoming diffidence, deprecates the severity of censure. We do not think he has much to fear: for though he has commenced his career in the most difficult species of poetical composition, he has acquitted himself in a manner which gives solid promise of something better. The following extract will justify this opinion.

Hark! how heavenly Sympathy,
From her tear-gem’d throne on high,
Implores the tribute of relief;
On England’s favour’d shore she casts
A look of expectation proud;
While Hope, to sooth a nation’s grief,

On rapid pinion hastes,
And to each Patriot calls aloud,
“With zeal your sanguine foes withstand,
“For, lo! assistance is at hand.”

Nobles, merchants, freemen—brave,
Ye favour’d, of a favour’d isle,
To acts awake, which Heaven surveys
With Approbation’s brightest smile;
Concordant all, unite and send
Relief to those who dare their rights defend.
‘Tis yours the drooping fire to raise,
To rouse to energy the fetter’d slave,
And bid the mouldering embers of the NA-
TION blaze.

And you, brave warriors—flowers of war;
Whose matchless deeds, in realms afar,
Prove your superior power;
Deeds, which conspicuous were display’d,
When EGYPT’S sands were strew’d with
slain,
And MARYA’S blood-stain’d reeking plait,
Affrighted mark’d the sad eventful hour,
In which, with dread,
The legions fled,
Whose vaunting actions had the world dis-
may’d

A steady, loyal, gallant band,
 With Patriot valour, hand-in-hand,
 And swords in flaming union join'd,
 To battle rush; the trump of Fame
 Calls loudly on each BRITON'S name
 To hurl destruction on his foes,
 Chastise Ambition, and—by Heaven de-
 sign'd,
 Bust PUDORE'S galling chain—and bid her
 Sons repose

Burn on, fair Sun, in splendor bright,
 And on HISPANIA'S rocky shore;
 Attend the Patriots to the fight,
 Nor set, till VENGEANCE cries aloud,
 "Ambition festers in his gory shroud,
 "To tyrannize and subjugate no more."
 Yes, yes, blaze on—and through the gallant
 bands

Diffuse heroic heav'n-directed fire;
 Inspire the bosoms of the just and brave
 With love of liberty and hallow'd ire,
 That with united hearts and hands.

They may, from GALLIA'S frontless brow,
 The laurel tear—lay her proud eagle low,
 Then, till the FABRIC OF THE WORLD
 Be all in CONFLAGRATION hurl'd,
 Ah! kneel subdue the TYRANT and abhor the
 SLAVE

In the following line we imagine
 the conjunction *and* should supply the
 place of *or*; by which the sense and
 energy of the expression would be
 improved:

The word—TO FIGHT, TO CONQUER, FALL,
 OR DIE!

We are informed that Mr. Blacket
 has other MS. productions, which be-
 speak higher mental effort than the
 present.

POEMS, by the Rev. GEORGE CRABBE,
 LL. B. Third Edition. 1 vol. 8vo.
 1808.

[Concluded from p. 45]

THE lengthened extracts which
 we have given from this volume,
 will probably be considered, both by
 Mr. Crabbe and by our readers, as
 the best proof of our approbation;
 and we are willing that it should be
 so. We must now, however, bring
 our criticism to a conclusion, by a
 brief survey of the remaining sub-
 jects.

The *Newspaper*, which is the next
 poem, is also, like the *Village* and the
Library, a republication. It pos-
 sesses a great portion of satirical hu-
 mour, and some indignant reprobation.
 The character of a newspaper editor is
 drawn with a fidelity which truth
 herself may avouch.

Now be their Arts display'd, how first
 they choose

A Cause and Party, as the Bard his Muse;
 Inspir'd by these, with clamorous zeal they
 cry,

And thro' the Town their Dreams and
 Omens fly:

So the Sibylline* Leaves were blown
 about,

Disjointed scraps of Fate involv'd in doubt:
 So idle Dreams, the Journals of the Night,
 Are right and wrong by turns, and mingle
 Wrong with Right.—

Some Champions for the Rights that prop
 the Crown,

Some sturdy Patriots, sworn to pull them
 down;

Some Neutral Powers, with secret Forces
 fraught,

Wishing for War, but willing to be bought;
 While some to every Side and Party go,
 Shut every Friend and join with every
 Foe;

Like sturdy Rogues in Privateers they
 strike

This side and that, the Foes of both alike;
 A Traitor-crew, who thrive in troubled
 Times,

Fear'd for their Force and courted for their
 Crimes.

Chief to the prosperous side the Num-
 bers sail,

Fickle and false they veer with every Gale;
 As Birds that migrate from a freezing Shore,
 In search of warmer Climes, come skum-
 ming o'er,

Some bold Adventurers first prepare to
 try

The doubtful Sunshine of the distant
 Sky;

But soon the growing Summer's certain
 Sun

Wins more and more, till all at last are
 won;

So, on the early Prospect of Disgrace,
 Fly in vast Troops this apprehensive Race;
 Instinctive Tribes! then failing Food they
 dread,

And buy, with timely Change, their future
 Bread.

Among the most degraded of de-
 grading occupations, surely the hiring
 of a newspaper is the greatest. Every
 moral feeling, every honest impulse,
 and every generous, manly sentiment
 must be extinct, before a man can be
 a dexterous newspaper editor or assist-
 ant. The scandal that wounds or
 corrupts innocence; the scurrile abuse

* — in folios descriptis carmina Virgo;—
 — et teneres turbavit janua frondes.

Virg. Æneid. lib. iii.

that is vented upon whatever is eminent; the invention of falsehoods to fill up vacant columns; the malign reports which sting the feelings of individuals, are among the prime offices of this honourable post: and the poet's indignant invective was never fulminated in a better cause.

The following conveys a just picture:—

Now sing, my Muse, what various Parts compose
These rival Sheets of Politics and Prose.

First, from each Brother's Hoand a Part they draw,
A mutual Theft that never fear'd a Law;

Whate'er they gain, to each man's Portion fall,
And read it once, you read it through them all:

For this their Runners ramble day and night,
To drag each lurking Deed to open Light;
For daily Bread the dirty Trade they ply,
Coin their fresh Tales, and live upon the Lie.

Like Bees for Honey, forth for News they spring,
Industrious Creatures! ever on the Wing;
Home to their several Cells they bear the Store,
Cull'd of all Kinds, then roam abroad for more.

The "Birth of Flattery," which follows next, possesses nothing very eminent. Flattery is made to be the offspring of *Poverty* and *Cunning*; but towards the conclusion, the author confounds flattery with falsehood. All flattery is, we know, combined with hypocrisy, and hypocrisy is founded upon falsehood; but Mr. Crabbe depicts open, avowed falsehood, not hid beneath the smooth and cunning veil of adulation.

The following is perhaps the best part of the poem; it forms the conclusion:

The Vision fled, the happy Mother rose,
Kiss'd the fair Infant, smil'd at all her Foes,
And FLATTERY made her Name—Her
Reign began,

Her own dear Sex she rul'd, then vanquish'd Man;

A smiling Friend, to every Class, she spoke,

Assum'd their Manners and their Habits took;

Her, for her humble Mien, the Modest lov'd;

Her cheerful Looks, the Light and Gay approv'd;

The Just behold her, firm; the Valiant, brave;

Her Mirth the Free, her Silence pleas'd the Grave;

Zeal heard her Voice, and as he preach'd aloud,

Well pleas'd he caught her Whispers from the Crowd,

(Those Whispers soothing-sweet to every Ear,

Which some refuse to pay, but none to hear).

Shame fled her Presence; at her gentle Strain,

Care softly smil'd and Guilt forgot its Pain;

The Wretched thought, the Happy found her true,

The Learn'd confess'd, that she their Merits knew;

The Rich—could they a constant Friend condemn?

The Poor believ'd—for who should flatter them?

Thus on her Name, while all Disgrace attend,
In every Creature she behold a Friend.

"Sir Eustace Grey," we think a very superior production, if we except a little childish inanity that sometimes prevails, and which we presume has been caught from the verbose and affected simplicity of Walter Scott, Wordsworth, *cum cæteris paribus*.

The author says, that in this story "an attempt is made to describe the wanderings of a mind first irritated by the consequences of error and misfortune, and afterwards soothed by a species of enthusiastic conversion still keeping him insane." A task, as he confesses, "very difficult;" yet Mr. Crabbe has succeeded to a certain degree. The language is adapted to the subject in a pleasing manner; and the abrupt transitions of Sir Eustace, not wholly incoherent, but preserving an almost evanescent chain of connexion, are proofs of Mr. Crabbe's skill. An ordinary poet would have made his hero talk in nothing but interjections.

We will extract the following for the amusement of our readers:

Scene—A MADHOUSE.

PERSONS.

Visitor, Physician, and Patient.

VISITOR.

I'll know no more,—the Heart is torn
By Views of Woe, we cannot heal;
Long shall I see these Things forlorn,
And oft again their Griefs shall feel,

As each upon the Mind shall steal;
That wan Projector's mystic Style,
That lumpish Idiot leering by,
The peevish Idler's ceaseless Wile,
And that poor Maiden's half-form'd
Smile,
While struggling for the full-drawn Sigh!—
I'll know no more.

PHYSICIAN.

—Yes, turn again;
Then speed to happier Scenes thy Way,
When thou hast view'd, what yet re-
main,

The Ruins of Sir *Eustace Grey*,
The Sport of Madness, Misery's Prey:
But he will no Historian need,
His Cares, his Crimes will he display,
And shew (as one from Frenzy freed)
The proud-lost Mind, the rash-done
Deed.

That Cell, to him is *Greyling Hall*:—
Approach, he'll bid thee welcome there;
Will sometimes for his Servant call,
And sometimes point the vacant Chair:
He can, with free and easy air,
Appear attentive and polite;
Can veil his Woes in Manners fair,
And pry with Respect excite.

PATIENT.

Who comes?—Approach!—'Tis kindly
done —

My learn'd Physician, and a Friend,
Their Pleasures quit, to visit One,
Who cannot to their Ease attend,
Nor Joys bestow, nor Comforts lend,
As when I liv'd so blest, so well,
And dream'd not, I must soon contend
With those malignant Powers of Hell.

PHYSICIAN.

"Less warmth, Sir *Eustace*, or we go."

See! I am calm as Infant-Love,
A very Child, but one of Woe,
Whom you should pity, not reprove.—
But Men at ease, who never strove
With Passions wild, will calmly show,
How soon we may their Ills remove,
And Masters of their Madness grow.

Some twenty Years I think are gone,—
(Time flies, I know not how, away.)
The Sun upon no happier shone,
Nor prouder Man, than *Eustace Grey*.
Ask where you would, and all would say,
The Man admir'd and prais'd of all,
By Rich and Poor, by Grave and Gay,
Was the young Lord of *Greyling Hall*.

Yes! I had Youth and rosy Health:
Was nobly form'd, as Man might be;
For Sickness then, of all my Wealth,
I never gave a single Fee:

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XI.

The Ladies fair, the Maidens free,
Were all accustom'd then to say,
Who would an handsome Figure see,
Should look upon Sir *Eustace Grey*.

He had a frank and pleasant Look,
A cheerful Eye and Accent bland;
His very Speech and Manner spoke
The generous Heart, the open Hand:
About him all was gay or grand,
He had the Praise of Great and Small;
He bought, improv'd, projected, plann'd,
And reign'd a Prince at *Greyling Hall*.

My Lady!—she was all we love;
All Praise (to speak her Worth) is
faint;
Her Manners shew'd the yielding Dove,
Her Morals the seraphic Saint;
She never breath'd or look'd Complaint,
No Equal upon Earth had she:—
Now, what is this fair Thing I paint?
Alas! as all that live, shall be.

There was beside, a gallant Youth,
And him my Bosom's Friend I had:—
Oh! I was rich—in very truth,
It made me proud—it made me mad!—
Yes I was lost—but there was Cause!—
Where stood my Tal?—I cannot find—
But I had all Mankind's Applause,
And all the Smiles of Womankind.

There were two Cherub-things beside,
A gracious Girl, a glorious Boy;
Yet more to swell my full-blown Pride,
To varnish higher my fading Joy,
Pleasures were ours without alloy,
Nay Paradise—till my frail Eve
Our Bliss was tempted to destroy;
Deceiv'd and fated to deceive.

But I deserv'd; for all that time,
When I was lov'd, admir'd, caress'd,
There was within, each secret Crime,
Unfelt, uncancell'd, unconfess'd;
I never then my God address'd,
In grateful Praise or humble Prayer;
And if His Word was not my Jest,
(Dread thought!) it never was my Care.

I doubted:—Fool I was to doubt!
If that all-piercing Eye could see,—
If He who looks all Worlds throughout,
Would so minute and careful be
As to perceive and punish me:—
With Man I would be great and high,
But with my God so lost, that He,
In his large View, should pass me by.

Thus blest with Children, Friend, and
Wife,
Blest far beyond the vulgar Lot;
Of all that gladdens human Life,
Where was the Good, that I had not?
But my vile Heart had sinful Spot,
And Heaven beheld its deep'ning Stain,
Eternal Justice I forgot,
And Mercy, sought not to obtain.

R.

Come near,—I'll softly speak the rest!—
 Alas! 'tis known to all the Crowd.
 Her guilty Love was all confest;
 And his, who so much Truth avow'd,
 My faithless Friend's—In Pleasure proud
 I sat, when these curs'd Tidings came;
 Their Guilt, their Flight was told aloud,
 And Envy smil'd to hear my shame!

I call'd on Vengeance: at the Word
 She came:—Can I the Deed forget?
 I held the Sword, the accurs'd Sword,
 The Blood of his false Heart made wet:
 And that fair Victim paid her Debt,
 She smil'd, she died, she loath'd to live;—
 I saw her dying—see her yet!
 Fair fallen Thing! my Rage forgive!

Those Cherubs still, my Life to bless,
 Were left; could I my Fears remove,
 Sad Fears that check'd each fond Caress,
 And poison'd all parental Love:
 Yet that, with jealous Feelings strove,
 And would at last have won my Will,
 Had I not, Wretch! been doom'd to prove
 Th' Extremes of mortal Good and Ill.

In Youth! Health! Joy! in Beauty's Pride!
 They droop'd: As Flowers when blighted
 bow,

The dire Infection came:—They died,
 And I was curs'd—as I am now—
 Nay frown not, angry Friend,—allow,
 That I was deeply, sorely tried;
 Hear then, and you must wonder how
 I could such Storms and Strifes abide.

It will be allowed that there is something pleasing and characteristic in the above. In the subsequent part of the narrative, where Sir Eustace describes himself as having been the sport and victim of two fiends, who led him

“Through flame, thro' fire, and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire,”—*Shak.*

and played him many other pranks suited to such ministers of darkness, we could not avoid the recollection of Shakspeare, and confessing that

“Within that circle none dare walk but he.”

Yet Mr. Crabbe has not wholly failed, as the following may witness:

Those Fiends, upon a shaking Fen,
 Fix'd me, in dark tempestuous Night;
 There never trod the Foot of Men,
 There flock'd the Fowl in wintry Flight;
 There danc'd the Moor's deceitful Light,
 Above the Pool where Sedges grow;
 And when the Morning-Sun shone bright,
 It shone upon a Field of Snow.

They hung me on a Rough, so small,
 The Hook could build her Nest no
 higher;

They fix'd me on the trembling Ball,
 That crowns the Steeple's quiv'ring
 Spire;

They set me where the Seas retire,
 But drown with their returning Tide;
 And made me flee the Mountain's Fire,
 When rolling from its burning Side.

I've hung upon the ridgy Steep
 Of Cliffs, and held the rambling Biter;
 I've plung'd below the billowy Deep,
 Where Air was sent me to respire;
 I've been where hungry Wolves retire;
 And (to complete my Woes) I've ran,
 Where Bedlam's crazy Crew conspire
 Against the Life of reasoning Man.

I've furl'd in Storms the flapping Sail,
 By hanging from the Top-mast-head;
 I've serv'd the vilest Slaves in Jail,
 And pick'd the Dughull's Spoil for
 Bread;

I've made the Badger's Hole my Bed,
 I've wander'd with a Gipsy Crew,
 I've dreaded all the guilty dead,
 And done what they would fear to do.

On Sand where ebbs and flows the Flood,
 Midway they plac'd and bade me die;
 Propt on my Staff, I stoutly stood
 When the swift Waves came rolling by;
 And high they rose, and still more high,
 Till my Lips drank the bitter Brine;
 I sobb'd convuls'd, then cast mine Eye
 And saw the Tide's re-flowing Sign.

And then, my Dreams were such as nought
 Could yield but my unhappy Case;
 I've been of thousand Devils caught,
 And thrust into that horrid Place,
 Where reign Dismay, Despair, Disgrace;
 Furies with iron Fangs were there,
 To torture that accurs'd Race,
 Doom'd to Dismay, Disgrace, Despair.

Harmless I was; yet hunted down
 For Treasons, to my Soul unfit;
 I've been pursued through many a Town,
 For Crimes that petty Knaves commit
 I've been adjudg'd t' have lost my Will,
 Because I preach'd so loud and well,
 And thrown into the Dungeon's Pit,
 For trampling on the Pit of Hell.

Such were the Evils, Man of Sin,
 That I was fated to sustain;
 And add to all, without—withun,
 A Soul defil'd with every Stain,
 That Man's reflecting Mind can pain;
 That Pride, Wrong, Rage, Despair, can
 make;

In fact, they'd nearly touch'd my Brain,
 And Reason on her Throne would shake

The rescue of Sir Eustace from the dominion of these fiends, by a “me-

thodistical call," is partly incongruous and partly ridiculous. It has one character of truth indeed, that as methodism found him mad, it kept him so. The mad and the ignorant only are exposed to such beatific conversions.

"The Hall of Justice" can have no moral effect; it brings detestable profligacy before the imagination, which cannot be compensated by any excellence of poetry. "Woman!" with which the volume concludes, is a diffuse amplification of M. Ledyard's energetic praise of that ambiguous part of the creation.

Before we dismiss this volume from our consideration, we shall notice some errors, of various descriptions, which occurred to us in the perusal. Mr. Crabbe's poems are not likely to sink into speedy oblivion, and they are therefore entitled to more emendatory criticism than need be wasted on mere imbecility.

And first, we think the *Dedication* too much in the manner of those fawning hyperboles which disgrace the memory of Otway and Dryden. What is that infatuation which makes us look with admiration upon those qualities in a lord, that would be absolutely beneath notice in a private individual? Is it the miracle of nobility and common sense being united in the same person?

In the *Village* are some offences against harmony and against grammar:

"Where all that's wretched pave the way
to death."

Here the verb should be in the singular, the nominative being evidently so, and the relative being put in the genitive singular.

"For him no hand the cordial cup applies."

"Without reply he rushes on the door."

In the above lines the prepositions *for* and *on* are used instead of *to*.

"Here too the Squire or squire-like farmer talk."

It is one of the simplest rules of grammar, that two or more substantives disjoined by the conjunction *or*,

require the verb to be in the singular. It should, consequently, be *talks*.

The following reminds us of the Scotchman's phrase, "I feel a stink:"

"Or as Old Thames, borne down with decent pride,
Sees his young streams run warbling at his side!"

Mr. Crabbe would perform an acceptable service to the labouring part of the community, could he convince them that

"Toil, care, and patience bless th' abstemious few."

"And cards, in curses torn, lie fragments on the floor"

There is, we believe, no precedent for making the verb, *to lie*, an active one.

"When to the wealthier farmers there was shown,

"Welcome unfeign'd, and plenty like their own"

It should be *were*, *plenty* and *wel-*
come being the nominatives.

"W. at if in both, *Lef's bloomy flush* was lost."

This is copied from Goldsmith:

"And all the *bloomy flush of life* is gone"

"Has then the hope that Heav'n its grief approve"

It should be *approves*. Mr. Crabbe is culpably negligent in his frequency of this error.

"Death has his infant train; his bony arm
Strikes from the baby cheek the rosy churn."

This last line is a strong metaphor, copied from a beautiful passage in the *Grave*.

"Dull Grave, thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth," &c

Does not human flesh, in a putrescent state, generate worms like other corrupted animal substances? If so, Mr. Crabbe has more poetry than truth in the following lines:

"Slow to the Vault they come with heavy tread,
Bending beneath the *Lady* and her *Lead*;
A Case of Elm surrounds that ponderous Chest,
Close on that Case the *Crimson Velvet* press'd;

Ungenerous this, that to the Worm denies,
With niggard caution his appointed Prize;
For now, ere yet he works his tedious way,
Through Cloth and Wood and Metal to
his Prey;
That Prey dissolving shall a Mass remain,
That Fancy loaths and Worms themselves
d disdain.

Mr. Crabbe again offends in what
would call punishment down upon a
schoolboy, in the following line,—

"Some princes had it, or was said to have."

So vile an antithesis as the following,
in a serious poem, deserves to be
reprobated,—

"If never colder, yet they older grew."—*Ib.*

"And villains triumph when the worthless
fall." *The Library*

Surely *villains* is here used for *virtue*.

"For want like thine, a bog without a
base,
Ingulph'st all gains, I gather for the place."
B of Flattery.

The verb should be in the third
person, not to the second. *Want* is
the nominative.

"Which yet, *unview'd* of thee, a bog had
been." *Ib.*

"Unview'd of" we suspect to be a
provincial expression: we are certain
it is a vulgar one.

If the minuteness of these strictures
be objected to, our reply is that all
error is prejudicial; and that what is
good, clouded even with imperfec-
tions, will surely be better when those
imperfections are removed.

RELICS OF ROBERT BURNS, con-
sisting chiefly of *Original Letters*,
Poems, and *critical Observations on*
Scottish Songs. Collected and
published by R. H. CROMEK. 1
vol. 8vo. 1808.

NOTHING that fell from the pen
of Burns can be wholly unin-
teresting. His genius was powerful,
various, and original. He dipt his
pencil in the living tints of nature.
He depicted what he felt with all
those characteristical qualities which
stamp the sentiments of the individual
with indelible permanency upon what
he contemplated. Like Shakspeare,
the current of his inspiration was

unchecked by the cold niceties of cri-
tical perfection: it flowed impetuous-
ly onward, sometimes spreading into
magnificence and beauty, sometimes
meandering in peaceful murmurs, and
sometimes rushing with sublime ener-
gy over precipices and rocks, forming
the thundering cataract or the eddying
whirlpool. We know of no modern
author who possesses more of the
vivida vis animi than Burns; or who
has exerted his genius with greater
felicity on such a multiplicity of topics.
He was, according as he wished to
be, either tender, humorous, moral,
energetic, sublime, playful, or inde-
corous: he rose and sunk with equal
facility. Happy, had the tenor of his
life and the bent of his inclination less
frequently prompted him to the lat-
ter.

In the volume now before us, there
are some things worthy of preserva-
tion: and some that might have re-
mained in privacy, and no detriment
sustained by literature or the memory
of Burns. Many of the letters are
trifling and unimportant, and others,
though partially given in Dr. Currie's
edition of the bard, yet eminently en-
titled to publicity. At all events,
every reader and admirer of the Scot-
tish poet will hold themselves indebt-
ed to Mr. Cromek for the industry
which rescued these relics from obs-
curity. He observes, that "of these
pieces many had from various causes
never occurred to the notice of Dr.
Currie; whilst others have been
given by him in a more imperfect
state than that in which they will
now appear. These productions of
the Scottish bard extend from his ear-
liest to his latest years; and may be
considered as the wild-flowers of his
muse, which, in the luxuriant vigour
of his fancy, he scattered as he passed
along. They are the result of a most
diligent search, in which I have used
the utmost exertions; often walking
to considerable distances, and to ob-
scure cottages in search of a single
letter. Many of them have been ob-
tained from the generous confidence
and liberality of their possessors;
some from the hands of careless indif-
ference, insensible to their value;
others were fast falling to decay, their
very existence almost forgotten,
though glowing with the vital warmth

which is diffused through every line that the hand of the immortal bard has ever traced. In this pursuit I have followed the steps of the poet, from the humble cottage in Ayrshire in which he was born, to the house in which he died at Dumfries. I have visited the farm of Mossgiel, where he resided at the period of his first publication; I have traversed the scenes by the Ayr, the Lugar, and the Doon. Sacred haunts!

"—Where first grim nature's visage hoar
Struck his young eye;"

And have finally shared in the reverential feelings of his distinguished biographer,* over the hallowed spot where the ashes of the bard are deposited."

The general impression left upon our minds by the perusal of this vo-

* "The above passage has a reference to a letter from Dr. Currie to Messrs. Cadell and Davies, which has been communicated to the editor, and of which the following is an extract:

"June 13, 1804.

"On my late excursion I visited Mrs. Burns at Dumfries. She continues to live in the house in which the poet died, and every thing about her bespoke decent competence, and even comfort. She shewed me the study and small library of her husband nearly as he left them. By every thing I hear she conducts herself irreproachably.

"From Mrs. Burns' house my son and I went to the churchyard, at no great distance, to visit the grave of the poet. As it is still uninscribed, we could not have found it, had not a person we met with in the churchyard pointed it out. He told us he knew Burns well, and that he (Burns) himself chose the spot in which he is buried. His grave is on the north-east corner of the churchyard, which it fills up; and at the side of the grave of his two sons, Wallace and Maxwell, the first of whom, a lad of great promise, died of a consumption, the last immediately after his father. The spot is well situated for a monument, for which there is money collected, but the subscribers, I understand, cannot agree as to a design."

lume, and of the former ones by Dr. Currie, is, that Burns had a sort of turbulent independence about him that dwelt so constantly on his feelings as to make him obtrude it, even to disgust. He is not like a man who feels assured, within himself, that he possesses an essential independence of character, which would be prompt to vindicate any infringement upon it; but which, unroused, remains only a placid feeling of self support. Burns imitates, rather, the thraasonical boasting of those cowards who endeavour to intimidate by words, and hope to impress a belief of their courage thus, to save them from exposure by other trial. In almost every letter that he writes, he prates about his independence. What should we think of a man who is at extraordinary pains to convince us he is not a thief, when no doubt has been expressed of his honesty? Should we not shrewdly suspect that there was an internal consciousness of knavery which feared detection, and which strove to avoid enquiry by professions that might lull suspicion asleep? Certain it is, that no man endeavours to maintain the profession of those virtues which nobody has ever called in question: and we have been assured, that Burns was *not* that high-spirited, or that independent individual which he represents himself to be. He seemed to think that superhuman efforts would be made to sink him into meanness. This was an infatuation not unlike Rousseau's, who believed that all Europe was combined against him. Burns, therefore, thought to avoid temptation, by proclaiming on all occasions that he was incorruptible. But this is not the procedure of a perfectly elevated and independent mind.

We observe also, in the letters contained in this volume, a good deal of that rant and affectation which seem to have seized on Burns when he became popular. What miserable stuff is the following, from a letter to Dr. M'Kerrie:

"I never spent an afternoon among great folks with half that pleasure as when, in company with you, I had the honour of paying my devoirs to that plain, honest, worthy man, the

professor.* I would be delighted to see him perform acts of kindness and friendship, though I were not the object; he does it with such a grace. I think his character, divided into ten parts, stands thus—four parts Socrates, four parts Nathaniel, and two parts Shakspeare's Brutus."

We believe the truly learned and modest individual here mentioned would be the first to blush at such nonsense.

Another glaring error in these letters is a perpetual application of French terms, like a young girl at boarding school, or an affected one in a drawing-room, who prattles about *entre-nous*, *politesse*, *promenade*, *ennui*, *en famille*, &c. &c. The reader who wishes for specimens of this may refer to pages 73, 74, 77, 91, 121, &c.

But these faults are not wholly unredeemed by excellencies. The general style of his letters† is copious and energetic, and though far from possessing that perfection ascribed to it by some, is yet worthy of applause when we consider the station of the writer. But, if we examine his prose critically, we shall find the construction very intricate, the diction affected and incorrect; obscured by irregularities, and blemished with redundancies. It is deserving of praise as the production of Burns, but it is far removed from that excellence which would constitute a model. It is not even free from grammatical inaccuracies, such as "acquaintances" (*passim*) *cleverer*, p. 107, "writing her," &c. &c. or from Scottish idioms.

Some little perplexity is caused in reading the present volume, from the letters being sometimes not arranged according to their dates, and we suspect the letter at p. 95, addressed to Captain Riddel, to be antedated. It is written on the day in which the *whistle* was contended for by a disgraceful contest: and this day, in the prefatory advertisement to Burns' poem, is stated to have been on the 16th of October, 1790; but the letter in Mr. Cromek's volume bears

date 16th of October 1789, which we suspect to be an error.

The following anecdote by the editor deserves to be recorded. Burns, in a letter to Mr. Hill, the bookseller, mentions some books that he wants, and among others he says, "I saw the other day proposals for a publication, entitled 'Banks's new and complete Christian's Family Bible, printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster-row, London. He promises, at least, to give in the work, I think it is three hundred and odd engravings, to which he has put the names of the first artists in London:—"

"Perhaps no set of men more effectually avail themselves of the easy credulity of the public than a certain description of Paternoster-row booksellers. Three hundred and odd engravings!—and by the *first artists* in London, too! No wonder that Burns was dazzled by the splendour of the promise. It is no unusual thing for this class of impostors to *illustrate* the *Holy Scriptures* by plates originally engraved for the *History of England*; and I have actually seen subjects designed by our celebrated artist Stothard, from *Clarissa Harlowe* and the *Novelist's Magazine*, converted, with incredible dexterity, by these Bookselling Breslows, into *Scriptural embellishments*! One of these vendors of 'Family Bibles' lately called on me, to consult me professionally, about a folio engraving he brought with him. It represented Mons. Buffon seated, contemplating various groups of animals that surrounded him: he merely wished, he said, to be informed, whether by *uncloathing* the naturalist, and giving him a rather more *resolute* look, the plate could not, at a trifling expense, be made to pass for "Daniel in the lion's den!"

The following letters display Burns in an advantageous light:—

To CRAWFORD TAIT, Esq. Edinburgh.

"*Ellisland, Oct 15,*
1790.

"Allow me to introduce to your acquaintance the bearer, Mr. William Duncan, a friend of mine, whom I have long known and long loved. His father, whose only son he is, has a decent

* Professor Dugald Stewart.

† We would be understood to speak here, not only of the present work, but of what Dr. Currie has published.

little property in Ayrshire, and has bred the young man to the law, in which department he comes up an adventurer to your good town. I shall give you my friend's character in two words: as to his head, he has talents enough, and more than enough for common life; as to his heart, when nature had kneaded the kindly clay that composes it, she said, 'I can no more.'

You, my good sir, were born under kinder stars; but your fraternal sympathy, I well know, can enter into the feelings of the young man, who goes into life with the laudable ambition to do something, and to be something among his fellow creatures; but whom the consciousness of friendless obscurity presses to the earth, and wounds to the soul!

"Even the fairest of his virtues are against him. That independent spirit, and that ingenuous modesty, qualities inseparable from a noble mind, are, with the million, circumstances not a little disqualifying.—What pleasure is in the power of the fortunate and the happy, by their notice and patronage, to brighten the countenance and glad the heart of such depressed youth! I am not so angry with mankind for their deaf economy of the purse:—The goods of this world cannot be divided, without being lessened—but why be a niggard of that which bestows bliss on a fellow-creature, yet takes nothing from our own means of enjoyment? We wrap ourselves up in the cloak of our own better-fortune, and turn away our eyes, lest the wants and woes of our brother-mortals should disturb the selfish apathy of our souls!

"I am the worst hand in the world at asking a favour. That indirect address, that insinuating implication, which, without any positive request, plainly expresses your wish, is a talent not to be acquired at a plough-tail. Tell me then, for you can, in what periphrasis of language, in what circumvolution of phrase, I shall envelope yet not conceal this plain story.—My dear Mr. Tait, my friend Mr. Duncan, whom I have the pleasure of introducing to you, is a young lad of your own profession, and a gentleman of much modesty and great worth. Perhaps it may be in your

power to assist him in the, to him, important consideration of getting a place; but at all events, your notice and acquaintance will be a very great acquisition to him; and I dare pledge myself that he will never disgrace your favor.'

"You may probably be surprised, Sir, at such a letter from me; 'tis, I own, in the usual way of calculating these matters, more than our acquaintance entitles me to; but my answer is short: Of all the men at your time of life, whom I knew in Edinburgh, you are the most accessible on the side on which I have assailed you. You are very much altered indeed from what you were when I knew you, if generosity point the path you will not tread, or humanity call to you in vain.

'As to myself, a being to whose interest I believe you are still a well-wisher; I am here, breathing at all times, thinking sometimes, and rhyming now and then. Every situation has its share of the cares and pains of life, and my situation I am persuaded has a full ordinary allowance of its pleasures and enjoyments.

My best compliments to your father and Miss Tait. If you have an opportunity, please remember me in the solemn league and covenant of friendship to Mrs. Lewis Hay. I am a wretch for not writing to her; but I am so hackneyed with self-accusation in that way, that my conscience lies in my bosom with scarce the sensibility of an oyster in its shell. Where is lady McKenzie? wherever she is, God bless her! I likewise beg leave to trouble you with compliments to Mr. Wm. Hamilton; Mrs. Hamilton and family; and Mrs. Chalmers, when you are in that country. Should you meet with Miss Nimmo, please remember me kindly to her."

To R. GRAHAM, Esq. Fintray.

"SIR, December, 1792.

"I have been surprised, confounded, and distracted, by Mr. Mitchel, the collector, telling me that he has received an order from your Board to enquire into my political conduct, and blaming me as a person disaffected to Government. Sir, you are a husband—and a father.—You know what you would feel, to see the much-loved

wife of your bosom, and your helpless, prattling little ones, turned adrift into the world, degraded and disgraced from a situation in which they had been respectable and respected, and left almost without the necessary support of a miserable existence. Alas, Sir! must I think that such, soon, will be my lot! and from the damned, dark insinuations of hellish groundless envy too! I believe, Sir, I may aver it, and in the sight of Omniscience, that I would not tell a deliberate falsehood, no, not though even worse horrors, if worse can be, than those I have mentioned, hung over my head; and I say, that the allegation, whatever villain has made it, is a lie! To the British Constitution, on revolution principles, next after my God, I am most devoutly attached! You, Sir, have been much and generously my friend.—Heaven knows how warmly I have felt the obligation, and how gratefully I have thanked you.—Fortune, Sir, has made you powerful, and me impotent; has given you patronage, and me dependence.—I would not, for my single self, call on your humanity; were such my insular, unconnected situation, I would despise the tear that now swells in my eye—I could brave misfortune, I could face ruin; for at the worst, “Death’s thousand doors stand open;” but, good God! the tender concerns that I have mentioned, the claims and ties that I see at this moment, and feel around me, how they unnerve Courage, and wither Resolution! To your patronage, as a man of some genius, you have allowed me a claim; and your esteem, as an honest man, I know is my due: To these, Sir, permit me to appeal, by these may I adjure you to save me from that misery which threatens to overwhelm me, and which, with my breath I will say it, I have not deserved.”

The last of the above two letters has some of that rant, which we have already censured.

We were not a little surprised to find at p. 134, a letter from Mr. Bloomfield the author of the *Farmer’s Boy*, addressed to the Earl of Buchan, in which that writer is at some pains to prove, that he is not equal to Burns! If the power of

inditing ten syllable lines, of describing rural objects with some accuracy, and of writing ballads, and tales, with some ingenuity, is to be classed with the highest efforts of genius, with the inspiration that produced the *Vision of Coila*, the humour, the grandeur, the sublimity, of *Tam o’Shanter*, the satire of the *Twa Dogs*, the simple and affecting pathos of the *Cotter’s Saturday Night*, the mournful strain of moral eloquence that shines in *Man was made to mourn*, to say nothing of prose compositions, and of those exquisitely pathetic or humorous ballads, that are to be found in Currie’s edition; if such things are to be, why then let Hayley rank with Milton, and Walter Scott o’er-top Shakespeare. But till such an infatuation is general, nothing but flattery, gross and injurious flattery, or a perfect deprivation of common sense, common taste, and common understanding, will ever mention the names of Bloomfield and Burns together.

The letter at p. 170, to the editors of the *Morning Chronicle* is but an abortive attempt at wit. The following which has been in part published by Dr. Currie, may be read with more pleasure:—

“To JOHN FRANCIS ERSKINE, Esq.*
of Mar.

“Dumfries 13th April,
1793.

“Sir,
“Degenerate as human Nature is said to be; and in many instances, worthless and unprincipled it is; still

* “This gentleman most obligingly favoured the Editor with a perfect copy of the original letter, and allowed him to lay it before the public.—It is partly printed in *Dr. Currie’s Edition*.

“It will be necessary to state, that in consequence of the poet’s freedom of remark on public measures, maliciously misrepresented to the Board of Excise, he was represented as actually dismissed from his office.—This report induced Mr. Erskine to propose a subscription in his favour, which was refused by the poet with that elevation of sentiment that peculiarly characterised his mind; and which is so happily displayed in this letter.

there are bright examples to the contrary: examples that even in the eyes of superior beings, must shed a lustre on the name of Man.

"Such an example have I now before me, when you, Sir, came forward to patronise and befriend a distant obscure stranger, merely because poverty had made him helpless, and his British hardihood of mind had provoked the arbitrary wantonness of power. My much esteemed friend, Mr. Riddel of Glenriddel, has just read me a paragraph of a letter he had from you. Accept, Sir, of the silent throbb of gratitude; for words would but mock the emotions of my soul.

"You have been misinformed as to my final dismission from the Excise; I am still in the service.—Indeed, but for the exertions of a gentleman who must be known to you, Mr. Graham of Fintray, a gentleman who has ever been my warm and generous friend, I had, without so much as a hearing, or the slightest previous intimation, been turned adrift, with my helpless family to all the horrors of want.—Had I had any other resource, probably I might have saved them the trouble of a dismission; but the little money I gained by my publication, is almost every guinea embarked, to save from ruin an only brother, who, though one of the worthiest, is by no means one of the most fortunate of men.

In my defence to their accusations, I said, that whatever might be my sentiments of republics, ancient or modern, as to Britain, I abjured the idea:—That a CONSTITUTION, which, in its original principles, experience had proved to be every way fitted for our happiness in society, it would be insanity to sacrifice to an untried visionary theory:—That, in consideration of my being situated in a department, however humble, immediately in the hands of people in power, I had forbore taking any active part, either personally, or as an author, in the present business of REFORM. But that, where I must declare my sentiments, I would say

there existed a system of corruption between the executive power and the representative part of the legislature, which boded no good to our glorious CONSTITUTION; and which every patriotic Briton must wish to see amended.—Some such sentiments as these, I stated in a letter to my generous patron Mr. Graham, which he laid before the Board at large; where, it seems, my last remark gave great offence; and one of our supervisors general, a Mr. Corbet, was instructed to enquire on the spot, and to document me—'that my business was to act, *not to think*; and that whatever might be men or measures, it was for me to be *silent and obedient*.'

"Mr. Corbet was likewise my steady friend; so between Mr. Graham and him, I have been partly forgiven; only I understand that all hopes of my getting officially forward, are blasted.

"Now, Sir, to the business in which I would more immediately interest you. The partiality of my COUNTRYMEN, has brought me forward as a man of genius, and has given me a character to support. In the POET I have avowed manly and independent sentiments, which I trust will be found in the MAN. Reasons of no less weight than the support of a wife and family, have pointed out as the eligible, and situated as I was, the only eligible line of life for me, my present occupation. Still my honest fame is my dearest concern; and a thousand times have I trembled at the idea of those *degrading* epithets that malice or misrepresentation may affix to my name. I have often, in blasting anticipation, listened to some future hackney scribbler, with the heavy malice of savage stupidity, exulting in his *hireling* paragraphs.—BURNS notwithstanding the *fanfaronade* of independence to be found in his works, and after, having been held forth to public view, and to public estimation as a man of some genius, yet, quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, he dwindled into a paltry exciseman, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the vilest of mankind."

"In your illustrious hands, Sir,

See letter No. 49, in the present volume written by Burns, with even more than his accustomed pathos and eloquence, in further explanation.—E."

permit me to lodge my disavowal and defiance of these slanderous falsehoods.—BURNS was a poor man from birth, and an exciseman by necessity: but—I will say it! the sterling of his honest worth, no poverty could debase, and his independent British mind, oppression might bend, but could not subdue. Have not I, to me, a more precious stake in my Country's welfare, than the richest dukedom in it?—I have a large family of children, and the prospect of many more. I have three sons, who, I see already, have brought into the world souls ill qualified to inhabit the bodies of SLAVES.—Can I look tamely on, and see any machination to wrest from them the birthright of my boys,—the little independent BRITONS, in whose veins runs my own blood?—No! I will not! should my heart's blood stream around my attempt to defend it!

"Does any man tell me, that my full efforts can be of no service; and that it does not belong to my humble station to meddle with the concern of a nation?"

"I can tell him, that it is on such individuals as I, that a nation has to rest, both for the hand of support, and the eye of intelligence. The uninform'd MOB may swell a nation's bulk; and the titled, tinsel, courtly, throng, may be its feathered ornament; but the number of those who are elevated enough in life to reason and to reflect; yet low enough to keep clear of the venal contagion of a court;—these are a nation's strength.

"I know not how to apologize for the impertinent length of this epistle; but one small request I must ask of you farther—When you have honored this letter with a perusal, please to commit it to the flames. BURNS, in whose behalf you have so generously interested yourself, I have here, in his native colors drawn as he is; but should any of the people in whose hands is the very bread he eats, get the least knowledge of the picture, it would ruin the poor BARD for ever!

"My poems having just come out in another edition, I beg leave to present you with a copy, as a small mark of that high esteem and ardent

gratitude, with which I have the honor to be,

"Sir,

"Your deeply indebted

"And ever devoted

"Humble servant."

The critical observations on Scottish Songs, though some of them are frivolous, yet they may be consulted with advantage by those who have been delighted with the national airs of Scotland. The editor gives the following account of the manner in which he obtained them.

"The chief part of the following remarks on Scottish Songs and Ballads exist in the hand-writing of Robert Burns, in an interleaved copy, in 4 volumes, octavo, of 'Johnson's Scots Musical Museum.' They were written by the poet for Captain Riddel, of Glenriddel, whose autograph the volumes bear. These valuable volumes were left by Mrs. Riddel, to her niece, Miss Eliza Bayley, of Manchester, by whose kindness the editor is enabled to give to the public transcripts of this amusing and miscellaneous collection."

Of the poetical pieces that have been recovered by Mr. Cromek, we do not think any of them peculiarly excellent. The "Vowels, a tale," p. 406, is utter nonsense; and the "Lines to the Owl," p. 412 are certainly not by Burns. Among the *Songs and Ballads* now first printed, there are many delightful pieces. That indeed was a species of writing which seemed so adapted to him, that he never fails in it. The following is pretty:—

"Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae chearfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around beights me.
I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

"Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be iika joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee."

We have no remarks to offer in conclusion, but our thanks to Mr. Cromek, for the pleasure he has procured to us in collecting the materials for the present volume.

THE MOTHER: a Poem, in Five Books. By Mrs. West, 1 vol. 8vo. 1809.

WITH perfect candour we will state, that we took up the present volume without any predilection for its contents arising from the name of the author; and almost without any disposition to be pleased. With the same candour we will add, that in our progress through it, our attention was forcibly arrested, our feelings interested, and our minds delighted with the sentiments, the imagery, and the diction; but chiefly with the first.

Mrs. West has chosen a subject well calculated for the display of tender, natural, and affecting incidents. The MOTHER: within the magic circle of that word all that is mild, affectionate, and kind, all that is soft, patient, and forgiving, all that can sweeten or ennoble life, is to be found; and Mrs. West has seldom failed to seize upon every advantage of them. The poem is divided into five parts, *Infancy: Religious Instruction: Education: Separation from Children: Maternal Sorrows*; and it is introduced by the following sonnet which tells more than we could have wished to learn:—

Go child of feeling, to the world explain
 That thou wast born in care's dejected
 year,
 Cherish'd with sighs, bedew'd with many
 a tear,
 And nurtur'd far from pleasure's laughing
 train;
 Nor would that flattering wizard friendship
 deign
 Th' unwelcome birth with omens bright
 to cheer.

Go, and to mothers pour thy despatch
 clear;

Mothers will surely love a mother's strain
 But, should they scorn thee, shew them
 thou can'st bear

Neglect with conscious dignity serene;
 And silent to oblivion's cave repair,

Where sit thy sisters of poetic sheen,
 Waiting till fashion lead them forth to day.
 Green from the poet's ashes springs the
 bay.

The ante-penultimate line of the above is precisely that nonsense which every writer of a sonnet must sometimes be forced upon.

It has happened to Mrs. West, as to some other writers, to stumble upon the threshold: which, however, is deemed unlucky. In the sixth page she speaks of the "*dialect of Satan*:" a phrase not very intelligible; and afterwards *Audrey* and *Blowsibel* (two rural nymphs we presume) are advised "to strip a jackdaw," (i. e. a well dressed beau) "of his plumes," (viz. his cloathes!)—This is not a very feminine occupation. We are inclined however to give her some praise for the execution of her different characters, represented as rocks on which female affection must not split. In these, and in several other parts of the poem, Cowper has evidently been her model. Yet we fear her advice would be ineffectual when directed against the blandishments of love; for, either love is omnipotent, or woman frivolous, when, as is sometimes the case, the most estimable female qualities are sacrificed to such contemptible ones in our own sex as will scarcely secure to their possessor the cold approbation of mere acquiescence.

The following is true:

From the sad ministry of blank despair,
 From the sharp pangs of unavailing love,
 From the reproachful scorpions of remorse,
 Ye future mothers! save your hearts, and
 spare

Weak unresisting innocence those pains
 Which the wise sybil Foresight's prescient
 glance

Discerns, scarce veil'd by time's thin fleck-
 er'd clouds.

Enough of long protracted watchings, hours
 Of sad solicitude, and tender aids
 Man's feeble race require. Come then, ye
 fair!

To Hymen's shrine, and in your spousal
 train

Bring Fortitude and Patience. Poesy

Mispaints the nuptial god His saffron vest,
Like the camelion, changes oft its hues;
And on his radiant torch there sometimes
hang

Turbid or gloomy vapours. In his crown
Of roses lurks unscen, the rankling thorn;
And oft the deadly acorn wreaths.

His sacrificial goblet: omen dire!
Ah! could my feeble voice from rural glens
To courts and cities sound, with power to
call

Thy daughters, Folly! from the late carouse
Of Comus, or the cumbrous toils of state,
Dangerous to health and fame; but danger-
ous most

To fragile life, when Nature wisely bids
Th' expectant mother to the quiet haunts
Of ease and privacy, and social love;
When pleasing, anxious, pensive cares and
pains,

Wishes and sad presages, prayers and hopes,
Preluding terrors, clog the tedious hours
Of parturition, and with force combin'd
Shake the sad matron, writhing in the
grasp

Of agonies most keen; till the shrill cry
Of new-born life first wakens in her soul
Maternal tenderness. A pang succeeds,
Sharp as the throes of pain; her clasp'd
hands drop;—

O'er her flush'd cheek a dying paleness falls,
Like snow on the mezerion's crimson buds.
Thin visions float before her closing eyes;
On her dull'd ear imperfect murmurs ring;
Quick and unequal beats her heart.—“She
faints!”

Th' assistants cry, as they with pungent salts
Chafe her cold, dewy temples. Yet, forbear,
Ministering friends; for nature has at hand
Restorative more potent. Hark again
Those infant wailings, seem they not to say,
“Revive, my mother!—lo! thy feeble babe,
Shivering and helpless, shrinking from the
weight

Of new existence, in thy bosom seeks
Its best protection. Who but thou canst
brace

My nerveless limbs, or bid my imperfect
sense

Expand to thought or virtue. O revive
To duties nobler than the painted gaudes
That busy idle beauty: to delights
Purer than e'er the midnight gala gave.

Here dread no rival. Here no wayward
swain

Shall mock thy blasphe'ments. Give me
the hours

That dissipation claims: my smiles, the
shout

Of infantine delight, my rosy charms
Unfolding fast, reason's enchanting dawn
Rip'ning to thought;—these are thy present
needs;

Thy future, grateful duty; when things age,
Tottering and helpless in the vale of years,

Shall ask the succour of an arm by thee
Nurtur'd to manly vigour, and a heart
Affectionately zealous by thy care
With early virtues sown, and bearing then
Fruit of most precious growth a thousand
fold.”

We could have wished however
the subject of parturition had been
omitted. It is not false delicacy that
would wish such subjects to be un-
familiar to the female mind till expe-
rience instructs it.

We think the first book the least
meritorious of the five. Infancy; in
its relation to the mother, might have
been treated with more interest, per-
haps, than Mrs. West has done; and
we utterly blame the intrusion of
politics into the subject (see page 38).
This is an unsightly excrescence:
and such expressions as “upstart
puppies,” applied to the Napoleon
dynasty, might be excused in the
scurrile editor of a newspaper, be-
cause natural, but are quite beneath
the dignity of poetry. The diction
indeed of Mrs. West is not always
suited to her subject. In the second
book she speaks of taxing the hard
earn'd modicum of life: a colloquial
and vulgar expression; and “Swart
ignorance,” p. 52, is nonsense.

But the following has very superior
merit, and may, unfortunately, be too
often verified in real life. Describing
the odious manners and disgusting
pettiness of a fondled child, she pro-
ceeds,—

But from yon lonely corner lead to view
That poor, neglected girl, e-teem'd a dolt.
Mamma indeed objects, “’Tis awkward,
plain,

Inelegant, ill dress'd.” Shame on her pride,
Who by the idle vanities of dress
Denotes contempt, or kuckles self regard.
Bring me this slighted child. She trem-
bles; weeps,

Shrinks from my proffer'd hand, looks
round alarm'd,
Steals on my face one timid glance, and
smiles

To see a friendly aspect. Half assur'd,
She speaks, then pauses. She has much
to tell;

But fears lest her untutor'd tongue should
drop
Some coarse expression, or that nurse will
chide

If troublesome. See, by my side all day
Patient she stands, while gentle offices
Speak her strong sense of kindness. Mo-
ther, turn!

Regard this blameless claimant; though
her eye

Beam not the lustrous ray of beauty, see
Intelligence and gratitude Her mien
Is lonely, but thy forming hand may give
Polish'd deportment; or if stubborn joints
Frustrate thy plastic skill, through this
harsh mould

Th' unfading charms of a celestial mind
May dart unenvied beauty. On this arm,
Brown and misshapen, may'st thou lean;
this breast

May hide thy tears and blushes, when the
shame

Of that fair wanton, taught by thee to
run

The maze of folly, ends in guilt her course
Begun in vanity, and bids thee beg
For death, in bitterness of self reproach;
While this kind nurse, by ministrations
wise,

And sweet endearments, piously withstands
The prayer, and on thy thorny pillow
sheds

The healing opiate of consoling love.

But who comes now, with philosophic
air,

Sententious, ripe in judgment, tho' in size
A pigmy 'Tis a tiny Socrates.
Now call'd a child of reason. It will run,
If you will tell it the inherent laws
Of motion. It will say its task, but first
Convince it language is the privilege
Of man 'Tis fix'd and mute, if you at-
tempt

The sternness of command; for well it
knows

Its high prerogatives, equal and free.
And it can prate of rights, bid you assign
Your motives of decision, school your faults,
And argue you to silence. Gracious
Heaven!

Transport me o'er the mountains of the
moon,

Where Afric breeds her monsters; bid me
cast

In Norway's seas my anchor, on the back
Of some vast kraken slumbering; let me
hear,

Mid Portobello's putrid swamps, the hiss
Of serpent's vast, whose poisonous volumes
roll

O'er many a rood*, rather than chain me
down

To this portent, this fearful augury
Of unexampled times—when, early train'd
To disputation, to confess no law
But its own choice, no light except the
beam

Of reason, dim in all, in some extinct,
And where most bright dubious and change-
able,

The educated sceptic comes prepar'd

To wage Typhoean war with heaven; nor
asks

His unrepented sins and furious lusts
To goad him on, bewilder'd, to the gulph
Of infidel despair. These are not times
Of pagan ignorance: we halt not now
Between the koran and the cross, nor seek
By metaphysic's darkling guidance, Him
Whom clearly shew we worship, and coun-
less,

By dedication and external forms,
To be our sovereign. Rebels we may be,
Or subjects liege; not aliens, free to choose
Roman or Spartan statutes, or to stand
In the Lyceum, or the porch, or seek,
From Zoroaster or Confucius sage,
A God of fire, or moral institutions.

There is in this passage much good
sense, good poetry, and amiable feel-
ing.

Mrs. West's blank verse is fluent,
and not often inharmonious. Some-
times, indeed, she offends against
rhythm from an apparent ignorance of
the accentuation of the words she
uses. Thus, at p. 61, we have the
following line,—

The gloss of suavity, the bending grace.

in which the introduction of the Pyr-
rhic foot destroys the harmony. At
p. 63, *infantile* is used for *infantile*.
The former has no existence in our
language.

Mrs. West is particularly fond of
calling the eye-lash *fringed curtains*,
a metaphor, however, which she has
borrowed from Shakspeare, who, in
his *Tempest*, makes Prospero address
Miranda thus:

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say, what thou seest yond.

The third book, which is devoted
to the subject of *education*, contains
nothing very pre-eminent; and we
think the concluding simile very hy-
perbolic. Describing an elder sis-
ter, who weeps to see her younger
one flogged, of which punishment,
however, she has been the cause,
Mrs. West adds,—

"Thus while the sword of pestilence
or war
Unsheath'd, impends o'er an offending
realm,

Weeps the commission'd angel to foresee
The chastisements of mercy: higher
thoughts

Blend with these sad relentings, which con-
clude

In loud hosannas to the righteous Judge,
Who, like a pitying father, smites to save.

* "Lay floating many a rood."—Milton.

Surely this is as pompous as the man who, yanking his servant to shut the door, exclaimed

"Swift on its axle turn the wooden guard-
dial of my peace."

It is in the fourth and fifth books that Mrs. West delights us most.— Their subjects are *Separation from Children and Maternal Sorrows*: and here she often becomes highly interesting. We willingly pass over some redundancies of language; but the following error is a blemish that should be removed in a future edition:

Cornutilla shows

The cowslip hue and soft perfumes of
spring.

The noun "perfume" is accented on the first syllable.

We confess we are not yet so unsophisticated as to admire the heroines of our author's praise, the ancient daughters of Britain, whom Mrs. West exultingly describes as not fear-

ing tougher toils,

But gave their beauty to the nipping gales,
Or blistering sun, what time the new-
mown hay,

Or wheat maturely brown, summon'd their
aid,

To share their brothers' tasks; then lighter
far

Than when they rose at midnight to resist
The ravage of the flood, when southern
blasts

Broke up the stubborn magazines of ice,
And swell'd the mountain-torrents with a
storm

Of sleet and hail; yet through that storm
they rush'd,

And in the swelling inundation plung'd,
To drive their shivering kine to pastures
safe.

There also was the toil to seek their flocks
In deep ravines, where, shelter'd from the
wind,

The harmless people couch'd, till o'er their
heads

The drifting snow pill'd gradual; patient
there

They ruminated, till their guardian swains,
Led by their dog's sagacious bark, explor'd
And freed the captives, bearing in their
arms

These blest to the sheep-cot, shelter'd warm,
And with dry fodder stord.

This may be all very well in poetry: but it would not exalt our admiration of female excellence, to see them

with bare legs and knees, wading through a pool to drive home the cows. Our imaginations love to repose upon softer lineaments.

The following is very pleasing:—

The hour of trial is arriv'd, long fear'd
By the fond mother, who, in privacy,
Bath'd her pale cheek with tears; and hum-
bly pray'd

Celestial benediction, while her hands,
Bustled in Martha's toils, selected aught
Of use, or comfort, or delight, to sooth
The wanderer's future wants. Wait till
that hour

He never knew, which kindness could re-
lieve,

Or care anticipate; but stranger-hands
Must now perform those offices, to love
Most dear; and stranger-hearts, with feel-
ings cold,

Fulfil the stiated service justice claims,
Once paid by love with vast munificence,
Outgoing obligation. Will he find
A friendly breast, to which his treasure'd
woes

May be confided, where his aching head,
Leaning, may find repose? His fever'd lip
Who now shall moisten with the cooling
cup,

Or heal with draughts medicinal? The couch
Of restless pain who shall compose, or (task
More difficult) administer reproof

To headlong indiscretion, temper'd sweet
With tenderness ineffable, till tears
Awake the scorpions of remorse? For love
Pains more than anger, by its chastisements

A heart susceptible of generous shame,
And grateful recollection. He who stood
Firm and unyielding while the pedagogue

Brandish'd his rod, who, with disdainful air,
Endur'd the menace of opprobrious rage,
Has melted to behold his mother's eye

Mildly expostulate; has felt her sighs
Than stripes more agonizing; and has fear'd
Expulsion from that safe retreat, her arms,

Worse than the furies academic lore
Plants round her hallow'd grove, from theft
profane

To guard her laurels. Will the busy world
Stop in the chase of avarice or fame

To mark a stripling stranger, and explain
The latent characters of soul which speak
A mind not stubborn, but determin'd, brave

To high courageous daring, yet dispos'd
To grateful earnings, pitiful and kind,
Artless in manner, and averse to own

Its own deserts? Ah, no! hid in the shell
Of rough demeanour, careless, unconstrain'd,
Th' unripen'd fruit of rich integrity

Will shrivel unperceiv'd. Yet did she spare
No culture to induce the golden growth:

Of courtesy and winning grace. Alas!
Was the soil barren, or did anxious love
Look for the fruit before the blossom swell'd?

So in her closet, meditating sad,
The mother reasons, while a sombre cloud,
Gradual succeeding the effulgent glow
Of hope, o'er the adventurer's youthful
cheek

In pallid silence steals. Again he pats
His darling rover, visits yet again
Each favour'd haunt, bids a renew'd adieu
To the old nurse, his confident, or hind,
Who hid the lapses of his boyish hours,
And shar'd his hoarded apples. Now he parts
Among his playmates keepsakes, be they
spoils

Torn from the plunder'd wanderers of air,
Marbles or tops, the wicket and the bat,
Each token of adroitness, precious late,
And with regret resign'd. His sadden'd
heart

Feels these direstments; and the world
unknown,

So brautious once, looks blank, a naked
void

Of each delight, to habit or to love
Most dear. But at the door the neighing
steed

Gives summons dire. He turns: Is this a
time

For weak irresolution? "Yet to view
A mother's tears, and bid farewell. O task
Impossible! Will not to-morrow's dawn
Conduct her to my pillow, to inquire
If I am well, or chide my sluggishness?

To-morrow's sun will rise, but from that
voice

And smile, than day more cheerful, I for-
lorn

Shall rove in banishment. O most lov'd,
Most honour'd! Is she silent? Does she
fear

Her sorrows will unman me that she checks
Her faltering voice, nor washes with one tear
The parting kiss, while on my head her hand
Is press'd in benediction, and her eyes
Rais'd in mute awe to heaven. Farewell!"

'Tis spoke,
And forth he rushes. Now unshid'd his
griefs,

Long painfully restrain'd, in torrents burst,
Soon check'd by decent pride, as with a
speed

That speaks his diffidence, he eager posts
Along the destin'd road, and fears to turn;
Till from the summit of the hill, whose
bourne

Shuts from his view that bower of bliss by
him

So lov'd, he pauses, takes a parting look
Of the dear hamlet; cottage, field, and
grove

Decyphering, and the lares, social powers,
Who people every hearth, for every hearth
Is hallow'd then, and innocence and joy

Bound o'er those fields. He gazes till his
eyes

Ache with impassion'd vision. What! no
more

Must he return? Yes, 'tis nothing hope
replies,

"Thou shalt return, laden with wealth and
fame

And thy return shall be a festival
Of gratulating bliss, a holiday
Of social transport. But go, first pursue
The path which duty points," Sighing,
he yields,

And speeds his pilgrimage along the vale.

So on the top of fountful Pisgah stood
Moses, the man of God, who faithful led
The wandering tribes, permitted thence to
view

That rest so long desir'd, and now denied.

By special interdiction, for his sin
At Meribah. The palms of Jericho
He saw, and Jordan, like a silver line
Parting the realm of Sihon from the lot
Of Benjamin. O'er Sibma, rich in vines
And flowers, he glanc'd, to where the ut-
most sea

Wash'd Dan and Ephraim. On the south
he saw

Th' Asphaltic lake, dire monument of wrath
Eternal, and the heights of Lebanon,
Whose cedars seem'd to touch the bending
clouds,

Skirted his northern view. Such wond'rous
pow'r

Of vision God afforded, to console
Him he in love rebuk'd. Ere call'd to die,
He saw thee, promis'd Canaan, fertile then
Beyond all other lands; and once again
Did he behold thee, when on Tabor's top
Glorious he stood, and commun'd with Him,
Seen in the burning bush, of whom he
spoke,

Prophetical Messiah, come to lead
Lost Israel to the ever-during rest
Of heav'nly Canaan.

*May that rest be thine,
Young wanderer! and thy earthly father's
house*

Thy mother's fondness, and the social joys
Fraternal friendship yielded, be supplied
(Thy moral journey done) by the large
courts

Of thy eternal sire, whose love transcends
A mother's; there in fellowship most pure,
Mayst thou embrace thy brethren, the re-
deem'd

Gather'd from every people, clime and age.

[To be concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ONE, obtained by the first successes of the
Patriot Armes in Spain. By Mrs
FÉTICHER.

SHOUT, warriors, shout that Spain is free,
Your voice shall reach the flying foe,
The thundering sounds of victory
Shall fill their coward souls with woe!
Panic struck the murderers fly,
Trampled in dust their bloody eagles lie,
Shame now pursues where desolation led,
And Spain, victorious Spain, has conquer'd
while she bled!

Was it for this, O heav'n abandoned race,
That Louis died, your unoffending king,
That he who wore his plunder'd crown
might bring.

To brand your matchless crimes, unparal-
lel'd disgrace!

Sunk as ye are, and lost to sense of shame,
Yet shall your sons, in future ages boast,
That when your monarch bled, his coun-
try's fame,

Consign'd to foreign hands, by foreign
hands was lost

To feed a robber's lust of sway,
And give a Corsican another throne,
You thought that Spain, an easy prey,
Would aid your interests and forget her
own.

Fools thus to think, and villains thus to
dare,

Reptiles to friendship and to honour lost,
How can ye hope that angry Spain should
spare

Men that for this her mountain barriers
cross'd!

On such allies be blasting vengeance hurl'd,
Mercy to you were treason to the world!

What if three nations, great in arms no
more,

Have tamely yielded to your murder-
ous bands,

Spain, by herself, their freedom shall re-
store,

And Europe own redemption at her
hands.

You face not monarchs now, but men,
True to themselves, and to their country

Just,
Your jingles here and hes are vain,
Not fraud, but force, must win our sacred
trust

Kings, by their own ambition bought,
May harter millions for extended sway,

May sell the crown for which their sub-
jects fought,

For titles such as you can give to pay;
On these our lessons, ere they smile, retort.

You are contagious now, and can't but
spread dismay.

Stained with the blood of violated peace,
Whose sacred robes you madly dar'd to
rend,

Wisely, while yet you may, the contest
cease,

Ere one great blow your fading glory
end

Your humbled arms against the traitor turn,
Who, drunk with slaughter, reel'd into
your throne,

Himself, and all his upstart race, down,
And from their regal seats the fell banditti
spurn,

French honour then, in Bourbon's race
that shone,

With phoenix fire shall from its ashes burn,
And crown with halcyon blaze your mur-
der'd monarch's urn

So shall you expiate years of studi'd guilt,
Oppression, plunder, cruelty, and dish-
The damning stains of an abandon'd truth,
And kindred blood, in wanton horror spilt
By Spaniards vanquish'd, and by Spaniards
spard,

Receive a lesson from victorious swords,
And tell the wretch who so ignobly dar'd,

What harvest waits his ignominious
hordes

Then let his hopeless rage fresh legions
pour,

The desperate fate of empire to restore,
O'er plains with slaughter hot, through ri-
vers red with gore

IMITATION OF ALMATEO

MR. EDITOR,

Sir,

If you should think the fol-
lowing worthy of a small space in your
valuable Miscellany, it will be a source
of much gratification to your constant
reader.

Feb. 7th, 1809.

JUVENIS

A very pretty girl who was blind of
the right eye, had a brother who was
blind of the left. Upon these cir-
cumstances Almateo wrote the follow-
ing distich—

Blaude puer! lumen quod habes concede
sorori.

Sic tu, cæcus amor! sic erit illa Venus!

IMITATION.

An lovely boy! the light possess'd by thee,
On thy fair sister couldst thou but con-
fer!

In thee a perfect Cupid we should see;
A perfect Venus then behold in her!

JUVENIS

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT of the
LIFE and ACHIEVEMENTS of LIEU-
TENANT GENERAL SIR JOHN
MOORE, K.B.

IN fulfilling this promise which we made in page 68 of our last number, with the view of producing an account of the deceased General, as an accompaniment to the elegant likeness which embellished our Magazine for January, we have scarcely

of the illustrious house of Hamilton were entrusted to his care. Each of the last dukes of that name appeared to be affected with a predisposition towards a pulmonary consumption, which, in the end, proved fatal to both, the one dying of that complaint in his 16th year, while the life of the second, notwithstanding a variety of excesses, was procrasted to the forty-fourth. After strewing flowers on the tomb of James Graham, together

terest and importance of the subject are duly considered.

The much lamented General was a native of Scotland. His grandfather, the Rev. Charles Moore, was a clergyman of the established church, which is the Presbyterian in that country, and like most of that profession afforded an admirable example of manners that indicated all the simplicity of the patriarchal times, and of integrity, that was equally edifying and irreproachable. His father, Dr. John Moore, after being bred at the university of Glasgow, first acted as a surgeon in the hospitals in Flanders, during the war preceding the American, and, after practising some time in the same capacity in his native country, at length settled in

London. He was better known as a traveller than a medical man, and a man of letters than a physician. Early in life he became united to the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Simpson, Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, and had by this lady one daughter and five sons, the eldest of whom forms the subject of this memoir.

John was born at Glasgow, some time before his father bid a last farewell to a city celebrated alike for its literature and its commerce, and to which the whole family was attached by the most tender recollection. It was here also that he received the first rudiments of his education, which was afterwards advanced and perfected under the immediate eyes of a parent.

As the Doctor had obtained considerable estimation in the country which gave him birth, both on account of his medical skill and the suavity of his manners, two noblemen

moving by the constant request of his mother the Duchess of Argyle, accompanied Douglas Hamilton, to the continent. The period which elapsed during this long, amusing, and instructive tour, was no less than five years; and the view of France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, opened new scenes, and afforded subjects for remarks, that could not fail to furnish a variety of interesting ideas. On this occasion, John, the eldest son of Dr. Moore, accompanied his father, and thus, besides the advantages of parental instruction, had a most excellent opportunity of obtaining a facility in the languages. It was then also, by seeing the best company among the various nations which he visited that he acquired those manners

intercourse of society.

Having been destined for the army, Mr. John Moore entered the service early in life; and as he possessed the patronage of the two first families in Scotland, those of Argyle and Hamilton, his rise was pretty rapid. After passing through all the intermediate degrees, with a rapidity corresponding with his promising talents, he became Lieutenant Colonel of the 62d regiment of foot; in 1801, obtained the colonelcy of the same, and also a Black Corps, called Moore's regiment, and rose to the rank of Major-General on June 1798. At this period also, we find him representing the Scottish Boroughs, Lanerk, Linlithgow, and Peebles, in the British parliament.

The late war with France afforded the most excellent opportunity for young men of talents to distinguish themselves, and these were not omit-

ted by General Moore. We accordingly find him employed in the Mediterranean, where he soon became known by his zeal and intrepidity.

The sudden evacuation of Toulon rendered a place of arms in that quarter not only requisite for our troops, but also for our navy; in addition to this, some spot was wanting for the accommodation of the immense number of emigrants, who, in consequence of their espousing the cause of England, had been under the necessity of flying from their native homes. An opportunity having presented itself about that time of annexing Corsica to the crown of England, Lord Hood, an able and indefatigable commander, determined to make the attempt.

Pascal Paoli, who, after fighting the battles of his country, had taken refuge in England, was once more determined to contend for the sovereignty of his native isle; but he had been taught, by better experience, how difficult it was for a handful of half-civilized men to combat the armies of a nation acquainted with all the resources of war. He therefore, after being elected *Generalissimo*, by a public *Consulta*, entered into a secret correspondence with England, to which he made an offer of the sovereignty of his native island.

The British Admiral having determined to do nothing rashly or inconsiderately, was resolved to select two intelligent officers, on purpose to enquire into the probability and means of success. Those pitched upon by him were Lieut. Colonel Moore, and Major Kochler, who having landed secretly had an interview with the veteran chief, and made a true, and, at the same time, a flattering report of his power and authority. Impressed with this intelligence, Lord Hood determined to anticipate the French, who had embarked a body of troops at Nice for the subjugation of the island, and accordingly sailed from thence in the beginning of 1793. Having anchored in a bay to the westward of Martello tower, a body of troops, consisting of the second battalion of the Royal, the 11th, 4th, 6th, 40th, 61st, and 68th regiments, amounting in all to about fourteen hundred men, was landed

under Lieut. Gen. Dundas, and it was determined that this important post should be immediately seized, without which the anchorage could not be deemed secure.

The tower of Martello resembles a wooden sand-box in point of form, being circular, and increasing as it ascends, until it reaches the parapet, which overhangs the base. The walls are of a prodigious thickness, and two eighteen pounders mounted on the summit were protected by means of iron cables, used in the tunny fishery, intermingled with sand. A bomb-proof casemate, capacious enough to shelter a hundred men, defended a well which at once supplied water for drinking, and also for extinguishing any fire occasioned by an attack on the part of an enemy. The rotundity of the fort rendered it a mark extremely difficult to be hit by the most skillful engineer; and even in that case, as the balls generally struck in an oblique direction, the damage was inconsiderable, while the garrison, consisting of only 33 men, were exposed to little or no danger.

This was fully proved by the event; for notwithstanding the Fortitude and Juno were so placed as to anchor with the utmost effect, and a combined attack took place by sea and land, the reduction was far from being easy. These ships, unaccustomed to contend with walls, behind which were lodged an invincible enemy found it convenient to withdraw after a severe and well directed fire of two hours and a half, during which one of them was in danger of being burnt by red-hot shot, supplied from a furnace constructed behind the parapet.

It now became necessary to attack the place in form, which accordingly experienced all the horrors of a regular siege. The land forces having seized on an eminence that commanded it, a battery was established within two hundred and fifty yards; but the feeble garrison within, which had entered through a narrow aperture in the wall, and by drawing up the ladder rendered an assault impracticable, held out during two whole days, and at length surrendered, rather from the necessity of their situation than any immediate necessity.

While the fate of this paltry but formidable fortress engaged the attention both of the English and the enemy, Lieut.-Col. Moore had been detached with two regiments, a small howitzer, and a six pounder, for the purpose of seizing on Fornell, by a sudden and unexpected movement. Having dragged these cannon for the space of several miles, through a mountainous country, on reconnoitring the place, which had resisted the attack of our flying squadron, it was found that it could not be taken by a *coup-de-main*. The present expedition, however, proved the means of its capture; for this officer reported, that provided heavy artillery was brought up, an attack on the enemy's post seemed likely to be attended with success. Accordingly, Lieut.-Col. Moore headed a column, with which he advanced against the nearest part of this formidable redoubt, while Lieut.-Col. Wauchope and Captain Stewart, extended in the centre and on the left, and having thus divided the attention of the enemy, drove them down a steep hill in the rear. On this occasion, Lieut.-Col. Moore cut down a French grenadier, who fought by the side of his commander, with his own hand.

As Calvi was now the sole post in the island appertaining to the French, the immediate possession of it became of great importance to the English: where, after the French had evacuated the Molluchesco, Lieut.-Col. Moore, who had so gallantly carried the convention redoubt at Fornell, undertook the management of the whole.

A variety of impediments occurred, both from the nature of the ground and the desperate resistance made by the enemy. A captain of the Royals was severely wounded by the side of the commanding officer, while he himself received a severe contusion in the head, by the bursting of the same shell. Notwithstanding the effusion of blood, he entered the place along with the grenadiers, and Gen. Stewart, who had witnessed the whole from a neighbouring eminence, followed her behind, threw himself in the arms of Lieut.-Col. Moore, thus affording the most warm testimony of his approbation, in presence of the victors, who shouted with joy.

Soon after his return to England, the Duke of York, fully conscious of the merits of Lieut.-Col. Moore, selected him as a proper person to serve in an expedition against the French West-India Islands; and he sailed in the autumn of 1795, under Lieut.-Gen. Sir Ralph Abercrombie. After the capture of the Dutch colonies of Demerara, Issequibo, and Berbice, part of the troops destined against St. Lucia, sailed for Longeville Bay. Here Lieut.-Col. Moore served in the rank of Brigadier-General, and effected a landing without any considerable opposition. Having advanced next morning to Chac Bay, the centre division of the army disembarked near the village of the same name, on which an advanced body of the enemy retired to Morns Chabot, one of the strongest posts in the island.

Before any further progress could be made, it was deemed necessary to occupy this high and commanding eminence. Accordingly two officers were selected to lead the troops, and were employed in two separate attacks. General Moore, with seven companies of the 53d regiment, 100 of Malcolm's, and 80 of Lewinstein's Rangers, was ordered to advance by a circuitous pass, while General Hope, with 350 of the 57th, was to march by a nearer and more direct route. But in consequence of some error on the part of the guides, arising from the circumstance of its being a night attack, the former fell in with an advanced picket, considerably more than had been expected, so that his intentions were completely discovered, and the meditated assault anticipated. Notwithstanding this, the Brigadier-General immediately determined to commence operations without waiting for the approach of the other column, and notwithstanding this disadvantage, he found means to carry the post, by a prompt and decisive movement.

In the course of the succeeding day he advanced to, and seized on Morns Fort, in the possession of which the principal strength of the enemy resided. In an engagement, which was afterwards, in which neither the commander-in-chief nor the subject of this memoir, were in the

least degree implicated, the French batteries were not carried for some days after. But at length two parallels, provided with heavy artillery, having been completed, and the enemy repulsed by General Moore, during a desperate sally for the protection of the Vigie, a lodgement was effected within 200 yards of the fort; and this island surrendered to the British arms, May 25, 1796.

Brigadier-Gen. Moore, after a successful campaign, returned to Europe at the same time with General Abercrombie, and no sooner was the latter employed in a new expedition, than he selected this officer, who had now acquired the rank of Major-General, to accompany him. The British Cabinet being fully sensible of the importance of Holland, bereaved of its antient independence, in consequence of engaging in this war, determined to make a bold attempt, on purpose to rescue an antient ally from the dominion of France. An Anglo-Russian army invaded the Batavian dominions, August 27, 1799. No sooner had a landing been effected, than Sir Ralph Abercrombie gave orders for two brigades, under Major-Generals Moore and Burrard, to attack the Helder; but this measure was rendered unnecessary by the conduct of the Dutch, under General Daendels, who thought fit to evacuate that important post.

Nor did the prospect of success end here, for the enemy was foiled in an attack on the British cantonments, in the course of which Major-General Moore, who commanded on the right, while displaying his wonted spirit, and experiencing his usual good fortune, received a slight wound. Such hopes of a final and complete success were now held out, that his Royal Highness the Duke of York embarked with the second division of the army, and on his arrival at head-quarters immediately assumed the command of the whole; 7,000 Russians, under General D'Hermann, having been landed at the same time.

In fine, after various disappointments, the campaign proved abortive, and 8,000 prisoners of war, detained in England, were offered and accepted, for the permission of re-embarking

the troops, secure from molestation and attack.

The next public service in which we find General Moore engaged, was the expedition against Egypt, in 1799. Accordingly, on the 20th of Feb. 1801, the British fleet sailed with an army on board of between 15 and 16,000 men, under Sir R. Abercrombie; but whose effective force is said not to have exceeded 12,000 men.

A squadron of men of war and transports, amounting to 200 sail, having arrived in Aboukir Bay, anchored near the spot rendered so celebrated by the glorious victory of the Nile. The first division of the army, amounting to near 6,000 men, having embarked in the boats, a rocket was fired at 3 o'clock in the morning, as a signal to proceed to the place of rendezvous, and at 9 they advanced towards the beach, steering directly towards that part of the shore where the enemy appeared most formidable. The French occupied an admirable military position, consisting of a steep sand-hill, receding towards the centre, in form of an amphitheatre; which, together with the castle of Aboukir, poured down a most terrible and continued discharge of shot, shell, and grape, so as to furrow up the waves on all sides of the approaching flotilla.

Notwithstanding this, Major-Gen. Moore, having leaped ashore with the reserve, the 23d regiment, and the four flank companies of the 40th, belonging to his brigade, rushed up the eminence, and charged with fixed bayonets. The effect produced by this gallant movement was such as might have been expected; for another body of troops was also enabled to get on shore, and the enemy, instead of fighting with their usual obstinacy, retreated to Alexandria, while the invaders encamped with their right to the sea, and their left to the Lake Maadie.

During the action of the 13th of March, the reserve, under Major General Moore, was kept in column for a considerable time, with a view to assail one of the flanks of the enemy, and thus finish the campaign by a signal victory; but after some hesitation it was deemed prudent to

encamp with the right to the sea, and the left to the canal of Alexandria.

At the battle of Aboukir, which occurred four days after the French intended to have decided the fate of Egypt, and, accordingly, issued orders for "driving the English into the Lake of Maadie." In this action, which proved equally fatal to the cause of the French, and the much lamented Abercrombie, Major Gen. Moore was wounded, while leading on the reserve with his usual gallantry. Notwithstanding this unfortunate accident, we find him employed at the siege of Cairo, and nominated, after its surrender, to escort the French troops to the place of embarkation.

Nothing now remained but the capture of Alexandria to complete the entire conquest of Egypt. This was at length attempted by General Hutchinson; and while Major-Gen. Coote invested the strong castle of Marabout, two other attacks were made by Generals Moore and Craddock.

Menou being briskly pressed on all sides, and despairing of any assistance on the part of Admiral Gauthaume, consented to a negotiation, and Alexandria having surrendered August 30, 1801, possession was taken of the intrenched camp, and the heights above Pompey's Pillar, together with Fort Triangular; soon after which the French were sent home, and the English remained the undoubted masters of Egypt.

After his return to England, Major-Gen. Moore was constantly employed on the staff of the army. He for some time commanded at Shorne Cliffe, in Kent, in view of the enemy's coast, and actually within sight of one of their camps.

The public opinion of him at that period is thus expressed in a very popular work:

"Where the conduct of all is so distinguished, it is difficult to particularize merit; but it would manifest ignorance or prejudice not to speak of General Moore with those sentiments of admiration which the whole army felt and expressed. His exertions, personal courage, and ability, contributed much to the success of the day, and to enhance that cha-

raacter which his former brilliant services entitled him to."

"Wounded early in the action under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, he refused to quit the field, and continued in an activity almost beyond belief, when the nature of such a wound is considered."

"In Holland he was also wounded three times before he left the field. Every where he has gained the admiration of the army, and exalted the honour of his country."

While Gen. Moore was at Shorne Cliffe, he was estimated as so complete a soldier and so strict a disciplinarian, that the 52d regiment, of which he had the command, was commonly looked up to as a model in point of appearance and manœuvres. Though his object was to make his soldiers hardy, unlike those men whose little minds could see improvement only in the cock of a hat or the length of a queue; his chief study was to make men perfect in that art, by which they were to conquer the enemies of their country; and any General who deviates from that rule, is unworthy of the command he holds.

In 1804, his Majesty bestowed on him the Order of the Bath, an honour usually reserved for officers of the most distinguished courage and success. In 1807, he was sent to Sicily to supersede General Fox, as commander-in-chief on that island.

Sweden it was thought would have presented an enlarged theatre of action for abilities, such as Gen. Moore was known to possess. Hither early in 1808 he was sent with an army of 10000 men to the assistance of the King of Sweden. It is known that the King could not agree to the terms upon which the British troops were to be permitted to act, and that Sir John Moore left Stockholm privately to avoid some of the disagreeable consequences of that monarch's misconceptions, and got safely on board the British fleet at Gottenburgh. The consequence was, that the whole army was withdrawn, and General Moore's public services were reluctantly dispensed with, till the expedition to Spain and Portugal was determined upon, the results of which are but too well known.

Of the affair of Corunna, in which his last moments were employed, the public have seen both the English and French accounts; and no greater testimony to the merits of General Moore can possibly be produced than that of a generous enemy. Napoleon himself, who is supposed to be the author of the Bulletins of the French army, speaking of this unfortunate Spanish business, says of the English,—"It is difficult to conceive the folly of their plan of campaign. It must be attributed, not to the *General who commands, and who is a clever and skilful man*, but to that spirit of hatred and rage which animates the English Ministry. To push forward in this manner 30,000 men, exposing them to destruction, or to flight as their only resource, is a conception which can only be inspired by the spirit of passion, or the most extravagant presumption."

During the retreat to Corunna, we are told, the troops had to cross a piece of water which was breast high; the much lamented late commander set his soldiers the example in wading across, and observing an ensign of one of the regiments preparing to be carried over by a grenadier, Sir John Moore made him get upon his legs, told him his brother soldier had enough to carry in his knapsack, ammunition, and arms, and made the delicate officer wade through the water.

Respecting the General's last moments, after he had been struck by the cannon-ball which caused his death, the following is given in the words of one of his most confidential attendants and friends, who was by the side of the hero, and with whom he deposited his expiring wishes:—

"I met the General on the evening of the 16th ult. as some soldiers were bringing him into Corunna, supported in a blanket with sashes. He knew me immediately, though it was almost dark; squeezed me by the hand, and said, 'Do not leave me.' He spoke to the surgeons on their examining his wounds, but was in such pain he could say but little. After some time he seemed very anxious to speak to me; and at intervals, expressed himself as follows:—The first thing he asked was—'Are the French

beaten?'—which inquiry he repeated to all those he knew as they entered the room.—On being assured by all that the French were beaten, he exclaimed—'I hope the people of England will be satisfied—I hope my country will do me justice. You will see my friends as soon as you possibly can—tell them every thing—say to my mother'—(here his voice failed him)—'Hope—Hope—I have much to say, but cannot get it out.—Is Colonel Graham, and are all my aides-de-camp well?—I have made my will, and have remembered my servants.—Colborne has my will, and all my papers.'

"Major Colborne (his principal aid-de-camp) then came into the room—he spoke most kindly to him, and then said to me—'Remember you go to —, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will befriend Major Colborne—he has been long with me, and I know him most worthy of it.' He then again asked Major Colborne if the French were beaten; and on being told they were repulsed on every point, he said—'it was a great satisfaction, in his last moments, to know he had beat the French.'

"Is General Paget in the room?' On my telling him he was not, he said, 'Remember me to him—'

"I feel myself so strong, I fear I shall be long dying:—I am in great pain."

"He then thanked the Doctors for their attention.

"Captains Percy and Stanhope came into the room:—he spoke kindly to both, and asked Percy if all his aides-de-camp were well—he pressed my hand close to his body, and in a few minutes died without a struggle.

"He said to me, while the surgeons were examining his wound—'You know I have always wished to die this way.'—As far as I can recollect, this is every thing he said, except asking to be placed in an easier posture."

The interment of Sir John Moore took place at an early hour the next morning after his death. A grave only three feet deep was prepared for his remains on the bastion of Corunna, in which they were deposited without a coffin. The service was read by the Rev. H. J. Symons, on

of the Chaplains to the Guards, who, with the numerous train that attended his interment, was frequently fired upon during the performance of the sepulchral rites. At that time the enemy had made their appearance upon the heights which command the town and harbour of Corunna.

Mrs. Moore who resides at Cobham, in Surry, no sooner heard of the disastrous fate of her heroic son, than she retired to her bed, and has scarcely taken food or uttered a word from that moment.

One of the General's brothers, Captain Graham Moore, was Commodore of the fleet which conveyed the Royal family of Portugal to the Brazils; he has several other brothers, who are respectable professional men.

Lord Castlereagh, when he moved the House of Commons to erect a monument to the memory of this brave General, observed, if Sir John Moore had not been able to accomplish all that had been expected; if he was not able to achieve the arduous task of rescuing Spain from the tyrant's grasp, the fault was not his. Providence gave him an opportunity, before he was snatched from the service of his country, of leaving to the army an example of the most eminent military talents, and of covering his country with that glory which on sound principles he durst not venture to contend for at Sahagun and Saldana. His lordship then paid a variety of compliments to the bravery of the troops who had been engaged, and said it was impossible to deny, that such an achievement ranked with the most glorious that ever adorned the British name. A more splendid movement of combined naval and military means never was witnessed. It justified government of making use of these two strong arms for the salvation of the oppressed world.—He concluded with moving for an address, praying to his Majesty to order a monument to be erected to Sir John Moore, in St. Paul's Church. The question was carried unanimously, as was a vote of thanks to the officers and soldiers.—

The General Orders issued by General Hope on this occasion, concluded thus:—

"The Lieutenant-General hopes

the loss in point of numbers is not so considerable as might have been expected. He laments, however, the fall of the gallant soldiers and valuable officers who have suffered.

"He knows that it is impossible in any language he can use, to enhance the esteem or diminish the regret that the army feels in common with him for its late commander. His career has been unfortunately too limited for his country, but has been sufficient for his own fame. Beloved by the army, honoured by his sovereign, and respected by his country; he has terminated a life devoted to her service by a glorious death, leaving his name as a memorial, an example, and an incitement to those who shall follow him in the path of honour; and it is for his country alone, that his memory can receive the tribute which is its due."

We believe that the following reflections on this lamentable subject have been suggested by the purest feelings of nature and patriotism:—

"In the death of this accomplished soldier, his country has sustained a loss, which an age may not repair; particularly, if that military system, under which genuine merit has so rarely been able to rise from obscurity to eminence, shall continue to prevail among us. In a soil where the humble bud of genius is suffered to be choaked up by rank overgrown weeds, the vigorous growth of whatever is useful or excellent becomes an object of as much importance and congratulation, as its destruction would be a cause of sorrow. Were all men who happen to be placed in high public situations, eminently qualified to fill them, with the best advantage to the state, the loss of one would scarcely be felt. Were all the leaders of our military forces, as they ought to be, men of consummate skill, ability, and courage; the nation could not suffer from the death of one or two of them in battle. But when we have seen our armies precipitated into defeat and disgrace, by stupid, ignorant, and cowardly Generals—when the most undaunted heroism of our troops, has not been able to avert the calamities consequent on injudicious direction:—the appearance of a man whose talents were able

to command the respect of his government, and the confidence of his fellow-citizens; must have been hailed as a blessing; while his premature departure from this world must be deplored as a misfortune. These are the grounds on which we conceive the national loss we have just felt should be estimated. In this very estimate, the affection of the patriot is often insensibly transferred from his country to the individual; and we do believe there is not a true patriot, who has not long before this time, dropped a tear on learning the fate of him that was, at once, the ornament and hope of England.

"One of the best proofs that can be given of the high character of the late Sir John Moore, is the universal opinion, and the concurrent testimony of all who knew him. His knowledge in the art of war was clear, profound, and extensive. His vigilance and attention to the duties of his profession were unremitting. Of all the necessary and useful parts of discipline, he was a rigid enforcer. He was beloved by the army; while at the same time he allowed no greater indulgences to the individuals composing it, than was necessary to

the preservation of health. He executed the duties of that high situation, from the moment he was obliged to commence the retreat he so ably accomplished until the victory which terminated his splendid career.

"Besides standing among the first of his profession, the late General Moore was a finished gentleman, and an elegant scholar. His person was manly and prepossessing; his deportment was grave; his words few; but every part of his countenance was marked with intelligence and thought. Those who consider it a desirable thing for a man to have lived respected and honoured for his services, and to have his name handed down for ever as a theme of admiration and gratitude with posterity; must cease to lament the fate of a man, whom history will record along with the sacred names of Nelson, Epaminondas, Sydney, Wolfe, and Abercrombie. And to those who grieve for him on their country's account, it will be some consolation to think, that his glorious example will be imitated by others, whose latent talents, it is to be hoped a more perfect system will call forth to the service of the state."

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. ARCHIBALD JONES's, of Mile End, Printer; for a Method of discharging Colours from Shawls, and other dyed Silks, and Silk and Worsted of every Description, or such part or parts thereof as may be required for the purpose of introducing, by Printing or Staining, various Patterns on such discharges, or otherwise.

ONE pint of aqua fortis, or nitre fortis, more or less is taken, and of water one pint more or less, according to the patterns to be printed, thickened with flour, or any other proper substance, to such a consistency as may be proper for the blocks with which they are to be printed. After being printed, they are put into a steam or steaming box, and the articles continued therein until the discharge is brought out, which in general is produced in about five minutes: then such goods are taken out of the steam, rinsed and dried,

and they are finished. In some instances, where the goods do not require it, steam is dispensed with.

Mr. CHARLES GRANT'S, Viscount de VAUX, of Chelsea, for a Machine which will shew the Latitude and Longitude at sea; serving also for weighing any Object, for measuring Space, or the Course of a Ship, and Time, shewing and keeping account upon Dials, and upon Cosmographical Columns, which are part of such Machine; and also shewing the Leeway of a Ship: part of which Machine may also be applied to other useful purposes.

THE invention is described in the following manner: viz.—The hydroscope itself, which is a double box suspended one in the other, and supported by an axis or horizontal pivot, hollowed in the inside, keeps the two boxes perpendicular in all

the motions of the ship. The inside box contains a sort of clepsydra, or double sand-glass, furnished with one or two perpendicular scales; by means of these scales, which cover the two sand-glasses, the weight of the sand, falling in due proportion on the bottom one, acts upon a spiral ring fixed perpendicularly in the top of the largest box, to which it is joined by some wires, and a hook, placed in the centre of each scale: by these means the weight of the sand fallen in a certain time expresses upon a dial in front of the top box, and divided into sixty parts, or minutes of degree, the quantity of miles run by a ship, according to its velocity. But the continual variation of that velocity is expressed upon another dial placed upon the side of the frame, which supports the double box, because a globe, six inches diameter, and of an equal weight, with the same cube of water, is plunged in the sea, the medium of the ship. This globe has a communication to the inside of a room in the ship, where the hydro-scope stands, by a cord or chain through a cylinder; which cord or chain passing over a pulley or crank enters into a tube or pivot of boxes. In this tube the chain joins a band, or rod of brass, which passes through the brass collar, in which the sand descends. This band of brass has a longitudinal opening, equal to the extent of the attraction of the globe upon another spiral spring, placed horizontally in the same tube on the other side of the brass collar, so that the greatest velocity of a ship being supposed to be twelve miles in an hour, the ship going at that rate, a globe of six inches diameter cannot receive in the water a greater resistance than twelve pounds or one pound per mile, as the spiral spring shews: upon its rod, the rod of the spiral spring expressing twelve pounds, or twelve miles, not coming out of the spring more than four tenths of an inch for that weight, or for that resistance of the water upon the globe, than the longitudinal opening made in the above band, or rod, which, as before-mentioned, passes through the brass neck or communication between the two glasses, does not let the sand pass or fall according to the velocity

of the ship, and stops it entirely if the ship is at rest. But if this machine, or hydro-scope, is used on land instead of the sea, or in a ship merely for a time-keeper, then the sand will always run at the same rate, and express regularly the time upon the interior circle of the dial, divided in twenty-four parts, and it will be sufficient to wind it; that is to say, to turn the box, or clepsydra, every twenty-four hours.

Secondly. By the same principles of this weighing clock, the same dial which serves on the side of the hydro-scope for weighing the resistance of the fluid, or the run of a ship, if this dial is taken separately, with its spiral spring, is a convenient machine to use instead of scales for weighing any goods or commodities in a family, house, or shop; it requires no weights, nor any other scales; it never entangles like the scales, and is as sure and convenient as it is ornamental. On the other hand, this simple machine, the dial and spring will become an excellent perpetual log, when the globe is used with it, and with a wheel-work like a jack, put in motion by a spring or a weight, will serve to measure the strength of the wind, in which case the above clepsydra, article first, or sand-clock, would be used separately as a good time-keeper.

Thirdly. The columns annexed to the above parts of the invention being one terrestrial and the other celestial, serve to mark the situation of the ship in latitude and longitude; upon the first relatively to the earth, and upon the second relatively to the sky: consequently they offer an useful and interesting journal during all the voyage, if care is taken to fix each of the cylinders of these columns every day with a pin or screw, according to the result of the above machine to which these columns belong.

Fourthly. The third part of this invention is the elastic cable and remotor, for stopping the ship or boat in a current at sea, in order to calculate the alteration that such current can occasion on the course of the ship, as these elastic cables, or remotors, can be used on a small scale, with a boat as well as with the ship. It is always easy to know by these

means what is the strength and direction of a current, if any, and to calculate the course of the ship accordingly.

Fifthly. As it remains to deduce from the course of the ship another effect, called the lee-way, it is accounted for in this invention for the longitude by the means of a little glass tube, such as for a barometer. This tube is fixed across the ship to a little opening, or valve, on each side, very little under the level of the water: the centre of that rises perpendicularly along the frame of the hydroscope, where a scale graduated expresses the degree of the lee-way of the ship, by the water rising in that

perpendicular glass tube in the proportion of that effect called the lee-way, then it is very easy to join this account to the precedent. In fine, as this combined machine can be put in motion by water as well as by sand or wheels, the same means that are employed to measure the lee-way of a ship will serve to measure her direct velocity or course, if a little trap or valve is adapted to the opening made on the sides of the ship for the small tube of the lee-way.

N.B. It is by the re-union of these means, and on the same principles, that the longitude and latitude of a ship may be found.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. DAVY has read the conclusion of his Bakerian Lecture. In this part of his communication, Mr. Davy gave an account of the decomposition of the fluoric acid; detailed some curious experiments upon the muriatic acid; and entered into various new views connected with chemical theory.

Potassium burns, as Mr. Davy discovered, in fluoric acid gas, and separates its *basis*, which combines with the pot-ash formed, or with the potassium, if this last be in excess; and this compound of the fluoric basis, and the alkali, or alkaline basis, produces fluat of pot-ash by combustion, or by the action of water.

Common muriatic gas, Mr. Davy has discovered, contains at least a third of its weight of water. Mr. D. has not been able to procure it free from water, in an uncombined state; but he has obtained combinations of muriatic acid with phosphorous acid, phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid, and with phosphorus free from moisture; and these compounds, even when fluid, though constituted by matter supposed to be intensely acid, do not act on litmus paper, nor dissolve alkalis; and are non-conductors of electricity; but a very small proportion of water develops their energies, renders them conductors, and makes them capable of violently acting upon litmus and alkaline bodies. With these

compounds of muriatic acid, potassium detonates violently, even at common temperatures. The energy of the explosion has hitherto prevented Mr. Davy from examining the results; but he thinks it probable that the muriatic acid may undergo change or decomposition in the experiment.

In the course of his general enquiries, Mr. Davy examined an experiment on the production of ammonia, from a pyrophorus moistened with water, by Professor Woodhouse; and states that he has found his results accurate; but that the formation of the volatile alkali depend upon nitrogen, absorbed from the atmosphere, by the charcoal employed.

Mr. Davy, by exposing the pyrophorus, whilst cooling to hydrogen gas, found that no ammonia could then be produced by the affusion of water.

Mr. Davy, from experiments made upon a large scale, confirms his former analysis of pot-ash, as consisting of about 14 of oxygen, to 80 of metal.

He defends the theory of Lavoisier against the opinions of some of the disciples of this illustrious man, who suppose the metals to be compounds of hydrogen.

A. Marsden, Esq. vice president, read part of a long paper, illustrated with several drawings by Mr. Troughton, mathematical instrument maker, describing his instruments and methods of graduating quadrants, sec-

tions of circles, and other instruments, for mathematical and philosophical experiments. Mr. Troughton's theoretical method consists in making out a table of errors, by which means he corrects the dots made on the graduated circle, previous to the application of his instrument for dividing it into 180 degrees. Of this instrument, invented by his brother, and improved by himself, no correct idea can be given without the drawings, which unfold the whole secret of the author's superior mode of manufacturing mathematical instruments.

Mr. William Gairdard communicated the discovery he has made of a new property of the tangents of three angles of a plane triangle. He has demonstrated "that in every plane triangle, the sum of the three tangents of the three angles, multiplied by the square of radius, is equal to the continued product of the tangents." From this Dr. Maskelyne was led to consider whether a similar property might not belong to the tangents of three arches trisecting the whole circumference of a circle, which he found to be the case; and he proves the truth of the proposition by supposing the circumference of the circle to be any how divided into three arches, A, B, C, and then he says, "the square of radius multiplied into the sum of the tangents of the three arches, A, B, C, is equal to the product of the tangents multiplied together."

Cretinism.—Dr. Reeve, of Norwich, having, some few years since, in a visit to Switzerland and the neighbouring countries, embraced the opportunity of examining very minutely into the causes of Cretinism, has lately presented the result of his enquiries to the Royal Society. He was led to the investigation, because Cretinism is usually connected with goitre or bronchocele; but, upon attending to the facts, he found, that the goitre is not a constant attendant upon Cretinism. The Cretin has frequently this disfigurement; his head is also deformed, his stature diminutive, his complexion sickly, his countenance vacant and destitute of meaning, his lips and eye-lids coarse and prominent, his skin wrinkled and

pendulous, his muscles loose and flabby. The qualities of his mind correspond with the deranged state of the body which it inhabits, and Cretinism prevails.

Upon a minute examination of many Cretins, Dr. Reeve found, that there was no necessary connection between goitre and Cretinism; the latter often exists where there is no appearance of goitre; but, according to this gentleman, there is a considerable similarity between Cretinism and the malady called rickets. They both take place in infancy, are both characterized by feebleness of body, and, sooner or later, feebleness of mind; and they both affect males and females equally; but there is no connection between persons afflicted with bronchocele in England, and with rickets. To account for Cretinism, we are told, that the vallies, where it is most frequent, are surrounded by very high mountains: they are sheltered from currents of air, and exposed to the direct and reflected rays of the sun. The effluvia from the marshes are very strong, and the atmosphere humid, close, and oppressive. "All the Cretins," says Dr. R. "which I saw, were in adjoining houses, situated in a narrow corner of the valley, the houses being built up under ledges of the rocks, and all of them very filthy, very close, very hot, and miserable habitations." In villages situated higher up the mountains, there are no Cretins to be seen; and even children, having a tendency to this dreadful affliction, may often be cured by being removed from the valley to the mountain. Dr. R. contradicts the notion that has long prevailed, that the goitre and Cretinism depend on the drinking snow-water. The production of Cretinism may, he thinks, be safely and fairly attributed to the bad quality of the air and the food, the neglect of moral education, and other evils attendant on poverty. The causes of this cruel disorder begin to operate upon the system soon after, perhaps even before, birth; the want of energy in the parent is communicated to the offspring; the children become deformed, the growth and development of the body are impeded, the abdomen becomes enlarged, and the glands

swelled in various degrees; and the powers of the mind remain dormant, or become entirely obliterated, partly from want of proper organization, and partly from the total neglect of every thing like education. Dr. Reece gives some drawings of the heads of Cretins, to shew that they differ from the natural structure; hence, he adds, that there is no fact in the natural history of man, that affords an argument so direct and impressive in proof of the influence of physical causes on the mind, as Cretinism. It shows, moreover, that the growth of every part is essentially connected with the conditions in which it is fit to exercise its peculiar functions; and, in this respect, it fares with the intellectual, as with the bodily, powers.

WERNERIAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

AT their last meeting, Dr. Thomas Thomson read an interesting description and analysis of a particular variety of copper glance, from North America.

At the same meeting, Dr. John Barclay communicated some highly curious observations which he had made on the caudal vertebrae of the Great Sea Snake, which exhibit in their structure, some beautiful provisions of nature, not hitherto observed in the vertebrae of any other animal.

And Mr. Patrick Neill read an ample and interesting account of this new animal, collected from different sources, especially letters of undoubted authority, which he had received from the Orkneys. He stated, however, that owing to the tempestuous season, the head, fin, sternum, and dorsal vertebrae, promised some weeks ago to the University Museum of Edinburgh, had not yet arrived; but that he had received a note from Gilbert Meeson, Esq. (the gentleman on whose estate, in Stronsa, the Sea Snake was cast,) which intimated that they might be expected by the earliest arrivals from Orkney. In the mean time, he submitted to the society the first sketch of a generic character. The name proposed for this new genus was *Halsydrus*, (from *αλς* the sea, and

ιδρς; a water snake); and as it evidently appeared to be the *Soe-Ormen*, described above half a century ago, by Pontoppidan, in his Natural History of Norway, it was suggested that its specific name should be *H. Pontoppidani*.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE exhibition of the paintings, sculptures, and models, sent in for the present season, was opened to the public, at the house of the Institution in Pall Mall, on Monday, Feb. 13. We rejoice at the sensible and flattering progress made by our young artists—and that there is a more chaste tone of colouring generally prevalent than what we had occasion to animadvert on in the preceding exhibitions. Some indulgence must undoubtedly be allowed to artists who anticipate the effect that a multitude of pictures hung close together must produce on the eye; but the committee of managers will feel it to be their duty to repress all attempts at meretricious ornament—and obstructive glare.

There are many truly exquisite performances by our best masters sent in for sale, not in competition for the prizes, and this is undoubtedly a valuable part of the establishment.—It is a great point to secure a mart for the arts—and a central place of such attraction as these rooms will be, must be favourable to the disposal of pictures.

Among these the spectators will see a beautiful *Lavinia*, by Shree—some admirable landscapes by Turner, Daniel, Payne, Reinagle, Barker, &c.—and some historical subjects by the president, Mr. Westall, Mr. Copley, Mr. Davis, Mr. Oliver, Mr. Drummond, and others. Mr. Nollekens has sent an affecting model of a monument to a naval officer dying in the arms of victory—and there are two models for monuments to Lord Nelson.

The prize in historical painting has been adjudged to Mr. George Dawe, for a picture representation of “*Imogen found at the cave of Belarius*”—parts of which are uncommonly good.

The prize for subjects in familiar life has been given to Mr. W. Sharp,

for his *Music Master*—in which there is a very pretty imitation of Teniers—there is much archness in the expression of the girl who shuts her ears against the boy's scraping—but the colouring is defective. This prize in landscape is adjudged to Mr. Linnel—the chief merit of whose picture (and it really is wonderful so considered) is, that it is the production of a youth of sixteen.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE president and members of this Institution held their annual dinner at the Crown and Anchor, in honour of her Majesty's birth-day. This meeting consisted of a considerable number of the Academic body, and many of their private friends.—After the usual loyal toasts had been given, the health of the president was proposed by Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, and cordially received by the company. The president, in returning his thanks, informed the meeting that he had reached his 71st year; and it was gratifying to see this veteran artist in the full possession of his faculties, and in good spirits. Nor was it less gratifying to see so many artists who do honour to their country. The day was enlivened by the vocal exertions of Messrs. Leete, Neild, Vaughan, Goss, Gore, and Taylor, of the theatre, and the whole was marked by a spirit of festivity and good-humour.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB.

THIS Society, which at present consists of two hundred and twenty-five members, including most of the distinguished patrons of agriculture, and the number of which is rapidly increasing, have recently offered fifteen prizes, amounting to 210 guineas, to be adjudged at their next show, Dec. the 15th, 1809, viz. for large oxen which have worked two years at least, and eaten no corn, five prizes, for as many distinct breeds, each of twenty guineas; for oxen which need not have worked, but must be fed without corn or oil-cake, three prizes amounting to 40 guineas: for fat cows that have borne three calves at the least 10 guineas; for long woolled-wether sheep, one and two years old, two prizes of 10 guineas each; for short woolled wether sheep, one and two years old, two prizes of 10 guineas each; and for pigs, under two, and above one year old, two prizes of 10 guineas each.

The meetings are usually held at Freemason's Tavern for transacting business; the subscription is one guinea per annum, and the number is unlimited. The great object this club has in view, is to excite emulation and competition among breeders and graziers, for ascertaining and adopting those breeds which will attain early and perfect maturity, with the least quantities of food, to the exclusion of coarse and unprofitable animals.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

MR. LUCAS has a new work in the press, intitled, *Travels of Humanitas in search of the Temple of Happiness; an allegory.*

Mr. Jerminham intends to publish the *Alexandrine School*; or, a Narrative of the Character and Writings of the first Christian Professors in that city, with observations on the influence they still maintain over the established church.

The first part of a *Treatise on Arches, Bridges, Domes, Abutment and Embankment Walls*, by M. S. Ware, architect, will shortly make its appear-

ance. The author professes to shew a simple mode of describing geometrically the catenaria; and to deduce his theory principally from that line, sections of Trinity Church, Ely; King's College Chapel, Cambridge; Salisbury Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey, will be given in corroboration of the principles advanced by him.

Mr. Robert Ker Porter's splendid work upon the *Costume of Russia and Sweden*, with a *Journal of his Travels in Russia*, will be very soon ready for publication.

The Rev. Mr. Belfour has collected his papers, entitled the *Lyceum of Ancient Literature*, with the intention of forming them into three volumes.

Mr. Enfield, author of the *Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language*, has nearly ready for press the first volume of his new *Encyclopædia, or Circle of Knowledge and Science*. The work is arranged in a popular way, and is intended as well for the assistance of the youthful mind in its progress through the different stages of scholastic learning as the more enlightened lover of science. It is intended to consist of twenty-five volumes duodecimo, each containing a complete treatise on some important branch of science.

Mr. Tegg has nearly ready for publication a new work, with twenty eight prints by Rowland, entitled the *Annals of Sporting*, intended as a companion to *Gambado on Horsemanship*.

Mr. Hilditch has issued proposals for publishing by subscription the *History and Antiquities of Tamworth*.

Mr. Smith, of Dublin, has nearly completed his *History of the Germanic Empire*, which will be comprised in two volumes octavo.

Dr. Adams is preparing a new edition of Mr. Hunter's *Treatise on the Lues Venerea*. The text will be preserved without the smallest alteration. A long commentary will be added to the introductory chapter. Prefaces will precede, or Commentaries follow those chapters supposed to be obscure, or in which the doctrines have been disputed. A few immaterial points, in which the commentator has differed from Mr. Hunter, will be pointed out.

One volume of Mr. Bingley's *Memoirs of British Quadrupeds* will soon issue from the press. This work, which is not merely a compilation from writings of other naturalists, will be illustrated with seventy engravings from original drawings, chiefly by Howitt. All the species will be figured excepting three, of which it was found impossible to procure authentic drawings. Every variety of dog, and upwards of half the varieties of English sheep, cattle, and horses, will have their representations, accompanied with anecdotes of their habits,

life, instinct, and sagacity, thrown into the form of a synopsis, partly on the plan of Dr. Withering's *Botanical Arrangement*.—Two volumes of *Memoirs of British Whales and Fishes*, illustrated with figures, will follow the above; and afterwards a third, of birds, amphibious insects, &c. till an entire system of Zoology be completed, making in the whole about seven volumes.

An improved and enlarged edition of Dr. Mavor's *Collection of Voyages and Travels* is in the press. The plates will consist of copies from the prints published in the original works; the maps numerous and upon a large scale.

Dr. Vincent is preparing for publication the *Greek Text of Arrian's Indica and the Periplus*, with a translation to accompany his comments on the same.

Dr. Stock, of Bristol, has undertaken to publish the *Life of the late Dr. Beddoes*, with the approbation of the family of the deceased.

Dr. Kentish, of Bristol, has formed an establishment, where the Faculty may order heat or cold in any proportion to be applied to a patient, either locally or generally. He has also published an *Essay on Warm and Vapour Baths*, with hints for a new mode of applying heat and cold for the cure of diseases and the preservation of health, with cases.

Mr. King and Dr. Stock have undertaken to furnish the Reports of the *Preventive Medical Institution*, begun by the late Dr. Beddoes.

Mr. Sowerby, author of *British Mineralogy*, in his late *Lectures on Chromatometry*, at his house near the Asylum, has pointed out a new and ingenious mode of ascertaining the arrangement, mixture, and measure of prismatic tints, and shewn their correspondence with material colours. In this exhibition the prismatic tints were produced, as from the sun, moon, and stars; the sun as seen from the different planets, and a product of sixty feet long measuring an infinite series; also the material and prismatic tints, forming mixtures in union, with the effect as from candles and flambeaus, and a kind of prismatic illumination with different lustres from metals, &c. The whole was elu-

citated by apparatus of a new and original kind, which promises to assist the philosopher in extending our knowledge on this subject. Mr. Sowerby will follow up his lectures with a publication illustrative of his discoveries.

Among the valuable articles of literature which are about to come under the hammer this winter and in the ensuing spring are,—1st, A very rare and curious collection of prints and books of prints, the property of a literary amateur, containing rare portraits, fine specimens of early masters, and a collection of the works of Hieronymus, Wierx, &c.; 2d, the botanical prints, drawings, and books of drawings, the property of the late Earl of Bute on paper and vellum; 3d, a select collection of books in Greek, Latin, English, Italian, and Spanish, being a considerable part of the library of the Rev. Mr. Dutens; 4th, the library of Dr. J. Sims, of Finsbury-square; 5th, the entire library of the late Earl of Claricarde; 6th, part of the library of the late Lord Penrhyn; 7th, the library of Sir William Smith, Bart. containing a fine collection of the classics, county histories, &c. many on large paper; 8th, Dr. Kitchener's musical library, containing all the works of the best composers, &c.; 9th, the library of James Stevens, Esq. of Camertou, containing a very capital collection of books on natural history, &c.

A person at Hull has obtained a patent for a preparation of *whalebone*, which has been successfully used for the making of brushes. This invention is likely to prove of the most essential service, as, during the present scarcity of bristles, which were chiefly supplied by Russia, it will have the effect of lessening the consumption, a small quantity only being used with the whalebone; and the prices of brushes are likely, in consequence, to remain stationary.

The Society for the Encouragement of Arts have lately voted a reward to Mr. John Brockbank, of Wictham, in Cumberland, for the invention of a machine for making slate pencils, which by this method may be sold from 5s. to 10s. the thousand, of a very superior quality. Though this subject may not appear, at first sight,

of much importance, yet it is known that considerable sums of money have been annually sent to Holland for the article.

The Tea Tree in Blossom.—The ingenious Mr. Capel Loft, of Troston Hall, near Bury, has recently informed the public that he has had a tea tree in blossom in his parlour ever since the 18th of December last, notwithstanding the extreme severity of the weather; and though on the 21st of that month, at half-past nine in the morning, the thermometer within doors in a southern aspect was at 28. The following is his description of the same:—

Petals 6, (one smaller and shorter than the rest); concave, obtusely heart-shaped. Stamens very numerous (probably above 200), with golden summits. The whole appearance of the flower like the single broad-leaved myrtle; but longer, and more brilliant, from the multiplicity of the stamens, texture of the petals, stronger colour, not quite so white. Calyx: stellate, quinquetid, about one-fourth the length of the petal.

"The scent of the flower delicate and evanescent; resembling that of fine green tea dried.

"There seems little doubt that this charming plant would bear a warm and sheltered exposure in the south-west of our island, like the broad-leaved myrtle. Its affinity to the myrtle is indeed very striking; so much, that many species having been lately transferred from the genus *Myrtus* to other genera, so that it is now very thin. I doubt whether this might not be annexed to it under the denomination of *Myrtus Thea*, changing its elegant generic name, which it ought not wholly to lose, into its specific. Fond as I am of plants, I have never till now seen it in bloom.

"It is long in coming into blossom. The buds appeared early in September. The season of its flowering renders it peculiarly valuable. And had the weather been mild, I have no doubt that in some few days it would have been covered with bloom.

"The flowers proceed from near the extremities of the branches, on solitary foot-stalks, some opposite, others alternate. My plant is near three feet high, and came from Mr.

Mackie, nurseryman, of Norwich, the year before this. In close moist weather it requires air, and some heat, to absorb the damp: otherwise its blossoms fall without opening. This I experienced last year.

"I cannot imagine that its beauty in a good greenhouse would be at all inferior even to the myrtle itself. It seems to form the intermediate link in the botanical chasm between the myrtle and the orange.

"It is curious, that plants of so extensive use as the coffee and tea trees (the coffee perhaps one of the greatest blessings, among those that are not really necessities of life, that Providence has indulged to mankind, considering its beneficial qualities in use as well as its agreeable) should be among the most elegant of plants in foliage and blossom; and the coffee in fruit also. It is impossible not to rejoice that the present cheapness of coffee, though it is to be feared a short-lived cheapness, has made it, to a considerable degree, the beverage of the poor. It is strengthening, where tea is not; it is even nutritive, while tea certainly is not. Tea, however, moderately taken, and not too hot, may be regarded as not only innocent, but salutary. It is favourable to temperance and to tranquillity of mind. And perhaps of all our daily repasts, it constitutes the most generally and unexceptionably agreeable, from which even reading is not excluded, and where conversation can be most itself."

Mr. Loft then remarks that the tea tree was first introduced into England by Mr. Ellis, about 1768. It was first treated as a stove plant; and its first flowering in this country was in the stove of the Duke of Northumberland. He thinks the coffee tree may also, in time, be brought to endure the greenhouse without being confined to the stove.

A very good transparent screen for the exhibition of the Phantasmagoria may be prepared by spreading white wax, (dissolved in spirit of wine, or oil of turpentine) over thick muslin. A screen so prepared will roll up without injury. A clearer screen may be produced by having the muslin always strained upon a rectangular frame, and prepared with turpentine

instead of wax. Such a screen however is not always convenient, and it cannot be rolled without cracking and becoming in a short time useless. Various methods of preparing the muslin have been tried, but none have succeeded better than the present.

The Sarcophagus or tomb of Alexander the Great, deposited in the British Museum, as one of the celebrated specimens of antiquity, ceded to us at the taking of Alexandria, in 1801, has lately excited considerable notice. It was brought from the mosque of St. Athanasius, in that city, where the Mahometans used it as a reservoir for the water used in religious ablutions. It is of considerable magnitude, and its form would be an oblong rectangle, if one of the ends or shorter sides was not rounded somewhat like a bathing tub. It is probable, that formerly it was covered with a lid, but no trace of it is now visible; it is entirely open like an immense laver of one single piece of beautiful marble, spotted with green, yellow, reddish, &c. on the ground of a fine black, of the species called Brescia, a sort of pudding stone, composed of agglutinated fragments of various sizes. What renders it still more interesting is, the prodigious quantity of small hieroglyphic characters, sculptured both within and without; a mysterious composition, the developement of which is entirely lost, and which is only conjectured to relate to the celebrated character for whose remains this tomb was intended.

A new kind of wasp has lately appeared in Yorkshire, viz. in the summer months, supposed to have been brought across the Atlantic. Upon a number of trees, &c. its propagation has been observed, particularly the gooseberry and currant. It has even been seen on the common elder, to which insects in general are averse; but it is smaller than the common wasp, less voracious, and not so soon irritated.

Bite of a Mad Dog.—Dr. Wood, of Newcastle, appears to have made a most valuable discovery of a cure for this hitherto dreadful malady. He seems to treat the disorder more like a species of *convulsion*, than as a poison introduced into the blood. The medicines commonly used, blood-

letting, and the warm bath, he remarks, have commonly failed; though washing the bitten part with warm water, or cows-milk poured hot from the spout of a tea-kettle is approved, as well as the internal and external use of oil. The Doctor even pleads for the injection of oil into the stomach of the patient, by means of a probang. In other respects he would cure the disease by keeping the wound open as long and as large as possible. Valerian root he deems of great use; but above all the common means made use of in these cases, he recommends topical applications, or plaisters, applied to the throat. He then relates the case of a weaver near Berwick which cannot be too well known. This man was bitten in the leg, and had all the signs of confirmed madness, such as convulsions and an utter aversion to water. However, a caustic on the wounded part, blistering, and stimulants, removed these symptoms: his leg was often bathed with warm oil: a tea-spoon full of tonic electuary was given four times a day, consisting of bark, valerian, musk, and camphor; opium was also given in large doses to assuage the irritation and spasms. To the throat, as the principal means of cure, was applied a plaster, consisting of opium, frankincense, camphor, assafoetida, and gum galbanum. The man, after his recovery, declared, that he *felt* more relief from the *plaster* at his throat, than any other thing; he said it gave a pleasant warmth to his throat; and from thence its effects followed in the same direction to the wound in his leg, as the pain had ascended from it.

France.

Bonaparteau Family and Dignities; being a companion to the Bulletins, Newspapers, &c.—

FAMILY.

Napoleon, born August 15, 1769, consecrated and crowned Emperor of the French at Paris on the 2d of Dec. 1804; crowned King of Italy, May 26, 1805; married March 8, 1796, to

Josephine, born June 21, 1768, consecrated and crowned Empress of the French, Dec. 2, 1804; crowned Queen of Italy, May 26, 1805.

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XI.

Eugene Napoleon, Arch-Chancellor of State of the French Empire, Viceroy of the Kingdom of Italy, born in 1782, and married January 13, 1806, to

Augusta Amelia, of Bavaria, born June 21, 1788.

Stephanie Adrienne Louise Napoleon, born August 28, 1789, and married April 7, 1806, to

Charles Frederick Louis, Electoral Prince of Baden, born June 8, 1786.

Joseph Napoleon, brother of the Emperor, Grand Elector, King of Naples and Sicily, March 30, 1806, born Feb. 5, 1768, married Sept. 24, 1794, to

Marie Julie, born December 26, 1777. The issue of this marriage are Charlotte Zenaide Julie, born July 8, 1801, and Charlotte, born October 31, 1802.

Louis Napoleon, brother of the Emperor, Constable of France, Colonel General of Carabineers, born September 4, 1778, married January 3, 1802, to

Hortense-Eugene, born April 10, 1783. The issue of this marriage are Napoleon Charles, born October 10, 1802, and Napoleon-Louis, born Oct. 11, 1804.

Eliza, sister of the Emperor, Princess of Lucca and Piombino, born Jan. 7, 1777, married May 5, to

Felix, Prince of Lucca and Piombino, born May 18, 1762.

Marie Pauline, sister of the Emperor, Princess and Duchess of Guastalla, born April 22, 1782, married (her second marriage), August 28, 1803, to

Camille, Prince of Borghese, Prince and Duke of Guastalla, born August 8, 1775.

Annunziata Caroline, sister of the Emperor, born March 25, 1793, married Jan. 20, 1800, to

Joachim, Prince and Grand Admiral of France, Duke of Cleves and Berg, born March 25, 1771. The issue of this marriage are, Napoleon Achille, Hereditary Prince of Cleves, born January 21, 1801; Napoleon-Lucien-Charles, born May 16, 1803; Lætitia-Joseph, born April 25, 1802; Louisa-Julie Caroline, born March 22, 1805.

Marie Lætitia, Madame, Mother of N.

the Emperor and King, born August 25, 1750.

DIGNITIES.

Joseph.....	King of Spain
Louis	King of Holland
Jerome	King of Westphalia
Eugene Beauharnois ..	Viceroy of Italy
Infant daughter of ditto	Princess of Bologna
Cardinal Fesche	Archbp. of Lyons and Primate of the Confederation of the Rhine.
Joachim Murat	
	King of Naples

DUKES.

The Prince Arch- Chancellor of the Empire (Cambaceres)	Duke of Parma
The Prince Arch- Treasurer (Le Brun)	
Marchal Moncey....	— of Corneghiano
— Massena	— of Rivoli
— Angereau ..	— of Castiglione
— Soult	— of Dalmatia
— Lannes	— of Montebello
— Mortier	— of Treviso
— Ney	— of Elchingen
— Davoust	— of Auerstadt
— Bessieres....	— of Istria
— Victor.....	— of Belluno
— Lefebvre....	— of Dantzic
— Kellerman ..	— of Valmy

COLONELS-GENERAL.

— Marmont ..	Duke of Ragusa
— Junot	— of Abantes

GREAT OFFICERS OF THE CROWN.

Caulaincourt, Great Chamberlain	Duke of Vicenza
Duroc, Great Marshal of the Palace	
	— of Frone

GENERALS.

Savary	Duke of Rovico
Arign	— of Padua.

The following is given as a description of the French Custom Houses, Officers, &c.

These Custom Houses as they are called, are built at a small distance from each other, several of them being under one superintendant. The officers are continually on the watch. They are all taken from the interior of France, and are picked men, tall, strong, and alert. They seldom sleep in a bed, being out by night as well as by day, on the wild heath, or elsewhere, where smugglers are expected. These officers are attended

by dogs more vigilant than themselves. Any person taken with a load is condemned to three months imprisonment; the second time to three years in the galleys; the third time for life. Half the seizure becomes the officer's property, and only one sixth goes into the public purse, the rest being applied to the general expenses of the customs. Cotton goods and tobacco, and the produce of the West Indies, are the principal articles smuggled into France. Sheets of tin, also, are extremely welcome, as it is said, there is not a single person in France capable of fabricating them.

New South Wales.

The state of commerce in this distant part of the globe may be judged from the following article, extracted from the Sydney Gazette for Jan 20, 1808.

Arrived the American brig Hannah and Sally, Captain Cogswell, from Rio de Janeiro four months. Mr. H. Kable, jun. returns in her, being an officer on board, after an absence of nearly four years, having then accompanied Mr. Cogswell to China in the Rolla.

The cargo brought by the Hannah and Sally, chiefly consists of sugar, tea, nearly 300 chests, a few cases of cheese, nankeen, slops, carpeting, lacquered ware, silks and shoes, China ware, and other articles, which were rendered valuable by long scarcity—independent of a few casks of porter, and a quantity of butter.

On Thursday the snow Commerce returned from the Penantipodes, where she received on board 30,000 cured skins for the London market, and will prosecute her voyage as soon as she has undergone some requisite repair, having suffered much damage by stress of weather, and her upper works proving very leaky. She touched on that part of the coast of New Zealand which is governed by our last visitor, Tippahce; where Captain Bierney was given to understand that the Venus, which was practically seized and taken away from Port Dalrymple, had been there, and Kelly left behind, with Lancashire, that the former had been taken by the Master of the Britannia, and sent home a prisoner; that the latter had also been made prisoner, and was

taken away in the Brothers. The vessel is supposed to be still wandering about the coast, as she had no navigator on board; and no possible prospect can present itself to those that remain in her, but to perish by the hands of the natives, or to fall into the hands of justice. The old chief behaved with his usual frankness and civility, and produced to the Captain presents of potatoes, and whatever else the place affords. Some maize, which he took from here, he sowed, and was gratified in the promise of an excellent return: fatally, however, a horde of his male subjects fell upon his little corn field when the cob had about three parts filled, and in one night devoured every grain. Opposing perseverance to his first mischance, he applied his whole reserve to the designs of agriculture, and has succeeded to his wish.

A fine vessel has been launched from the Green Hills: numerous spectators attended on the occasion, which afforded to that part of the country a spectacle as pleasing as it was *nouvelle*. She went off in a very good style, and as she darted across the stream, was honoured with the appellation of "Governor Bligh."

The last arrivals have had a wonderful effect upon the price of tea, which in the short space of two days experienced a decrease of seven shillings in the price of a single ounce.

Yesterday the price of wheat average ten shillings,—the best samples at twenty shillings.

Shetland and the Orkneys.

Description of a new species of whale.—It appears that ninety-two whales, of a new species, were stranded in Scapay Bay, in Pomona, one of the Orkneys, a few days previous to the great storm, in December, 1806.

This animal very clearly belongs to the genus *delphinus* of the class *mammalia*. The only hitherto described species of that genus, which it at all resembles, is the *delphinus orca*, *de grampus*; but it is distinguished from the grampus by the shape of its snout, the shortness of its dorsal fin, the length and narrowness of its pectoral fins, the form and number of its teeth, and the colour of its belly and breast. It abounds in the

seas around the Orkney and Shetland isles. In Mr. Neill's interesting tour through those islands, we are informed, that 310 of this species were forced on shore in Shetland, in 1805. From the imperfect account transmitted to him, this gentleman very properly conjectured them to be a new species.

Description.—The whole body almost is black, smooth, and shining, like oiled silk. The back and sides are jetty black; the breast and belly of a somewhat lighter colour. The general length of the full grown ones is about twenty feet. The body is thick. The dorsal fin does not exceed two feet in length, and is rounded at the extremity. The pectoral fins are from six to eight feet in length, narrow, and tapering to their extremities. The head is obtuse; the upper jaw projects several inches over the lower in a blunt process. It has a single spiracle. The full grown have twenty-two subconnoid sharp teeth, a little hooked. Among those stranded in Scapay Bay, were many young ones, which, as well as the oldest, wanted teeth. The youngest measured about five feet in length, and were still sucklings. The females had two teats, larger than those of a cow, out of which the milk flowed when they were squeezed.

These animals are gregarious, generally swimming in considerable numbers. They frequently enter the bays around the Orkney coast, in quest of small fish, which seem to be their food. When one of them takes the ground, the rest surround, and endeavour to assist it; from this circumstance several of them are generally taken at once. An animal which is conjectured to be of this species has frequently been observed elevating its dorsal fin, and a considerable part of its back above the waves, with a slow tumbling motion for many successive times. They are inoffensive and rather timid; and are not unfrequently chased on shore by a few yaws. They seem generally to follow one as a leader with blind confidence. In an attempt once made in a boat to drive a shoal of them on shore, when they had approached very near the land, the foremost turned round with a sudden leap, and the whole rushed past the boat with a great velocity.

but carefully avoided it. They are extremely fat, and yield a considerable quantity of good oil.

This kind of fish is said to differ from the grampus; and the following may serve as its character.—*Corpore crasso, nigro; pinna dorsali una brevis; pinnis pectoralibus longis, angustis; rostro obtuso; maxillo superiore proclinante; dentibus aculis cuspideis, parum incurvatis.*

Spain.

The following is a sketch of the superfluous riches of that country. This enumeration is taken from a book, written some years ago by a person who was a Spanish priest, and afterwards becoming a convert to the protestant faith, officiated in our Established Church.

"In the little chapel, where the image [of the Lady *Del Pilar*] is on a pillar, are four angels as big and tall as a man, with a large candlestick to each of them, all made of silver, gilt. The front of two altars is solid silver, with gilt frames set with rich stones. Before the image there is a lamp (or as they call it) a *spider* of crystal, in which twelve wax candles burn night and day; the several parts of the spider are wrought with gold and diamonds: this was a present made to the Virgin by Don *John of Austria*, who also left her, in his will, his own heart, which accordingly was brought to her, and is kept in a gold box set with large diamonds, and hangs before the image. There is a thick grate around the little chapel of solid silver. Next to this is another chapel to say mass in, before the image, and the altar piece of it is all made of silver, from the top to the altar's table, which is of jasper stone, and the front of silver, with the frame gilt, set with precious stones. The rich crown of the Virgin is twenty-five pounds weight, set all

over with large diamonds, so that nobody can see any gold in it, and every body thinks it is all made of diamonds. Beside, this rich one, she has six crowns more of pure gold, set with rich diamonds and emeralds, the smallest of which is worth half a million.

"The roses of diamonds and other precious stones she has to adorn her mantle are innumerable, for though she is drest every day in the colour of the church's festival, she never uses twice together the same mantle, which is of the best stuff, embroidered with gold, and she has new robes of precious stones every day for three years together; she has three hundred and sixty five necklaces of pearls and diamonds, and six chains of gold set with diamonds, which are put on her mantle on the great festivals of Christ.

"In the room containing her treasure, are innumerable *heads, arms, legs, eyes, and hands*, made of gold and silver, presented to her by people who have been cured (as they believe) by the Virgin's divine power and intercession. In this chapel are one hundred and ninety-five silver lamps in three rows, one over the other. The lamps of the lowest row are bigger than those of the second, and the second than those of the third. The five lamps facing the image are five hundred pounds weight each, and sixty in the same line four hundred pounds. Those of the second row weigh two hundred pounds, and those of the third one hundred. There is the image of the Virgin in the treasury, made in the shape of a woman, five feet high, all of pure silver set with precious stones, and a crown of gold set with diamonds."

Other churches are said to contain wealth equally astonishing.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

NO more talk of the Convention at Cintra, or of the Chelsea enquiry into that Convention, or of the king's disapprobation of that Convention; no more talk of the round-about march of General Moore's army, of the disasters in its retreat, of the death of the unfortunate commander, of the calamitous voyage, of the wreck of the army, of the numbers of men and horses killed and lost, and dollars scattered in this campaign; no more talk of Bonaparte, what progress he has farther made in Spain, where he is, or what new plans he is devising; no talk of America and its embargo, nor

does the arrival of Don Cevallos, on the part of the Spanish Anti-Gallians, excite attention; no talk of any thing but one subject, and all conversation and meditation are absorbed in the adventures of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Armies, and his pretty, pretty angel, and dear darling, Mrs. Clarke.

With the amours of these celebrated characters, the public has little to do; but they are connected with circumstances of the highest importance to the nation. This lady, it seems, has been a very great personage in his history. Ladies and nobles of high rank and distinction have been supplicants to her for military favours; and divines have sued to her for preferments in the church. Many rumours had been heard of such transactions, and strong suspicions had been entertained of a defect of purity in official appointments. To speak on these subjects was, however, dangerous; to hazard a conjecture, was jacobinical; to suppose that commissions could be procured by peculiar modes of application, was to enter into a conspiracy to overthrow the house of Brunswick, and to destroy the constitution of the country.

However, charges found their way to the public eye in pamphlets, which were greedily read, and the poor press became an object of aversion. Certain characters talked of the licentiousness of the press; that its liberty was a real good, but its licentiousness was of the utmost danger. That it was impossible for a country to go on well, unless they who were charged with the executive part of the government, were freed from the malice and slander of hireling scribblers. In short, a general panic was spread through the country, of an intention to fetter the press by some new shackles; and that we should be subjected to laws more severe than the gagging bills of Lord Grenville. Every thing, indeed, portended some grand attack on the liberty of the press; and the prosecutions for libels were unusually numerous. Whether the press is safe or not, we will not venture to say; but this we will say, that, as far as we have had an opportunity of judging of men and measures, either in our own,

or former, times, those persons who have thus inveighed against the licentiousness of the press, and were for curbing the liberty of the press, are the least worthy of the trust and confidence of their country; and, in fact, we do not believe, that any one man has uttered such a sentiment, without a sinister motive. The liberty of the press is too sacred a subject to be discussed by placemen and pensioners; and before it is abandoned to such hands, let Englishmen reflect to what calamities other countries have been reduced, in which this liberty was not allowed; and what evils must prevail, if a few men are to go on in the career of vice, unawed by the restraints of public opinion, and too powerful to be assailed by an injured individual.

It is not to be wondered at that the case of Mrs. Clarke and the Duke of York has occupied so much of the public attention. The importance of the subject demanded it. It is not that we should trouble ourselves about a few silly love-letters; nor should we dwell much upon the duke's parsimony or generosity to his mistresses: these are only collateral points. The great question before the public is, not only the conduct of the Duke of York, but the conduct of every public officer in the disposal of his preferments. It is a mistake to suppose, though it is a mistake very generally entertained, that a man in office has a right to dispose of his places as he pleases: he is bound to his country to take due care that all places should be properly filled; and what shall we say of any man who makes these places the means of supplying his own purse, defraying the expences of his mistress, creating to himself an influence, or, in short, employing them to any other purpose than that for which they were confided to him. We hope and trust, that the enquiry into the military department and its connection with a lady of so great celebrity as Mrs. Clarke, will lead to a farther enquiry how far the recommendation of members of parliament is attended to in the distribution of places, and what is the regular mode of filling them up. For our own parts, we would rather see places distributed through the channel of a kept mistress, than through

that of a member of parliament; for, when a member of parliament incurs an obligation to a person in office for a place for himself, or his connections, his future votes must be always an object of suspicion.

Another good effect of this public talk will be, that the nation will seriously enquire in what manner the immense sums voted to the army have been expended; and how far it is right that the management of the army should differ from that of the navy.

* We know what has been effected by our navy, and what has been effected by the army of Bonaparte, and we know that a similar principle prevails in both; namely, in the disposition of places, merit is attended to, and posts are not purchased by money. In our army, money is a great ingredient in preferment; and this money, it seems, is either regulated by certain rules, which is called the fair way of rising; or it is bestowed on a favourite, and then it is supposed to be unfair. But why should money enter at all into the disposal of commissions? Why should a meritorious officer lose all chance of rising, merely because his purse is ill-lined, though his head and heart qualify him in the best manner for the service? The question deserves serious enquiry: and we doubt not, that if merit were the sole cause of promotion in the army, or at least was held out to be the sole cause of promotion, our land-officers would, in a short time, be as skilled in their profession, as the officers of the navy are in naval tactics.

But a very singular circumstance has attended this business of the Duke of York. When Mr. Wardle, the very worthy member who introduced it, brought forward his motion, it was received by both sides of the house in a manner assuredly not at all encouraging to the speaker. On one side it was said, that infamy was inevitably to be attached either to the accuser or the accused; and as the strongest confidence was expressed, that nothing could possibly attach to the royal duke, it evidently followed, that the member might expect, in the result, some very severe censure on his conduct. Sir F. Burdett seconded the motion, and both he and Mr. Whitbread and Lord Folkstone protested

against this doctrine of infamy attaching to a member who, through very honourable motives, might produce charges affecting men high in office. These gentlemen also saw the necessity and propriety of the enquiry; and to them we must add Mr. Wilberforce, who very properly rebuked the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Attorney-General, for their manner of treating the witnesses, which he called brow-beating them; and, indeed, many allowances ought to be made to witnesses at the bar, when we consider the circumstances in which they were placed, and the great power of the person whose conduct was an object of enquiry.

The doctrine of screening a person high in power is now exploded, and whatever may be the end of the enquiry, this is established, that no officer of the country is to be placed without the reach of its censures. When the Duke of York accepted the place of Commander in Chief, he made himself amenable to the country for the due discharge of that office, in the same manner as if he had not been related to the crown; but assuredly the circumstances that have already come before the public, shew the impropriety of confiding such an office into the hands of a person whose high station renders him too powerful to be attacked without infinite danger to every person whose evidence will be requisite to bring him to justice. This is matter for serious reflection; at the same time, that some satisfaction must arise, that, according to the constitution of this country, there is a legal method of preventing the excesses of men high in power. Had such a privilege existed in either France or Spain, neither country would have suffered those horrors which have been brought upon them by necessary and inevitable revolutions. Their courtiers committed crimes with impunity, and the voice of the people was of no effect. Princes freed from every restraint, could not be expected to be very attentive to their conduct.

Whilst England has had its eyes fixed on the commander in chief of its armies, the commander in chief of the armies, we may say, of Europe, has returned to Paris, contending himself with seating his brother on the throne

at Madrid, and clearing Spain of the English forces. For what reasons the French emperor has left the completion of the conquest in Spain to his generals, time must discover; but there is little reason to doubt, that it is founded in good policy. The real state of Spain is imperfectly known in this country. There is no reason to believe, that any effort will be used to any purpose in the provinces north of Madrid to free themselves from the French yoke; and the French probably delay their attack on the south, till the whole of the north is established, and they can march with perfect security, and in great force, to Cadiz. Portugal is in the utmost dread; if the majority of the people can be said to be in dread of the French. At Oporto the English were in a great hurry to get away; but at what distance the French were, is not ascertained. At Lisbon the same alarm was spread, and every preparation was making for the departure of the English, and those Portuguese who choose to be exiles from their country. The government has, indeed, issued a famous proclamation, and exhorted the inhabitants to vigorous resistance, even if the English should forsake them; but these seem to be the expiring words of a government incapable of any thing effectual, and without sufficient confidence in the energy of the people. We can only expect, that, in a very short time, the influence of the French will be completely re-established in Portugal, and that country will again be relieved from the horrors of the inquisition, and its feudal system will be completely destroyed.

We have heard of preparations in the kingdom of Naples, to invade Sicily, but that country still retains its independence. The rest of Italy is perfectly quiet; and the utmost composure prevails in Germany, which is affected only by its quotas for the Spanish cause, by which a number of Germans will be enriched. Austria is marching its troops backwards and forwards, but without any idea of entering again into a contest; and the King of Prussia is on a visit to Petersburg, not without exciting some apprehensions, that a kingdom may be prepared for him in Sweden, in lieu of that which he has ruined.

Russia seems to be completely at its ease, and is modelling Finland according to its own views; and the chivalrous King of Sweden is beginning to find some uneasiness from his own subjects. Being eased from the charge of governing Finland, he may still, with due care, preserve possession of his proper dominions, and it may abate well for him, that as yet he is not united with our enemies.

Spain and Turkey are now the two countries which engage the most attention: neither of them can be expected soon to be restored to tranquillity; but Spain may have a solid government, whilst Turkey is probably destined to be torn in pieces by intestine divisions, and to afford opportunities to its neighbours of taking from it its richest provinces. The effect of the last revolution is by no means fully known. It remains to be seen, whether they have any man of energy to prop up the declining empire. There is still great strength in the body of the people, but it seems impossible to combine it to any effect. Attached to old customs, they persist in prejudices which nothing but foreign force can eradicate: but it is in vain for an European power to expect any beneficial effect to result from any intercourse with them, except in the way of commerce. As to political consequence, that is nearly destroyed; and the Grand Signor, that once dreaded name, is sunk almost to a level with that of the Kings of Prussia, Sicily, and Sardinia.

Our intercourse with America continues to be interrupted. Their national councils remain unaltered, and not only a decisive majority has appeared in the senate in favour of the continuance of the embargo, but it is sanctioned by the general voice of the people. On the sea-coasts it is natural that some discontent should appear; but this is easily accounted for, from their peculiar interests. Votes have been given in for their new president and vice-president, and the choice has fallen upon two persons of the same political principles with their present president. The retiring of Jefferson from his high office, has afforded to the world another opportunity of learning with what ease the principles of election may be applied

to the highest officer of the state, and overthrows the crude objections which have been thrown out against this mode of government, by those who are attached to old constitutions, merely from their antiquity. There cannot be a doubt of the preference of election over hereditary succession in any nation where the people are qualified to exercise such a right; since with such people there is not the least chance that a madman, an idiot, or a fool, should have the reins of government committed to his guidance. But hereditary succession is far better than the elections to which Europe has been accustomed; and when the sovereign is under the influence of the laws, and is guarded by the wise sanctions of our constitution, we have little reason to envy America its privilege; and if we did entertain such a passion, it is certain, that we are incapable of exercising this privilege with advantage, either to ourselves or to posterity.

The result of the dispute between the Duke of Manchester and the states of Jamaica is not yet ascertained: which party has given way, a short time will discover: if the duke cannot maintain the high ground that he has taken, he must retire, and console himself with the pecuniary advantages of his appointment. He will have, we should imagine, troops sufficient to keep the island in what is called order, but this must be an irksome mode of government, and, in times like the present, is not likely to be attended with permanent good effect. Of the rest of America, we know but little: and if we cross over the Pacific to China, the first news that would reach us there would be, it is said, the conversion of the Chinese emperor to the Roman catholic religion. This will be of very little consequence in a country where the Mandarines give themselves no trouble about each other's religion, and whether their emperor bows down to an image shaped according to the Tartarian or Roman form, it will have very little effect upon their faith. If, however, he has embraced christianity in any form, we may reasonably expect, that it will introduce the study of the scriptures into that country; and we are inclined to suspect, that the absurdities of our

Athanasians cannot be rendered so as to make the least impression in the Chinese language.

At home, the debates in our houses of parliament, save and except what related to Mrs. Clarke and her royal paramour, have created very little interest. The commander in chief claims, in our report, the precedence, and we may slightly sketch out what occurred in various evenings. Mr. Wardle introduced the subject into the House of Commons on Friday, the 27th of January, prefacing his motions with the acknowledgment of the difficulty of the duty he had to perform, and the boldness of his undertaking to stand forward as the public accuser of a man so high in rank and influence as the commander in chief. He was confident, however, that no improper motive could be attributed to him, and consistently with the conviction in his own mind of the flagrant system of corruption that had been established in the military department, he could not do otherwise than call the attention of the house to it, from whom he had a right to expect due co-operation. He then brought forward five cases, on which his charges were founded. The first was that of a Mr. Tonyn, who paid Mrs. Clarke five hundred pounds on being gazetted as a major. This sum was paid to a silversmith, in part, of plate for the establishment of herself and the Duke of York, the remainder being paid by his Royal Highness himself. From this case it was to be inferred, that Mrs. Clarke possessed the power of military promotion, that she received pecuniary consideration for it, and that the commander in chief was a partaker in the benefit arising from it. The next case was that of an exchange between Colonels Brooke and Knight, mediated by Mrs. Clarke for two hundred pounds, for a journey into the country, with the knowledge of the duke; from which it was inferred, that exchanges were at the disposal of Mrs. Clarke, and the duke's purse was saved by the supplies drawn from these sources. The third case stated the bars to an exchange in two meritorious officers desirous of it, owing to their want of meritorious recommendation, and their not having bestowed their money in the usual

way. The fourth case was that of Major Shaw, who agreed to pay a thousand pounds to Mrs. Clarke, for the place of Deputy Barrack Master at the Cape of Good Hope, and having received the appointment, he paid her three hundred pounds in person, and sent two hundred pounds through his banker, but delayed the payment of the remainder; upon this the lady complained to the commander in chief, and, in consequence, the major was placed on half pay from which it was inferred, that the lady's influence extended to appointments on the staff; that the commander in chief punished an individual for non-performance of a contract with his mistress, and that the duke was party to the whole of the transaction. The next case was that of Colonel French and his levy. This officer was appointed, through the influence of Mrs. Clarke, to conduct a levy in the years 1804 and 1805, and this appointment he obtained on condition that Mrs. Clarke should have a guinea on the bounty of each man raised, and the sale or patronage of a certain number of commissions; and this case led to the introduction of Mrs. Clarke's prices, which were, on an average, more than a half under the regulation prices. A loan was also said to be in agitation, independent of Mrs. Clarke, for which the duke promised to use his influence to obtain the payment of a sum of money from government to Colonel French on account of the levy: hence it was inferred, that Mrs. Clarke had the power of increasing the military force of the country, for which she was allowed to receive pecuniary compensation, and that the duke endeavoured to obtain pecuniary advantages independently of Mrs. Clarke. The last case was that of a Captain Maling, appointed to an ensigncy, then to a lieutenancy, and afterwards to a captaincy, though, during the whole of this progress, he remained a clerk in an office without seeing any service. Such an appointment, it was contended, was an abuse of the army, and required the interference of the house. Another point he referred for farther consideration, namely, the establishment of an office for the sale of commissions, and the disposition of places in church and

state, concluding with moving for the appointment of a committee to enquire into the conduct of the commander in chief, with regard to promotions and exchanges in the army.

The Secretary at War did not oppose the motion, and thought the charges deserving the attention of the house, and he believed, that the duke would court, rather than refuse, the enquiry, and he passed an encomium on the duke for the high state of the army, to which it had been brought under his auspices. Sir A. Wellesley rejoiced, that these specific charges had been made, and confirmed the compliment passed by the preceding speaker on the duke. Mr Yorke thought, that the mover of this question had taken a very heavy responsibility upon himself, though he rejoiced, that the charges against the duke were brought into a tangible shape, and he hoped the house would do its duty to itself, to the country, and to the royal house of Brunswick. For his own part, he believed, that a most atrocious and diabolical conspiracy existed against the duke, founded on a jacobinical spirit, such as appeared at the commencement of the French Revolution. Its object was to write down the royal duke, and all the establishments of the country, by means of the press, whose liberty was so valuable, and whose licentiousness so pernicious. He recommended a parliamentary commission, with power to examine each party upon oath. Sir F. Burdett agreed with the last speaker, that the subject was of the utmost importance, but he recommended impartiality in the discussion, and due deliberation in the mode of proceeding. Mr. Adams stated himself to be intimately connected with the duke's pecuniary concerns, and conceived that if such irregularities as had been mentioned that night, had really taken place, they could not have escaped his knowledge. He deprecated a select and secret committee. The proceedings ought to be public, and for such an enquiry no one was, he was confident, more anxious than the Duke of York.

Mr. Wilberforce, conceived a select committee to be more efficient. The house was now put upon its trial before the scrutinizing eye of the pub-

lic; justice was to be rendered to all parties, and this he thought would be more satisfactorily obtained by an enquiry, private in its progress, but public in the result. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was for the utmost publicity, which he positively stated to be the duke's wish. As it had been hinted, that members of the cabinet were concerned in the sale of places, he would call for information, that that subject also might be thoroughly investigated. Mr. Wardle answered, that the office for agency was in Threadneedle Street, and the two members said to be concerned in it, and to whom he alluded, were the Lord Chancellor and the Duke of Portland. It was then determined unanimously, that the enquiry should be referred to a committee. The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved that it should be a committee of the whole house. Lord Folkestone thought a select committee would best answer the purpose. Mr. Canning was for a meeting of the whole house, and declared, that in whatever view the house considered the transactions already disclosed, infamy must attach somewhere, either upon the accused or the accuser. He complained bitterly of the libels, as he termed them, with which the press teemed against the royal duke, and he rejoiced to find, that the question had taken a distinct shape, and that, in the due proper place, the period for inculpation, and he was sure of inculpation, had arrived. Mr. Whitbread would not submit to the doctrine of the last speaker, that of loading an accuser with infamy who might have the strongest grounds for his charges: it was the bounden duty of an honest member of parliament to bring such charges before the public, and he was convinced, that not a particle of dishonour would attach to the mover of this question. Lord Castlereagh maintained the conspiracy, and the intention to hunt down the princes of the blood, and through them to destroy the monarchical part of the constitution. Mr. Wardle made a few observations, and it was agreed, that, on Wednesday next, the house should resolve itself into a committee on the charges.

On the Wednesday, Mr. Wardle

opened the business by remarking on the attempts made to prejudice him in the eyes of the public, by which he should not be deterred from doing his duty. As to the stress laid on jacobinism and the licentiousness of the press, he could not allow them to be introduced into this question. To one charge he would plead guilty, namely, that he was the decided enemy of corruption, whether amongst the high or the low, and he was sure that if there were jacobins in the country, they would take a different course from his, for they would think it wiser for corruption to flourish till it had undermined the constitution. After some more remarks, he called the first witness, Dr. A. Thynne, who testified, that he had applied to Mrs. Clarke on the subject of an exchange, which he effected, and for which he paid her two hundred pounds, the application having been made to her on account of her connection with the duke. Mrs. Clarke testified, that at this time she resided at Gloucester Place, under the protection of the duke, that she was applied to by the doctor, and was promised two hundred pounds; that she applied to the duke at dinner, handing him over the names of the parties given by Dr. Thynne, and having afterwards sent the gazette in which the exchange was notified, to Dr. Thynne, she received from him two hundred pounds in two bank-notes; and, on the day she received them, she mentioned the fact to the duke, and shewed him the notes, and sent one of his servants for change. A great deal of questioning now occurred on the quarrel between the lady and the duke, on her having stated herself to be a widow, on her husband, and her places of residence. Mr. Adam next deposed, that he managed some pecuniary concerns for the duke, which led him to enquire into the conduct of the lady, which ended in a separation between the lovers, with a promise to her of an annuity of four hundred a year. Colonel Gordon stated, that he recollected the exchange, which was the ground of the charge, on which he had no doubt, that he had made the proper enquiries as to the merit of the parties, and that the exchange was the result of his report to the duke.

On the Friday following, Mr. Adam presented to the House two letters of Mrs. Clarke to him on the subject of the annuity, with some threats of the Duke, if it was not paid. After some discussion Lodowick Armor, a servant of the Duke, deposed that he was the only servant who attended the Duke to Mrs. Clarke's, and he never carried any note to be changed from Mrs. Clarke's. Mr. Adam was now examined whether he had not been a colonel in the army; and at what age he was made Colonel; to which he deposed, that his son went into the army between 14 and 15 years of age, went through a great deal of active service, and at the age of 21 was made a lieutenant-colonel; and he read to the House an anonymous letter, in which he was very much abused for his connection with the Duke, and the gain he was supposed to have derived from it. Colonel Gordon was now examined on the case of Captain Maling, and stated his gradations, and that he reported him to be a fit and proper person for his several commissions—that his brother was an assistant in the office, where he was of great use, and had been recommended to be placed on the half pay list—the Colonel confessed, however, that he never heard and did not believe that this latter Captain ever served in any corps. A conversation now took place on the appointment of the next day for examination, as a material witness was not in town; and Mr. Smith having stated that no person on his side of the House could have any interest in supporting the mover of the charges, Mr. Canning asserted, that whatever he might say for himself this was a disclamation for which he had no authority. Sir F. Burdett allowed that he had made no disclamation, for he had none to make: he had done and would continue to do his duty as an independent member of parliament, and he thought that the honourable gentleman who had brought forward the charges had acted with the utmost candour, fairness, and impartiality. Mr. Canning gave the Baronet credit for the utmost impartiality, sincerity, and manliness which he had manifested in the whole of this business. Mr. Whitbread, as Sir F. Burdett had been then cleared from all suspicion by

Mr. Canning, called upon him to name any person who could be liable to it; but Mr. Canning though repeatedly called on, was silent.

On the 7th, Mr. Few deposed that he had sold goods to Mrs. Clarke, and not being paid, brought an action against her, in which he was nonsuited, on the ground of her being a married woman; that in consequence he drew up a hand-bill to prevent tradesmen being imposed upon by her, of which he sent her a copy, and one also to the Duke of York: in consequence of which he received the amount of the bill from Mr. Comrie, a solicitor. Mr. Comrie deposed, that he had waited on the Duke of York on professional business, but that he had paid Mr. Few's bill by Mrs. Clarke's desire. Mr. Pierce deposed, that he had been butler to Mrs. Clarke, recollected Lodowick, and remembered his having changed a note by the housekeeper's order. Captain Huxley Sandon deposed, that he had been introduced to Mrs. Clarke, to whom he understood, from Colonel French, money was to be paid on the account of the levy, namely, five hundred guineas, and if Mrs. Clarke wanted more money he was to advance as far as five, six, or seven hundred pounds, and that at various times he had paid to Mrs. Clarke 800*l.* and it might be 850*l.* The agreement was, that if the levy succeeded Mrs. Clarke was to have 2000*l.*, as it did not succeed she has been the only gainer. Mr. Corrie, who introduced him to Mrs. Clarke, was to have 200*l.* Mr. Corrie deposed to the receipt of the 200*l.* and knew no more of the transaction than that he understood from Capt. Sandon that the Duke had screwed them very hard.

Mr. Dowler deposed, that Mrs. Clarke had told him that she was to have a thousand pounds or guineas for the levy, and a guinea on each recruit after five hundred; that from the Duke's distresses for money, this was the only way to keep up his establishment; that he was in the Commissariat, a place he purchased from Mrs. Clarke, for which he gave her a thousand pounds—that he made no application to any other person, and took no other steps but to call at the office of Mr. Vernon in the Treasury, where these commissions were left—that he

understood the place was given to him through the interest of the Duke of York. Mr. Grant deposed that he was the agent of Captain Sandon and Colonel French, confirmed the statement that Mrs. Clarke was to receive 2000*l.* and a guinea a man after the first five hundred, acknowledged the acceptance of a draft of 200*l.* drawn

in favour of Corri, and heard that Mrs. Clarke had got 1700*l.* on this levy account; had been applied to by Colonel French for a loan of 3000*l.* to the Duke of York. Mrs. Clarke was called in, but was too much fatigued to be examined; and the House, after a long discussion on this point, consented to her claim, and adjourned.

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Substance of a Speech which ought to have been spoken upon the Motion made in the House of Commons, by the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, on the 25th of May, 1808, "That the Petition from the Roman Catholics of Ireland should be referred to a Committee of the whole House." 3s.

Letters to the Rev. G. S. Faber on his Interpretation of the Language of St. Paul as to the Man of Sin. By Rev. N. Nisbet. 1s.

ADDITIONS TO, AND CORRECTIONS IN, FORMER OBITUARIES.

THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.

THE Right Honourable Charles Jenkinson, Earl of Liverpool, and Baron of Hawkesbury, (see page 68 of our last number) was descended from a family which had been settled more than a century, at Waleot, near Charlbury, in Oxfordshire. His grandfather, Sir Robert Jenkinson, married a wealthy heiress at Bromley, in Kent; and his father, who was a colonel in the army, resided at South Lawn Lodge, in Whichwood Forest. Charles Jenkinson was born in 1727, and received the first rudiments of his education at the grammar-school of Burford. He was afterwards placed on the foundation in the Charterhouse, from which seminary he was removed to Oxford, and was entered a member of University-college. There he took two degrees, that of B.A. and A.M. and seems to have made himself first known to the public by some verses on the death of the Prince of Wales, father of his present Ma-

jesty. In 1755, he removed from Oxford, and possessing but a small patrimonial fortune, he commenced his career as a man of letters, and is said to have supplied materials for the Monthly Review. He next commenced political writer; and, in 1756, published a Dissertation on the Establishment of a national and constitutional Force in England, independent of a standing Army. This tract abounds with many manly and patriotic sentiments, and has been quoted against himself in the House of Peers, on which occasion his lordship did not deny that he was the author, but contented himself with apologising for his errors, on account of his extreme youth. Soon after this he wrote, "A Discourse on the Conduct of the Government of Great Britain, with respect to neutral Nations, during the present War." To this production, his rise in life has been falsely attributed; it was indeed allowed by every one to be an able performance; but,

like many others of the same kind, it might have lain in the warehouse of his bookseller, and he himself remained for ever in obscurity, had it not been for the intervention of a gentleman of the same county, with whom he luckily became acquainted. Sir Edward Turner, of Ambroseden, in Oxfordshire, being of an ancient family, and possessing a large fortune, was desirous to represent his native county in Parliament. Having attained considerable influence by means of a large estate, and a hospitable and noble mansion, since pulled down by his successor, he accordingly stood candidate as knight of the shire. He was, however, strenuously but unsuccessfully opposed; for in addition to his own, he possessed the court interest. The struggle, nevertheless, was long and violent, and it still forms a memorable epoch in the history of contested elections; but for nothing

more remarkable, than by being the fortunate occurrence in Mr. Jenkinson's life, which produced all his subsequent greatness. The contending parties having, as usual, called in the aid of ballads, lampoons, verses, and satires, this gentleman distinguished himself by a song in favour of Sir Edward and his friends, which so captivated either the taste or the gratitude of the baronet, that he introduced him to the Earl of Bute, then flourishing in all the plenitude of power. It is known but to few, perhaps, that his lordship, who placed Mr. J. at first in an inferior office, was not at all captivated with him; for it was entirely owing to the repeated solicitations of the member for Oxfordshire, that he extended his further protection. After a longer trial, he became the Premier's private secretary, and in some respects a member of his family, participating in his friendship and favour, and living with him in an unrestrained and confidential intercourse. Such a connection as this could not fail to prove advantageous; and, accordingly, in March, 1761, we find him appointed one of the Under-secretaries of State, a station which presupposes an intimate acquaintance with the situation of foreign affairs, and a pretty accurate knowledge in respect to *arcana imperii* in general. He now became a declared

adherent of what was then called "The Leicester-house party," by whose influence he was now returned to parliament at the general election (in 1761) for the borough of Cokermouth, on the recommendation of the late Earl of Lonsdale, his patron's son-in-law. He, however, did not remain long in this station; for he soon received the lucrative appointment of Treasurer of the Ordnance. This he relinquished in 1763, for the more confidential office of Joint Secretary of the Treasury; a situation for which he was admirably qualified, by his knowledge of the state of parties, and the management of a House of Commons, of which he himself had been some time a member. To the Rockingham Administration, which succeeded in 1765, he was both personally and politically odious, and he accordingly lost all his appointments; but in the course of the same year, he had one conferred on him by the king's mother, the late Princess Dowager of Wales, which no minister could bereave him of; this was the auditorship of her Royal Highness's accounts. That circumstance, added to his close intimacy with the discarded minister, awakened the jealousy of the patriots; and if we are to credit their suspicions, he became, in the technical language of that day, the "go-between" to the favourite, the princess mother and the throne. When Lord Bute retired into the country in disgust, promising to relinquish public affairs, a great personage is said to have construed this into an abandonment, and to have looked out for advice elsewhere; from that moment Mr. Jenkinson was ranked as one of the leaders of the party called "The King's Friends," and his Majesty ever after distinguished him by a marked partiality. Honours and employments now fell thick upon him. In 1766, he was nominated a Lord of the Admiralty; and in 1767, a Lord of the Treasury; in which place he continued during the Grenville and Grafton administrations. But under that of Lord North, we find him aspiring to some of the higher offices of government; for in 1772, he was appointed one of the Vice-treasurers of Ireland, on which occasion he was introduced into the privy-council. In 1775, he purchased of Mr. Fox, the

patent place of Clerk of the Pells in Ireland, which had constituted part of that gentleman's patrimony; and next year was appointed Master of the Mint, in the room of Lord Cadogan. In 1778, he was elevated to the more important post of Secretary of War, in which situation we find him in 1780 and 1781 defending the estimates of the army, in the House of Commons. The contest between the friends of Mr. Jenkinson and opposition, now became critical; the majorities which had implicitly voted with the ministry, were reduced in every division, and at last abandoned a premier, who tottered on the Treasury Bench. Mr. Jenkinson thought he had now ample leisure to compile his collection of Treaties; but he was soon, by another change in politics, called back from his literary labours, into active life, and took a decided part in behalf of Mr. Pitt. In consequence of his exertions on this occasion, in 1786, he was nominated to the lucrative post of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, created Baron of Hawkesbury, in the county of Gloucester, and appointed President of the Committee of Council for the affairs of Trade and Plantations. For the last situation, his lordship's regular and progressive rise, added to the various offices in which he had acted, admirably qualified him. Further emoluments were, however, reserved for him, for in 1790, on the decease of his relation, the late Sir Banks Jenkinson, who held the lucrative patent place of Collector of the Customs Inwards, he procured the grant. Nothing can more clearly demonstrate his great influence than that occurrence; for this was one of the sinecures which the premier had all along declared his intention to abolish. To these favours, in 1796, was added, that of Earl of Liverpool, on which creation he was authorised by his Majesty to quarter the arms of that commercial city with those of his own family. As an orator, his lordship spoke but seldom, either in the House of Commons or Peers, and of late years he had attended but little to public business, in consequence of his advanced age and infirmities. Besides the works that have already been mentioned, his lordship was the author of the following:—"A Collection of all Treaties of Peace, Alliance, and Commerce between Great Britain and other Powers, from the Treaty of Munster in 1648, to the Treaties signed at Paris in 1763," 3 vols. 8vo. (1785); and "a Treatise on the Coins of England, in a Letter to the King," 4to. (1805). Whatever odium may be attached by his political enemies to the general line of conduct adopted by this nobleman, they will not deny that he deserved great praise for the attention which he always bestowed on the trade of this country. Among other things, he drew up the treaty of commercial intercourse with America; and is also said, not only to have pointed out, but to have created the whale-fishery in the South Seas. His lordship was married, for the first time, in 1769, to Miss Amelia Watts, daughter of the Governor of Fort William, in Bengal, by whom he had the present Earl; and, secondly, in 1782, to Catherine, daughter of the late Sir Cecil Bishopp, Bart. and widow of Sir Charles Cope, by whom he has left a son and daughter, the Hon. Charles Cecil Cope Jenkinson, M.P. for Sandwich, and Lady Charlotte, married to the present Viscount Grimstone.

DR. THOMAS BEDDOES.

THOMAS BEDDOES (see page 90 of our last number) was born at Shifnal, in Shropshire, about the year 1754 or 1755. His relations were respectable and opulent people, nearly all of whom were engaged in trade. The father was a tanner, but seems to have been determined, in early life, that the son should receive an excellent education, so as to be fitted for a higher sphere in society. Accordingly, after obtaining that species of knowledge usually procured in the provincial schools, the distant prospect of Oxford terminated the vista of his classical prospects.

In consequence of the laudable ambition of his friends, he was sent thither; and there is still a report extant at this university, that the settlement of the young Tyro was wholly entrusted to the care of an uncle. On entering the grand mart of learning, with which, as well as its inhabitants, he

was utterly unacquainted, he instantly presented himself, along with Thomas, at the gate of St. John's, and, ringing the bell, asked, "If there was any good education to be had there?" The porter, perceiving, perhaps, the actual situation of affairs with a single glance of his eye, like a prudent man, introduced them to the master, and the usual fees being paid, the young student's name was actually registered on the books!

But the adventure did not conclude here; for the master, struck with the novelty of the circumstance, kept them both to dinner, when, in the course of conversation, it came out that the two strangers were provided with letters of recommendation to Dr. Surgrove, master of Pembroke, and that the uncle had imagined there was but one college in the university. On this, the money was returned with great politeness and liberality, and young Mr. Beddoes matriculated in due form at Pembroke, according to his original destination.

As it has generally been supposed, that a modern medical education is incomplete without a visit to Scotland, Dr. Beddoes accordingly repaired to Edinburgh, about the year 1781, or 1782, in pursuit of those liberal attainments, by which both himself and the public were afterwards to profit; for, as is hinted in the motto, he was eminently replete with zeal, and never wished to do or to learn any thing by halves. While there, he attended the lectures of the most famous professors of the day, was noticed as a youth of great promise, and, if we are not greatly misinformed, lived in intimacy with the celebrated Dr. Brown, whose new system for a while seemed to bear down every thing before it. Sir James Macintosh, who was also intended to be a physician, and actually took a degree for that purpose, was one of his contemporaries and friends.

It may be necessary to state here, that chemistry had always been a favourite study with the subject of this article; and that after having first viewed it, merely as a branch of medicine, he afterwards addicted himself to this pursuit, with a more than ordinary degree of avidity. His reputation, indeed, as well as his acquire-

ments, in this very elegant, and very useful, department of human knowledge, must have been very extensive; for in 1786, we find him acting as reader of chemistry to his "Alma Mater;" there was no professorship of this kind established at that period, or, indeed, until 1803, at Oxford, although one had been founded so early as 1706, at Cambridge.

In the course of 1787, he visited France, and appears to have been for some time resident at Dijon. While at Paris, he of course became acquainted with Lavoisier, whose reputation was, at that period, at its height, and not only acquired his esteem, but also carried on a scientific correspondence with him after his return.

Towards the latter end of 1792, he voluntarily resigned his readership, of which he had been in possession about six years, and was succeeded by Robert Bourn, M.D. It was now time for him to settle in life, but a considerable period elapsed before he could finally determine on so important an object. His eye was naturally fixed at first on the metropolis, as presenting an ample field for a man ambitious of fame, and addicted to the pursuit of science. But he soon perceived, that all the important stations were already occupied; and that for years, he could only aspire to a secondary rank among the eminent practitioners of the capital.

On this, he pitched on Bristol, where, in consequence of the vicinity of the hot-wells, which still continue to attract some of the first families in the kingdom, and the swarm of rich citizens, settled both in the town and its neighbourhood, there appeared to be full scope for an honourable and successful career.

It is pretty evident, that for some time, at least, he attempted, like the celebrated Dr. J. Jebb, occasionally to unite politics with medicine; and while acting as a physician, resolved not to omit those duties which appertained to him as a man. We accordingly find him attending a committee, which had been convoked preparatory to a general meeting of the inhabitants of Bristol, during the progress of Mr. Pitt, and Lord Grenville's "restrictive bills." Soon after this (1796), appeared an "Essay on the Public Me-

rits of Mr. Pitt, by Thomas Beddoes, M.D. printed for Joseph Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard. It is dedicated as follows:—

" To the House of Commons,
An Assembly
Whose Acts, for the last Twenty Years,
No Man
Who feels for
Asia, Africa, America,
or Europe,
Can regard,
Without the profoundest emotions."

As in introductory motto to Chap. i. we find the following couplet:

" Penn'd be. each pig within his proper
style;
Nor into state concerns let Doctors pry."

In 1802, appeared, "*Hygeia, or Essays Moral and Medical, on the Causes affecting the Personal State of the Middling and Affluent Classes.*" This work, which was printed at Bristol, consists of three volumes, and contains a variety of papers on personal prudence, and prejudices respecting health; on personal imprudence; British characteristics; on the use of tea; exercise; cloathing; schools; infancy; a more advanced age; catarrh; scrophulous constitution; consumption; liver complaints; gout, disorders, called nervous, febrile contagious diseases, &c. &c.

In 1803, he published "*A Letter to the Right Honourable Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. P.R.S. On the Causes and the Removal of the Prevailing Discontents, Imperfections, and Abuses, in Medicine.*" with the following motto: "*Take Physic, Physic.*" On this occasion, he appears to join in the "hue and cry raised against incompetent professors of diplomas," and affects somewhat of that superiority over the M.D.'s of the Scottish metropolis, which they themselves are said to evince, "while looking down on the sons of Aberdeen and St. Andrew's, with as much pride as was felt by Mars when he was seated at the right hand of Jupiter."

In August, 1808, he transmitted two cases of hydrophobia, which were inserted in the "*Medical and Physical Journal*" for September; in the number for November, appeared another paper, giving an account of some dissections; and, we believe, he was a

frequent contributor to that periodical work.

Of his other literary labours, we have only time to enumerate the title-pages, viz.

1. *The History of Isaac Jenkins.*
2. *Instructions for Persons of all Capacities, respecting their own Health and that of their children; which, like the former, passed through many editions.*
3. *Manual of Health; and*
4. *Researches concerning Fever.*

We must here conclude the life and literary career of this extraordinary man at the same time. The physician whose mind was ever on the stretch, to extend the confines of medical science, and discover efficacious remedies for the relief of others, at last became a patient himself. He had, for some time anterior to his death, exhibited manifest symptoms of dropsy, but never considered his end as so near. His dissolution, perhaps, was hastened by the rigour of the present winter; for he complained frequently of cold at his extremities, and had actually sent to London for an ingenious mechanic, who had undertaken to warm his apartment to an equable temperature, by means of steam. His death occurred on the 24th of December, 1809, and on being opened, it was clearly discernible, that the machinery had been worn out, and that the animal functions were necessarily suspended, from the progress of disease. The left lobe of the lungs was found to be in a morbid state, and, as might have been easily predicted, a lodgment of water had also been effected.

Thus died, after he had attained the fifty-second or fifty-third year of his life, Thomas Beddoes, a man who possessed a warm, a zealous, and ardent, for the pursuit of medical science, which had seldom been equalled by any, and was assuredly excelled by none. His whole life was devoted to experiment, to enquiry, to correspondence with men of talents, and to the instruction of himself and others. He possessed a fine genius for poetry, and had the happy faculty of viewing every subject on its most brilliant side. His language was glowing, figurative, and sometimes even sublime. He despised quackery, and

pretensions of every kind; and was accustomed to detect and expose these to the full as freely in his own as in other professions.

In all the social relations of life, his conduct uniformly bore testimony to

the excellence of his heart; for he was a good friend, a good father, and a good husband. A few years since, he married Miss Edgeworth, a lady of a respectable literary family in Ireland, by whom he has left four children.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

KING'S THEATRE.

A NEW comic opera called "*I Filleggiatori Bizzarri*," or "*A Whim in the Country*," has been brought forward at this theatre. The story is dramatized from an old tale of Philip Duke of Burgundy's finding a countryman drunk, taking him to court, making him a marquis, teasing him in that character till he was quite weary of his new dignity, then again making him drunk, and restoring him to his original situation. From these materials an opera has been produced, and which promises to be exceedingly attractive. The music is most excellent, and sufficient to establish the highest reputation for its author. Nothing could exceed the acting of Colini and Naldi; indeed, the whole of the characters were done ample justice to. A Signora Pucitta, wife of the composer of the music of the opera, made her first appearance in *Belinda*. She is a very pretty woman and a good figure, possesses a fine sweet-toned voice, and when she has overcome the diffidence arising from a first appearance, will, no doubt, make a fuller display of those powers. Her performance gave abundant promise of real excellence. The music was excellent, and the scenery picturesque and appropriate. Several of the airs were encored, and in

Intendo: cost ingiusto

Non ti credevo: io ti amo; aipe te solo;

Pucitta received reiterated applause, and nothing could excel Colini in

Grazie, pietoso Amore, il caro amante

Il doce mio te-oro

M'ama qua viene a consolarmi il core

Oh Dio! mi sento in sen brilla, d'amore.

Vestris and Angeolini, in the divertissement and ballet were rapturously applauded, and Deshayes and his wife, and Mes Gayton, had their share of

approbation. Too much praise cannot be given to the manager for his judicious selection of talents this season, and the attraction of this opera.

A new ballet, from *Don Quixote*, called "*Cemaco's Wedding*," has also been brought forward: the fable is literally from the Romance. A Castanet dance, called in Spain a *Boleto*, was extremely well performed by Vestris and Angeolini, and loudly encored.—Miss Gayton danced very elegantly, but the laurel must indisputably be adjudged to Deshayes, who executed a *pas seul* with such astonishing activity, lightness, and grace, as commanded the most universal and reiterated applause, not confined to *manual* plaudits, but expressed in loud enthusiastic "*bravos*."—The scenery, management, and the whole costume, reflect the highest honour on the taste and talents of D'Egville, and there can be no doubt but the ballet will prove a source both of attraction and emolument.

LITTLE THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

Wednesday, Feb. 8.—*Is he a Prince?*

This new piece was this evening introduced to the stage, like the *Portrait of Cervantes*, by Mr. Munden, and was, we believe, written, or rather translated, by the same gentleman who favoured the town with that popular piece. The story is simply that of a young German officer imposing himself, or being imposed by the folly of others, upon a sporting Baron, with whose daughter he is in love, as the *Duke of Hainault*, to the expulsion of a foolish coxcomb of a count, to whom she was betrothed. The plot is really extremely slight, but the incidents are made to follow with rapidity, and the dialogue is very sprightly, though the English

wit here and there, grafted upon the German, is rather common place. The piece ends in the bursting of the bubble, which had amused the Baron's family, to the satisfaction of all parties. The acting throughout was admirable, as might be conceived from Munden's *Biron*, Liston's *Count*, and Jones's *Mock Duke*. Fawcett, Farley, Mrs. Davenport, and Miss Norton, appeared also to great advantage.

DRURY-LANE.

Tuesday, Jan. 31.—This evening the heavy tragedy of *Cato* was (we can hardly say) *revived*, for the purpose of introducing to the London public a Mr. Wright, from Edinburgh, whom we understand to practise as a professor of elocution. Mr. Wright's figure is much against him; and his countenance, though sensible, is susceptible of little expression. His declamation is studied and slow, and his voice, though far from ineffective, harsh. He was so loud, however, in many places, that he did not leave himself room for emphasis; and was compelled to force all his words out with the same stress, till they sounded like successive guns in a *feu-de-joie*. His action, too, is ungainly; and he has an ugly habit of spreading out his arms like a clothes-horse; and an unlucky trick of bending inwards his right wrist. Mr. Wright is evidently a sensible man; but the character of *Cato* will never do any thing for his success as an actor.

Wednesday, Feb. 8.—A farce, or as it was called, a comedy of two acts, was performed this evening, entitled "*The Unconscious Counterfeit*."—It was reported in the theatre as the production of a juvenile writer, but we suspect it comes from a veteran, perhaps Kenny.—It is a light and sprightly trifle, turning altogether upon *equivoque*. A Captain *Dashwood*, flying from London into Wales to avoid the consequence of a pecuniary demand made upon him by a usurer in possession of his bond for 2000*l.* is entertained in the hospitable family

of Mr. *Oakdale*, a wealthy citizen retired, and whose daughter he wishes to marry to Young *Belville*, the nephew of the usurer, *Shufflebag*. Now, in consequence of a letter written by the miser, *Oakdale* takes the Captain for *Belville* in disguise, and refuses to encourage the addresses of the real nephew of *Shufflebag*. Mistake upon mistake succeeds upon this ground, till the usurer coming down with a bailiff to arrest *Dashwood*, an *eclaircissement* takes place, and the union of *Oakdale's* daughter and *Belville* follows of course; when the lady finds in her intended husband the man of her own particular choice. The acting of Elliston, Dowton, Matthews, Penley, Smith, Miss Boyce, and Mrs. Harlowe, gave powerful support to this *bagatelle*, which was given out for a future representation with universal applause. It is full of laughable incidents, and the dialogue is very animated.

Monday, Feb. 13.—A gentleman of the name of Riley, from Liverpool, made his first appearance at this theatre, as *Sir Peter Teazle*, in *The School for Scandal*. We do not think he is likely to prove a very great acquisition in that line of acting; his figure is long and ungraceful, and his utterance of this evening was not marked by any discriminating touches of the master, though he seemed sufficiently well acquainted with the mechanical business of the stage. It will be long before we can forget our old favourite, King's admirable delineation of the character Mr. Riley experienced an indulgent reception, and it is probable he may prove a useful actor in some departments of the profession.

Tuesday evening, between the play and farce, Mrs. Powell recited a Memory on the death of Sir John Moore. She delivered this tribute to the memory of that gallant General with much feeling and energy, and was greatly applauded. We understand that it is the composition of Mr. M. G. Lewis.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

Ceremony of laying the first Stone of the new Theatre at Covent-Garden.

ON Saturday, Dec. 31, being the last day of the old year 1803, this stone was laid in solemn form by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.—The rapid exertions that have been used since the recent conflagration, by which not only a mountain of ruins has been removed, but the foundation of the building constructed, on a plan of massy solidity and strength, have been raised to a level with the street, entitle the contractor to much commendation.—Preparatory to the ceremony of Saturday, an extensive range of temporary accommodations, consisting of a covered gallery, with seats, was prepared within the area of the building, for the reception of a very numerous and respectable assemblage of spectators, of both sexes, who were admitted only by tickets issued by the managers and renters, to their friends.—Such the expectation formed of the popular curiosity, that the managers had, at an early hour, obtained the attendance of strong parties of the Foot Guards at all the avenues and entrances. The grenadier companies of the three regiments were drawn up, with their colours and music, within the area, and two troops of the Life Guards patrolled the streets in the vicinity, to preserve order.—At the north-east angle, the stone, a square mass of brown Portland, about a ton weight, was suspended from a triangle, by a cable and windlass, with a mechanical apparatus called a *levy*, over its proper bed; adjacent was the tent and building prepared for his Royal Highness and suite. A British Jack was hoisted at each angle of the building, and to a flag-staff above the stone was affixed the royal standard. The bands of the Life Guards, three regiments of Guards, and the London Militia, were stationed in galleries near the Prince's tent; and the officers of Bow-street, with a numerous brigade of parish constables, attended to keep order.—The Grand lodge was

opened at Freemason's Hall, Great Queen-street, at twelve o'clock, and was attended by a deputation of the masters, stewards, and other officers of all the minor lodges of the metropolis, the whole in their proper paraphernalia. At half-past twelve they set out in procession, and passed down Long-acre, Bow-street, and entered by the door next to Broad-court, and proceeded to the place appointed for their reception on the left of the tent, the rear being brought up by the Life Guards Lodge, who lined the railed passage to receive his Royal Highness, the bands playing the masonic air, "Come, let us prepare." Immediately afterwards the Grand Master made his entrance; he was received at the door by a deputation from the Grand Lodge, with Mr. Harris and Mr. Kemble. The bands struck up "God save the King," and some pieces of artillery within the area fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns. His Royal Highness was attended by his royal brother and cousin, the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester, General Earl Mordaunt, Colonels Bloomfield and Hulse, and several other masons of distinction; and being arrived at his tent, shortly afterwards proceeded to the ceremonial. A plan of the building was presented to his Royal Highness by Mr. Smuke, the architect, and a gilt silver trowel by Mr. Copland, the builder of the edifice; the cement being then laid by the workmen, and adjusted by the Grand Master, the stone was lowered to its bed.—The plumb, the level, and the square, were then successively presented to his Royal Highness by the Junior and Senior Wardens, and Deputy Grand Master, with which, having tried the stone and found its position correct, his Royal Highness laid it by giving it three strokes with a mallet.—A brass box was then delivered to his Royal Highness, which contained a bronze medal, with a Latin inscription, "that the stone was laid by George, Prince of Wales, with his own hand," and on the reverse, a head, *in retine* of his Royal Highness, with the date 1803. Also a copper medal of the same size, with the following inscription:—

wit here and there, grafted upon the German, is rather common place. The piece ends in the bursting of the bubble, which had amused the Baron's family, to the satisfaction of all parties. The acting throughout was admirable, as might be conceived from Munden's *Baron*, Liston's *Count*, and Jones's *Mock Duke*. Fawcett, Farley, Mrs. Davenport, and Miss Norton, appeared also to great advantage.

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London.

Ceremony of laying the first Stone of the new Theatre at Covent-Garden.

ON Saturday, Dec. 31, being the last day of the old year 1808, this stone was laid in solemn form by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.—The rapid exertions that have been used since the recent conflagration, by which not only a mountain of ruins has been removed, but the foundation of the building constructed, on a plan of massy solidity and strength, have been raised to a level with the street, entitle the contractor to much commendation.—Preparatory to the ceremony of Saturday, an extensive range of temporary accommodation, consisting of a covered gallery, with seats, was prepared within the area of the building, for the reception of a very numerous and respectable assemblage of spectators, of both sexes, who were admitted only by tickets issued by the managers and renters, to their friends.—Such was the expectation formed of the popular curiosity, that the managers had, at an early hour, obtained the attendance of strong parties of the Foot Guards at all the avenues and entrances. The grenadier companies of the three regiments were drawn up, with their colours and music, within the area, and two troops of the Life Guards patrolled the streets in the vicinity, to preserve order.—At the north-east angle, the stone, a square mass of hewn Portland, about a ton weight, suspended from a triangle, by a cable and windlass, with a mechanical apparatus called a *levy*, over its proper bed; adjacent was the tent and building prepared for his Royal Highness and suite. A British Jack was hoisted at each angle of the building, and to a flag-staff above the stone was affixed the royal standard. The bands of the Life Guards, three regiments of Guards, and the London Militia, were stationed in galleries near the Prince's tent; and the officers of Bow-street, with a numerous brigade of parish constables, attended to keep order.—The Grand lodge was

opened, at Freemason's Hall, Great Queen-street, at twelve o'clock, and was attended by a deputation of the masters, stewards, and other officers of all the minor lodges of the metropolis, the whole in their proper paraphernalia. At half-past twelve they set out in procession, and passed down Long-acre, Bow-street, and entered by the door next to Broad-court, and proceeded to the place appointed for their reception on the left of the tent, the rear being brought up by the Life Guards Lodge, who lined the railed passage to receive his Royal Highness, the bands playing the masonic air, "Come, let us prepare." Immediately afterwards the Grand Master made his entrance; he was received at the door by a deputation from the Grand Lodge, with Mr. Harris and Mr. Kemble. The bands struck up "God save the King," and some pieces of artillery within the area fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns. His Royal Highness was attended by his royal brother and cousin, the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester, General Earl Moira, Colonels Bloomfield and Hulse, and several other masons of distinction, and being arrived at his tent, shortly afterwards proceeded to the ceremonial. A plan of the building was presented to his Royal Highness by Mr. Smirke, the architect, and a gilt silver towel by Mr. Copland, the builder of the edifice, the cement being then laid by the workmen, and adjusted by the Grand Master, the stone was lowered to its bed.—The plumb, the level, and the square, were then successively presented to his Royal Highness by the Junior and Senior Wardens, and Deputy Grand Master, with which, having tried the stone and found its position correct, his Royal Highness laid it by giving it three strokes with a mallet.—A brass box was then delivered to his Royal Highness, which contained a bronze medal, with a Latin inscription, "that the stone was laid by George, Prince of Wales, with his own hand," and on the reverse, a head, *in exergo*, of his Royal Highness, with the date 1808. Also a copper medal of the same size with the following inscription.—

Under the Auspices of
His most sacred Majesty GEORGE III.
King of the United Kingdoms of Great
Britain and Ireland.
The Foundation Stone of the Theatre, Co-
vent-Garden,
was laid by his Royal Highness
GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES.
M DCCC VIII.

On the reverse is,—

Robert Smike, Architect.

Added to these were a series of all
the coins of the present reign; and
this box was inserted by his Royal
Highness in a cavity made in the
stone for its reception.—His Royal
Highness then poured up in the stone
the offerings of corn, wine, and oil,
from three silver goblets. During
this ceremony all the bands played
"God save the King," and a second
salute was fired by the artillery. His
Royal Highness then returned the
plan to the architect, graciously ex-
pressing his wishes for the prosperity
of the undertaking, and retired in the
procession, amidst the loud plaudits
of the multitude.—The brethren re-
turned to the Freemason's Tavern, and,
after the lodge was closed, sat down
to a splendid dinner.

SHERIFFS appointed by his Majesty in
Council for the Year 1809.

Bolton—Robert Garstin, of Har-
rold, Esq.

Berkshire—Sir T. T. Metcalfe, of Fern-
hill, Bart.

Buckinghamshire—T. S. Badcock, of
Buckingham, Esq.

Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire—
John Heathcote, of Conington
Castle, Esq.

Cheshire—T. W. Tatton, of Wittens-
hall, Esq.

Cumberland—Miles Ponsonby, of Hail
Hall, Esq.

Derbyshire—Charles Upton, of Derby,
Esq.

Devonshire—Sir T. Dyke Ackland, of
Kellerton, Bart.

Dorsetshire—James John Farquhar-
son, of Laighton, Esq.

Essex—John R. Abdy, of Albans,
Esq.

Gloucestershire—John H. Moggridge,
of Dymock, Esq.

Hertfordshire—Wm. Wall, of Leo-
minster, Esq.

Hertfordshire—E. Darby, of Ashton
House, Esq.

Kent—Sir B. W. Bridges, of Good-
neston, Bart.

Leicestershire—Sir Wm. Manners, of
Buckminster, Bart.

Lincolnshire—Sir R. Heron, of Stub-
ton, Bart.

Monmouthshire—J. K. G. Kemys, of
Portholey, Esq.

Northfolk—James Coldham, of Anmer,
Esq.

Northamptonshire—Robert Andrew, of
Harleston, Esq.

Northumberland—Wm. S. Brewere, of
Bewicke, Esq.

Nottinghamshire—T. Walker, of Bury
Hill, Esq.

Oxfordshire—John Harrison, of Shels-
well, Esq.

Rutlandshire—A. W. Bellaers, of Bul-
merthorpe, Esq.

Shropshire—Wm. Sparling, of Petton,
Esq.

Somersetshire—John Nurton, of Mal-
verton, Esq.

Staffordshire—T. Levett, of Whichner,
Esq.

County of Southampton—John Black-
burne, of Preston Candover, Esq.

Suffolk—John Dresser, of Bliford,
Esq.

Surrey—E. Blike, of Southwark, Esq.

Sussex—T. Tourle, of Landport, Esq.

Warwickshire—A. Bracebridge, of
Atherstone, Esq.

Wiltshire—Sir C. W. Mallet, of Wil-
bury House, Bart.

Worcestershire—Postponed.

Yorkshire—Sir George Wombwell, of
Wombwell, Bart.

South Wales.

Cardiganshire—R. I. Starke, of Lang-
haene Castle, Esq.

Pembroke—C. A. Phillips, of the Hill,
Esq.

Cardigan—W. Skyrme, of Altrock,
Esq.

Glamorgan—J. Homfray, of Llandaff,
Esq.

Brecon—T. Wood, of Gwernivett, Esq.

Radnor—John Whittaker, of Cascob,
Esq.

North Wales.

Merioneth—Wm. Davies, of Ty Ucha,
Esq.

Caernarvonshire—T. Parry Jones Parry,
of Madryn, Esq.

Anglesey—Sir J. T. Stanley, of Bodelwydd, Bart.

Montgomeryshire—R. Knight, of Llanymogor, Esq.

Denbighshire—J. Ablet, of Llanbedro, Esq.

Flintshire—T. Peate, of Bistree, Esq.

CARLETON-HOUSE—This magnificent residence of the Heir Apparent, which has undergone so many improvements, is now almost finished. The architecture of each apartment combines much taste; the Roman, Grecian, Chinese, and Hindostan, are introduced with a classic purity which is nouvelle and beautiful. The eastern style of decoration has been executed by an artist, who decidedly and confidently ranks as the first in this kingdom, in respect to talents.—The grand entrance, and the finishing touches were suggested by Mr. Walsh Porter. The state apartments will be completed in the course of a fortnight. In each of these rooms will be placed the most superb diamond cut-glass chandeliers the eye ever witnessed; the ornaments in each are executed in the purest crystal paste, comprising many thousand drops; the form of each bottle resembles a cone, surmounted by Gothic turret, likewise of cut glass. It is said that his Royal Highness intends giving a grand entertainment when the whole is arranged.

ARGYLE INSTITUTION.—The favourite resort of the fashionable world, which combines all the advantages of a theatre and a private assembly, opened for the first time this season on Thursday evening, Feb. 2. The hall is beautifully painted, and lighted with patent lamps; at the upper end are folding doors, covered with crimson, through which the company pass into the inner hall or vestibule, and from thence to the staircase; the stairs are covered with an elegant carpet, the colours in which formed a striking contrast with the walls of the vestibule, being elegantly painted in the antique style, representing Roman urns, vases, &c. The colonnade, at the top of the staircase, has a very brilliant effect; the floor is covered with crimson cloth, and the sides being painted in imitation of a Grecian colonnade, with

Corinthian columns, gives it a very grand appearance, particularly from the number of Grecian lamps and side-lights, dispersed round the colonnade, stair-case, &c. The first room entered by the company is the blue, or Turkish room, in the angles of which are placed Ottoman sofas, and the sides decorated with draperies, beautifully painted in blue and gold. The ceiling represents a sky, in the centre of which is seen a large eagle in the act of flying, grasping a thunderbolt, from which is suspended an elegant cut-glass chandelier, containing twelve wax-lights. Through folding doors, on the right hand, is the entrance to the card room, the floor of which, as well as the former room, is covered with carpets, to correspond with the decorations. The ceiling, which is painted in a superb manner by Marmari, presents a view of Apollo and the Muses; and from each corner of the room is suspended a fine Grecian lamp, with a large Grecian chandelier in the centre. Between the windows, and over the chimney-piece, are placed beautiful mirrors, the reflection of the lights on which gives a magnificent and costly appearance to the room. The fireplace is particularly striking, being made of composition stone, representing Bacchanalian figures, each figure above four feet high; who support the mantle piece, composed of the same materials, and ornamented with emblematical devices to correspond. On the right of this room are the billiard and refreshment rooms, very fancifully decorated and illuminated. From the left of the Turkish room the company pass into the grand saloon, or theatre, which, from its superb decorations and multiplicity of lights, strikes the eye on entering with admiration. At one end is the stage, sufficiently capacious for the representation of Burlettas, and is convertible, in a short time, into an elegant orchestra for the performance of concerts; at the other end, boxes are constructed for the convenience of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and the rest of the ladies patronesses, the fronts of which are elegantly painted and ornamented with emblematical figures and devices to correspond with the room, and the

interior of each is lined with crimson cloth; round the fronts are suspended, from entwined snakes, antique chandeliers, with cut-glass drops, the only of the kind in England; each chandelier containing six wax lights. The walls of this saloon are most elegantly decorated, representing the roof as supported by enormous marble pillars of the Corinthian order, of great beauty and workmanship; between each pillar are painted devices of "Telemachus searching after his father Ulysses, attended by Minerva as Mentor," which are remarkably well executed, and their effect considerably heightened by appropriate ornaments painted underneath; the basement represents a species of African marble, little known in England. On each side of this room are suspended three elegant cut-glass chandeliers, representing balloons, the effect of which is very beautiful, as each chandelier contains twelve lights. The front of the stage corresponds with the sides of the room, and has a pleasing effect; and over the top is the following motto.—

"Sollicitæ jucunda obliuia vitæ."

The supper rooms on the ground floor correspond, in point of elegance of decoration, with the rest of the apartments; and it appears that neither expence nor labour has been spared to render this institution deserving of that distinguished patronage, which has been, and still continues to be, conferred on it.

The evening's entertainment consisted of a Burletta, entitled *Amor va Ol Gioventù*, after which there was a dance and a supper. The music of the Burletta is composed by Signor Pucitta; the characters by Signor Naldi, Signor Siboni, Signora Pucitta and Signora Griglietti, and was remarkably well received by a most elegant auditory, consisting of upwards of 300 persons.

DREADEFUL FIRE.

Total Destruction of Drury-Lane Theatre.

Saturday, Feb. 25.

At a quarter past eleven o'clock, last night, this magnificent edifice appeared almost one immense blaze of fire. The night was dark, but in

a moment the atmosphere was illuminated, and the light was as strong on the steeples and the roofs of the houses for miles round as in the brightest sunshine. The fire-bells, bugles, and drums, instantly gave the alarm. Volunteers mustered in force, and the engines crowded from all quarters to the spot. Their exertions to save the theatre, we saw with regret, were ineffectual. The fire had in a manner seized upon every part of the building at once, and blazed with irresistible fury. Such was the fierceness of the flames, that the unwieldy mass of fuel, which this superb pile afforded, was almost exhausted before two o'clock this morning, when the volume of flame that issued from it was not greater than what might be produced by an ordinary building. The advantage of having a great public structure of this kind, in an isolated situation, was apparent upon this melancholy occasion. Although the engines could not arrest the progress of the flames in the theatre, they were able to play upon the surrounding buildings, and thus saved the neighbourhood from destruction. In contemplation of fire, there was a reservoir full of water on the top of the building, which fell in. Of its quantity, and that supplied by the engines, some idea may be formed from the appearance of the streets in the vicinity. The whole line from the theatre down to St. Clement's church, which had been perfectly dry an hour before, was scarcely passable at two o'clock from the depth of the water upon it.

Several of the houses in the neighbourhood, particularly those in Vinegar-yard, had caught fire, and great alarm was felt: however, the activity of the engines prevented the spread of the devouring element. The Thames appeared like a sheet of fire, and the wind, which blew from the south-west, bore the burning matter aloft in the atmosphere, which matter, for many miles round, appeared like stars floating in the air. When the laden cistern fell in, it produced a shock resembling an earthquake, while the matter forced up into the air, seemed like a shower of rockets and artificial fireworks combined. At three o'clock the walls fell; and most

fortunately, they fell inwards; had it been otherwise, their great weight must have crushed a number of houses beneath them. How this dreadful accident was occasioned we are at a loss to know. It being a Friday in Lent, there was no performance, and the house was shut up. That it was intentionally set on fire was the general opinion, formed on no ground but suspicion.

The House of Commons, when the news reached them, was in full debate on Mr. Ponsonby's motion. Mr. Sheridan was in the House, and out of respect to him, it was proposed to adjourn the debate, but he requested it should not be suffered to impede the business before them. Mr. Sheridan remained in the House some time after this.

The building of this immense theatre cost 200,000*l*. The property in scenery, dresses, decorations, music, &c. &c. is almost incalculable. The house, it is said, is insured to a considerable extent. It is reported that one man lost his life by a fall of one part of the wall, in Princes-street. One of the fragments of a lofty wall, with several loose stones, seemingly nodding to its fall, during the forenoon of Saturday, excited great apprehensions lest the populace, pressing from all parts, should be too near at the time. The fire, at the same time, continued glowing in the remains of the building like so many stoves. Only one house in Vinegar-yard is completely consumed, but several are damaged, and many people sustained considerable injury by the sudden removal of their goods.

A party of the horse-guards patrolled the streets in the vicinity, and remained upon the spot the greatest part of Saturday. The spectacle of such an immense building on fire, was strikingly impressive upon the observers at Hampstead, Highgate, Islington, and other villages situated upon the eminences near town, during the night.

BULLETINS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN SPAIN.

The *Twenty first* bears no date. The English entered Spain on the 29th of October; during the months of November and December, they beheld

the destruction of the army of Galicia at Espinosa; of the army of Estramadura at Burgos; of that of Arragon and Valencia, at Tudela; of the army of reserve, at Somo-Sierra; in fine, they beheld the fall of Madrid without making a single movement, and without any attempt to succour the Spanish armies, to whom, however, a division of the English troops would have proved of considerable assistance. In the beginning of December information was received, that columns of the British army were retreating on Corunna, where they were to re-embark. By later accounts, it afterwards appeared that they had halted; and that on the 16th of December they set out from Salamanca in order to take the field. As early as the 15th the light cavalry had marched from Valladolid. The whole of the English army passed the Douro, and arrived on the 23d in presence of the Duke of Dalmatia, at Saldanha.

On the 22d the Emperor left Madrid. His head-quarters were on the 23d at Villa-Castin, the 25th at Tordesillas, and on the 27th at Mediuo de Rio-Secco. On the 24th, at break of day, the enemy had begun to move, in order to out-flank the left of the Duke of Dalmatia, but having been informed, during the morning, of the movement that took place at Madrid, they immediately began to retreat, abandoning their Spanish adherents, whose passions they had inflamed, the remains of the Galician army, that had conceived fresh hopes, some of their hospitals, and a part of their baggage, and a great number of stragglers. They committed great devastations, the inevitable result of forced marches of troops in retreat; they carried away with them mules, horses, and several other effects; they pillaged a great number of churches and convents.

The *Twenty second* is dated Benevente, Dec. 21. On the 30th, the cavalry commanded by the Duke of Istria, passed the Ezela. On the evening of the 30th, it traversed Benevente, and pursued the enemy as far as Puenta de la Vilana. On the same day the head-quarters were established at Benevente. The English were not satisfied with destroying an arch of the bridge at Ezela, but they also

blew up the buttresses with mines, a damage wholly unprofitable, and which could be hurtful only to the country.

The English had reported throughout the country that they had defeated 5000 of the French cavalry on the banks of the Ezela, and that the field of battle was covered with their dead. The inhabitants of Benevente were much surprised upon visiting the field of battle, to have found there only three Englishmen and two French. That contest of 400 men against 2000, does great honour to the French. During the whole of the 29th, the river continued to swell considerably, so that at the close of the evening it became impossible to ford it. It was in the middle of the river, and at the moment he was on the point of being drowned, that General Lefevre, being carried away by the current to the side occupied by the English, was made prisoner. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded, in that affair of advanced posts, has been far greater than that of the French. The flight of the English was so precipitate, that they left at their hospital their sick and wounded, and were obliged to burn a fine magazine of tents and clothing.— They killed all the horses that were over-fatigued or wounded, and which might embarrass their retreat. It is scarcely here to be credited how that spectacle, so shocking to our manners, of hundreds of horses shot with pistols, is revolting to the Spaniards. Many persons look upon it as a sort of sacrifice. Some religious rite which gives rise, in the mind of the Spaniards, to very strange pictures of the religion of England. The English are retreating in the utmost haste. All the Germans in their pay are deserting. Our army will, this evening, be at Astorga, near the borders of Galicia.

The *Twenty-third* is dated Benevente, Jan. 1. The Duke of Dalmatia arrived on the 30th of December, at Mansilla, where was the left of the enemy, consisting of the Spaniards under General Romana. General Franceschi overthrew them in a single charge; killed a great number, took two standards, and made prisoners a colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, fifty officers, and 1500 soldiers.

On the 31st the Duke of Dalmatia, entered Leon, where he found 2000 sick. Romana has succeeded Blake in the command, after the battle of Espinosa.

The events of the English expeditions to Spain must furnish materials for a fine opening speech to the English Parliament. The English nation must be informed, that her army remained three months in a state of inaction, while it was in their power to assist the Spaniards; that its leaders, or those whose orders they executed, have been guilty of the extreme folly of making a movement forward after the Spanish armies had been destroyed; that, in a word, it entered upon the new year by running away, pursued by an enemy it did not dare to fight, and by the curses of those whom it had stirred up to resistance, and whom it was its duty to support. Such enterprises and such results can belong only to a country that has no government. Fox, or even Pitt would not have been guilty of such blunders. To contend against France by land, who has one hundred thousand cavalry, fifty thousand horses for all sorts of military equipment, and nine hundred thousand infantry were, on the part of England, carrying folly to the utmost extreme; it betrays indeed a greediness for disgrace; it is, in fine, to administer the affairs of England just as the cabinet of the Tuilleries could wish them to be administered. It betrays no small ignorance of Spain, to have imagined that any importance could be attached to popular commotion, or to indulge the smallest hope that by kindling in that country the flames of sedition, such a conflagration should be attended with any decided result or any material duration. A few fanatical priests are quite sufficient to compose and propagate libels, to carry a momentary disorder into the minds of men; but something else is required to cause a nation to rise to arms. At the time of the French revolution, it required three years, and the presence of the Convention, to prepare the means of military successes; and who that does not know to what hazards France was nevertheless exposed? France was, however, stirred up. Supported by the unanimous resolution to re-assert rights of

which she had been deprived in times of obscurity. In Spain, it was a few men who stirred up the people in order to preserve the exclusive possession of rights odious to the people. Those who fought for the Inquisition, for the Franciscans, and for feudal rights, might be animated by an ardent zeal for their personal interests, but could never infuse into a whole nation a firm resolve or a permanent opinion. In spite of the English, the Inquisition, the Franciscans, and Inquisition, have no longer any existence in Spain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"To Geraldine" was omitted this month only for want of room.

"The Resolution, an Epigram," by J. S. Hardy, may have a point, but we do not know where to look for it.

The "Observations on Saxon Churches in Kent" shall appear in our next.

Of "Claudio's" favours, we reject the "Imitation of Shakspeare" with disgust — The others may appear.

The "Impromptu," by "R. H." is inadmissible.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

CORNWALL.

LORD GRENVILLE has projected great improvements on his fine estate of Bonconnor. The extensive downs so long neglected, though they contain vast tracts of the richest soil, are now to be cultivated, and some parts of them sown with corn, others with acorns.

Viscount Falmouth intends to build a new mansion upon his beautiful estate of Tregothnan. His lordship's acknowledged taste will doubtless discover a better site than that of the present house, and the line of a more eligible road than that which now leads from Mopus Ferry to Tregothnan.

DEVONSHIRE.

Died.] At Lymptstone, whither he went for the recovery of his health, J. J. Grelhier, Esq. several years secretary of the Royal Exchange Insurance Office, London. He was an able mathematician, and an excellent writer. For Dr. Gregory's Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, he furnished a large number of articles, which exhibit a sound judgement, powers of correct reasoning, and a vast store of general knowledge. During the last two years, he was a contributor to the Rev. Dr. Rees's New Cyclopedia, and perhaps almost one of his last efforts was the drawing up a short article for that work. In the volume that is yet unpublished, will be found among other articles from the pen of Mr. Grelhier, one on the docks, that will

be read with interest. In the office in which the greater part of his time was spent, he was highly respected for a most diligent attention to the various duties of his station, for his accuracy in business, for his strict and undeviating integrity, and for the amiableness of his manners. As a husband, a father, and a friend, his loss will be long and severely felt. In every relation of life, he was beloved while living, and those who were best acquainted with his virtues and talents, will most and longest revere his memory.

ESSEX.

In excavating the reservoir for the Colchester water-works, some vestiges of Roman baths were lately found. Since that period, in proceeding with the works, the workmen fell in with a quantity of Roman pavement; and, what is extraordinary, beneath that, some oak-framing, almost perfectly sound, although it must have laid there above a thousand years. By inspection, it appears that it had been previously charred, as the crust was on it when first dug up. It is therefore evident, that charring of timber, to make it last under ground, was known to the Romans. Amidst some fragments of porcelain found, was one vessel of most exquisite workmanship and classical taste, the outside of which was highly embossed with basso relievo, divided into different departments, in two of which were Diana and Faunus, on pedestals, facing

each other. Diana, in her left hand, holds a boy; and, in the right, the two fore-feet of a leveret, standing in an upright posture against her. The attitude of Faunus is nearly that of the antique Antinous; a wreath of a mask and plumes of feathers hang between the two. In two other departments are the stags at bay with the dogs. Between this department and the before-described, is a long upright one, with a tripod in the centre, and an eagle hovering over the flames, with a plume of feathers erect on its back. In two other departments are Cupid sacrificing, in the act of pouring something from a vessel on the altar; round the border of this department is studded with imitations of diadems: in two other departments are represented the great wild bear passant, capitably executed; towards the cornice, or towards the upper edge or opening of the vessel, is a rich canopy, ornamented all round; on the bottom and sides of the departments are plumes of feathers studded with ornaments like mace. It is nearly the colour of dark cornelian, has been hardened by fire, and is almost as dense as flint. Most of the coins dug up, are of Claudius, Cæsar Augustus, and others of the Emperor Trajanus, Antonius Pius, and Divus Antoninus, and many others, hardly distinguishable from their state of corrosion; also silver gilt instruments used in the sacrifices.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

At the Public Office, Bishop's Fee, on Saturday, the 14th day January last, an altercation arose between a Mr. P—ch—n, and a Mr. L—f—ge, two of the Justices upon the Bench, and both gentlemen of considerable property, during the examination of a pauper; in consequence of which, a challenge was ultimately produced, and the parties met upon the Leicester Race-Course, in the afternoon of the same day, attended by a Mr. K. and a Captain B. as their seconds. After the discharge of a shot each, another gentleman, who was present at the scene of action, interfered, and amicably adjusted the affair.

A short time since, as Thomas Shelton, shipmaker, of Loughborough, was returning from Sheephead, he

met a young woman, about seventeen years of age, of the name of Molagne, apparently very ill: he enquired what was the matter with her; she replied, that she was extremely indisposed and cold, and that the weather was so severe, that she wished to lie down, as she was unable to proceed any farther. He very humanely offered his assistance to carry her home, which was upwards of two miles, with which proposition she very reluctantly complied; and though he met several persons on the road, and requested their aid, they all pleaded some excuse, until he had nearly arrived at his own house, when she expired!

Died.] Lately, at Melton-Mowbray, in the 91st year of her age, Mrs. Reeve, relict of William Reeve, Esq. and grandmother of the late Earl of Harborough.

On Monday, the 9th day of January last, Mr. Henry Carrick, who for upwards of half a century conducted an extensive seminary in the town of Leicester. In his professional capacity, he was universally esteemed and respected; in society, he was a facetious, well-informed, and agreeable companion; and, in his general deportment, a man of the strictest probity and honour.

On Sunday, January the 29th, in her 19th year, Miss Mary Keal, of Syston, after a few days illness. She was cut off suddenly, but not unprepared; having been early unpressed with religious truth, she was enabled to meet death with a fortitude and composure, which contributed to soften, in some measure, the bitter anguish of surviving relatives. Miss Keal was a young lady possessed of considerable personal accomplishments, and endowed with a most amiable disposition; her manners were engaging, and her death will form the subject of extreme regret amongst all those who enjoyed the pleasure of her acquaintance.

NORFOLK.

Died.] At Bawburgh, near Norwich, in his 82d year, John Wagstaffe, one of the Society of Friends. —[*A further account of this gentleman in our next.*]

DEATH ABROAD.

Killed in the month of October, 1808, whilst nobly attempting to repulse a body of French troops, who had effected a landing on the island of Capri, Major John Hamill, of the Maltese Regiment. The fate of this gallant officer was attended with circumstances, which must for ever endear his name to the nation in whose service he bled. The Maltese, whom he had the misfortune to command, basely deserted him on the approach

of the enemy; but he preferring a glorious fall, to safety purchased by ignominious conduct, opposed his single arm to the assaults of a host of foes, in the midst of whom he laid down his life—a sacrifice to the interest and reputation of his country. Major Hamill was descended from a respectable Roman Catholic family, long resident in the North of Ireland, and had only attained his 30th year, when the fatal catastrophe, just recorded, took place.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

JAN. 24, 1800, to FEB. 18, 1800, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette.]—The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.

ATKINSON J. Cleveley-mill, Lancaster, miller, (Caton and Co. Aldersgate-street) Aspland W. Kensington, cheesemonger, (Popkin, Dean-street). Allen W. Chandos-street, shoe-maker, (Fitches and Co. Swithin's-lane). Allen D. Newgate-street, shoe-maker, (Jones and Co. Covent-garden).

Brown W. Wormwood-street, victualler, (Taylor, Craven-street) Browne J. Liverpool, merchant, (Waddle, John-street) Billing J. Ravensthorpe, Northampton, woolcomber, (Bancutt, Long Buckley, Northampton). Boardman T. jun. Manchester, liquor-merchant, (Foulkes and Co. Gray's Inn) Bentley P. College-hill, stone-mason, (Luckett, Wilson-street). Brown J. Little Fleet-Street, cheesemonger, (Gregory, Clements Inn). Baumer G. Cambridge Heath, stockbroker, (Aspinall, Quality-court)

Clark J. H. St. James's-street, milliner, (Chambers, Furnival's-Inn). Choyce W. Chilvers Coton, Warwick, innkeeper, (Tebbutt and Co. Gray's-Inn square) Carter J. Bishopsgate-street, merchant, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-Court) Connop J. and Newton L. Red Lion-street, dyers, (Alliston, Freeman's-court). Cheldien G. Dover, saddler, (Barnes, Clifford's-Inn). Cattell H. Duke-street, silk-manufacturer, (Coote, Austin Friars). Clay R. Hackney, merchant, (Warrand, Castle-court).

Davies D. Carmarthen, ironmonger, (James, Gray's-Inn-square). Davenport J. and Finney J. Aldermanbury, merchants, (Warrand, Castle-court). Dewar A. Stood, Kent, millwright, (Aubrey, Took's court). Darby W. Hereford, butcher, (Townsend, Staple-Inn). De Prado J. Lime-street, lead-merchant, (Pearce and Son Swithin's-lane). Dean J. Birmingham, japanner, (Kinderley and Co. Gray's Inn). Davis G. Kingsland road, cow-keeper, (Taylor, Old-street).

Davenport T. Derby, linen-draper, (Warrand, Castle-court).

Edmonds E. Monument-yard, wine-merchant, (Sarel, Surrey-street) Elstob H. Sunderland, mercer, (Blackiston, Symond's-Inn). Ele S. Cannon-street-road, mason, (Burt, Gould-square). Eastwood J. and Eastwood I. Uppermill, Saddleworth, dyers, (Meredith and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Eustace W. Little Carter-lane, cabinet-maker, (Sweet, King's-Bench-Walks). Evans S. widow, Woolverhampton, carpenter, (Smart and Co. Staple-Inn).

Frow T. Marlethorpe, innholder, (Spencer, Lamb's Conduit street) Fisher B. Dudley, wine-merchant, (Kinderley and Co. Gray's-Inn). Fox R. Rugby, scrivener, (Kinderley and Co. Gray's-Inn). Fairbridge W. Gough-square, dealer and chapman, (Brace, New Boswell-court).

Glover W. and J. Poultry, haberdashers, (Mason, St. Michael's Church-yard). Grater R. Stoke-Damrell, scrivener, (Santer, Chancery-lane). Gilliam J. Cambridge, merchant, (Sandys and Co. Crane-court). Greenwell J. South Shields, butcher, (Bell and Co. Bow-lane). Gorton R. Pendleton, cotton-sizer, (Ellis, Cursitor street) Gane J. Trowbridge, carpenter, (Dehary and Co. Inner-Temple).

Hickson T. Leicester-square, boot maker, (Jones and Co. Covent-Garden). Hoare T. and Allen W. Waltham-lane, Hertford, calico-printers, (Bond, East-India Chambers). Howe J. Walcot, Somerset, grocer, (Shepherd and Co. Bedford-row). Hoare T. Waltham-lane, Hertford, victualler, (Bond, East-India Chambers). Heckford W. City Arms, London street, victualler, (Lingard, Lower Chapman-road) Horsfall W. Hampstead-road, victualler, (Warne, Old Broad-street). Hunter J. Whitehaven, mercer, (Clemell, Staple-Inn). Hand J. Wormwood-street, warehouseman, (Mar-

son, Church-row, Newington-butts). Hetherington D. Lowerosby, drover, (Birkett, Boud-court, Walbrook).

Ireland J. R. Burr-street, coal-factor, (Mayhew, Symond's-Inn). Jones W. Reading, nurseryman, (Holmes, Great James-street). James J. Bristol, cooper, (Sweet, King's Bench Walk). Jones J. Dolyddbyrion, tanner, (Edmunds and Son, Exchequer-office of Pleas). Jenkins D. Lantissant, Glamorgan, linen-draper, (James, Gray's Inn-square).

Knight S. White Cross-street, cloth-factor, (Vizard, New-square).

Lloyd T. Poultry, slate merchant, (Rippon, Bermondsey-street). Lancaster R. Scarborough, shipowner, (Barb'r, Chancery-lane). Lewis T. Bedminster, bacon-factor, (Frowd and Co. Mitre-court-buildings).

Mawson W. Kendal, Westmorland, cotton-spinner, (Chambre, Chapel-street, Bedford-row). Morris J. (Allens W. and J. Clifford's-Inn). Mackenzie R. King's Arms-yard, merchant, (Blunt and Co. Old Pay-office, Broad street). Machall T. Criggles-ton, York, butcher, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Morton R. Manchester, dry-salter, (Johnson and Co. Manchester). Miall S. Wapping, brewer, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). Murion J. Kingston-upon-Hull, dealer and chapman, (Exley and Co. Fumival's Inn). Merry J. West-Smithfield, oilman, (Russen, Crown-court).

Payle: T. Greenwich, merchant, (Pearson, Elm-court). Powell, H. J. Uxbridge, builder, (Mills, Ely-place). Phillips J. C. Bank-house, near Keibley, cotton-spinner, (Waglesworth, Gray's-Inn). Parker W. R. York, cotton-spinner, (Swale and Co. Great Ormond-street). Proctor W. Great Ealing, dealer in hay and straw, (Gale and Son, Bedford-street).

Riddlestorceser G.A. Whitechapel, haberdasher, (Hurd, King's Bench Walks). Richards G. Cornhill, bookseller, (Bolton, and Co. Lawrence Poultney-hill). Row W. Northumberland, ship-builder, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane).

Salter J. Bermondsey, carpenter, (Meymott, Burrow's-buildings). Steuner T. Bristol, carpenter. (Bleasdale and Co. New Inn). Skyring Z. Bucklebury, carpenter, (Bond, East India Chamber-st). Stanley S. Derby, grocer, (Warrand, Castle-st). Symonds J. Rampton, Oxford, house-dealer, (Edmunds and Son of the Exchequer-office of Pleas). Scott J. Gray's-Inn-lane, builder, (W. neckley, Elm-court). Simpson W. Sheffield, unkeeper, (Blograve and Co. Symond's-Inn). Scott T. Thannston, Kent, victualler, (Dyne, Sergeant's Inn). Scott T. sen. Scott T. jun. and Scott D. Carthorpe, grocers, (Lodington and Co. Secondaries office, Temple).

Tucker J. and Rothwell R. Manchester, cotton-manufacturers, (Milne and Co. Temple). Taylor M. Latham J. and Belcher F. Liverpool, merchants, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). Tomkins S. M. Stanton St John, Oxford, dealer and chapman, (Townshend, Staple Inn).

Watts W. Bristol, hoster, (Bigg, Hatton garden). Wallis G. Bath, cabinet-maker, (Edmunds, Chancery-lane). Wilkinson J. H. Bond-court, Walbrook, factor. (Brown, Pudding-lane). Webster J. and Wakefield J. corn-factors, (Evans, Hatton Garden). Wood T. and G. Kirkby-Malzeard, York, butchers, (Lodington and Co. Secondaries-Office, Temple). Winnar J. Ormskirk, beer-brewer, (Blackstock, St. Michael's-court). Webster W. Witham, York, builder, (Watkins and Co. Lincoln's Inn). Watson W. Tothill-street, linen-draper, (Hurd, King's Bench Walk).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, and WATER WORKS, SHARES, &c. &c.—Feb. 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 118½. per Cent.
West-India ditto, 170½. ditto.
East-India ditto, 125½. ditto.
Commercial ditto, 140½. ditto. [share.
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 133½. per
Grand Surrey ditto, 60½. ditto.
Thames and Medway ditto, new shares 10½.
per share premium.
Kennett and Avon ditto, 4½. per share pre-
mium. [per cent.
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 113½.
Albion ditto, 60½. per share
Hope ditto, 18½. per share prem.
Eagle ditto, par.

Atlas ditto, par
Imperial Fire Assurance, 4½. per cent. prem.
Kent ditto, 50½. per share, prem.
Rock Life Assurance, 4½. to 5½. per share
ditto
Commercial Road Stock, 114½. per cent.
London In-tituti-on, 84½. per share
Surrey ditto, 2½. ditto.
East London ditto, 46½. ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 20½. ditto.
Vauxhall Bridge, par.
Auction Mart, 30½. per share premium
Golden Lane Brewery, 80½. per share
Lancaster Canal, 17½. ditto

L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from JANUARY 26, 1899, to FEBRUARY 22, 1899, both inclusive.

Days/Stock.	Bank	5 p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	Cons.	5 p. Cent.	Navy	N. S.	Long	Ship	Imperial	Imperial	Irish	S. S.	India	India	Exche.	Lottery	Cons.
		Consols.	Redue				p. Cent.	Ams.		3 p. Cent.	Ams.	5 p. Cent.	Ann.	Sto.	Bonds	Bills.	Tickets	for
Jan 26	243	66 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	98 1/2		18 1/2	1/2 dis.	7	9-16ths	95 1/2		18 1/2	10s. pm	12s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
27	243	67 1/2	67 1/2	83 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2		18 9-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	12s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
28	244	67 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	7	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	14s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
30	244	67 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	7	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	14s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
31	245	67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2	98 1/2		18 7-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	15s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
Feb 1	245	66 1/2	67 1/2	83	98 1/2	98 1/2		18 9-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths	96 1/2		18 1/2	10s. pm	14s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
2	245	66 1/2	67 1/2	83	98 1/2	98 1/2		18 9-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	13s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
3	245	66 1/2	67 1/2	83	98 1/2	98 1/2		18 9-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	15s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
4	245	66 1/2	67 1/2	83	98 1/2	98 1/2		18 9-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	15s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
5	245	66 1/2	67 1/2	83	98 1/2	98 1/2		18 9-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	15s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
6	245	66 1/2	67 1/2	83	98 1/2	98 1/2		18 9-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	15s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
7	245	66 1/2	67 1/2	83	98 1/2	98 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	15s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
8	245	66 1/2	67 1/2	83	98 1/2	98 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	15s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
9	245	66 1/2	67 1/2	83	98 1/2	98 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	15s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
10	244	67 1/2	68 1/2	83 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths	97 1/2		18 1/2	10s. pm	14s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
11	244	67 1/2	68 1/2	83 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	14s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
12	244	67 1/2	68 1/2	83 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths		72 1/2	12s. pm	14s. pm	14s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
13	244	67 1/2	68 1/2	83 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths	97 1/2		18 1/2	10s. pm	14s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
14	244	67 1/2	68 1/2	83 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	15s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
15	244	67 1/2	68 1/2	83 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	15s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
16	244	67 1/2	68 1/2	83 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths	97 1/2		18 1/2	10s. pm	15s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
17	244	67 1/2	68 1/2	83 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths	97 1/2		18 1/2	10s. pm	15s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
18	244	67 1/2	68 1/2	83 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	14s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
19	244	67 1/2	68 1/2	83 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	14s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
20	245	67 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths	97 1/2		18 1/2	10s. pm	13s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
21	245	67 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths	97 1/2		18 1/2	10s. pm	13s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2
22	246	67 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2		18 11-16ths	1/2 pm.	6 1/2	9-16ths			18 1/2	10s. pm	13s. pm	19 1/2	19 1/2

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EDWARD FORTUNE, STOCK-BROKER and GENERAL AGENT, No. 13, Cornhill.

THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

N^o LXIV —VOL. XI.]

For MARCH, 1809.

[NEW SERIES.]

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth"—DR JOHNSON

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

STRICTURES *upon the LONDON REVIEW* of RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

SIR,

I HAVE observed in your Magazine for November and January last, some observations upon the probable success of the "London Review," to be edited by Mr. Cumberland. To the opinions there stated, and to the auguries there promulgated, I fully assented; and now that the first number of this Review has made its appearance, I will, with your permission, examine its contents, and endeavour to ascertain what are its claims to attention, either from its arrangement, from the excellence of its criticism, or from the authority of the names that are disclosed. If my censure outweigh my applause, I may expect that Mr. Cumberland and his associates will ascribe it to malignity, or envy, or stupidity. But of malignity, my heart acquits me; of envy, my judgment; and, for my stupidity, I leave that in the hands of your readers. There is another topic of consolation, also, which my strictures may afford: they will, at least, serve to disseminate the knowledge of the existence of the "London Review."

The arrangement I consider as essentially defective. The works selected are eleven in number; and of these, the second is a *book on cookery*; the fifth, a *book not yet written*, and, consequently, *not yet published*; and the seventh, *Joe Miller*! If, in making this selection, Mr. Cumberland has been influenced by the *capacities* of his associates, his prudence may claim that praise which must be denied to his judgment. It is was to rescue *such important* works

from the malignity of anonymous criticism that this patriotic undertaking was established, I wish it every success it deserves.

Another part of its arrangement, which is equally open to censure, is, that the pages of the review are filled, not with well-proportioned and instructive or amusing extracts from the books examined, but with the wearisome speculations and opinions of the reviewers themselves. The consideration of these, however, belongs more immediately to what I shall say of the excellence or defects of the criticisms. To them, therefore, I shall now proceed; and, as Mr. Cumberland's name appears first, it is from no invidious motive that he passes under the first examination, I may disclaim all personal influence in this task which I have imposed upon myself. I never had the pleasure of being in Mr. Cumberland's company but once in my life, and then, without any direct intercourse with him, and as to the other gentlemen, if I except the *Poet Laureat*, their very names are unknown to me. Let them not, however, exclaim in the words of Milton's Devil:

Not to know us, argues yourself unknown.

In examining the language of Mr. Cumberland, I was struck with its uncommon imbecility, coarseness, and vulgarity. In endeavouring to make it natural and easy, he has made it feeble and undignified. It is disgraced by colloquial barbarisms, and obscured by grammatical errors. I will use no subterfuge, nor assert what I am unable to prove. Let the following exemplifications, there-

fore, taken from the *Introductory Address*, and his review of *Fox's History*, be my vouchers.

"I am free to own I should like to see their faces, that I might have a better chance for understanding their manœuvres, when the enemy veiled himself in a cloud honest Ajax only prayed for light."

By the position of the adverb *only*, the meaning of the last sentence is obscured.

"If it *is* (be) because they have a pleasure," &c. p. iii.

"They *won't* gain much credit," &c. ib. "They *won't* make the choice," p. iv. "The reader *won't* learn much from me," * p. 8.

I believe these *won't's* would be considered as blemishes even in careless conversations: What are they, then, in elaborate compositions? I say *elaborate compositions*, merely upon supposition as what they *ought to be*, consistently with the boasted superiority of this review.

Of mean, flippant, and vulgar phraseology, the following are specimens:—

"It has been said, (*but it was a soning fathered upon the devil*)," &c. p. iv.

"The dust of the hero *is in nothing* better than the dust of any other body."

"If the reader's patience *serves* him to peruse my observations," &c. p. v.

I must confess that reader must have more patience than I have, if it *serves* him to read, without offence, such language as has been produced, and will be produced.

"A very few more words, *with the reader's favour*," ib.

This cant of imploring a reader's favour, has long been expelled from dignified and serious composition.

"And if his pen and his tongue had exactly *talked* with each other." p. 12.

"I am apt to suspect I have *stumbled* upon what is called," &c. ib.

"This is an errand for which I have no stomach," &c. p. 14.

"Whether it is gaining any thing by the change, will *bear a doubt*," p. 17.

"The whole *bulk and body** of which *was*† contained, as it were, in a nut shell, *only these boobies could not crack it, and so lost the kernel*," p. 20.

Is this meant for wit? I envy those who can find it out: Is it meant for humour? He who can enjoy it, must have a keener sense of the humorous than I possess. Is it meant for satire?

Cedite Romani Scriptores, Cedite Graeci! To me, alas! it seems very much like rapid dullness, striving to appear what it is not.

"If you observe it not, the fault lies with you, and not with my author, whose life was devoted to peace, and now from the peaceful grave *eternum mortuus loquitur*: but perhaps you don't understand that, so there's an end of the argument," p. 20.

Of grammatical inaccuracy the following is a specimen:

"The leading part he took in many memorable events, that will be matter of record in the annals of his time, *give assurance*," &c. p. 7.

Mr. Cumberland may perhaps complain of undue severity; but if he does, he will complain unjustly. Verbal criticism he has himself employed against Mr. Fox's posthumous work. Besides, if a new review was thought necessary, what ought to be its claims to public notice? Not, surely, the mere knowledge of the writers. I know of no pleasure in being told the *name* of a man, who writes badly. It was doubtless expected, that this review would come forth, superior in arrangement and execution, which superiority, added to the novelty, and partial utility, of the nominal responsibility, might have entailed it to a respectful reception. But let it be recollected, that the above examples have been chosen from a very few pages, written by the avowed conductor of the work, and a man who,

* This is, at least, a candid confession.

* An elegant pleonasm.
† A gross error of grammar.

in many respects, has earned considerable reputation. Perhaps Mr. Cumberland thinks that *his name* is to act as a talisman, which is to put judgment to sleep, and awe criticism into silence; or else he would hardly have told his readers "that they won't learn much from him;" that "he shall not send them to their books, for he has none within his reach to resort to:" and that "he writes upon an empty table, without authorities to aid him." p. 8. This may be candid, but it surely is not decorous: and if Mr. Cumberland really had nothing to tell, if he could neither instruct nor amuse, I, for one, am of opinion that he would have consulted his reputation by remaining silent. Nothing but overweening vanity, could tempt him to suppose, that any reader would be pleased with such an explicit avowal of his own inability for the task he had undertaken. The cause of literature will never be benefited by flippancy of style, errors of grammar, and deficiency of knowledge: nor can accumulation of years be a security for that which possesses no intrinsic worth.

Mr. Cumberland has written two other articles in this review; but as it is my intention to examine its contents consecutively, they must remain till the progress of my remarks leads me to them. I might here also advert to some of the opinions promulgated by Mr. Cumberland; but opinion is boundless controversy, and it rarely happens that conviction follows even the most elaborate confutation, or that a man fails to find arguments to support what he has once advanced. I must, however, advert to Mr. Cumberland's denial that Charles the Second's anxiety about, and provision for, his mistresses, when on his death-bed, was an act of virtue. If to do good be a virtue, who shall deny it to the expiring king? Is it Mr. Cumberland's philosophy, first to corrupt and debase, and then to leave your victim to the consequences of your own iniquity? The impulse of passion might impel Charles to seduce; nay, he might have loved and respected the objects of his seduction: yet, it was *not* virtue to shelter them from misery, and to secure them from insult, when he

could no longer protect them himself! Mr. Cumberland says he wrote his review upon an "*empty table*:" I wish the Christian volume had lain before him, that it might have purified his moral notions. In my opinion, the distinction of Fox is philosophically accurate, and honorable to his heart:—

Charles' connection with those ladies might be vicious, but at a moment when that connection was upon the point of being finally and irrecoverably dissolved, to concern himself about their future welfare, and to recommend them to his brother with earnest tenderness, was virtue."

Mr. Cumberland is ridiculous when he says that "no writer," (p. 13.) "should employ notes in his compositions;" but that every thing which is necessary to be known should be woven into the general narrative.—I would ask Mr. Cumberland whether poetry is not often rendered more interesting and more valuable, by illustration? or whether, if the poet alludes to some fact not generally known, his verse would be *improved* by introducing into it the general narrative? Are there not many things in history, in philosophy, in morals, which are usefully comprised in notes, but which would absolutely be a blemish in any other place? Mr. Cumberland supports his opinion by a reference to his own works; but it is to be recollected, that a man's occasion for a store-house, will be in proportion to what he possesses.

There is one remark of Mr. Cumberland's so strikingly condemnatory of the *principle* upon which this review is conducted, that I shall extract it. Speaking of Mr. Fox, he says, "Who, that had enjoyed the partnership of his social hours, and been admitted to inspect his heart, would be so sturdy an enthusiast for impartiality as to sacrifice all the feelings of friendship to the dignity of truth?" Let this be the motto to the *London Review*, and every reader will then know what to expect.

I pass now to some of Mr. Cumberland's coadjutors: names now first heard of, and from whose hands English Literature is to receive salvation.

The first is a *Mr. J. Smith*, who, proudly conscious of his own powers, has chosen, for their theatre, a—what? I am ashamed to write it—a *DOMESTIC COOKERY*! I hope, *Mr. Editor*, your readers are fully aware, how important it is that *such works* should be rescued, from the malignity of anonymous criticism, and how necessary such a review as the present is, to secure, to culinary eloquence and knowledge, its just fame and celebrity. Triumph and rejoice ye *Hannah Glasses*, and ye *John Farleys*! Your immortality is secure, as long as the “London Review” exists: fear the rancour of critics as little as your own fires: sooner shall authors feed upon soups and jellies than your renown wither away: and sooner shall *Oxford dumplings* be preferred to a *green goose pye*, than the “London Review” suffer a cook’s glory to be invidiously tarnished.

But to be serious.—Would any person, who had been told (as the whole public were told) what were the reasons for establishing this review, have expected to find *fourteen pages* devoted to a book on cookery? I can assign only one excuse for this, and that is, that this *Mr. J. Smith* accommodated his task to his powers.

But let us see how he has executed his task; for even ignoble labours may be performed with relative excellence. I will readily allow that his language far transcends the vitiated diction of *Mr. Cumberland*. He at least *writes* correctly; and sometimes, perhaps, with humour: but his attempts at the latter are mostly abortive. He may, himself, be greatly amused by such silliness as the following; but, for my own part, if I smiled at all, it was certainly a smile of contempt:

“‘How rarely,’ exclaims our authoress in a pathetic tone, ‘do we meet with fine melted butter!’ This calamity was not overlooked by our immortal bard, whose Moor of Venice bewails his want of that article with tears:

Unused to the melting mood,
Dropt tears, as fast,* &c. p. 30.

Any thing more despicably senseless in the form of wit, I never recollect to have seen: and this strain of worth-

less merriment pervades the greater part of the *criticism*, if I must prostitute the word.

But I have a heavier charge against this *Mr. J. Smith*, and which affects the very principles of the “London Review;” as the bulwark which is to secure literature from anonymous misrepresentation and malignity.—Will it be believed, then, that in this very article, as gross an instance of wilful prevarication is to be found as can be produced from the pages of the meanest hireling of the press? Yet it is so, as the following will prove:—

“She informs us, that, ‘to make home the sweet refuge of a husband fatigued by intercourse with a jarring world, to be his enlightened companion, and the chosen friend of his heart, these are woman’s duties,’ and adds, *in the same breath*, ‘candles made in cool weather are best,’—p. 33.

Would it not be imagined, from the expression *in the same breath*, that the writer, or compiler, of this “Domestic Cookery” had actually joined two such incongruous subjects together in the same page? Upon referring to the volume, however, I find that FIFTEEN PAGES separate the one from the other! Is this the candour and integrity that are to be expected from *avowed* criticisms? What author, what work, might not be rendered ridiculous and contemptible, by uniting two topics of discussion, which are separated, in the volume itself, *fifteen* pages from each other, and representing them in the review as nearly contiguous? But *Mr. J. Smith* is not contented: he goes still further; and adds,

“Talents here find themselves placed in the *same sentence* with treacle; custards are *coupled* with conjugal fidelity; and moral duties with macaroni.” *ib.*

This is *UTTERLY FALSE*: and tho’ *Mr. J. Smith* has not been ashamed to put his name to such wilful misquotation, I feel a sense of shame that any man should do so. The design is, evidently, to injure. The fact is, that the volume in question contains some judicious preliminary observations upon that sort of educa-

tion which best qualifies a woman to fulfil domestic duties; and, *afterwards*, a few general directions respecting household cares are given: but *Mr. J. Smith* has, most illiberally and most disingenuously, represented the one and the other as being confusedly mingled together. This is, I think, a specimen, of what may be expected from avowed criticism: and the insignificance of the volume itself can be no justification of wilful falsehood. I believe it would not be easy to produce, from *anonymous* criticism, such an instance of deception.

I pass now to the third article in this Review, which is Walter Scott's edition of *Druden's Works*; and the criticism on which is written by Mr. Pye.

Generally speaking, I should be inclined to consider this as the least exceptionable part of the present number. Though neither learning, nor wit, nor much judgment, are displayed; there is at least blameless mediocrity, and a knowledge of the subject sometimes superior to the work reviewed. But the want of critical acumen is conspicuous, passages are quoted as excellent, which contain much to condemn. For example, what Mr. Scott means by the following, I cannot say—

“When James I. ascended the throne of England, Shakspeare was in the zenith of his reputation, and England possessed other poets inferior to Shakspeare alone; or, indeed, the *higher order* of whose plays may claim to be ranked,” &c.

To me, the expression of *higher order*, as here applied, seems to have no meaning, or at least a very confused one.

Was Mr. Pye insensible of the errors contained in the following. If he was, the matter is explained; but if he was not, it surely became him to point them out, and not pronounce the passage a “masterly” one:—

“A sedulous scholar might often approach nearer to the *dead letter** of Virgil, and give an exact, distinct, sober-minded idea of the *meaning*

and scope† of particular passages. Trapp, Pitt, and others have done so; but the *essential spirit*‡ of poetry is so volatile, that it escapes during such an operation, like the life of the poor criminal whom the ancient anatomist is said to have dissected alive, in order to ascertain the seat of the soul. The carcase indeed is presented to the English reader, but the *animatory*§ vigour is no more.”

Nothing, surely, but inability to discover these errors, could suffer them to pass unnoticed. But I have already trespassed upon the limits of a single communication, and shall reserve my further remarks for another letter.

I remain, &c.

ARISTARCHUS.

Oxford, March 4, 1809.

AN ACCOUNT of the ORIGIN and PROGRESS of the COMMERCE of FRANCE with the OTTOMAN EMPIRE and the BARBARIAN STATES.

[Concluded from p. 162.]

A NEW turn given to the trade by Colbert had a most decided influence upon its future prosperity; this was, his granting protection and affording encouragement to the dawning manufactures of *Languedoc*, or *London* cloths, as they are called, which are to this day carried on in *Languedoc*. At the suggestion of this minister, the states of the last-mentioned province granted a bounty of ten francs upon every piece of cloth made within its limits. From the prolongation of this encouragement to the beginning of the eighteenth century, and its extension to new manufactures of a similar kind, the most unlooked-for success resulted: the Turks conceived a strong partiality towards the cloths of *Languedoc*; and, notwithstanding the attempts of the English to depreciate their sale, greedily bought them up.

In 1720, the plague broke out in the Levant; the commerce of *Marseilles* was interrupted; and the branch of industry, of which we have been

* A vulgar expression.

† A pleonasm. ‡ Ditto.

§ An unauthorised word.

speaking, did not recover its wonted vigour till 1725. In fine, the treaty of 1740; the regulations of the month of January 1759, which decreed that the merchants of all the provinces and different ports of France should be permitted to export their merchandise directly to the Levant; and the ordonnance of 1781, are the principal public acts which at present regulate the trade between France and the Ottoman empire. By a regulation, however, of April 1785, it is settled, that, during war, foreigners shall be allowed to trade from Marseilles to the Levant.

From the foregoing detail of facts, it will be pretty evident that, subsequently to the establishment of the Turkish empire at Constantinople, it is not possible to suppose that the commerce between France and the Levant could have been important till the 18th century. At the end of the 15th century, neither goats'-hair nor cottons (at present, articles of vast consideration), formed any part of the Levant returns. Could this commerce have been in a flourishing state in the 16th century, during the long minority of Henry Second's children, in the midst of factious feuds, when the Venetians and the English became participators of it, and whilst internal commotions stopped the sources of France's prosperity? Could it have been in a state of activity in the time of Maria de Medicis, who favoured every species of abuse, the venality of the consuls' deputies, and those exactions which vanished on Colbert's adopting the salutary measures already recorded? Was the early part of Louis Fourteenth's reign calculated to ensure this commerce brilliant success; when that monarch's infidelity towards the Porte caused the Dutch and the Genoese to be made partakers of the commerce of the Ottoman empire? In point of fact, during Colbert's administration, France did not possess, in its cloths, means sufficiently extensive for exchanging or bartering with the Levant, and for excluding other nations from the trade.

The picture which French commerce, at the end of Louis XIV's reign, presents us with, is well adapted to confirm us in our persuasion of

the Ottoman trade's trifling importance prior to the 18th century, although it was, perhaps, then one of the most considerable branches of French traffic. But, previously to entering upon the analysis of this branch of trade, it will be proper to give a summary statement of a few historical facts relative to the commerce of France with the Barbarian Nations, which is closely connected with that of the Levant.

In 1560, two Provincials obtained permission from the Moor, who governed Algiers, to form an establishment for carrying on the coral fishery at a place since called Bastion de France, on condition of their making an adequate return for his condescension. This establishment, destroyed about two years afterwards by the Turkish corsairs, was regenerated, and was destroyed anew by the Algerines in 1597. In 1604, on a renewal of their treaties with the Porte, the French obtained leave for carrying on the coral fishery in the Algerine seas; and, profiting by the harmony which subsisted between them and the Algerines under Louis XIII, they rebuilt a fort, in 1637, on the site of the Bastion de France. The Algerines, however, commenced hostilities against the settlers, even in opposition to the mandates of the Grand Seigneur: and these they persevered in till 1668, when Louis XIV compelled them to beg a truce.—Nevertheless, it was not till 1694 that several merchants, who, under the name of Heli, engaged in the commerce of the northern coasts of Africa, obtained a charter, entitled, *Concession d'Afrique*, signed by the Dey, the Divan, and the Militia of Algiers, granting them the exclusive and interminable privilege of carrying on the coral fishery in the Algerine seas, and that of trafficking in wool, wax, hides, tallow, and other species of merchandise, on various parts of the coast. This charter was ratified at every change which took place in the French African Company. In 1712, it was transferred to a new association, with the addition of a fresh exclusive privilege in respect to the trade of the coast of Barbary. The East India Company afterwards obtained this privilege for the terra

of twenty-four years, from the 1st of January, 1719; but, in 1730, they petitioned the king to recal the grant. It was then disposed of for ten years, in November, 1730, to James Auriol and his associates, merchants of Marseilles. This privilege being expired in 1740, a new company was instituted under the title of the African Company. An article of the edict of 1741, which formed the basis of its creation, stipulated that the Marseilles Chamber of Commerce should take upon its own account 300,000 francs, out of 1,200,000 francs, which was the amount of the company's funds, and should guarantee the payment of the dividend, or the interest of 900 francs more.

At the end of Louis XIV's reign, the imports from the Levant and Barbarian Nations into France amounted to 3,400,000 francs. At the time of the Revolution, their amount was 37,700,000 francs, thus classed:—1st, 1,500,000 francs for linen cloth, and different species of Levant stuffs; 2dly, 20,000,000 francs for wool, cotton, silk, hides, skins, and goats' hair; and, 3dly, 7,200,000 francs, being the amount of wheat, rye, vegetables, olive-oil, and Levant Coffee.

The exports of France for the Levant and States of Barbary, amounted, at the end of Louis XIV's reign, to no more than 2,000,000 francs.—At the epoch of the Revolution, their value was raised to 25,000,000 francs, and may be divided into four classes: 1st, 8,100,000 francs for coffee, sugar, and spirits; 2dly, 3,200,000 francs for indigo, drugs, and dye-woods; 3dly, 9,300,000 francs for London cloths, hosiery, silken handkerchiefs, and other articles of silk; 4thly, 5,000,000 francs for gold and silver money, such as sequins, piastres, talari or karagrouk, German specie.

In making these computations we should not forget the advantages which France derives from its trade with the Levant, such as the profits of freight both to and from the Levant, and between the Levantine ports, the profits gained by merchants and adventurers settled at Marseilles and the ports of the Levant, and the profits arising from Levant goods sold to foreigners, which are gene-

rally supposed to be about 6,000,000 francs per annum. To these may be added the profits gained by the manufacturers of Languedoc, and the dealers in wool, &c. The balance of trade, resulting from this commerce, is always in favour of France.

MISCELLANEOUS PHILOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Sir,

THE word *Orc* has been used by several poetic writers, but without any exact definition being attached to it. *Orca est genus marinæ belluæ maximum.*—Pompeius Festus. The name of the Orcades, or Orkney islands, is derived from this word; *Inis-orc*, or, as it is written in Macpherson's Ossian, *Inistore*, was the ancient name of Mainland the largest of them, and signifies the island of orcs or whales. Massinger, in the Roman actor, has,

— the sea, spouted into the air
By the angry *orc*.

Milton uses the word in nearly the same sense,—

The haunt of seals and *orcs*, and sea-
mews clang

In Ariosto, the sea-monster that appears to devour Angelica at the island of the Ebudæ (Hebrides), is “a dreadful *orc*.” Hoole, in a note on this passage, says, “the word *orca* in the Italian has no particular signification; it is applied to any monster or creature of the imagination: in the 17th book, *orco* is used for a dreadful and deformed giant.”

It is a singular circumstance, noticed by Ja Péronse, that, in the language of the inhabitants of Tchoka or Sagalien island, in the gulph of Tartary, the word *ship* signifies a ship; and of their numerals, *too* and *tree*, are two and three. In the vocabulary of their language, a further, though more indistinct, resemblance to the English may be found in the words *chy*, the eye; *aon*, the tongue; *he*, yea or yes.

It would require less exertion of fancy to form, upon this coincidence, an hypothesis supposing a connection between the Tchokans and the English, than to deduce the population of America from the Welsh, because

penguin, the name of a bird that frequents the coast of South America, signifies *white head* in Welsh, particularly as the bird is black about the head; so that, if its Cambrian appellation be admitted, it must have been called *lucus a non lucendo*. It probably derived its name from the Latin *pinguis*, fat, on account of its oily nature.

Cestri, in the Sanscreeet language, is a lion, so called from its mane; *cesa* and *cesara* signifying hair. Etymologists may decide whether *Cæsar* and *Cæsaries* have any affinity with those Indian words. Though Shakespeare cannot be supposed to have had any knowledge of the Sanscreeet, an association of ideas, connecting the name of *Cæsar* with that of the monarch of the woods, seems to have dictated the following passage in his *Julius Cæsar*:-

—— Danger knows full well
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he,
We were two lions littered on a day,
And I the elder and more terrible.

But *Cæsar* was bald. In the next article, it will be seen that *esero*, in the language of the original inhabitants of the Canary islands, supposed to have been settled by the Carthaginians, signifies *strong*. Query: is there any connection between this and *ἰσχυρός*, the Greek for strong? or has the circumstance of the strength of Sampson lying in his *hair*, any thing to do with the Sanscreeet name for a lion? That the Sanscreeet has some affinity with the Latin may be deduced from their adjective, *paras*, *para*, *param*, the three genders, masculine, feminine, and neuter, for pure or holy. Latin, *purus*, *pura*, *purum*. *Nav*, a ship, in Sanscreeet; *navis*, Latin, &c.

From Glas's account of the Canary islands.—“The name of this island (*Ferro*) before the arrival of John de Betancour, was *Esero*, which signifies, in the language of its ancient inhabitants, strong. When the Spaniards shewed them iron, they found it exceeding every thing in strength, therefore they called it *esero*; and, afterwards, when they began to speak the Castilian language, they called iron

indifferently by the name of *esero* or *hierro*, which last is the Spanish word for that metal; so that they at last translated the real name of the island *Esero*, into the Spanish one *Hierro*, which it retains to this day. But the Portuguese and some others, following their own dialect, call it *Ferro*; and some will have it that the natives call it *Fer*, though there is no proof of this assertion.” It is very singular that, in the Teutonic dialects, the name of iron should approach almost to identity with the Canarian word for strong; whilst, in the other European languages, the Latin *ferrum*, or Spanish *hierro*, seems to be the proximate root. Iron is in German, *eiser*; in Dutch, *ijzer*; in Spanish, *hierro*; in English, *iron*; in Swedish, *järn*; in Latin, *ferrum*; in French, *fer*; in Portuguese, *ferro*.

“You may immerge it in the ocean and it will stand,” said the French friseur to Sterne, who has in his inimitable humorous manner, introduced this as an instance of the turpidity with which the French express themselves in the most common occurrences of life; the ideas of an English barber, says he, would have gone no farther than to dip the wig into a pail of water. Similarly pompous and bloated is the French word *Scaphandre*, derived from *σκαφύρα*, *effossum esse*, to be hollowed out, and *ἄνθρωπος*, *vir*, a man; quasi dicitur, an excavated or hollow man; Anglice, a cork-jacket.

Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.

In the ancient books of the Hindoos, the following passage occurs:—“Fire is not satiated with wood, nor the ocean with rivers, nor death with all beings, nor woman with man.” Compare this with Solomon, Proverbs, chap. xxx. ver. 15 and 16.—“There are three things that are not satiated, yea four things that say not it is enough. The grave, and the barren womb, the earth that is not filled with water, and the fire that saith not, it is enough.”

The verb *trend* has been considered as an improper, or only a nautically

technic term, a corruption of *tend*. Johnson, however, cites Dryden's authority, and it is to be found in as old a book as Purchas's *Pilgrimage*, printed, London, 1613. In book xi. chap. 7, p. 715, speaking of Quiros's account of his discoveries, it is said, "these regions trend even as high as the equinoctial." Dampier uses the word frequently in his *Voyages*:— "Conversing with a seaman on this head," he said, he knew no difference between the use of trend and tend, unless it were that the latter is more generally used in a positive and present sense, and the former in a conjectural and future sense; as, "the land that we are now abreast of *tends* in a direction north and south, but that which is farther ahead *trends* towards the north-east."

Distinction of the words *worth* and *value*:—Worth is intrinsic value: Value is relative worth. H.

For the Universal Magazine.

ON SAXON CHURCHES in KENT.

THE antiquaries have long admired the east window, and the ornamented arch, over the door going into Barfreston church, in Kent; and the curious traveller still continues to visit them as the choice remains of Saxon architecture: but their antiquity may be questioned upon good authority; although it must be acknowledged that the authority hath been doubted by Mr. Denne, in the 8th volume of the *Archæologia*, in his remarks on the words *Ecclesia* and *Presbyter*, used by the Norman surveyors in Kent.

In the reign of William the First, Barfreston was a place of no note; neither was there any building to attract their notice, nor were there hardly any inhabitants, and their Record plainly shows it; for they say,

"Radulf de Curbespine ter de Eps un Jugū in Barfreston. Ibi una paupcula mulier redd III Den, & nū obolū val, & Valuit sep X Sol, hoc Jugū."

Which is,—Ralph Curbespine [or Crookshorne] held of the Bishop one yoke in Barfreston. There was a poor

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XI.

woman who paid three-pence farthing. The value of the yoke separately was ten shillings.

If there had been any villans, borderers, or servants, they certainly would have been recorded; as it appears to have been their general custom throughout the whole county of Kent to mention the number in each class; and where they are all entirely omitted, we may safely conclude, that there could not be any necessity for a church.

If we can rise above our hypotheses, and suffer ourselves to be guided in plain cases by the Domesday Book, we shall discover which are not Saxon churches, if we cannot exactly tell which were erected by Saxon masons. Hypotheses, though generally received, frequently want probing; and, to support the opinion that the pointed arch is not to be found in any Saxon church in England, it hath been asserted, that, if there be not a church mentioned at any given place, by the Norman surveyors, we are not to consider it as a certain rule, that there was not one; and perhaps it may not in some other counties, as Dugdale says there were some omitted in Warwickshire.

Faversham, in Kent, is produced to prove that they did not proceed by any general plan for recording all churches, as they omitted the principal one in that manor. As a proof of this we are informed that Faversham was given by the king, with all its tithes and produce, to the monks of Christ's Church, A. D. 1070; but in the volumes of the Norman Survey it is written:—

"In Lest de Wawarlet in Favershamt Hund.

"Rex. W. ten Favershamt p VII solins se defend. Tra ē XVII Car. In Dnio sunt II. Ibi XXX Villi cu XL Bord hnt. XXIII Car. Ibi V servi, & I Molin de XX' & II ac ptu. Silva C. porc, & pastura silva XXXI solid. & II Den. Mercatus de IIII Lib. & II salinæ de III sol & II Den; & in Cantura, Civitate III Hagæ de XX Denar.

"Ad hoc m. ptu in totis vallirent T. R. E. LX Lib. V sol min. post LX Lib: modo, val, qter XX' Lib."

The English:—King William 2 C

holds Faversham, which is taxed at 7 *solidi*. The land 17 carucates. In domain 2 carucates. There were 30 villans, with 40 borderers having 24 carucates. There were 5 servants, and 1 mill of 20 shillings and 2 acres of land belonging to it. Wood for 100 hogs; and woody pasture worth 3*ls.* and 2 pence. A market worth 4 pounds. 2 salt-works valued at 3*s.* and 2 pence; and in the city of Canterbury, 3 cottages worth 20 pence.

The total value of this manor, in the time of King Edward the Confessor, was 60 pounds within 5 shillings; afterwards 60 pounds; now 80 pounds.

As we do not find either the words *Ecclesia* or *Presbyter* in this record, we may rest satisfied that the Saxons did not build a church at Faversham; nor had the king disposed of the manor A. D. 1070, as mentioned by Thorne. There must have been some error crept into the text of Thorne's Chronicle, through the negligence of transcribers; or he might mistake the time of the grant for a confirmation of it by one of the popes. I do not think that the authenticity of Doomsday Book is to be questioned upon the single unsupported evidence of a monkish writer, who might have some view in antedating the gift to his church, which might not have been given by any deed at the time.

As the churches of Preston, and Ospringe, were built when the survey was taken, and both of them adjoining to Faversham, there could at that time be but little occasion for another church so near them; and if there had been one, no reason can be offered why it should be omitted, as they recorded about 130 churches in Kent when the survey was taken. If we reckon only seventy hundreds in the county, there were then nearly two churches to each hundred; but several of them were in the towns.

Extracts taken from the Doomsday Book, while it was locked up in the Exchequer, ought to be received with caution; for Mr. Hasted, in his History of Kent, says, there is no church recorded at Hollingbourne, but there is one mentioned at Hollingford, which is the same place.

It does not appear that there was any church between Dover and Tha-

net when the survey was made; but there was one belonging to Saint Mildred at Minster, and two in the manor of Monkton. The present parish church is a part of the original building, but the other at Villawood hath long since been left to be mouldered away by time.

As the inhabitants of Thanet were remote from any town or market, the monks obtained a grant for a fair, to accommodate them when they came to worship on the festival of their patron saint. As the people came from a considerable distance on such joyous occasions, and sometimes assembled in large numbers, this induced the lords of different franchises, and the abbots and priors of religious houses, to procure grants to hold fairs within their own precincts, and an intimate connection was formed between religion, festivity, and commerce.

The ecclesiastical fairs were as well adapted for the king's officers to collect his taxes on the articles purchased, as they were for supplying the wants of the people: for either the mass-priest, or the bailiff of the lord of the franchise, could be their voucher, and they could bear testimony to each other, that they had bought their goods at the fair, if they were questioned at their Baronial-court how they came by them.

On the opposite side of the great estuary which separated Thanet from East Kent, our Saxon ancestors built a collegiate church within the Roman fortress, which they called Raculf-minster, in the hundred of the same name. Tradition tells us, that Ethelbert, the first Christian king in Kent, was interred in this church under an arch in the south aisle. This may be considered as a Saxon building, and we have the following account of it in the Doomsday Book:—

"Ipse Archieps tē Raculf p VIII sol se defend. Trā ē XXX Car. In Daio sunt III Car. & q' XX & X Villi cā XX Bord. bat. XXVII Car. Ibi Æcla & Molin, XXV Den, & una Piscaria.

"In totis valent T. E. R. valuit hoc m. XIII Lib. Qdo recp similis, & m' XXXV Lib. sup hoc Archieps VII Lib. VII sol."

Which is:—The Archbishop holds Raculf, and it was taxed at 8 solins. The land was 20 carucates. In domain there were 3 carucates and 90 villins having 17 carucates. There was a church, and a mill valued at 25 pence, and a fishery.

This manor was valued in the time of King Edward the Confessor at 14 pounds, when the archbishop received it at 35 pounds, and over and above this sum he received 7 pounds 7 shillings.

The sea hath been for several centuries making encroachments on this manor; and it was so reduced many years ago, that the hundred of Raculf was added to the hundred of Blene-gate. The church still remains, with its two spires, a conspicuous mark for sailors in their passage to the Thames; but the sea is rapidly approaching towards the foundation, and the inhabitants behold the remains of their ancestors washed away by the raging of the waves, without attempting to prevent it. If the sea can be stopped by art from going into the marshes, surely it might be hindered from taking away the church at a much easier expence than the building a new one. As the inhabitants are reduced to a small village and a few farm-houses, a brief might as well be obtained to preserve a church as to build one.

When it is considered that there are only about thirty churches recorded in the Domesday Book in the lathes of Saint Augustine and Shipway, and that many of them may have undergone great alterations, it may be necessary for the antiquary and the architect to judge with caution before they declare which are Saxon and which Norman buildings.

In the two lathes above-mentioned the following churches are recorded in the Domesday Book; viz. Alkham, Aldington, Bilington, Bourne, Barham, Blackbourne, Chisle, Dover, Denton, Folkstone, Gomersham, Harde, Hithe, Liminge, Litebourne, Monkton, Minster, Mersham, Newington, Orlesnestone, Ore, Prestone, Piteham, Raculf, Romney-Old, Sibertswardt, Standflete, Stockingbarge, Sealter, Wi.

Whoever examines the architecture

of these ancient churches with an unprejudiced eye, will not only find the style of the workmanship vary in different edifices, but in one and the same building. He will see the disproportioned and the irregular base, the massive and the slender column, with plain or indented stones or ornamented capitals, with semicircular or pointed arches, in the aisles, the doors, and the windows.

When facts stare us in the face, and shew us the semicircular and the pointed arch in our most ancient churches, and in the same edifice, it will be in vain to have recourse to rebuilding and repairing to support an opinion which appears not to have any good foundation. I have been told, that the pointed arch may be seen at Catalonia in Spain, in a bridge built by the Romans. It hath been said, that palaces were built in Italy, in the ninth and tenth centuries, with elliptic arches, and they were certainly introduced into churches in England prior to the Norman conquest. This may be proved by examining several churches in the foregoing list; and there are probably many others recorded in the Domesday Book which have the same kind of arch, and built by Saxon architects.

If your Hartford Correspondent, Mr. Editor, can conveniently examine the churches in the city of York, as there are five mentioned in Domesday Book, and particularly St. Cuthbert, St. Andrew, and St. Martin, he may, perhaps, find a deviation from the semicircular arch, either in the aisles, the doors, or the windows, of one of them. If he should find the elliptic arch in any of them, this will be one proof, among many more, that the Saxons made use of it; and, if he will publish the result of his inquiry in your Magazine, it may be the means of helping us over a difficulty, which hath puzzled our antiquaries and our architects for many years.

THE ABSURDITY of MILTON MAINTAINED.

Sir,

I am willing to admit the ingenuity displayed by your Correspondent P. (see p. 100, last Number), in defence

of Milton. His reading is certainly plausible; but I would turn his attention to one particular. The line of Milton is,

"And in the lowest deep a lower deep"

Now, Sir, if a man were to say, "at the furthest extremity of such a road, you will find a further extremity," he would, I apprehend, be considered as deviating into a palpable absurdity; and, if the said remark happened to be made by a native of Ireland, would it not be deemed *natural*? So, when Milton talks of a deep *lower* than the *lowest* deep, I must contend that the expression is absurd, because it is, in effect, impossible. I repeat, that the interpretation of your Correspondent is ingenious; but, looking merely to the expressions, how will he reconcile such a contradiction?

I remain, Sir, &c.

A. B.

Canterbury, March 7, 1809.

OBSERVATIONS ON GRAMMAR.

Sir,

THE study of the English language occupies so important a place in a liberal education, that every attempt to improve the grammar of it demands the most serious attention. If the following remarks, on a very exceptionable part, have any merit in themselves, the author can have no doubt they will acquire additional force on the pages of the Universal Magazine.

I am, Sir, Your's, &c.

WM. TASE.

20, Lower Sloon-street, Chelsea,
March 1, 1809.

DISCITE JUSTITIAM MONITI:

Hear, and be just.

Of all the grammatical divisions of words, that which is most obnoxious to censure is the class of adjective pronouns. To prove the fallacy of this division, I need not separately examine every word which it is made to embrace, since a consideration of one of them will answer every rational end. There is a principle by which questions of this kind may always be determined; and from the particular

word to which I shall apply that principle, it may easily be transferred to any other.

Grammar divides words into nine sorts. This distribution is presumed to embrace every word in the language, and consequently there is none which does not belong to one or other of these divisions. To enter into the merits of this arrangement, or to ascertain the nature of each of the parts of speech, would be inconsistent with the present subject; I therefore proceed to remark, that "all those words that are used instead of nouns as their substitutes or representatives," are referred to one class, and distinguished by the term of pronouns. Hence, it is evident, that *pronoun* is, merely, the grammatical name of those words which are used in the above manner, and, consequently, that no word can be properly called a pronoun, unless it "stand instead of a noun as its substitute or representative." That this principle is a true one, and justly applied, few will pretend to deny; but lest those who "do not profess much grammatical knowledge" should refuse to plead to my *ipse dixit*, I shall quote a passage from Mr. Murray, which will establish the principle beyond evasion. After having proposed some mechanical methods, to assist children in discovering the classes of words, that grammarian observes, that, although "the observations which have been made, to aid learners in distinguishing the parts of speech from one another, may afford them some small assistance, it will certainly be much more instructive to distinguish them by the DEFINITIONS, and an accurate knowledge of their nature."

The principle by which the reader is to decide being so fully established, it remains only to apply it to the word we shall propose, and to enquire whether the word *that* be a pronoun in such applications as "Give me *that* book." Now, as the class of pronouns is composed of those words only "which are used instead of nouns, as their substitutes or representatives;" it inevitably follows, if the word *that* be not so used, that it is not a pronoun. The question is now brought to the tribunal of the

senses, and from the decision they make, there can be no appeal. It is not expected that any one will assert, that, on these principles, *that* is here a pronoun; because then it must have an antecedent; and I cannot believe that such a chimæra ever buzzed in the vacuum of any one.

An observation on the phrase "Give me *them* books," (a breach of grammar which too frequently obtains) will confirm what has been advanced; for, surely it will be admitted, that as *books* cannot properly be added to *them*, because *them* is a pronoun, and always used instead of some noun, so, *those* (the plural of *that*) may be used here; because it is not used instead of a noun, and is not a pronoun.

Having shewn that in such applications as "Give me *that* book," the word *that* is not a pronoun, I shall now briefly endeavour to prove, that it is an article. "An article is a word prefixed to substantives, to point them out, and to shew how far their signification extends." The deciding principle has been already laid down, and the reader has only to apply the question. Does not *that* point out the substantive books, and shew how far its signification extends? Though the affirmative of this proposition is cogent and conclusive, it admits of other arguments equally strong. The word *that* or *the* in applications similar to the one advanced, may be used indifferently, and, whether we say "Give me *that* book," or "Give me *the* book," the meaning conveyed is precisely the same. Thus, in our version of the New Testament, which preserves the spirit and literal meaning of the original, we find the Greek article sometimes rendered *the* and sometimes *that*. Hence, it is evident, that *the* and *that* are synonymous terms; and, as *the* is confessedly an article, *that* must be so too; for it is an axiom, not confined merely to geometry, that *things which are equal to the same thing, are equal to each other*.

Before I dismiss this subject, suffer me, for a moment, to consider the inconsistencies into which we must be betrayed in supporting a contrary opinion. Dr. Lowth's definition of *this* and *that* is similar in sense to his

definition of the article. "*This* and *that*," says he, "are called Definitive Pronouns, because they define and limit the extent of the common name, or general term, to which they refer or are joined;" and, speaking of the article, "it is of the nature of both the articles to determine and limit the thing spoken of." I leave the candid reader to determine, if these definitions be not alike in sense, and whether this similarity be not a most decided confirmation of what I have advanced.

WM. TASE.

OBSERVATIONS ON A PASSAGE IN CICERO'S "DE ORATORE."

Sir,

READING Cicero's *de Oratore* the other day, I met with the following passage, which seems to me to make a difficulty where there is none. Alluding to the different degrees of study and labour necessary to attain a proficiency in various pursuits, he adds,—

"Quod hoc etiam mirabilis debet videri, quia ceterarum artium studia ferè reconditis, atque abditis, è fontibus hauriuntur dicendi autem omnis ratio in medijs posita, communi quodam in usu, atque in hominum more et sermone versatur: ut in ceteris id maxime excellat, quod longissimè sit ab imperitorum intelligentiâ, sensusque diiunctum; in dicendo autem vitium vel maximum sit à vulgari genere orationis, atque à consuetudine communis sensus abhorreere."

Now, Sir, the cause of the difference which Cicero states, seems to me to be very obvious. A Poem, for instance, tho' presented in an entire state to the world, has been composed, perhaps, at intervals of days, months, and even years; but an orator must have a comprehensive and capacious mind; and in this, though oratory be, in kind, analogous to conversation, yet it differs in degree; the latter being carried on by short flights, and the former a continued display of matter and words.

If this explanation meet with your approbation, I shall be glad to see it inserted in your publication; and remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

B.

Chapter Coffee-House, March 1, 1809.

SOME PARTICULARS relative to the CONQUEST and POSSESSION of BRAZIL by the DUTCH, in the Seventeenth Century.

[Continued from p 107]

ON the last day of May, 1627, *Hein* sailed from *Spiritu Sancto*. He divided his squadron into three divisions. One was dispatched to *Rio de la Plata*; a second received orders to cruise before *Rio Janeiro*; and, with the third, the admiral made *Bahia*. Running up the bay, he cast anchor near fort *Tapagipe*, where he took, plundered, and burnt, two of the enemy's ships, together with some smaller vessels. Of more importance than the booty obtained, was the intelligence got from the prisoners taken on this occasion, that there were five or six loaded ships secured in a creek higher up the river. This induced the admiral to send two of his smaller vessels, with all the boats of the fleet, to attack them. The enemy were soon discovered in the act of warping their ships still farther up. The Dutch attacked them, but were repulsed, and returned to the admiral. On the following day he directed the attack to be renewed with a considerable reinforcement. The Portuguese had, in the mean time, warped up still higher, and had been also reinforced by a detachment of one hundred and fifty soldiers from the garrison. In the engagement that ensued, the Dutch did not succeed till they were led on by *Hein* himself, who could not remain inactive, and made himself master of the largest Portuguese ship, the whole crew of which, with the exception of three boys, were put to the sword. Two other ships were captured. There were two or three more lying higher up in the creek, but, on account of the narrowness of the channel, they could not be got at; and the admiral determined to bring away the three that were taken without loss of time, which was an enterprise, of no little difficulty, as it was upwards of four leagues to the mouth of the creek, which ran with many windings. In the engagement, the Portuguese lost upwards of one hundred and fifty killed. Thirteen is the number acknowledged on the side of their opponents.

Whilst, on the following day, the 13th of June, the prizes were falling down the creek, the largest grounded, fell over, and bilged, so that her whole cargo was lost. The enemy had, in the mean time, in order to impede the retreat of the Dutch, sunk a vessel, which had been plundered but abandoned by them, at the entrance of the creek. They had likewise thrown up a breastwork upon a rising ground along the bank; and the governor of *Bahia*, trusting that the rashness of the Dutch admiral had led him completely into his toils, had mustered all the forces, as well regulars as militia, which the place afforded, and had taken post at the above-mentioned breastworks, in full confidence of an easy victory, and ample revenge for the insults and disasters he had suffered at the hands of these adventurous foes. The steady coolness and undaunted courage, however, of Admiral *Hein* overcame all these difficulties. On account of the narrow channel and shoal water, it was necessary to warp the vessels all the way down, and the people in the boats were, of course, all the while exposed to the fire of their adversaries. The admiral directed stanchions to be fixed on the gunnels of the boats, on which were spread the hides which were found on board the captured vessels, with which he also caused the sides of the larger ships to be guarded; and after personally inspecting and buoying the entrance, to point out a passage for the boats clear of the ship that had been sunk, in which occupation he was exposed to the most galling fire from the enemy's entrenchment, he directed some of the boats to precede and keep up a fire of musquetry against the enemy, and protect the others employed in towing the ships. In this manner, notwithstanding the heavy fire of the enemy, they succeeded in extricating themselves, the hides proving a great safeguard, all the balls which struck them either falling harmless or getting entangled in them. By indefatigable exertion they got clear out towards evening, and joined the main body of their fleet in the bay on the following day, where they unloaded their prizes at their leisure, and in despite of the

boats and threats of the Portuguese. From two deserters it was ascertained that the enemy had lost in all, by this enterprise, nearly four hundred men.

The admiral was joined, whilst lying in the bay, by the other divisions of his fleet, with the prizes they had taken; and, on the 14th of July, set sail for Europe, leaving, however, Commodore *Bankert* with some small vessels to cruise on the coast. A fortnight afterwards the fleet anchored at the island of *Fernando Noronha*, where they obtained considerable refreshments in fish; and which island abounds with aquatic birds and pigeons, as well as goats, introduced there by the Spaniards. On the 11th of August they left this island, and arrived in Holland on the 31st of Oct. having, on their passage, captured a vessel from *Pernambucco*, laden with sugar, tobacco, and Brazil wood.

The next expedition against Brazil was undertaken in the following year, 1628, under the command of *Dirk Van Uitgeest*, with twelve ships, but which terminated only in the capture of a number of prizes, with which the fleet returned to Holland in the month of April, 1629. In the year after it was that the Dutch acquired a solid footing in Brazil, by the conquest of the city of *Olinda* and capitania of *Pernambucco*. In October 1629, *Van Uitgeest* sailed from the Texel with a fleet of nine ships, and joined a squadron under the command of Admiral *Loncq* at *St. Vincent*, one of the Cape Verde islands, where, in the month of November, a day of fasting and prayer for the success of the enterprise was solemnly observed on board the Dutch fleet. The whole assembled force amounted to sixty-nine sail, of which fifty-two were ships, and thirteen smaller vessels, on board of which were 3,500 land troops. They left *St. Vincent* the day after Christmas-day, but met with many severely untoward circumstances. Not a week after they had been at sea elapsed, before upwards of eight hundred men were on the sick list. Calms and contrary winds impeded them under and about the equator, which they did not pass till the 23d of January, 1630. Before the end of that month the number of sick increased to upwards of twelve

hundred; and the deaths were very near upon two hundred and fifty.

On the 3d of February, they came in sight of the coast of Brazil, in the latitude of 7° S. General *Loncq* hoped to have immediately landed, but was driven off to sea again by a violent storm. On the fifteenth, however, he came again in sight of the coast of *Pernambucco*, having, in the mean time, taken two vessels, one laden with slaves and the other with wine. Upon approaching the capital, *Olinda*, he made preparations for landing, for which 2,100 soldiers and 700 seamen were put in readiness under the command of Colonel *Van Wardenburgh*, on board of sixteen small vessels, and two battalions of the troops were embarked in nine others as a reserve. The whole fleet then run in, favoured both by wind and tide, abreast of the fort *Sea-Recife*, against which they opened a heavy fire, whilst the small craft, destined to sail up to the town at high water, upon proceeding were stopped short, the enemy having, upon receiving timely notice of the attack, sunk several ships in the entrance of the harbour. Disappointed here, Colonel *Van Wardenburgh* effected a landing with his troops on the open beach, and, after defeating a body of Portuguese troops, entered the city of *Olinda*, pell mell, with the fugitives. The hopes entertained of making a valuable booty here were frustrated, the inhabitants having chiefly fled and taken with them their most portable riches. Sugar, wine, and such cumbrous articles, were all that were found. The governor, *Albuquerque*, in his retreat, had set fire to the warehouses on the mole, in which, according to report, there were 17,000 chests of sugar and a very large quantity of Brazil wood. He likewise burnt twenty ships and barks in the harbour; and the damage was estimated by the Portuguese at two millions of ducats.—The magazine, which escaped, was found to contain a large quantity of ammunition, arms, &c. Though the town was thus mastered, it was not till the 2d of March, and after considerable loss, that the surrounding fortresses of the *Sea Recife*, the *Land Recife*, *St. George*, and *Baretto*, were

subdued. After which, a general thanksgiving day was appointed and celebrated, for the success of the arms of the states. This was shortly after followed by the conquest of the island of *Antonio Vaz*, and the capture of several ships laden with sugar, tobacco, and other articles. Soon after three commissioners, sent from Holland to settle the civil government of the place and its surrounding territory, arrived, with a reinforcement to the fleet of nine sail; and the Dutch dominion was placed in *Pernambucco* upon a solid and apparently permanent footing.

They seemed now satisfied with their acquisition, and, excepting an abortive attempt made in 1633 upon *Maragnon*, they occupied themselves in organizing and improving their newly obtained territory, the greater part of the capitania having acknowledged their authority, and the Portuguese forces having retreated to their more southern possessions in Brazil. Two adjacent provinces, *Hamarica* and *Paraiba*, also came into the hands of the Dutch, and, with great part of that of *Pernambucco*, founded what was denominated *Nederlandsch Brazil*, or Dutch Brazil.

The importance of this possession now attracted the attention of the States General, who determined upon assisting the West India Company in maintaining their ground here. Accordingly, in 1637, a fleet of twelve sail, with 3,200 landtroops, was dispatched under the command of Count *John Maurice of Nassau*,* who was nominated to the governor generalship of Dutch Brazil.

On his arrival in Brazil, Count *Maurice* found the Portuguese in possession of several very important places. The castle of *Porto Calvo*, called otherwise *Pavacõna*,† was of

the most consequence, being situated on a navigable river, in the province of *Pernambucco*. In 1635, it had been, for a short time, in the possession of the Dutch, but they had been compelled to abandon it by the celebrated *Albuquerque*. The first undertaking of Count *Maurice* was to drive the Portuguese from this important post, which he soon and fortunately effected.

In the interim, the Company had sent some vessels to Africa, against the castle of *St. George Delmina*; and Count *Maurice* dispatched a squadron with eight hundred troops from Brazil, in aid of the European armament. The enterprise succeeded, and the fortress capitulated after sustaining several assaults. The Dutch chief, *Schuppen*, proceeded to Brazil with the troops, where; whilst Count *Maurice* lay ill with a fever, he obtained several considerable advantages over the Portuguese General Count *Banjola*, and, amongst other achievements, gained possession of the district of the sugar mills, which were estimated at the valuation of the Company's possessions at two millions of gilders (upwards of 180,000*l.* sterling).

In 1638, Count *Maurice* commanded in person an expedition against *Bahia*, hoping to reduce that important place a second time under the command of the Dutch. The commencement of his operations augured favourably; he effected a landing, gained possession of some of the surrounding forts, and threw up two batteries against the place itself. The obstinate defence of the Portuguese, however, finally forced him to break up the siege, and to return with his troops to *Pernambucco*. His return was precipitated by the necessity of his presence at *Olinda*, where several of the principal Portuguese, who had submitted to the Dutch government, were accused of conspiring against it.

* This nobleman, who is most generally called Count Maurice, was the son of John Count of Nassau-Diegen, who had fourteen sons and nine daughters, and whose father was the brother of the celebrated William the First, Prince of Orange. Count John Maurice was an experienced soldier, and had served with great reputation in the armies of the republic.

† After the expulsion of the Dutch

from Brazil, this place was the scite of a colony of rebel negroes, which for a long time maintained an independent existence like the *Paulists* of *Piritininga*, an account of which translated from the *America Portuguesa*, *livro ottavo*, may perhaps appear in a subsequent number.

This does not appear to have been sufficiently proved, though a good number of Portuguese were imprisoned at the time, and some were banished from the Dutch territories. The situation of affairs in Brazil was nevertheless in a very flourishing state, which may in some measure be collected from the amount of the duties levied on the article of sugar alone. In *Pernambuco*, they were farmed for £ 148,000, (about 13,450*l.* sterling); in *Hamarica* for £ 18,000, (about 1,640*l.*); and in *Paraiba*, for £ 54,000, (nearly 5,000*l.*) per annum; besides a large sum which was produced by the duties on the sugar mills, which were not farmed, but kept in the Company's own hands.

About this time too, Count *Maurice* extended the dominion of the Dutch over the additional provinces or districts of *Tamaria*, *Rio Grande*, *Siaca*, *Sovigia*, and the island of *Maranham* or *Marignon*; and Dutch Brazil now reached from latitude 2° 30' S. that of *Maranham*, to 9° 50' the latitude of *Port Alagoa*.

Shortly after arrived in Brazil General *Artischofski*, an officer of considerable reputation in those times, with eight ships and seven companies of soldiers. He was a man of uncommon qualifications. Whatever leisure was afforded him in his profession he devoted to literature. He was remarked for the strictness of discipline which he maintained.—Count *Maurice*, on the other hand, was of a milder nature, and is said, in times of danger and difficulty, not to have adopted such necessary measures as would have stopped the progress of evil both in his military and civil administration. He was, by no means, deficient in knowledge or penetration for the government of Brazil; of which, the many salutary and intelligent laws and regulations which he established there are standing proofs: but he wanted firmness to put even his own laws into execution, and to punish the infringers of them. He was likewise of a profuse disposition, and expended large sums of money in buildings and other objects, answering perhaps no other purposes than those of decoration and pomp. The former part of his character seems to have particularly weighed

with the directors of the Company, when they appointed *Artischofski* as commander in chief in Brazil.

At first no dissension appeared between the governor and the general. *Artischofski*, however, perceiving the abuses that existed, began to concert measures for their abolition, without deigning to consult Count *Maurice* on the occasion. Although, perhaps, his instructions from home empowered him to do so, the want of conciliatory prudence on this occasion caused an animosity between the chiefs, which soon publicly broke out.

Artischofski had written home a letter, animadverting on the conduct of Count *Maurice*, which, by some means or other, came into the possession of the latter, who instantly assembled the council, and proposed that the General should be put under arrest, as he had an accusation of great importance to prefer against him. This being done, he produced the letter, read it to the assembly, made some observations upon it, and concluded by proposing that either himself or *Artischofski* should be sent to Holland to answer for their respective conduct. Upon this he withdrew, and left the council to deliberate. After consultation, Count *Maurice* was requested to return, and the council endeavoured to effect a reconciliation between these chiefs, but to no purpose; Count *Maurice* insisted, with a firmness of which he was not supposed capable, that either he or his rival should be sent away; and the council, considering that the Count's continuance in Brazil was more for the interest of the Company than *Artischofski's*, determined upon sending the latter home; which took place very soon after, by a ship then lying ready for sea at *Paraiba*. By the same opportunity, Count *Maurice* sent letters in defence of his conduct both to the States General and to the Directors of the West India Company, which he, accompanied by *Artischofski's* intercepted letter, and his remarks upon it. The matter was thus put to rest. Count *Maurice* continued in his command, and, whilst *Artischofski*, on whose conduct, prudence, and courage no imputation could be laid, was generally

pitied; the Directors were severely blamed, for having sent him out with powers in a great measure incompatible with those previously vested in Count Maturice, and such as would, if fully acted upon, have reduced the governor to a state of dependance upon the General.

[To be continued.]

Sir E. BRYDGES, K. J. and ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, "*Pastoral Poet.*"

SIR,

TURNING over, accidentally, the *Censura Literaria* for February, I happened to stumble, at p. 91, upon some blank verse of Robert Bloomfield's, introduced by a strong encomium of Sir E. Brydges, K. J. Of the critical faculties of Sir E. Brydges, K. J. I have not a very exalted notion; and I turned, therefore, to the poem itself, there to form my own opinion. It is addressed to a *spindle*, once in the possession of Mr. Bloomfield's mother; and much as I may be inclined to praise the *motive* of the verse, yet I do believe, that any thing more contemptible in the form of ten-syllable lines, cannot be penned by a man of common sense. I will justify this assertion by two or three extracts.

"Relic of affection, come;
Thou shalt a moral teach to me and mine.
The hand that wound thee smooth is cold and spins
No more!!!"

This last line is as pure prose as ever fell from the pen of Sir E. Brydges, K. J. himself; and it is as purely *bathos* as any thing to be found in English literature.

"Debility press'd hard around
The seat of life, and terrors fill'd her brain.
Nor causeless terrors: giants grim and bold,
Three mighty ones she fear'd to meet: they came;
WINTER, OLD AGE, and POVERTY, all came!!!
The last had dropp'd his club."

What the *club of poverty* is, Mr. Bloomfield, I suppose, can tell me; but, as for the three giants, they are new.

"When Death beheld
Her tribulation, he fulfilled his task,
And to her trembling hand and heart at once
Cried 'SPIN NO MORE!'"

Here, then, is the moral; and it appears that dame Bloomfield possessed the rare faculty of *spinning* with her *heart* as well as her *hand*; and that death came to ease them both. How natural that this last-mentioned gentleman should find her in the very act of spinning — she — as her son so poetically exclaims,

"She who could spin so well!"

But she was a mighty spinner, for she spun "thro' all her days."

But now comes the great moral. The spindle was left half full of "downy fleece," and so

"'Tis the motto of the world!
We spin vain threads, and dream, and strive,
and die,
With siller things than spindles in
our hands!"

This is indeed a pathetic and a sublime moral; and it serves Mr. Bloomfield for a basis whereby to make a transition to his "spinning" of verses.

"Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines"

His case seems desperate, and nothing but the same gentleman who 'stopped his mother's spindle will stop his pen; for thus he says himself:—

"Then feeling, as I do, resistlessly,
The bias set upon my soul for verse,
Oh! should old age still find my brain at work,

And Death, o'er some poor fragment striding,
cry
'HOLD! SPIN NO MORE!!' Grant Heav'n,
that purity

Of thought and texture may assimilate
That fragment unto thee," &c &c

This is unintelligible nonsense in some parts; and in others, it conveys alarming tidings as to the perpetual labours of Mr. Bloomfield's brain.— But now, let us hear Sir E. Brydges, K. J. He introduces the above silliness (I have quoted nearly the whole of the piece) by saying,

"Every one is acquainted with the pastoral poetry of Bloomfield. It is not generally known, with what wonderful power and *PARHOS* he can write blank verse!"

And he concludes it by adding,

"There is no reader of English poetry who does not recollect Cowper's exquisite lines on his Mother's Picture. *This fragment of Bloomfield's forms a noble companion to them!!!* It strikes me to be written in a loftier tone, and still more excellent manner than any of his other productions. Let him give new DELIGHT and ASTONISHMENT to the world by a moral and descriptive poem in blank verse!"

Let me ask you, Sir, who is most pitiable: he who receives such glaring adulation, or he who gives it. Perhaps the latter; for whether he bestows it from meanness of spirit, or from a wretched imbecility of intellect which disqualifies him for judging what he writes about, he is equally an object of pity. I do not remember anything so absurd from Mr. Brydges, till he was made a Knight. If any of your readers can give me a new perception, and teach me to find the meanest degree of merit in what I have extracted, I will unfeignedly thank him. But till then, my prayer is, that Mr. Bloomfield may ever have such an admirer, and such an admirer such poets to admire.

Sir E. Brydges, K. J. calls Mr. Bloomfield's prosaic inanity a "companion" to Cowper's exquisitely pathetic lines on his Mother's Picture. I will take Cowper from my shelf, and quote the first dozen lines, and leave your readers to judge:—

"Oh that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

Those lips are thine; thy own sweet smiles I see, [me;
The same that oft, in childhood, solac'd
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
'Grieve not my child, chase all thy fears away.'

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same."

Let Sir E. Brydges, K. J. confine himself to copying the titles of old books, and giving abstracts of their contents, and he will be suitably employed: but let him reverence him-

self in future, too much, to write such hyperbolic encomiums on so barren and mean a topic.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

CASTIGATOR.

March 7, 1809.

On the EFFECTS of the SEA at different PERIODS on the CONTINENT of the EARTH, and on the Annihilation of several Species of Animals.

[Continued from p. 110]

BUT, the traces of a great annihilation of many whole animal genera of an earlier world are distinctly observed, particularly on the fossil bones of the mammillary animals. A celebrated natural philosopher affirms, that of all animals, whose fossil bones he has been able to compare with those now extant, he has not discovered one which belongs to a known species. This philosopher enumerates twenty-two species of quadrupeds which, according to the results of his researches, during the two first years, are to this day wholly unknown; but whose existence, in ages long since elapsed, is confirmed by their remains. He notices other species, which are not sufficiently determined; but which, probably, belong to the unknown.

As to the class of the quadrupeds which are the least numerous on our earth, it is probable that we are acquainted with almost every species of them; and as those which yet remain unknown to us are certainly small and very insignificant, it therefore appears, from these observations, that the great revolutions, of which our earth contains so many monuments, have frequently annihilated whole animal species, and buried their remains at great depths below the surface of the earth.

In regard to marine animals, the observations on the annihilated species are much less decisive, than in regard to mammillary animals; although a considerable number of Muscles, and other marine creatures, have been discovered, whose existing species we look for in vain in the sea, their annihilation yet remains dubious, as the depths and abysses of the sea, where

they would be found, are inaccessible to us.

Respecting plants, this inquiry is also attended with great difficulties; the remains of plants change themselves, by inward fermentation and solution, gradually into the substance which forms coal. This mineral carbonation almost wholly effaces the traces of their organisation; they are therefore principally to be looked for in the impressions which the plants have left behind them in masses, formerly soft, but now hardened. Among these impressions, particular ones are to be found whose originals, on the earth, have hitherto been sought for in vain. De Luc, for example, observed impressions of unknown plants in the strata of sound stone, which appear in the vicinity of coal *; and Whitehurst quotes similar observations †: but the question,—Whether the original of these vegetable impressions still exist on the earth? cannot be solved with certainty; as their botanical examination is uncertain, and as we are yet far removed from a full comprehension of the vegetable kingdom.

The many and sudden changes of the climates which the earth has suffered, are very apparent in the fossil remains of the former organization on the surface of the earth. The assertions, indeed, of many renowned naturalists, that they have found the remains of the quadrupeds of foreign climates, in all countries, in which they have directed their researches, must, from the circumstances which have been already remarked, undergo a more minute examination by comparative anatomy. In the mean time, the animals, to which these remains belong, have been so similar to those now found on the earth, amongst which these naturalists class them, that they can with probability be classed under an equal, or a similar climate. In the earlier periods of our earth, a species of elephant ‡ existed

in Russia, Siberia, France, Italy, and Germany; and another species of elephant *a* in Siberia, Tartary, Italy, and particularly on the Ohio, to the westward of the United States.

The remains of the following animals have been found in countries where they are now only known by name. In Franconia, two species of great bears *b*;—in Siberia, and in Switzerland, a species of rhinoceros *c*; in Siebenbürgen, a species of hyena *d*; in Italy, a species of sea-horse *e*;—in France and Italy, a species of hippopotamus *f*;—in Holland, Germany, and France, a species of crocodiles *g*; and, in France, two species of the American tapir *h*. From these cir-

parts of Germany, amounts to more than 100. Ten have been found near Caustadt, in the Duchy of Wirtemberg, and one has been found lately near Göttha.

a Cuvier calls this species mammoth, which name has also been given to the first species.

b Esper, in his treatise on the Caves of Gailenreuth, has classed them among the ice bears; but Kamper and Rosenmüller have given it as their opinion, that they belong to a particular species of bears. Cuvier, on a more minute examination, classes them among two unknown species of bears.

c Von Beroldingen, 1st Essay, p. 40. Dissertations of the Petersburg Academy of Sciences, vol. 17. Cuvier has proved, in a treatise on the Fossil Bones of Quadrupeds, of which there is an extract in the Bulletin des Sciences par le Société Philomatique, the 6th Fructidor, No. 18, that this rhinoceros is essentially different from the four species now living.

d Fichtel's Description of the Carpathians, p. 213.

e De Luc, 14th Letter to la Metherie. *f* La Metherie Theorie de la Terre, § 180.

g Near Maestricht, and near Altdorf, in the district of Nuremberg, Cuvier has discovered another species of Crocodile, the bones of which were dug out of the earth near Honfleur.

h Both species are, according to Cuvier still unknown. The species, whose bones were found in Languedoc, approaches very near to the South

* 15th Letter to la Metherie.

† Whitehurst's Inquiry, &c. 17th chapter.

‡ The number of perfect skeletons of this species of elephant, which have been found imbedded in several

circumstances, it is highly probable that the climates of the places of our earth's surface have undergone great and various changes.

The same results may be drawn from comparison of the petrified conchyliæ with their now existing species. In many places of England, remains of testaceous animals have been found, which are now only found in the East and West Indies, in the Chinese sea, and on the coasts of Africa *a*. The same conchyliæ are discovered in Germany and France *b*, and many other countries *c*. In England, the horizontal layers, which are found incumbent on coal, contain, in great quantities, impressions of sloped and dissected bamboo cane, of a species of East-India euphorbia, and species of American herbs, grasses, and grain *d*. Near Moscow, impressions of palm branches are found on the sand-hills *e*. In France, not far from Lyons, impressions of East-India plants are found *f*. Even in countries which are now covered almost throughout the whole year with ice, and which are therefore unfavourable in the highest degree to vegetation, the most distinct signs of a former luxuriant growth of plants present themselves, which is an incontrovertible proof that its climate has undergone a total change.

In Greenland, for example, great

American tapir. The other species, whose bones were found near Comminge, and near Vienne in Dauphiné, almost equal the elephant in bulk.

a Whitehurst, p. 157, gives an exact list of these marine animals, with remarks on the countries and sea where they are now found in existence.

b Buffon observes, that among the enormous number of petrified conchyliæ which are found in these countries, the number of the exotic far surpasses that of the indigenous.

c Vide Bozza's Treatise in the Bibliotheca Fisica d'Europa, tom. 12, sec. Semestre.

d Whitehurst, p. 194.

e Pallas Observations sur la Formation des Montagnes, p. 66.

f Buffon's Demonstrations of the Theory of the Earth.

horizontal layers of coal are found, whence the above conclusion is drawn; as the accumulation of vegetable substances is only possible in a warmer climate, which presupposes the production of coal.

The hypothesis of a slow refrigeration of the earth, of a general change of temperatures by the abatement and imbibing of the elemental heat, at the origin of the solid precipitations, and of the former slow increase and decrease of the inclination of the earth's axis to the equator, are insufficient to define these phenomena, as they presuppose an extremely rapid, strong, and frequent change of the climates on the surface of the earth, which does not coincide with those causes whose effects are regular and uniform.

Such causes are not adequate to explain how, for example, the bones of a species of bear *g* could be found in the chalk mountains of Gailenreuth, and a few miles distant, in the Bishopric of Eichstadt, the bones of a species of elephant;—how, in the hills of Piedmont, the teeth of a species of sea calf *h* could be found, besides many productions of warmer countries;—how, at a small distance from Verona, many productions could be found, especially crustaceous animals, and fish, which now inhabit the South Sea, the coasts of Brazil, and of Newfoundland *i*;—how, in the strata of bitumen, of Chamont, near to Lyons, impressions of Indian plants and polypodia *k*, of colder countries could be found at the same time;—and, finally, how elephants' teeth could be found on the banks of the Arno, covered with fragments of oak. In no point, is the rapidity of the revolutions of which these remains are documents, more visible, than in the rhinoceros which was found with skin and flesh, buried in the frozen soil of the banks of the Vilbon, a

g Vide a Journey through a Part of Franconia and Thuringen, by Martin. 1795.

h De Luc's 14th Letter to Metheric.

i Bibliotheca Fisica d'Europa, tom. 12, seconde Semestre.

k Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences.

river which flows into the Lena. The frost preserved it at the time when the revolution transported it into the northern regions, and at the same time suddenly fixed the climature of those parts as they now present themselves at this day.

When treating on human fossil bones, I beg leave to premise, that truth alone is my object; I disclaim all intention of subverting the fabric on which the happiness of others is founded; I wish rather to guide them to an impartial investigation of the great causes which have led to the present state of the material world, and to support that investigation by facts, not by deductions *a priori*. Yet I declare open war against those rooted prejudices which obstinately reject the admission of truth, because it militates against a favourite and an established opinion, although it be pretended that on truth alone that opinion is founded. If the belief in the deluge be necessary to the happiness of man, far be it from me to rob him of that belief. But I am not therefore bound to ascribe the causes of phenomena to the deluge, when I can account for them in a more simple and rational manner, and at the same time without robbing the fabric of religion of a single stone. A system may be decried, and the founder of it, like the Grecian sage, may be sent into banishment, and shunned as a dangerous man; but let him remember what Horace says, and, with his words, I shall close this paper:—

"*Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret*
Quem nunc mendosum et mendacem."

R. H.

Poplar-Row, Newington.

[To be continued.]

OBSERVATIONS upon the NATURAL HISTORY of the HORSE in SOUTH AMERICA, and Considerations on the Kindness that is due to that Animal. By SONNINI.

For the Universal Magazine.

[Concluded from p 22]

ANOTHER traveller compares these beautiful horses of the plains of Chili, in their form and swiftness, to the Arabian horses.

Those of the mountains are stronger and better limbed: the neck is, in general, elegant; the head small, and well made; the tail full, and raised; the breast broad; the thighs round; the legs spare, and nervous; and the hoof so hard, that there is never any occasion to shoe them, except those that are kept in the cities. During winter, almost all of them remain among the pasture grounds in the vallies of the Andes, from whence they are brought, in the spring, fat and vigorous*. But these unfortunate animals soon lose their good condition in the hands of men, who put their strength to the most trying proofs. There is not, perhaps, any country in the world where horses are so ill treated as in Chili. They exhaust them with laborious and perpetual tasks; they make them walk during the whole day, not permitting them to enjoy one moment's repose, or the least nourishment; and it is not uncommon, in journeys of many hundred leagues, for the horses to rest only during the night. Their great number in this part of America, and the facility of procuring them, are, doubtless, among the principal causes of their harsh treatment, and of the little care that is taken of them. They may be had at a very low price; an ordinary horse does not cost more than five *livres tournois*, and a mare scarcely more than forty-two pence. To this general cause must be added, what is of great weight in the eyes of the multitude, that hereditary insensibility among fierce and ambitious conquerors, who, accustomed to treat with equal rigour, beasts of burthen and even men, established, in the midst of excesses and every species of violence, a dominion that was purchased by the blood and tears of human nature.

And this insensibility which transforms at once, the apparently mild man into the most unjust and cruel tyrant towards animals, which sacrifices, without hesitation, to his utility and his caprices all that they possess of faculties and of existence, is not

* Essay on the Natural History of Chili, by M. the Abbé Molina, translated from the Italian, by Gruevel. p. 305, et seq.

confined to America: it is to be found in the greater part of Europe. Where is the soul, having any human feelings, any pity in its composition, that is not daily tortured in beholding the barbarous cruelties inflicted upon good and useful animals, in our fields, in our roads, and in our public streets? Sometimes laden with the heaviest burdens, proportioned, not to their strength, but to the cupidity of ill-calculated gain, the horse can scarcely proceed along, overcome with fatigue and blows; sometimes, emaciated with labour and hunger, he pines mournfully at the door of an ale-house, where his master sacrifices his time, and which he must afterwards regain by forced marches; sometimes, out of breath, the body bathed in sweat, the sides gored and bleeding from the spur, the useful horse exhausts his strength to convey, rapidly, the brutal and insolent servant, who, too often, precedes only wealthy immorality. Here, the more he strives, the more he feels the whip; there, after long and excessive labour, he is driven, rather than conducted, to scanty pastures, or to commons, where he must dispute with sheep the short grass which he can hardly bite, and where, during summer, he remains exposed to the stinging of flies, and, at all times, to the inclemencies of the atmosphere, and also to the greatest cruelties of young and unfeeling herdsmen, who prove themselves, not his protector, but his bitterest enemy*. Always fed with parsimony; compelled, in many places, to endure hunger and thirst; often

neglected and despised, their most important services are held of no account. Whatever may be their claims to gratitude, those claims are neglected; and when age, at length, renders them incapable of the ardour, and spirit and lively vigour of their youth, they are consigned to misery; a dreadful leanness appears and it deforms them; evils of all descriptions assail them: their skins, half torn off, are the bleeding proofs of the barbarities they endure: and when, at length, a total decay of strength comes on, when extended on the earth from which they cannot rise, they seem to regret that they can be no longer useful; they turn, with their last sigh, looks of languid affection towards their master, who endeavours to reanimate them by blows, or coldly calculates what the carcase will sell for!

People, who boast your knowledge and your philosophy, cease to be proud of them, for they have not rooted from your hearts harsh insensibility. Cruelty towards those beings who live in the midst of us, and who live only to satisfy our wants, to procure comforts for us, and to create pleasures, is a blot upon civilized society. Shame upon the man who has not learned compassion towards the sufferings of animals, who does not strive to assuage their pains, and to shew them that attention which their qualities and their services demand! Shame on him who treats them with severity! His barren soul knows nothing of the soft and delightful impressions of sensibility; for the wicked and cruel man cannot, with all his dissimulation, conceal his real character: it often betrays other proofs of inhumanity.

Nations whom we consider as barbarous, the inhabitants of the northern coasts of Africa, the Arabs, and almost all the orientals, take the greatest care of their domestic animals. Horses, in particular, are, to them, not only sources of wealth and often of independence, but also objects of their affection. They keep them at hand; speak to them as to friends, and deny them neither attentions nor caresses. Among the same people, also, the horse receives that nourishment which is best fitted for it. Barley and chopped straw are used, generally speak-

* It is thus that, in my country, the *cirdevant* Duchy of Lorraine, one of the most agricultural countries in France, the farmers treat their diminutive, but extremely robust race of horses. There are, however, honourable exceptions; and it may be remarked, that those who pay the necessary attention to their teams, who do not over-work them, and who give them proper nourishment, enjoy a competence which is the result of successful cultivation, while the others remain in misery. Nature is never insulted, in vain!

This note and the above observations are honourable to the philanthropy of Suanini.—Editor.

ing, instead of hay and oats. The pastures to which they lead them are neither rich nor humid, for these may give to a horse a pleasing appearance of fatness which flatters the eye, but it is acquired at the expense of real strength and vigour. And I will here remark, how pernicious the plan of the modern innovators in rural economy is, of feeding their horses upon fat, watery roots, which are agreeable neither to their nature nor to their taste. It would be easy to multiply proofs in support of this opinion; but these details belong to the extensive art of agriculture, and I intend to develope them in another work.

A NARRATIVE of the SIEGE of ZARAGOZA. By C. R. VAUGHAN, M.B.

*The heroic achievements of PALAFOX and his brave army ought to be familiar to every British mind: they afford an illustrious proof of what men can do when fighting ERO ARIS ET FOCIS. We rejoice, therefore, in being able to lay before our readers the following narrative, written by a gentleman who was in the city of Zaragoza last year: who lived at the table of PALAFOX, and who had ample opportunities of verifying all that he has related. Nor can we refrain from expressing the uncommon interest which we felt in perusing his small pamphlet, which records actions that may vie with the noblest deeds of Greece and Rome. We hope that what we now present to our readers, may only stimulate them to the purchase of the work, when they are informed that the entire profits of the sale will be applied to the relief of the inhabitants of Zaragoza.**

ZARAGOZA, the capital of the kingdom of Arragon, is seated in a valley of the Ebro, on the right bank of that river, with a suburb upon the left bank, connected with it by a stone bridge. From the city, as far as the high mountains that bound the view on either hand, the country is covered with olive trees, and the

neighbouring district, under an extensive system of irrigation, produces corn and fruits in abundance. Though the mountains are distant, yet the city is commanded by some high ground, called the Torrero, about a mile to the south-west, upon which there is a convent, and other buildings, of inferior note. The canal of Arragon, over which there is a bridge, divides the Torrero from another elevation, where the Aragonese erected a battery previously to the siege.

The walls of Zaragoza appear to have been constructed merely to facilitate the means of levying taxes upon every article brought into the town for sale; the gates, which are nine in number, are of the most simple construction, and the alignment between them is in some places preserved by the mud-wall of a garden, in others by buildings, or by the remains of an old Moorish wall, which has a slight parapet, but without any platform even for musquetry.

The buildings of the city are of brick, and the two cathedrals, the numerous convents and churches, though built of the same materials, are not, altogether, devoid of ornament. The houses are three stories in height; the streets very narrow and crooked, excepting one or two market-places, and the street called the Cozo, situated nearly in the centre of the town.

The population of Zaragoza may be estimated at about 60,000 souls; although the census, taken in 1787, gives only 42,600.

It was on the 25th of May, 1808, that the inhabitants of this defenceless city, and the peasantry of the surrounding country, rose in a mass, to repel the unprincipled aggressions of the French. The Captain-General of Arragon, Guillianah, had betrayed an inclination to submit to the enemy, by attempting to disarm the people; in consequence of this, he was seized, and thrown into prison, and the inhabitants of Zaragoza and of the neighbouring villages unanimously conferred the government upon Don Joseph Palafox, the youngest of three brothers of one of the most distinguished families in Arragon.

At the commencement of the revolution, this nobleman had been selected from the officers of the guards, to be second in command to the Mar-

* Since writing the above, the intelligence of its capitulation has reached us. Of its heroic chief—

"Nomen in exemplum sero terrabimus
ævo!" *Editor.*

quis de Castillar, to whose custody the Prince of the Peace was confided after his arrest at Aranjuez; he afterwards accompanied Ferdinand VII. to Bayonne, from whence he had recently escaped, in the disguise of a peasant to his country-seat near Zaragoza.

This distinguished nobleman is about thirty-four years of age: his person of middling stature, his eyes lively and expressive, and his whole deportment that of a perfectly well bred man accustomed to the best society. At the time when Don J. Palafox assumed the command in Aragon, he had very little acquaintance with military affairs; for though he had been in the Spanish guards all his life, he had never seen actual service, and his time had been principally past in the dissipation of Madrid, where he had gained no inconsiderable distinction from the splendour and fashion of his appearance.

At the commencement of his command, on the 25th of May, the neighbouring provinces of Navarre and Catalonia were possessed by the French: the passes of the Pyrenees leading directly into his kingdom were open, and Murat, with the main body of the French forces, was stationed at Madrid. Thus surrounded by his enemy, General Palafox mustered the regular troops quartered at Zaragoza, and found that they amounted to two hundred and twenty men, and that the public treasury of the province could furnish him only with two thousand reals, a sum in English money equal to twenty pounds sixteen shillings and eight-pence. Placing, however, a just confidence in the patriotism manifested by the people, he immediately declared war against the French by issuing that spirited proclamation, which has been circulated already in England through the medium of the public prints.

Early in the month of June, and before any plans could possibly be executed for organizing a force for the defence of Aragon, the French detached eight thousand infantry and nine hundred cavalry from Pamplona against Zaragoza. As soon as this movement on the part of the enemy was ascertained, the Marquis de Lazan, the eldest brother of Don Joseph

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XI.

Palafox, collected some armed peasantry, and met this force in the neighbourhood of Tudela, on the 13th of June. The Aragonese were soon compelled to retire to the village of Mallen, where they had again the misfortune to feel the inefficiency of undisciplined bodies, when opposed to regular troops, although an olive wood between the canal of Aragon, which supported the right, and the village of Mallen on the left, could not but be considered as a favourable position for an irregular force.

On the 14th of June the French advanced to Alagon, distant about sixteen miles from Zaragoza. The inhabitants of this city immediately assembled with all the arms of every description which they could collect, and actually compelled their General to lead them against the enemy. They had not advanced far from Zaragoza, when they found the French in order of battle in a plain; a position particularly advantageous to them, as they possessed both cavalry and flying artillery. The ill armed and undisciplined Aragonese soon felt the superiority of the enemy, and were obliged to retire to Zaragoza. Their retreat, however, was covered by the two hundred and twenty regulars (who had been previously joined by some fusiliers of the province) with a steadiness and gallantry which entitled them to the thanks of their General, and excited the admiration of their countrymen. The French now advanced within a very short distance of Zaragoza, where they took up a position in the valley, on the opposite side of the town to that situated on the Ebro, and which was covered by rising ground planted with olive trees. Having occupied this post, they deferred their general attack upon the city till the morrow, but a small detachment of cavalry that penetrated into the town, on the 14th of June, paid dearly for their rashness.

The Aragonese had hastily planted some cannon before the gates of their city, and also in favourable positions without the town, particularly at the Torrero, and upon the height near to it.

On the 15th of June the French sent a detachment against the outposts upon the canal, while their main

body attempted to storm the city, by the gate called Portillo. The Aragonese attacked almost at the same moment, both in their out-posts and at the gates of their town, fought with great fury, but without order; their artillery was served by any persons who chanced to be near it; every one alternately commanded, and obeyed; but all were animated by the same spirit, and their efforts, after a most severe conflict, were finally crowned with success. A party of the enemy that entered the town were instantly put to death, and the French General, convinced that it was fruitless to persevere in his attack, withdrew his troops to a position out of reach of the cannon of the Aragonese.

Zaragoza, thus liberated for a time from the French, was left with very slender resources to sustain a siege. Its fortifications consisted merely of mud walls; it was destitute of heavy artillery, and without troops that could undertake sorties against the enemy's works. In spite, however, of all these discouraging circumstances, the people, confiding in God, in their own courage, and the justice of their cause, determined to defend the streets of their town to the last extremity.

As soon as the French were repulsed on the 15th of June, General Palafox set out from Zaragoza, in order to collect reinforcements and provide resources for a siege, and also to place the rest of the kingdom in a state of defence, should the capital fall. He found from twelve to fourteen hundred soldiers who had escaped from Madrid, and he united with them a small division of militia stationed in Calatayud. With this force, in compliance with the urgent desire of his soldiers, he resolved to attack the French. He marched immediately to Epila, and it was his intention to have advanced from thence to the village of La Muela, by which manœuvre he hoped to place the French between his little army and the city of Zaragoza. Those intentions, however, were frustrated by a sudden attack on the part of the enemy in the night, at Epila, when the Spaniards, after a most obstinate but fruitless resistance, were at length compelled to yield to superior numbers and discipline. The wreck of this little force

retired from the scene of action to Calatayud, and afterwards, with great difficulty, threw themselves into Zaragoza.

During this time the French received reinforcements of troops and artillery from Pamplona, and began to occupy the several military positions in the plain covered with olive trees, that surrounds Zaragoza. The enterprize and valour of the besieged did not allow their enemies to carry on these operations unmolested: in a short time, however, the French had invested nearly one-half of the town, and on the 28th of June they took possession of the Torrero. The neighbouring battery also, which had been entrusted to an artillery officer, and five hundred men, fell into their hands; the officer was declared a traitor to his country for not having defended this important post as he ought to have done, and on his return into Zaragoza was immediately hanged.

After the surrender of the Torrero, the city could communicate only with the country on the side of the Ebro.

During these operations of the enemy, the Aragonese were busily employed in placing their town in the best possible state of defence that their slender resources would admit of. They tore down the awnings from their windows, and formed them into sacks, which they filled with sand, and piled up before every gate in the form of a battery, digging round each of them a deep trench. They broke holes in the mud-walls and intermediate buildings for musquetry, and sometimes, where the position was commanding, cannon were stationed. The houses in the environs of the city were pulled down or ruined; gardens and olive grounds, that in better times had been the recreation and support of their owners, were cheerfully rooted up by the proprietors themselves, wherever they impeded the defence of the city or covered the approach of the enemy. The exertions of the men were animated by women of every description, who formed themselves into parties for the relief of the wounded, and for carrying water and provisions to the batteries at the gates, while their children were employed in conveying car-

bridges which had been made by the monks.

The French continued to invest the city more closely, and scarcely a day passed without a sanguinary contest in the surrounding olive woods between detachments of the Aragonese and their enemy. In the last few days of the month of June, four hundred soldiers of the regiment of Extramadura, small parties from other corps, and a few artillerymen, contrived to reinforce Zaragoza. To the artillerymen were added two hundred of the militia of Logrono, who, animated by the presence of an enemy, soon learned the ordinary duties of the corps to which they were attached. About the same time, two pieces of cannon (24 pounders) and some shells that were much wanted, were procured from Lerida.

The enemy, at the same time, drew their resources from the stores in the citadel of Pamplona, whilst the Aragonese, now completely surrounded by the French, had not one single fortress to which they could have recourse, either for ammunition or for cannon.

About the last day of June, a powder magazine, a very strong building the heart of the city of Zaragoza, blew up, and in a moment nearly a whole street was reduced to a heap of ruins; the inhabitants of Zaragoza had scarcely recovered from their consternation at this fatal and irreparable loss, and from the labour of extricating their fellow-citizens from the ruins of their houses, when the French, who had received mortars, howitzers, and cannon, (12 pounders, of sufficient calibre for the mud-walls of Zaragoza) opened a destructive fire upon the city. It has been estimated, that about twelve hundred shells and grenades fell in Zaragoza, which had not one building within it that was bomb-proof, nor had the inhabitants then taken the precaution of placing beams of timber together endways against the houses, behind which passengers might find shelter whenever a shell should chance to fall near them.

The attack of the enemy seemed to be directed principally against the gate called *Portillo*, and the castle near it without the walls, and which is no-

thing more than a large square building, made use of as a prison, and surrounded by a deep ditch. The sand bag battery before the gate of the *Portillo* was gallantly defended by the Aragonese. It was several times destroyed, and as often reconstructed under the fire of the enemy. The carnage in this battery throughout the day was truly terrible. It was here, that an act of heroism was performed by a female, to which history scarcely affords a parallel. Augustina Zaragoza, about twenty-two years of age, a handsome woman, of the lower class of people, whilst performing her duty of carrying refreshments to the gates, arrived at the battery of the *Portillo* at the very moment when the French fire had absolutely destroyed every person that was stationed in it. The citizens and soldiers for the moment hesitated to re-man the guns; Augustina rushed forward over the wounded and slain, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a 26-pounder, then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege; and having stimulated her fellow-citizens by this daring intrepidity to fresh exertions, they instantly rushed into the battery, and again opened a tremendous fire upon the enemy.— When the writer of these pages saw this heroine at Zaragoza, she had a small shield of honour embroidered upon the sleeve of her gown, with “Zaragoza” inscribed upon it, and was receiving a pension from the government and the daily pay of an artilleryman.

On the 2d of July, as soon as the morning broke, a column of the enemy marched out of their battery, almost within musket-shot of the *Portillo*, and the remainder of their force was seen drawn up, as though with an intent to second the attack of the advancing column, or to profit by its success, should it penetrate into Zaragoza. With fixed bayonets, and without discharging a shot, the column of the enemy marched towards the battery of the *Portillo*; but as soon as they reached the castle, a destructive fire of grape and musquetry was opened upon their flank, the consequence of which was, that the French column immediately dispersed,

notwithstanding the most gallant exertions of their officers.

Another column of infantry was instantly directed by the French General to advance against the gate of the *Carmen*, on the left of the Portillo. This gate was defended by a sand-bag battery and by musquetry, which, lining the walls on each side, commanded two out of three approaches to the gate; this column was also repulsed with considerable loss.

It should seem by these attacks, which were considered as extremely injudicious by the military people of Zaragoza, that the French conceived their destructive bombardment must have convinced the Aragonese of the absurdity of attempting to sustain a siege in so defenceless a city, which, in their opinion, could not fail to surrender whenever a division of their troops should have penetrated into the town. The result proved how mistaken an estimate the French had made of the firmness and decision of the Aragonese character.

Defeated in these two attacks, the enemy proceeded to invest the place still more closely. Above the city the Ebro was fordable, and below it the French, in spite of the efforts of the Aragonese, had constructed a bridge on the 14th of July. Having by these means transported their cavalry to the opposite bank of the river, they destroyed the mill which supplied the town with flour, levied contributions in the different villages, and thus cut off the only communication by which the besieged could receive any supplies either of provisions or ammunition. Every difficulty, however, which they hourly, nay momentarily experienced, served only to heighten the resentment of the people, and to call forth the resources of their active and intelligent General. In this critical situation he caused corn-mills, worked by horses, to be established in various parts of the city, and ordered the monks to be employed under skilful directors in manufacturing gunpowder. All the sulphur which the place afforded was put into immediate requisition, the earth of the streets was carefully washed in order to furnish saltpetre; and charcoal was made of the stalks of hemp, which in that part of Spain grows to a very unusual size;

and on this simple foundation there has been formed since the siege a regular manufactory of gunpowder, which yields thirteen arrobas of Castile per day, or three hundred and twenty-five pounds of twelve ounces.

At the close of the month of July, the Aragonese found their city completely invested by the enemy. Their large population was now but scantily supplied with food, and had little or no hope of succour. By the unremitted exertions of forty-six days, their spirits were exhausted, and their bodily strength necessarily impaired.—Without a single place of security for their sick and their children, they were in hourly expectation of another general attack, and a second more formidable bombardment; while their streets were filled with wounded, in consequence of daily skirmishes with the enemy, entered into in order to open a communication with the country. At this moment one desperate effort was made, though in vain, to recover the important position of the *Torrero*; after which the Aragonese, convinced of the impossibility of making a sally with effect, resolved to conquer, or to perish within the walls of their city.

On the night of the 2d of August, and on the following day, the French bombarded Zaragoza from their batteries opposite the *Carmen*. A foundling-hospital, which contained the sick and wounded, who from time to time had been conveyed there during the siege, unfortunately caught fire, and was rapidly consumed. During this dreadful calamity, the exertions of every description of people were almost unparalleled; all attention to private property was instantly abandoned, and every body was seen hastening to the relief of the sick and helpless children who occupied this building; but in this act of humanity none were more conspicuous than the women, who persisted in their humane exertions, equally undaunted by the shot and shells of the enemy, and the flames of the building before them.

On the 3d of August the French had completed their batteries upon the right bank of the *Guerva*, a rivulet that falls into the Ebro, and is separated only from the walls of Zara-

goza by the breadth of a common road. Nearly opposite to the centre of these batteries, and within pistol-shot, was the gate of the Santa Engracia, so called from a splendid convent and church situated on one side of it. On the 4th of August the French opened a tremendous fire upon this quarter of the city, and in an instant the mud-walls opposite to their batteries vanquished, and the splendid convent of the Santa Engracia was on fire and tottering in ruins.

The French columns immediately availed themselves of this entrance, to rush into the city, took in reverse the batteries before the adjacent gates, and, after a severe and sanguinary conflict, penetrating to the Calle de Cozo nearly in the centre of the town, were in possession before the day closed of one-half of Zaragoza. The French General immediately demanded the capitulation in the following note:—

*Quartel General—Santa Engracia.
La Capitulation.*

The answer immediately returned was,—

*Quartel General—Zaragoza.
Guerra al Cuchillo.
PALAFOX.**

One side of the street Cozo, the breadth of which is about equal to that of Pall Mall, was now occupied by the French, in the centre of which General Verdier was seen giving his orders from the Franciscan convent. The Aragonese maintained their positions on the opposite side, throwing up batteries at the openings of the streets, within a few paces of similar batteries of the French. The intervening space was soon heaped up with dead, either thrown from the windows of the houses in which they had been slain, or killed in the conflicts below.

Nothing in the whole course of the siege more embarrassed Don Joseph

Palafox than this enormous accumulation of the dead, and the apprehension of the contagious disorders which must infallibly result from it. To an Aragonese it was almost certain death to appear in the middle of the street; and the expedient resorted to was to push forward French prisoners, with a rope attached to them, amidst the dead and the dying, to remove the bodies of their countrymen, and bring them in for burial. The office in which they were employed, and the pity of their own soldiers, secured them in general from any annoyance, and by this expedient the evils arising from the horrible corruption of the dead was in some degree diminished. The principal season for attack in this singular species of warfare was the night; the French and the Aragonese, under the cover of darkness, frequently dashed across the street, and attacked each other's batteries with the most undaunted courage, the struggle began at the batteries was often carried into the houses beyond, and the author of this narrative has often seen in every story of an house in the Calle de Cozo unequivocal marks of the madness and desperation with which such sort of contests must have been carried on. The batteries of the contending parties were so close to each other, that, in one instance, a Spaniard crept from his own side, and insinuating himself under the intermediate bodies of the dead, attached a rope to one of the French cannon; in the struggle which ensued the rope broke, and the Aragonese were deprived of their prize at the very moment when they thought themselves secure of it.

On the 5th of August, when the French were expected to renew their efforts to obtain complete possession of the city, the Aragonese found their ammunition begin to fail; but even this circumstance created no dismay, nor did it suggest to any one the idea of capitulation. The only cry that assailed the ears of the gallant General, as he rode amongst the people, was, that if ammunition failed, they were ready to attack the enemy with their knives alone. At this awful crisis, just before the day closed, a convoy of provisions and ammunition, and a reinforcement of three thousand men,

* Translation.

*Head Quarters, Santa Engracia.
The Capitulation.*

*Head Quarters, Zaragoza.
War "even" to the knife.*

The knife is a very formidable weapon in the hands of the Aragonese in close combat.

composed of Spanish guards, Swiss, and volunteers of Aragon, unexpectedly made their entry into the city, under the command of the brother of the Captain-General, Don Francisco Palafox.

A council of war that was held on the 8th, came to the following ever-memorable resolves,—“that those quarters of the city, in which the Aragonese yet maintained themselves, should continue to be defended with the same firmness which had hitherto been so conspicuous; should the enemy at last prevail, the people were immediately to retire by the bridge over the Ebro into the suburbs, and, having destroyed the bridge, to defend the suburbs till they perished.” This resolution of the General and his officers was received by the people with the loudest acclamations.

For eleven successive days the most sanguinary conflict was continued from street to street, from house to house, and from room to room, (the enraged populace always gaining by degrees upon the disciplined troops of the French) until the space occupied by the enemy was gradually reduced to about one-eighth part of the city.

One character which developed itself during the siege of Zaragoza must not be overlooked in this narrative.—In every part of the town, where the danger was most imminent and the French the most numerous, was Padre St. Iago Sass, curate of a parish in Zaragoza. As General Palafox made his rounds through the city, he often beheld Sass alternately playing the part of a priest and a soldier; sometimes administering the sacrament to the dying, and, at others, fighting in the most determined manner against the enemies of his country: from his energy of character and uncommon bravery, the commander-in-chief reposed the utmost confidence in him during the siege: wherever any thing difficult or hazardous was to be done, Sass was selected for its execution; and the introduction of a supply of powder, so essentially necessary to the defence of the town, was effected in the most complete manner by this clergyman, at the head of forty of the bravest men in Zaragoza. He was found so servicable in inspiring the

people with religious sentiments and in leading them on to danger, that the General has placed him in a situation where both his piety and courage may continue to be as useful as before; and he is now both captain in the army and chaplain to the commander-in-chief.

The spirit displayed by the men was seconded in the most admirable manner by the women of Zaragoza. The Countess Burita, a lady of great rank in that country, formed a corps of women for the relief of the wounded, and for the purpose of carrying provisions and wine to the soldiers: many persons of the most unquestionable veracity in Zaragoza declare that they have frequently seen this young, delicate, and beautiful woman coolly attending to the duties she had prescribed to herself in the midst of the most tremendous fire of shot and shells; nor were they even able to perceive, from the first moment that she entered into these novel scenes, that the idea of personal danger could produce upon her the slightest effect, or bend her from her benevolent and patriotic purpose. The loss of women and boys during the siege was very great, and fully proportionate to that of men; in fact, they were always the most forward; and the difficulty was to teach them a prudent and proper sense of their danger.

During the night of the 18th of August, the French fire was particularly destructive, and when their batteries ceased flames were observed to burst out in many parts of the buildings in their possession; and on the morning of the 14th, to the great surprise of the Aragonese, their columns were seen at a distance retreating over the plain, on the road to Pamplona. Their departure had probably been hastened by intelligence that the Junta of Valencia had dispatched six thousand men to join the levies in Aragon, destined to relieve the capital.

Thus terminated the siege of Zaragoza, which, whether it be considered with reference to the superiority of the means of annoyance in possession of the enemy, to the utter incapability of the place to resist a regular and continued attack, to the instances of collective and individual courage, to the

patience and heroism of its defenders, of either sex and in every situation of life, can be deemed second to none recorded in the annals of ancient or modern times.

It is a very singular fact to add, that though the writer of these few pages saw in Zaragoza many a parent who had lost his children, and many a man reduced from competence to poverty, he literally did not meet with one human being who uttered the slightest complaint; every feeling seemed to be swallowed up in the memory of what they had recently done, and in a just hatred of the French.

PARALLEL EXPRESSIONS in GOLD- SMITH, YOUNG, and BEATTIE.

Sir,

IT is pleasing to trace the progress of thought through different minds; and to consider what has been the effect of accident, and what the effect of design. I know there is much difficulty in affirming what is absolutely plagiarism or imitation; and, where thoughts have nothing peculiar in them, it is just to believe that they may have arisen spontaneously in different minds. To establish plagiarism (I mean intentional plagiarism) is still more difficult, for an author of genius is generally proud enough to disdain the idea of being indebted to others for his thoughts. When, therefore, a striking similarity is found, between two writers equally celebrated, it is highly probable that no direct imitation was intended by the one who is posterior in point of time: because, to borrow from an author of much celebrity is so certain a way of being detected, that there seems to be no adequate inducement to the act. It is more consistent to believe, that a mind, familiarized with the best productions extant, may have insensibly incorporated the images of others with his own thoughts, and that, when composing, these images have presented themselves to his mind as original, or, at least, that only a very indistinct conception of their not being so is existing in the writer's belief. I believe it is a common feeling with a man who has read much to be unable, sometimes,

to discriminate decidedly between what is his own and what he has transplanted. In short, intentional plagiarism, in an author of genius, I believe is very rare: for, admitting that any image of his predecessors or contemporaries were so beautiful or so striking that he resolved to adopt it in his own writings, yet pride would stimulate him to acknowledge his loan.

If this, however, be true, it does not diminish the pleasure that may be derived from tracing affinities of expression and idea through different writers, and therefore, perhaps, you will not reject the following.

Young, in his *Night Thoughts*, (Night IV.) says,

"Man wants but little, nor that little long"

And Goldsmith, writing his *Hermit* many years afterwards, has the following couplet:—

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Now I do not think that this coincidence is purely accidental, but am rather inclined to believe, according to the suggestions above stated, that the expression of Young being familiar to Goldsmith, he used it without any precise consciousness that it was not original. If any of your readers can point out a source still higher, it will then destroy Young's claim to originality; and should that source be an obscure one, and not likely to be familiar to the author of the *Night Thoughts*, it would be a strong presumption in favour of accidental coincidence.

While on this subject I will also notice an imitation of Goldsmith's ballad by Dr. Beattie in the *Minstrel*, B. II. St. 22:—

"Silence ensued, and Edwin rais'd his
eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.

This last expression was surely suggested by the following in the *Hermit*:—

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

If these trifles of an idle moment are worth your notice, they are quite at your service; and

I remain, &c.

X. Y.

Walthamstow, March 4, 1809.

TWO ORIGINAL LETTERS from JAMES BOSWELL to WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE. Never before published. (Communicated by Mr. SIM.)—Continued from p. 104.

For the Universal Magazine.

Edinburgh, 23d Sept. 1771.

SIR,

YOU must not condemn me too hastily, though appearances are against me. I wrote to Mr. Garrick in favour of your tragedy, at the very time when you first wished me to do it, this year. That letter was written before your's came to my hands. It was a spontaneous application. Since receiving both your last, I have again written to Mr. Garrick; and, for your satisfaction, I transcribe the paragraph concerning you.

"Permit me now, my dear Sir, again to recommend to your patronage, Mr. Mickle's tragedy; which, I rejoice to hear, has now passed through the hands of both the Wartons. By encouraging Mickle, you will cherish a very worthy man, and, I really think, a true poetical genius. Let me add, that your goodness to him will be an additional obligation to your humble servant; who will venture to say, that you have never had a warmer and more constant, or a bolder, admirer and friend, at all times, and in all places, than himself; though you have had multitudes, of greater distinction and abilities. All these things considered, I would hope that Mr. Mickle, who has waited long in the anti-chamber, will soon be introduced, and not beshoved back by others who are more bustling and forward."

You see, Sir, that I am a faithful advocate for you. I hope I shall catch the *mollia tempora fandi* to Roscius. The season is always good, when he whom you solicit is in good humour; and I hope my compliments, which I assure you are sincere, will have a genial effect upon his mind. I own, I feel for your situation; for

it seems to be universally agreed, that a poet, whose play is in suspense, suffers an exquisite anxiety. You must cautiously guard against impatience and fretfulness. Remember, that whoever has the power of conferring advantages, is a man to be courted by those who wish for the advantages which depend upon him. I flatter myself that Mr. Garrick may receive your play; but, if he should not, you must not despond. By attending upon the theatre, you may learn all that art of the stage, of which I am ignorant, but which I do believe is necessary to produce a successful dramatic performance.

In the mean time, I am happy that the other things are doing so well with you. The Critical Review's approbation of your *Lusiad* will, I am persuaded, be of service; and I promise you I shall exert myself in Scotland; though I must observe, that there is a coldness as to subscriptions in this part of Britain, that is really discouraging. Mr. Kincaid has dissolved his copartnery with Mr. Bell, and assumed a young man of the name of Creech. So *Kincaid and Creech* are now the *Lusiad* booksellers. I shall superintend them. As to Mr. Henderson, I shall mention to him what you propose, when I meet with him; but I would have you be quite easy on old scores, for, from the conversations I have had with Mr. Henderson, I am persuaded that there never was any intention to trouble you; and I imagine you are too suspicious of that gentleman; though I confess it is natural, after certain events. I have been enjoying very great happiness in a visit from my illustrious friend PAOLI. I will be obliged to you if you will procure me a copy of the compliment paid to him in the prize poem at Oxford, which you mention. I hope you will go on with your *Prospects*. I beg you may be assured that I am

Your very sincere friend,

JAMES BOSWELL.

I formerly mentioned to you, that the scene in which I wished to be placed in the apostrophe which you was so good as to promise, was at the romantic seat of our family Auchinleck. I gave you a few circumstances;

but I was mistaken in the etymology of our river *Lugar*. I said it was 'the black water;' whereas I find it 'the short water.' Since Paoli stood upon our old castle, it has an additional dignity:—I wish you had seen him there. I enclose this to my friend Mr. Dempster, to whom I recommend the *Lusiad*.

Edinburgh, 24th Sept. 1772.

DEAR SIR,

IMAGINING strongly what must be the anxiety of an author who has a tragedy in dependence, I feel how much you may blame me for not answering your last more expeditiously. The truth, however, is, that I have, in the mean time, written again to Mr. Garrick on the subject of your play. From the recommendations that it has had, I am sure that he will give it a fair and even a favourable trial; and it, after all, he brings in his verdict, — unfit for the stage,* I should be apt to acquiesce in his determination; because I look upon him as the very best judge, and am persuaded that, in this case, he must rather be partial on the side of the play.

As to bringing it on at Edinburgh, I would have you first consult seriously with your literary friends, whether it would be most adviseable to risk that, after its being refused by Mr. Garrick; and whether it would not be safer to print it by subscription as a *Dramatic Poem*; for, as such, I dare say Mr. Garrick, even supposing him to reject it as a *Play*, must allow it great merit*. If, however, you should resolve to endeavour to get it acted here, I shall be ready to put it into the hands of Mr. Digges, the present manager, and get his opinion of it with all expedition. I say *opinion*; because I know, from an instance that occurred last winter, that respectable solicitation will not make him bring on a play which he himself does not think will do. I must also tell you, that Mr. Digges has already engaged to bring on one tragedy next winter. I think it is called the *Prince of Tunis*. It is written by a Mr. Mackenzie, the

author of a novel entitled 'The Man of Feeling.' So that I should doubt if Mr. Digges could bring on your play next winter: and when that is over, his lease expires. At any rate, its being acted here could yield you little profit; and only serve to usher it better into print, supposing it to succeed. However, as I have already said, I shall be ready to give my best assistance. I still hope Mr. Garrick may receive it; and then, you are safe.

I am delighted with the description of your present retreat. The circumstance with regard to Milton, must poetically consecrate your apartment; and I promise the public and myself the advantage of having more than usual fire thrown into the English *Lusiad*. Persist in that great work—and then, let not the *Prospects* be forgotten. You may remember I told you that I was wrong in the explanation of the Celtic name of our river at Auchinleck, the *Lugar*. It signifies not the *black*, but the *short* river or water.

I delivered your message to Mr. Creech. I am fond of your poem on the Parliament Close*.

With sincere wishes for your success and happiness, I ever am,

Dear Sir,

Your very humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

For the Universal Magazine.

ON THE MISMANAGEMENT OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

SINCE writing my last letter (see *Universal Mag. Nov. p. 388, and Dec. p. 487*) on the mismanagement in transacting business in public departments, I have been informed of a method by which men either ignorantly, or wilfully evade statutes and oaths, in defiance of all that our ancestors have done to keep them in the straight path of duty. This will ever be the case, where innovations; to

* See a letter from Mr. Garrick to Mr. Mickle, *Sim's Life of Mickle*, p. xlv.

* Now republished in Sim's edition of Mickle's Poems, with considerable alterations and additions by the author, under the title of "A Night Piece."

promote the interest of individuals, are winked at; for when they are once introduced under the fostering hands of men, their natural progress is from bad to worse. It is a melancholy truth, that every law however severe, every system however pure, and every station however exalted, is liable, in an age like the present, to suffer by that destructive innovating spirit, which, if not speedily checked by the powerful arm of the law, will pervert the constitution, overturn the established religion, and introduce an enthusiastic rant for a rational worship.

I have already mentioned, in a former Letter, that it might prove a curious investigation to trace, step by step, the methods which have been adopted to evade the estreating of fines and forfeited recognizances into the exchequer; but as the general scheme has been unfolded to me by a person conversant in the practice, it will answer every purpose for information.

I am informed, that there is an estreat writ yearly issued from the exchequer, addressed to the sheriff of a county, to pay in the fines, amerciaments, and forfeited recognizances, which is sent to the office of the under sheriff in London; and from thence it is forwarded to the deputy in the country, to procure the returns from the records.

The general return is, either that the parties have no goods, or *non est inventus*. By this ingenious innovation, which is probably of some standing, and become general, both the statutes and the oath are evaded, and they remain a dead letter. In every place where regular sessions of Oyer and Terminer are held, there will frequently be fines and forfeitures; neither can it be supposed that every culprit should be without some fixed habitation, and the sureties are answerable for forfeited recognizances.

All fees of court are carefully attended to; and if the fines and forfeitures, due to the king, are not received, it is making the trial a mere farce.

Sir Richard Phillips, in his Letter to the Livery of London, says, "Those petty offenders who are sentenced to pay a fine of a shilling, or to suffer

any slight punishment, and then be discharged, are obliged to pay twenty-six shillings in fees before they can have their liberty." Are the courts rigid in one instance, and remiss in the other? Or, if the fines and forfeitures be received, into whose hands are they paid, and who should be accountable for them?

The general return of *Non est inventus* from one county has recently been refused, and a particular one required, which produced one hundred and thirty-five pounds, to be paid into the Exchequer, although the parties were before destitute of goods, or not to be found.

Our ancestors, from the days of Alfred, took particular care to make suspected persons find sufficient security for their good and peaceable behaviour; so did they rigidly inflict the penalties, till innovations introduced a new mode of practice into our courts of law.

We do not now hear any thing of frankpledge, nor of the king's bailiff sitting with the magistrates on the bench to receive the fines and the amerciaments due to the king, arising from the various indictments in the different courts of judicature, as the statutes, already mentioned in a former letter, have been considered as a sufficient security for them; but there is reason to conclude that they have always proved so.

Has the keeper of the papers in the king's remembrance office in the exchequer a discretionary power of refusing to receive the general return of *non est inventus*, without the legal voucher, the oath, to authenticate it? Surely they, who sign the return of the estreat-writ, ought to be answerable for every omission. If we have persons employed to hunt after an increase of the revenue, why should they not look into this department? They are searching after income, horses, hair powder, servants, carriages, carts, and dogs, and why omit this source of revenue arising from fines and forfeited recognizances?—Perhaps there would be as much profit produced from it as from the office for searching into the situation of residuary legatees, when the expense is considered for carrying on this new institution.

If it be worth an informer's while to traverse the country to purchase a pair of gloves, a pound of tea, or a pint of Geneva, to inform against a poor widow, and ruin her family, by having her fined a few shillings, they might surely make as much of their time by visiting general sessions of Oyer and Terminer in the country, and attending to the fines and forfeited recognizances to be estreated into the exchequer.

If those in authority should ever be driven by necessity to enact laws, to prevent abuses in expending public money, and to authorize persons to inspect as narrowly into the expenditure as they now do in raising it out of the scanty pittance of those who can hardly procure the necessary articles of food and raiment, we might then hope for some relaxation from those burdens, which at present are pressing us down to the earth.

The people have certainly a right to expect that their money should be carefully and frugally applied; and experience teaches us that our situation hardly demands it. Hitherto it has been obstinately persisted in, that no innovations to correct and prevent abuses can be introduced, for fear of consequences, and the common path must be pursued, though corruption is sapping the foundation of that fabric which is nodding to its fall.

Wherever we find an error or an evil existing, it ought immediately to be rooted up; for, if we reflect on the passed, we cannot help having apprehensions for the future, by neglecting to pursue the maxims of sound wisdom and prudence before it is too late to reap the benefit resulting from a perfect reformation in parochial and other abuses.

HINTS on the NATIONAL ADVANTAGES of the CULTURE of the BEE in ENGLAND; with Remarks on the Attachment of that Insect to their Queen.

SIR,

IN the number of the Universal Magazine for August, p. 184, I perused with pleasure the article re-

lating to the queen of the bees. As these curious and invaluable insects have long been with me a favourite study, I was glad to meet with any information which might lead to a discovery of the economy and of the laws by which their monarchy is governed. Previous, however, to entering into an investigation of the circumstance which took place amongst the bees of Mr. Hargrave, I will take this opportunity of offering a few sentiments on the use and culture of those surprising insects.

It has been with me always a matter of surprise and regret, that so little attention is paid by our agriculturists and gentlemen of landed property to the culture of the bee; and even in many parts of England, where bees are kept, it appears that curiosity and pleasure are the aim, and that the great national advantages, which would naturally arise from an extended culture of the bee, are not in the least taken into consideration. I believe I may venture to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that there is no part of the stock of a farmer which, in proportion to the expenditure, would yield one quarter of the profit of a well regulated apiary. In Scotland an apiary is to be seen in the garden, or, more properly speaking, the kail yard, of every labourer; and I know one labourer in particular, in the vicinity of Blair Drummond, in the carse of Stirling, who is enabled to pay the rent of a small farm solely by the produce of his bees. The expense of keeping them is in no proportion to their profit; it is as one to twenty; and as it is my wish to draw the attention, not only of the higher classes but also of the cottager, to the culture of the bee, I will state the disbursement requisite for the formation of an apiary, and compare it with the profit.

A cottager purchases a swarm for one guinea; no higher price should be given; and even that only for a first swarm, or a virgin swarm, though, at the same time, were it not for the superior fineness and excellence of the honey, a virgin swarm were neither desirable for the apiarist

nor for the purchaser. The capital of the cottager, therefore, as an apiarian, I consider to be a guinea; and, with the exception of two or three shillings for sugar, to protect his bees from famine during a long protracted winter, or to invigorate them at the commencement of the working season, he incurs no further expense until the time of swarming. It will then be necessary for him to provide two hives, at the expense of 3s. or 3s. 6d. In the month of June, or earlier, his hive swarms, and in about ten or twelve days after, a second swarm is cast. His stock is now increased to three hives, but, as a second swarm very seldom collects honey sufficient for its maintenance during the winter, the following plan should be adopted. It is the height of injustice, cruelty, and inhumanity, to suffocate the bees, when a very simple method can be devised, and which I have often tried with uniform success, of obtaining their honey with the loss only of twenty or thirty bees, and even that number unintentionally; for so partial am I to these invaluable insects, that I would nurse a wounded bee a whole day to restore it in health to its hive.

To return to the above-mentioned plan. Early in the month of October let the cottager weigh the hive occupied by his first swarm, and if it weigh thirty pounds, of which there is very little doubt, if the season has been only tolerably propitious to the gathering of honey, there is then an ample quantity for the support of a very numerous colony during the winter. Should, however, the hive weigh fifty or sixty pounds, (and I have known one to weigh one hundred and twenty) let him immediately join his two swarms; and, as the process of effecting a junction of two hives is peculiar to myself, I will, through the medium of your Magazine, make it public. In the mean time it is my intention to confine myself solely to the profit of the apiary, without entering into the management of it.

It is probable that the hive of a second swarm will weigh about fifteen pounds, or, at most, twenty pounds. After the junction of the

two hives, the cottager will then have two excellent stocks, and a small hive of honeycomb, say fifteen pounds. His whole expenses have hitherto amounted to 1*l.* 7*s.* If he takes his honeycomb to market, he can with ease obtain 2*s.* a pound for it, as in the shops it often sells for 3*s.* and 3*s.* 6*d.* a pound. There is therefore, the very first year, a balance in favour of his bees, and he has increased his colony by the addition of a young and numerous stock. After having guarded his stocks from the probable inclemency of the winter, no further expenses will be incurred until the ensuing swarming season. His two stocks will then throw four or more swarms, which, if he pleases, he may convert immediately into money, which will bring him 3 or 4*l.* or he may wait to reap the harvest of their honey, which, at the rate of 2*s.* a pound, would, on a moderate calculation, produce 6 or 7*l.* I would rather undervalue than overrate the swarms, but I think I have sufficiently shewn the progressive value of a single hive. It is in a centuple proportion; and when the small quantity of time is considered which is required of the apiarian to attend to his stocks, and which is only in the swarming time, it must be allowed that there is no branch of rural economy which yields so great a profit with so small a sacrifice of time.

In point of health, the use of honey is invaluable, and it is an article of which the prudent housewife will never be in want. But the honey imported from the continent is as similar to genuine honey as punch is to genuine rum. It is adulterated with the coarsest flower, to give it a greater consistency and to add to its weight; it only retains so much of its genuine quality as to give it the smell of honey, but its operative and medicinal virtues are destroyed.

In a political point of view, the culture of the bee is of no secondary consideration. It is known that the annual importation of wax and honey from Dantzic alone amounts to 30,000*l.* At a time when we are almost wholly excluded from the continent, we ought not to neglect

those resources which we possess, and which would contribute to render us independent of continental connections. Were it not for the war with Russia, the iron mines of Wales would never have been worked; and, trifling as the position may appear, were but each cottager in England to keep *one hive* annually for sale, we should not send annually to the continent 50,000*l.* for the purpose of a commodity which we might raise in the country, and enjoy it in its native purity.

I shall now close this paper with a few remarks on the circumstance related of Mr. Hargrave's bees. In the first place, it is no uncommon occurrence for two swarms to join, and it is rather a benefit to the apiarian than an injury, for one good swarm is preferable to two bad ones. On a junction of two swarms, it is the first act of the bees to kill one of the queens. No swarm ever leaves its parent hive without a queen, nor will they ever admit two queens in one hive except in the breeding season; and although five or six may be hatched in one hive, yet those only are suffered to live who are to emigrate with the swarms. The description, however, which is given of the bee, which Mr. Hargrave found on the ground, by no means corresponds with the make or size of the queen bee. In the first place, the queen is much larger than the common bee, and full one-third longer. Her wings do not project, like the common bees, to the extremity of her body, but they generally extend to about the third ring of her body, and are more pointed than the common bees. I never remember to have seen the wings of a queen bee variegated, although the colours of her body are more vivid and bright than either those of the drone or working bee. I am also convinced, that if the bee in question were a queen, that the bees did not cling to it from affection or loyalty, but with an intent to kill it. The

commotion which was perceived amongst the bees arose from their knowledge of two queens being amongst them, and their immediate determination to become regicides: and in contradiction to the statement of Mr. Hargrave, that the bees are a loyal race, I can prove the contrary from an experiment of my own.

Having occasion to join two hives, I, previous to stupefying the bees, sought for the two queens, and, having found them, I confined them in a glass; and I must own that, like certain European potentates, they shewed to each other the most condescending civility, although in their hearts, hatred for each other was the predominant passion. Having effected the junction of the swarms, I gave them one of the queens from the glass, and they immediately testified their joy at her arrival, by the quick motion of the wings, so well known to apiarians. Not choosing to be myself a regicide, I contented myself with clipping one of the wings of royalty; and, turning up an old stock, I introduced the other queen from the glass, in a truly Cotterel fashion. The bees, so far from testifying any displeasure at her arrival, assembled round her; and, turning the stock down again, I left it for the night. On the following morning, I again lifted the hive, and to my surprise, found the former queen dead on the stool, and the new sovereign in undisturbed possession of the realm. Would that all revolutions were effected so easily, and with the shedding of so little blood!

Having now trespassed on your limits, I will conclude with a query, an answer to which, from any of your apiarian correspondents, will be esteemed a favour:—

Is the drone, or the working bee, the male; or has the queen the power of self-impregnation?

I remain, *your's*, &c.

R. H.

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

THE MOTHER: a Poem, in Five Books. By Mrs. West.

[Concluded from p. 143.]

OUR concluding remarks upon this volume will be brief.

It was a bold attempt in Mrs. West to mutilate the language of Shakspeare, and produce, as a quotation of his, a compound of what is really his and what is Mrs. West's. We allude to the following passage:—

Till like distracted Constance*, she exclaims,

"There ne'er was such a gracious creature born,

But the rude world will spoil him, care will dig

Deep furrows on his open brow, and grief
Fade on his cheek the rose. Nor long will hope

O'er his elastic frame a spirit breathe
Ethereal. When the toil-worn man obtains
Short holyday from labour's prison-house,
He'll come to these embraces, faded, cold,
Gloomy, and tending earthward. Never,
never

Shall I behold my pretty Arthur more "

Compare this with the exquisitely pathetic language of Constance:—

And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in
heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again:
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male
child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature
born.

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the Court of
Heaven,

I shall not know him: therefore never,
never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

We cannot think that Mrs. West cherished the presumption of being able to add pathos or dignity to the sentiments of Shakspeare, by investing them in her own language. We

will rather suppose that she imagined they would harmonize better with the company into which they were transplanted.

The following will be read with pleasure: the conclusion seems to point at some sorrows which Mrs. West has, herself, sustained:—

Swift flew the fatal shaft, whose date
arrest
Clos'd young Maria's brief and blameless
joys.

But oft man's fell destroyer o'er his prey
Reluctant seems to stand, as if he felt
For his submitting victim, or allow'd
A mother's feeble anguish to restrain
His mace descending on a prostrate slave.
Long hours of sad suspense has she endur'd
Who in her patient daughter sees the course
Of some severe distemper undefin'd,
That o'er life's morning waves its ebon
wing,

And strews the couch of innocence with
thorns

Of torture and despair. Pale as a form
Of marble, as a martyr meek, devout
As the rapt seraph, to whose converse high
Her holy hopes aspire, year after year
The sufferer lies, sees but the shaded sun
Through her veil'd window glimmer, to
denote

The day from night. Of life she nothing
knows,

Save that to live is pain; of the gay world,
Man's busy theatre, no gorgeous scene,
Except what some fair sister softly paints
At hours of partial ease, in hopes to wake
A sickly smile. Of nature's beauteous face
She steals a glimpse in one short annual
round,

To visit every neighbouring shrub, whose
form

Memory depictur'd to her sleepless eyes.
She marks how they have flourish'd, while
to her

The genial seasons and the rapid hours
Brought sure returns of pain, condemn'd
to wear

All forms but that which mercifully ends
The toil of sufferance. Yet content to live,
Tho' looking oft at death, resign'd and calm,
She languishes in patient cheerfulness,
Without one murmur; for beside her lies
A sovereign cordial, to whose healing balm
She oft applies intent, and, mid her throes,
Seeks in the book of God assurance firm
Of regions, at whose joyful bourn disease
And lassitude their ransom'd victims yield.

* King John, act 3d, scene 3d.

With love untir'd, with hopes defeated
 oft,
 Yet still renew'd, the tender mother bends
 O'er the dear girl, oft willing to resign
 Her innocent to God; as oft, when ease
 Relaxes the strain'd muscles, vainly deems
 Misery hath spent her shafts, repose will
 heal
 What fierce distemper tore; th' untasted
 joys
 Of health will light upon the wondering
 maid,
 Most grateful for that treasure libertines
 Throw from their spendthrift hands; that
 gem, unpriz'd,
 Which sparkles in the ruddy beggar's eye,
 Who, thankless for the blessing, little
 wrecks
 What for Potosi's mine were cheaply sold.

Nor, tho' from fragile womanhood more
 oft
 The passive virtues claim their tribute hard,
 Of meek endurance, is athletic man
 Exempt from sickness. Oft his sinewy
 frame
 In prime of vigour feels the burning shaft
 Of pestilence; delirious falls, and dies
 Ere medicine, like Plantagenet's chaste
 bride,
 With healing lip can cool the poison'd
 wound.
 So fell a youth of kindred blood, who liv'd
 A mother's dearest hope, and dying wrung
 Her heart with sharpest pangs. Like her
 of Nain,
 She was a widow, friendless, feeble, old;
 Like her, the bier where all her treasure
 lay
 She follow'd; neighbours, kinsfolk also
 wept
 To see her sorrows; but no hand divine
 With touch miraculous the funeral stay'd,
 Restor'd the festering sleeper, gave him
 power
 To bur-t his carments, to exchange the
 grave's
 Deep solitude for his fond mother's arms,
 And with renew'd existence bless that life
 His death would close. Yea, William, thou
 shalt rise
 When death's last dart is hurl'd! A voice
 divine
 Spake to thy mother too, in whispers sweet,
 "Weep not, be comforted. All who be-
 lieve
 In me shall, at my summons, quit their
 graves;
 I am the resurrection and the life."

We have already said, that the fifth
 book, which is devoted to *Maternal
 Sorrow*, is, by far, the most interesting
 of the whole. The narratives which
 it contains are, for the greater part,
 simple, natural, and pathetic; and

Mrs. West succeeds better in such
 than in the loftier walks of the muse.
 Criticism finds much to censure,
 where only the judgment is called
 into action: but her voice is silent
 when the feelings of the heart rise
 pre-eminent. The following is
 pretty:—

Nor do the woes which rive a mother's
 heart
 With measur'd step still pace the path of
 death,
 Like sable mourners at a funeral—
 A form more horrible they oft assume,
 And ask his shaft in mercy. Seest thou her,
 Whose brightest mood is but a wuntry
 moon,
 Seen in a night of mist? She dares not
 weep,
 Nor call on sympathy, like those who yield
 Their dearest offspring to their Maker's
 will,
 By summons premature. 'Tis her first hope,
 That prying curiosity (to her
 Ev'n friendship takes that form) knows not
 the grief
 Which, like th' Egyptian asp, in her heart's
 core
 Has fix'd its fangs immutable Her bane
 Is a lost girl, a fair one, and betray'd
 By beauty, weak credulity, and love;
 One who ne'er listen'd, tho' her warning
 voice
 Pointed seduction as a wily snake
 Gliding along the thicket, where, like Eve,
 She lov'd alone to wander*, confident
 Of strength, like her; a tempter also came,
 Told a smooth tale, and triumph'd. What
 remains
 To the deluded victim of his arts?
 Tears and reproaches. Baby arms! he oft
 Hath mock'd their puny wounds. Is he
 not rich,
 Is he not noble? Will the world assail
 His fame, or high-born beauty lothe his
 arms,
 Because a village-maid found his embrace
 Contamination, ruin, and despair?
 No: he is censur'd with a gentle smile,
 Call'd gay, but elegant, and good at heart,
 And soon to be reclaim'd. The different
 doom
 Of her is misery; a relentless sire
 Denies her wrongs the shelter of a roof;
 Where yet dishonour never found abode.
 In vain the mother weeps, intreats, per-
 suades,
 Harsh is the father, and the haughty girl
 Turns desp'rate from despair. To folly soon
 Guilt, bold, determin'd guilt succeeds;
 *those charms,
 So oft the mother's wish, a prelude oft

To bridal splendour and connubial wealth,
Are barter'd now to purchase scant support
For loath'd existence. In the haunts of
shame

Her beauty fades; sportive Euphrosyne
Adopt Megara's sullen brow, ill gloss'd
With smiles like those the Tyrian minion
us'd,

Astarba*, when she drugg'd Pygmalion's
bowl,

And pledg'd the draught of death. With
such she leads

The victims she enthralls to partake
Her destitution, misery extreme,
Remorse, tho' deep, yet stubborn, which
no touch

Of true repentance turns to comfort. Death
Is not to her a harbour from life's storm,
A refuge for the shipwreck'd; 'tis the rack
On which obdurate wickedness must hide
Eternal wrath. So the sad mother knows,
And trembles to inquire if she has clos'd
Her earthly shames. So knows she when
she kneels

In prayer to heav'n, and for a sinner pleads,
Who never prays; for her she supplicates
The axe may be suspended, tho' the tree
Bears nought but poison. Did she feel for
this

A mother's throes, and cares, and hopes,
and joys?

O traitor man! A gaudy equipage
Glides by in pomp; the bridal-favours
shine:

Scarce can she keep from curses. Yet,
O God!

Thou art most just, and to thy sanctuary
She creeps with tottering step, and for a
while

In thy vast mercy loses sight of woe

We will make one more extract:

Yet, Muse, forget not in thy list of griefs
Amanda's sorrows. She, the blameless wife
Of rich Mercator, in her family
Blessing and bless'd. With every promise
fair

They flourish'd; but most lovely, most
belov'd,

Louisa shone in beauty's early morn,
Gay, innocent, affectionate, the joy,
The pride of all. Soon was that morn
o'ercast;

O'er her fair cheek a sickly languor stole,
And the soft sighs which us'd unobserv'd,
Contrasted by strain'd gaiety, betray'd
By its unapt disguise. Alone she rovd,
Preferr'd the moon-light to the noon-day
walk;

Or, bending o'er her late, unconscious
hunn'd

Some tender tale of love. With mirthful
hearts,

Unstricken yet, her sportive sisters gib'd

* Telemachus, Book 8th.

Her alter'd manners, and in whispers vow'd
To tell the cause Amanda's anxious eye
Discern'd too plainly, that the canker love
Prey'd on her damask rose. Patient she
staid,

Nor yet with zeal indecorous profan'd
The sacred haunts where maiden modesty
Conceal'd the preference to its blushing self,
Perchance but half reveal'd. And now her
eye

Measures their youthful visitants, him first,
Henry of Avondel, their frequent guest,
Rich, young, and gay, at whose unyielding
heart

Tir'd Cupid empts his quivers; unsubdu'd,
Tho' the bold huntress, fair Clorinda, e'er
Pursu'd him buskin'd in the arduous chase,
And talk'd of Trip's and Ranter's feats;
uncaught,

Tho' soft Erminia carv'd on the smooth
beach.

His name with true-love knots and flou-
rishes;

And when she met his eyes, with side-long
glance

Told how she lov'd him. Free the rover
goes,

Dances with Poly-mele, with Mira sings,
Whispers kind nothings to each cheated
maid,

And mocks the bait by many a skilful dame
Suspended o'er his manors. "Is it he,"

Amanda cries, "for whom Louisa pines,
At first ambition's dupe, then plung'd by
'love

In dungeons of despondence, where he
hides

The recreant nymphs who volunteer their
hearts?

Her sisters say she loves him, and predict
Merit like hers can never love in vain.

Poor girls! unskull'd to read the heart of
man;

They little think how pride delights in
power,

And vanity displays th' Hesperian fruit
To tempt and cheat doting credulity."

Now the sage mother marks Louisa's face
When Henry enters. "Does it flush with
shame?

Do the unmeaning compliments which form
The current coin of life, gain from his
tongue

A sterling value? Does she shun his hand,
As if an adder bedded in his palm?

Yet does her timid eye, when unobserv'd,
In silent adoration on his face

Throw its rapt gaze? If so, too true she
loves,

And 'twere but self-delusion did she scoff
With jests misplac'd his manners and his
mien?

That were affection's faint, who, undisguis'd
But rarely speaks in bashful womanhood,
Full love to Hymen his fair captive yields."

'Tis doubtful still, no kindling blush, no gaze

Of stol'n idolatry, no tremors chill
Betray her secret woes. Now rumour tells
Of Henry's marriage, an alliance high;
Birth, beauty, fortune, all unite to crown
His envied bride. Her taste shall re-adorn
The ancient hall where pale Louisa's eyes
Have long been thought to fix. Her ample dower

(To all but waste superfluous) shall repair
The breaches wanton prodigality
Made in fair Avondel. Report shall tell
His happiness, and pity slightly name
The maid who lov'd him. Yet Louisa's cheeks

Reveal no traces of more frequent tears,
Now wax they paler. She repeats with praise

The bridegroom's fondness, and the nuptial pomp;

Pays her due gratulations, then returns
To solitude, and woos the nightingale.

"Still droops my darling girl," Amanda cries,

"But not for wedded Henry. Does despair
Consume her blasted prime? and yet a youth,

Such as gay spinsters picture when they tell
The triumphs of their early beauty, bows,
And meets a cold denial." Much incens'd,
Mercator asks, "Can maiden pride demand
Offer more splendid, or fastidious taste
Require a nobler mind or finer form?"
Trembling at stern rebuke, the sobbing fair
Sinks in her mother's faithful arms. Her tears

Mix with the silent mourner's, while she craves

That confidence too long withheld, too long,

By scrupulous, high-minded delicacy,
Spar'd from solicitude. Louisa's eyes
Confess there is a secret, and implore
Forgiveness for a grievous fault, chastis'd
By sufferings exquisite. "Name not to me,"

She cries, "the worth of Alcon, nor suppose
That the young heir of Avondel hath doom'd

My life to singleness. Along thy plains,
Fertile Bengal, my husband roams; for him,
Wedded in thoughtless childhood, and estrang'd

By habit, time, and distance, flow these tears.

Ceaseless they bathe his pictur'd form,
when grief

Seals every eye but mine, and the pale lamp

Directs me to the casket where I hide
The tokens of his early love; for once,
O mother! sure he lov'd me; and perchance
Not to neglect, but faithless elements,

I owe his silence now." "His name, my child?"

Exclaims the faltering mother, as she strains
With reconciling fondness to her heart
The shivering, fainting culprit. "Tis a name

That will offend. My sire's inveterate foe,
Unworthy Raymond, who betray'd his trust,
And wrong'd his fame, gave birth to him
I love,

To him I wedged. While a witless girl,
We at a kinsman's met. Romantic hearts,
Inflam'd by Romeo's wrongs, and Juliet's woes,

Taught us to love, and realize the tale,
He Montague, I doting Capulet.

Marriage would heal the breaches of our house,

And from the brier of hidden love would grow

The rose of concord. So a youthful friend,
With seeming wisdom pleaded; but, alas!
O'er thy rebellious daughter's marriage-bed
The cypress and the willow wav'd. Regret
Is mine, and mine remorse, till death dis-

solves
The contract folly form'd. Yet, if thou canst

Protect me from my father's wrath, conceal
My wrongs, my woes. How would his honour brook

To hear his tempted daughter has been urg'd

To break recorded vows; urg'd, too, by him
To whom she pledg'd them! O! I tell thee all,

Ev'n the last sorrow of this broken heart.

Raymond would give me liberty, resign
His title to some worthier suppliant,

Blest with paternal sanction Love, he says,
And honour claim this sacrifice of self,
From hopeless, fix'd despair. Can honour stoop

To license foul adultery, or love

Quit what it best prefers? Could thou resign

Thy child, my mother? In the guiltiness
Of my confess'd transgressions I dare ask,
If thou couldst cast me as an alien off,
To be beheld no more? O press me still
To thy warm heart in silence, nor reply:
The sharp reproaches of thy pitying tears
Shoot through my mortal wounds. Would heaven I ne'er

Had known a love, or trusted faith but thine!"

"O child for ever dear! yet be th' offence
Of secrecy by confidence aton'd,
And trust thy father's wisdom, love, and care.

I will divulge thy story; meet the burst
Of angry rage, and, when its transport ends,
(As quickly it will end in sorrow) lead
Thee to receive his blessing. It will drop

Like balm upon thy anguish, and his will
Shall guide thy future course." Louisa
yields;

In palpitating agony she waits
The kind ambassadress, who soon returns,
And brings the news of pardon. Half her
woes

End at that sound; but injur'd love pre-
pares

Fresh sorrow; nor will Hymen crown with
peace

The inauspicious contract folly form'd,
And falsehood violates. Where wild excess
Revels in tropic regions, and bestows
Nature's best products on a sensual lord
Unworthy of her gifts, young Raymond's
name

Was heard with detestation. Merciless,
Ev'n in the bow'r of wantonness; to those
Who fed his brutal appetites; unjust,
Where he had strength to wrong, yet prone
to bend,

Th' expectant sycophant of wealth and
power.

Such was Louisa's husband! His misdeeds
Came posting on a thousand couriers. Say,
To such a guardian should fond parents
trust

Their pure, dejected daughter Though
allur'd

By promis'd dow'r, and cheated in his hope
Of higher nuptials, Raymond woos her now
With tempting tales of eastern pomp, and
vows

Of love renew'd, and many a smooth ex-
cuse [love

For past unkindness. No: with lingering
They clasp her close, and still delay the
hour

Of separation, till her alter'd eve
In vacant stupor fix'd, or rolling wild,
Tells that the cup of misery is drain'd
Ev'n to its dregs; and the fair maniac, freed
From sense of true misfortune, wanders now
Amid the visions of distemper'd thought.

Oft o'er the sea she sails, and welcomes oft
India's well-painted shores. In fancied
state

She decks her hair with berries, as with
gems,

Ascends her palanquin, and round her calls
Her tawny slaves, and tells the silver moon
To light her o'er the Ganges to her love.

Anon with rage she glows, tears from her
head

The ornaments fantastic, furious beats
Her breast, and bids the tiger and the wolf
Say if their name is Raymond. Sinking
soon

In sad exhaustion, with a feeble wail
She mourns her miseries, till sympathy
Is thrill'd with anguish. But attendant still
On all her woes, soothing each wild caprice,
Checking with trembling grasp her frenzied
hands,

And pleading mild, when, save thyself, no
friend

Durst bide her fury, thou, Amanda, still
For many a year didst o'er the sufferer watch,
And gain, what none but thou couldst gain,
the pow'r

To rule her wanderings. As in infant life,
Thine eye could check her lapses, and thy
pray'rs

Disarm her fury, till her wayward sense
In gentle error rested; mild, compos'd,
And inoffensive, but persuaded firm
That Raymond still was faithful, and would
come

When the calm seas permitted. All day
long

She watch'd the winds, but still they never
blew

Aright; and still at eve the fleecy clouds
Sail'd o'er the wandering moon too swift
Yet hope

Would image the tranquillity denied
To her sick thought, and bid the future rise
Sacred to peace and joy. With kindred ray
Hope gilds the labours of maternal love;
Grateful for lessen'd ills, Amanda trusts,
Ere her eyes close in death, to see her child,
By misery made most dear, repay her care
With conscious gratitude, restor'd to peace,
To reason's heavenly ray again restor'd.

Nor were her pray'rs ungranted, tho'
her eyes

Saw not the blessed change. The snows of
age,

Falling on poor Louisa's wrinkled brow,
Compos'd her burning brain. Serene and
calm,

Her early cheerfulness renew'd, nor all
Her early beauty faded, in life's eve
She shone a star of bonny to distress,
A guide to thoughtless youth, remember-
ing well

That she had greatly err'd, and deeply
mourn'd.

We need scarcely add, in conclu-
sion, that we place the present volume
on a high equality with contemporary
productions.

AMERICAN ANNALS; or, a Chrono-
logical HISTORY of AMERICA,
from its first Discovery in 1492,
to 1800. By ABIEL HOLMES, D.D.
2 vols. 8vo. 1808.

THIS is a very useful work, and
it is executed in a manner that
renders it an extremely desirable ac-
quisition to a private library, as a
book of reference. It is arranged
chronologically, by which means,

whether perused consecutively, or referred to only as occasion demands, the mind is not bewildered with any thing that is extraneous in point of time. The advantages of this plan are well detailed by the author himself in his preface, which we will quote:—

“A new world has been discovered, which has been receiving inhabitants from the old, more than three hundred years. A new empire has arisen, which has been a theatre of great actions and stupendous events. That remarkable discovery, those events and actions, can now be accurately ascertained, without recourse to such legends, as have darkened and disfigured the early annals of most nations. But, while local histories of particular portions of America have been written, no attempt has been made to give even the outline of its entire history. To obtain a general knowledge of that history, the scattered materials, which compose it, must be collected, and arranged in the natural and lucid order of time. Without such arrangement, effects would often be placed before causes; contemporary characters and events disjointed; actions, having no relation to each other, confounded; and much of the pleasure and benefit, which History ought to impart, would be lost. If history, however, with chronology, is dark and confused; chronology, without history, is dry and insipid. In the projection therefore of this work, preference was given to that species of historical composition, which unites the essential advantages of both.

It has been uniformly my aim to trace facts, as much as possible, to their source. Original authorities, therefore, when they could be obtained, have always had preference. Some authors, of this character, wrote in foreign languages; and this circumstance may be an apology for the occasional introduction of passages, that will not be generally understood. While originals possess a spirit, which cannot be infused into a translation, they recite facts with peculiar clearness and force. Quotations however in foreign languages are always inserted in the marginal notes. There also are placed those passages in English, which are obsolete, either in their orthography,

or their style. To some persons they may, even there, be offensive; but they may gratify the historian, and the antiquary. The one may be pleased with such marks of authentic documents; the other, with such vestiges of antiquity.

The numerous references may have the appearance of superfluity, perhaps of ostentation. The reason for inserting so many authorities was, that the reader, when desirous of obtaining more information, than it was consistent with the plan of these Annals to give, might have the advantage of consulting the more copious histories for himself. Should these volumes serve as an Index to the principal sources of American history, they may render a useful though humble service to the student, who wishes to obtain a thorough knowledge of the history of his country.

Professions of impartiality are of little significance. Although not conscious of having recorded one fact, without such evidence, as was satisfactory to my own mind, or of having suppressed one, which appeared to come within the limits of my design; yet I do not flatter myself with the hope of exemption from error. It is but just however to observe, that, had I possessed the requisite intelligence, more names of eminence would have been introduced; more ancient settlements noticed; and the States in the Federal Union more proportionally respected. For any omission, or other faults, which have not this apology, the extent of the undertaking may obtain some indulgence.”

We are among those who decidedly approve of the authorities being produced, as they not only enable the reader to refer to the original sources for more ample details, but they give to the narration itself that weight and credibility of testimony without which such a work could not be read with perfect confidence in the author.—They shew also the great industry and research employed by Dr. Holmes in compiling the volumes.

The literary merits of this work cannot be expected to be very various. Simplicity of language, and perspicuity of narrative, have been successfully employed. As a specimen we

will extract the account of the voyages of Columbus :—

“ Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, having formed a just idea of the figure of the earth, had several years entertained the design of finding a passage to India by the western ocean. He made his first proposal of attempting this discovery to the republic of Genoa, which treated it as visionary. He next proposed his plan to John II. king of Portugal, who, at that time, was deeply engaged in prosecuting discoveries on the African coast, for the purpose of finding a way to India. In this enterprize the Portuguese king had been at so vast an expence, with but small success, that he had no inclination to listen to the proposal. By the advice, however, of a favourite courtier, he privately gave orders to a ship, bound to the island of Cape de Verd, to attempt a discovery in the west; but the navigators, through ignorance and want of enterprize, failing in the design, turned the project of Columbus into ridicule.

“ Indignant at this dishonourable artifice, Columbus left Portugal; and, having previously sent his brother Bartholomew into England to solicit the patronage of Henry VII, repaired to Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Spain. It was not till he had surmounted numerous obstacles, and spent seven years in painful solicitation, that he obtained what he sought. To the honour of Isabella, and of her sex, the scheme of Columbus was first countenanced by the queen. Through the influence of Juan Perez, a Spanish priest, and Lewis Santangel, an officer of the king's household, she was persuaded to listen to his request; and, after he had been twice repulsed, to recal him to court. She now offered to pledge her jewels, to defray the expence of the proposed equipment, amounting to no more than two thousand five hundred crowns; but this sum was advanced by Santangel, and the queen saved from so mortifying an expedient.

“ On the 17th day of April, 1492, an agreement was made by Columbus with their Catholic majesties: That, if he should make any discoveries, he should sustain the office of viceroy by land, and admiral by sea, with the ad-

vantage of a tenth part of the profits, accruing from the productions and commerce of all the countries discovered; and these dignities and privileges were not to be limited to his own person, but to be hereditary in his family.

“ Columbus, on the third day of August, set sail from Palos in Spain, with three vessels and ninety men, on a voyage the most daring and grand in its design, and the most important in its result, of any, that had ever been attempted. He, as admiral, commanded the largest ship, called *Santa Maria*; Martin Alonzo Pinzon was captain of the *Pinta*; and Vincent Yanez Pinzon, of the *Nigna*. When the fleet was about 200 leagues to the west of the Canary islands, Columbus observed that the magnetic needle in the compass did not point exactly to the polar star, but varied towards the west. This discovery made an alarming impression on his pilots and mariners; but his fertile genius helped him to assign a plausible reason for this strange appearance, and to dispel their fears. Expedients, however, at length lost their effect. The crew, with loud and insolent clamour, insisted on his return, and some of the most audacious proposed to throw him into the sea. When his invention was nearly exhausted, and his hope nearly abandoned, the only event that could appease the mariners happily occurred. A light, seen by Columbus at ten in the night of the 11th of October, was viewed as the harbinger of the wished for land; and early the next morning land was distinctly seen. At sun rise, all the boats were manned and armed, and the adventurers rowed towards the shore, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. The coast; in the mean time, was covered with people, who were attracted by the novelty of the spectacle, and whose attitudes and gestures strongly expressed their astonishment. Columbus, richly dressed, and holding a naked sword in his hand, went first on shore, and was followed by his men, who, kneeling down with him, kissed the ground with tears of joy, and returned thanks for the success of the voyage. The land was one of the islands of the New World, called by the natives, *Guana-bana*. Columbus, assuming the title

and authority of admiral, called it San Salvador; and, by setting up a cross, took possession of it for their Catholic majesties.

"Many of the natives stood around, and gazed at the strange ceremony in silent admiration. Though shy at first through fear, they soon became familiar with the Spaniards. The admiral, perceiving that they were simple and inoffensive, gave them hawkbells, strings of glass beads, and red caps, which, though of small intrinsic worth; were by them highly valued. The reason assigned for their peculiar estimation of these baubles is, that, confidently believing that these visitants had come down from heaven, they ardently desired to have something left as a memorial. They gave the Spaniards, in return, such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, which was the only valuable commodity they could produce.

"Columbus, after visiting the coasts of the island, proceeded to make farther discoveries, taking with him several of the natives of San Salvador. He saw several islands, and touched at three of the largest of them, which he named St. Mary of the Conception, Fernandina, and Isabella. On the 27th of October, he discovered the island of Cuba, which, in honour of the prince, the son of the Spanish king and queen, he called Juanna. Entering the mouth of a large river with his squadron, he staid here to careen his ships, sending, in the mean time, some of his people with one of the natives of San Salvador, to view the interior parts of the country. Returning to him on the 5th of November, they report, that they had travelled above sixty miles from the shore; that the soil is richer and better than any they had hitherto discovered; and that, beside many scattering cottages, they found one village of fifty houses, containing about a thousand inhabitants. Sailing from Cuba on the 5th of December, he arrived the next day at an island, called by the natives Hayti, which, in honour of the kingdom, by which he was employed, he named Hispaniola.

"On the shoals of this island, through the carelessness of his sailors, he lost one of his ships. The Indian

cazique, or prince, Guacanahari, receiving intelligence of this loss, expressed much grief, and sent all his people with their canoes, to save what they could from the wreck. 'We lost not the value of a pin,' says the admiral, 'for he caused all our clothes to be laid together near his palace, where he kept them till the houses, which he had appointed for us, were emptied. He placed armed men to keep them, who stood there all day and all night; and all the people lamented, as if our loss had concerned them much.'

"The port, where this misfortune happened, Columbus called Navidad [the Nativity], because he entered it on Christmas day. Resolving to leave a colony here, he obtained liberty of the cazique to erect a fort, which he accordingly built with the timber of the ship that was wrecked; and, leaving it in the hands of three officers and thirty-eight men, prepared to return to Spain.

"Columbus, having taken every precaution for the security of his colony, left Navidad on the 4th of January, 1493; and, after discovering and naming most of the harbours on the northern coast of Hispaniola, set sail, on the 16th, for Spain, taking with him six of the natives. On the 14th of February, he was overtaken by a violent tempest, and, in the extremity of danger, united with the mariners in imploring the aid of Almighty God, mingled with supplications to the Virgin Mary, and accompanied by vows of pilgrimage. That his discoveries, in case of shipwreck, might not be lost, he wrote an account of them on parchment, wrapped it in a piece of oiled cloth, and inclosed it in a cake of wax, which he put into a tight cask, and threw into the sea.—Another parchment, secured in a similar manner, he placed on the stern, that, if the ship should sink, the cask might float, and one or the other might possibly be found. But his precaution, though prudent, was fruitless; for he was providentially saved from the expected destruction, and, on the 4th of March, arrived safely at Lisbon. On his arrival at Palos, on the 15th, he was received with the highest tokens of honour by the king

and queen, who now constituted him admiral of Spain.

"Columbus adhering to his opinion, that the countries, which he had discovered, were a part of those vast regions of Asia comprehended under the name of India, and this opinion being adopted in Europe, Ferdinand and Isabella gave them the name of Indies.

"The Portuguese having previously explored the Azores and other islands, instantly claimed the newly discovered world, and contended for the exclusion of the Spaniards from the navigation of the western ocean. Their competitors, however, were careful to obtain the highest confirmation possible of their claim. While orders were given at Barcelona for the admiral's return to Hispaniola, to strengthen the Spanish title to this island, and to other countries that were or should be discovered, their catholic majesties, by the admiral's advice, applied to the Pope, to obtain his sanction of their claims, and his consent for the conquest of the West Indies. An ambassador was sent to Rome. The Pope, then in the chair, was Alexander VI. a Spaniard by birth, and a native of Valentia. Readily acceding to the proposal, he, on the 3d of May, adjudged the great process, and made the celebrated line of partition. He granted in full right to Ferdinand and Isabella all the countries, inhabited by infidels, which they had discovered, or should discover, extending the assignment to their heirs and successors, the queens of Castile and Leon. To prevent the interference of this grant with one formerly made to the crown of Portugal, he directed that a line, supposed to be drawn from pole to pole, at the distance of one hundred leagues westward of the Azores, should serve as a boundary; and bestowed all the countries to the east of this imaginary line, not actually possessed by any christian prince, on the Portuguese, and all to the west of it on the Spaniards.

"How astonishingly great, at this period, was the influence of the Pope of Rome! This sovereign pontiff, 'in virtue of that power which he received from Jesus Christ, conferred on the crown of Castile vast regions,

to the possession of which he himself was so far from having any title, that he was unacquainted with their situation, and ignorant even of their existence.' Although neither the Spaniards, nor the Portuguese, now suspected the validity of the papal grant, yet the other nations of Europe would not suffer them quietly to enjoy their shares. In the progress of these Annals, we shall find different nations planting colonies in the new world, without leave of the catholic king, or even of his holiness. It early became a law among the European nations, that the countries, which each should explore, should be deemed the absolute property of that discoverer, from which all others should be entirely excluded. Above a century after this papal grant, the parliament of England insisted, 'That occupancy confers a good title by the law of nations and nature.

"On the 25th of September, Columbus sailed from Cadiz, on his second voyage to the New World. The equipment made for him proves in what an advantageous light his past discoveries and present enterprise were viewed. He was furnished with a fleet of three ships of war and fourteen caravels, with all necessaries for settlement or conquest, and 1,500 people, some of whom were of the best families of Spain. On the Lord's day, the 3d of November, he discovered one of the Caribbee islands, which, because it was discovered on that day, he called Dominica. Going on shore at an adjacent island, he called it by his ship's name, *Marigalante*, and took solemn possession before a notary and witnesses. On the 5th, he discovered *Guadaloupe*; on the 10th, *Montserrat* and *Antigua*.—After discovering, to the north-west, fifty more islands, he came into the port of *Navidad*. Not a Spaniard, however, was to be seen; and the fort, which he had built here, was entirely demolished. The tattered garments, broken arms, and utensils, scattered about its ruins, too clearly indicated the miserable fate of the garrison.—While the Spaniards were weeping over these relics of their countrymen, a brother of the friendly *cazique* *Guanahari* arrived, and confirmed all their dismal apprehensions. He in-

formed Columbus, that, on his departure, the men, whom he left behind, threw off all regard to their commanding officer; that by familiar intercourse with the Indians, they lessened that veneration for themselves, which was first entertained, and, by indiscretions and ill conduct, effaced every favourable impression, that had first been made; that the gold, the women, the provisions of the natives, became subject to their licentious prey; that, under these provocations and abuses, the cazique of Cibao surprised and cut off several of them as they straggled about, heedless of danger; that then, assembling his subjects, he surrounded the fort, and set fire to it; that some of the Spa-

nards were killed in defending it; and that the rest perished, in attempting to escape by crossing an arm of the sea.

"Leaving Navidad, he sailed eastwardly; and, at the same island, anchored before a town of Indians, where he resolved to plant a colony. He accordingly landed all his men, provisions, and utensils, in a plain, near a rock on which a fort might be conveniently erected. Here he built a town, which, in honour of the queen of Castile, he called Isabella. This was the first town founded by Europeans in the New World."

We conclude by repeating our opinion, that this is a highly useful publication.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

QUATORZAIN.

Written in the second volume of the Remains of HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

O'ER Henry now the quivering zephyrs play,
And hark! the Trent thro' yonder valley flows;

Bewailing sad the inauspicious day,
That saw his eyes in dark oblivion close.
No more at evening these embowering trees,
Shall droop their heads to listen to his lay!
No more these flowery walks his genius please,

Where oft he watch'd the twilight-shades decay.

Here would he ponder, fir'd with thought sublime,

On heaven's blue arch, at night's impressive noon;

Here trace the latent mysteries of time,
Or list enraptur'd to the fierce monsoon!
For here the shrieks of frantic Margaret still

Wou'd his wild brain with thought congenial fill!

Grafton-Street, Feb. 1809.

J. G.

TO GERALDINE.

O LADY list not lover's sighs,
If you are rich as well as fair,
Nor heed the gaze of tearless eyes,
No love is there.

Mistrust the vows in rapture made,
The bended knee and mournful air,
The homage to thy beauty paid,
Can love be there?

And disregard the tuneful strain,
That tells of passion and despair,
That warbles forth harmonious pain,
Love is not there

Perhaps a silent lover sighs,
That you are rich as well as fair,
O lady, watch his tearful eyes,
For love is there

He thinks what others only say,
And fain would speak, if he might dare,
But on his lips love dies away,
While love is there.

In silence and in solitude,
He nurses love and hides despair,
O let not now thy wealth intrude!

Love, love is there

ALPHONSO.

IMITATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE

No. II.

*Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all:"
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair!*

CÆLÆS' SOLILOQUY.

TO wed, or not to wed—that is the question.—

Whether 'tis better for a bard to cherish
The holy joys of some sequester'd cell,
Or to converse with a bewitching wife,
And by her lurements end them? To sleep,
to wake—

Yet more: and by that waking, say, he
thinks

Of Homer, and the thousand ancient names
That poets dote on;—'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To sleep—to
wake—

To wake! to clasp the fair! ay, there's the rub;

For by that incident what bliss ensues,
When Hymen's torch has blest the sacred
league,

Demands a pause. There's the respect
That makes poor Cœlebs a penurious state:
Yet, who would bear the follies of a spouse,
Her endless lust for fashionable life,
The constant visits of the milliner,
Her numerous parties, and the enormous
debts

That many a poet is compelled to pay,
When he, *unbound*, might his *quietus* make
With studying Plato? Who would live
alone,

To be the dupe of cunning and deceit;
But that the dread of these *oppressive ills*,
(And oft some others of still darker shade
Which modesty conceals) disturbs the soul;
And makes one rather choose some monk-
ish haunt,

Than fly to noise, confusion, and a wife?
Thus marriage does deter my toiling soul:
And thus the hues of sweet Lavinia's
cheeks

May fade like Autumn leaves ere winter
come;

And all those charms of symmetry and
grace,

With this regard, feel death's untimely
blast,

And all in air dissolve!

MENANDER.

G.S. T.C.R. *Sd March*, 1809.

Lines written on a Summer's Evening.

THE lingering day is closed, and evening
fair

Peeps o'er the brow of yonder western
hill,

Where Contemplation sits, with modest
air,

Charm'd with the music of the lowland
rill.

Scenes such as these awoke Gray's plain-
tive muse

To adoration, sentiment, and song;

Scenes such as these contempt for wealth
infuse,

And lure the poet from Distraction's
throne;

Scenes such as these exalt the frenzied
soul—

Can make the draughts of Castaly more
sweet;

O'er all the spirits hold a mild controul,
And bid the breast with holier raptures
beat!

Abstract the mind to those ethereal spheres,
Where worldly globs subside, and heavenly
pomp appears!

Grafton-street, March 1809.

J. G.

Ung SONNET FRANÇOIS de la 15^{me} Cen-
turie.

O CHER enfantelet, vrai pourtrait de ton
pere,

Dors sur le sien que ta bouche à pressé!
Dors petiot; cloz, amy, sur le sien de ta
mere,

Tien doux œillet par la somme oppresse!

Bel amy, cher petiot, que ta pupille tendre
Gouste ung sommeil qui plus n'est fait
pour moy!

Je veille pour te veoir, te nourrir, te de-
fendre,

Ainz qu'il m'est doux ne veillir que
pour toy!

Dors mien enfantelet, mon souci, mon
idole!

Dors sur mon sien, le sien qui t'a sup-
porté:

Ne m'enjouit encore, le son de ta parole,
Bien ton soubreiz cent fois m'aye trans-
porté!

O cher enfantelet, vrai pourtrait de ton
pere,

Dors sur le sien que ta bouche à pressé!
Dors petiot; cloz, amy, sur le sien de ta
mere,

Tien doux œillet par la somme oppressé!

A FRENCH SONNET of the 15th Century
imitated.

AH lovely babe! dear image of thy sire,
Sleep on the bosom which thy lips
have press'd:

Sleep, cherub, sleep! thy limbs some rest
require,

And close those tender eyes so much op-
press'd!

Sweet little love! whilst you secure enjoy
Slumbers which long have fled from me;
I wake to view, to feed, to guard my boy.
My only comfort is to look on thee!

Hush, my dear child, my only hope, my
joy!

Sleep on that breast, which doth thy life
sustain:

Let me thy pretty voice once more enjoy.
Thy untaught prattle doth such charms
contain!

Ah lovely babe! dear image of thy sire,
Sleep on the bosom which thy lips have
press'd:

Sleep, cherub, sleep! thy limbs some rest
require,

And close those tender eyes so much op-
press'd!

March 9, 1809.

JUVENIS.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. ZACHARIAH BARRAT'S, (*Croydon*) for a *Machine for washing Linen, &c. to which may be attached a contrivance for pressing the water from them instead of wringing.*

THE machine consists of a wooden trough of a convenient size for one person to stand at, with an inclined bottom; the inside surface is made uneven by grooves or projections, about an inch asunder. The ribs of the grooves are hollowed so as to give them a wavy appearance; and into the hollows may be introduced small pieces of burl, or other elastic substance, which in the operation of washing are supposed to act in a similar manner to the human fingers. A hole is made in the bottom of the trough to let off the suds when done with. On the inside of the trough, and parallel with its ends, a roller is fixed on centres, covered with cork, leather, or other soft substances, to prevent noise in the operation of washing, which operation is performed by a person pressing the cloaths in the trough, with a loose board, called an agitator, the under side of which is supported by, and moves on the roller above mentioned. The agitator is constructed of one or more pieces of board, two feet six inches long, framed together so as to form a flat surface, nearly of the width of the interior, having two holes or spaces cut out in the upper end, for the operator's hands. The lower end, about an inch high, is covered with leather, cork, or other fit elastic soft material, with one or two pieces projecting at the bottom, similar to those in the hollowed parts of the grooves, in the inside of the trough. Across the top of the trough is a strong bar, or shelf of wood, on which may be placed an apparatus of any proper construction for pressing out the water to be used as a substitute for wringing: this apparatus is a box, or tube, into which the wet things may be put, and the water pressed out by a piece of wood, of the size nearly of the interior of the box, attached to the end of a screw fixed in a frame. A lever, &c. for creating a pressure may be adopted; or if a screw is used, it may be encircled with a cylinder of leather

to keep it free from wet; otherwise its action would be stiff and unpleasant.

Mr. RALPH DODD'S, (*Change Alley*) for the improved *Bridge-Floorings or Platforms, and Fire-Proof-Floorings for Dwelling-houses, Warehouses, Mills, &c.*

THIS invention consists in a method of applying soft iron, and other metals with condensed earth, artificial stone, &c. As this patent is mostly represented by figures, the first of these may be called a tubical rib, to be used empty, or filled wholly or in part with condensed earth or stone, to be applied from one pier to another, or bearings, straight, triangular, or curved. The second figure represents an upright shaft, or column for sustaining heavy weights, strengthened with condensed earth, or artificial stone. Flanges, or joints, are also used for attaching one to each other, to stand upright, or to be laid horizontal, for conducting fluids or air in a cold or heated state. Another square tube is coated internally or externally with condensed earth, &c. to be used as a beam, rafter, joist, girder, or pile, which may be varied in its shape at pleasure. Another tubical beam has two upper ears or flanges, to fasten down platforms, decks, floorings or other attached parts. These beams must be made water-tight, to prevent their sinking. One of the figures shews the various parts when combined in the formation of houses, warehouses, mills, coated or not; and another figure represents the different divisions when connected and applied to vessels floating in, or on water, or to contain any fluid, coated or otherwise, internally or externally, with condensed earth or artificial stone.

Mr. RICHARD FOTHERGILL'S, (*Sunderland*) for a *Machine for dressing Hemp.*

IN order fully to explain his invention, Mr. Fothergill divides the whole machine into seven parts; of which the first part or operation is to bruise; clean, open, and free hemp

from its native husk, so as to make it fit for the subsequent processes; the second, third, fourth, and fifth parts or operations of the machine are to dress and draw the hemp, and make it fit for spinning; the sixth part or operation is, to spin the same into thread or yarn; and the seventh and last part or operation of the machine is, the twisting and making the thread or yarn into ropes and cordage. These several parts are described by figures, which cannot be introduced here, and of course it will be impossible to do more than announce the invention as we have already done.

Mr. JOHN DICKENSON'S, (*Ludgate-hill*) for his *Invention of a Cannon Cartridge Paper, manufactured on a new Principle.*

"MY invention," says the patentee, "consists in the addition of a certain proportion of wool or woollen rags to the linen rags or other materials, consisting of hemp or flax, that have hitherto been made use of for manufacturing this kind of paper; by means of which, in consequence of the intermixture of the woollen fibres with those of the hemp or flax, when the paper is lighted by the explosion of the powder in the gun, it is prevented from retaining sparks of fire after the flame goes out; the mixture should consist of about two-fifths woollen, and three-fifths linen, or some other fabric composed of hemp or flax. The linen and the woollen should be washed and made into half stuff in separate engines, and afterwards mixed in their proper proportions, and beat together in the beating engine. But if wool is made use of, or woollen rags that are of a

very loose texture, they may, in that case, be washed in the same washing engine with the linen, as well as beat off together in the same beating engine. The woollens require a roll, the bars of which must be so round or dull that they will not cut, otherwise any close-woven rags will be chopped up into small pieces; of course the roll must be heavy, or the process of making them only half stuff will be very tedious. The linen should be very strong and sound, and beat as wet, and at the same time as long, as possible, otherwise with the proportions mentioned above, the paper will not be sufficiently strong. The greater quantity of woollen there is introduced, the more effectually will the paper be prevented hanging fire; but, as it contributes very little to the strength of the paper, it would not be practicable to use a larger proportion than what is mentioned above, except the linen materials were new, and particularly strong. On the other hand, a smaller quantity of woollen would, in a less degree, produce the effect of preventing the paper hanging fire; while, from containing more linen, it would possess greater strength; but I consider the above proportion more eligible, and combining (if the paper is properly manufactured) a sufficient degree of strength, with the property of not retaining fire. The paper should be "engine sized" with alum only, in the proportion of about ten pounds to one hundred and twelve pounds of stuff, and no oil or spirits of vitriol, or any other ingredients, should be put into the engine. The paper should not be picked. This paper is adapted to be cured in the usual manner previous to being made use of."

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE reading of Mr. Troughton's paper, on the division of mathematical instruments by ocular inspection, has been finished. One of the methods adopted was the use of a roller, one sixteenth the diameter of the circle to be divided.

A most curious and interesting paper, read by Mr. Davy, accounted for

the various experiments on the action of potassium on ammonia, and proved that a considerable quantity of nitrogen can be made to disappear, and can be regenerated; nothing is obtained in its place but oxygen and hydrogen, and, when it is formed, its elementary matter is furnished by water. Two modes present themselves for explaining these uncommon results, viz. that nitrogen is either a

compound of hydrogen and oxygen; or, which is most probable, that hydrogen, nitrogen, ammonia, water, and the nitrous compound, all contain the same *ponderable* elementary matter, and that their different forms depend upon their electrical states. This enquiry Mr. Davy is still pursuing.

Dr. Young furnished a series of numerical tables of the elective attraction of acids with alkalies, by means of which 100 figures are made to represent the affinities of 100 different salts, which would otherwise require above 5000 words to express them.

Mr. Brodie has described a twin fœtus, nearly the full size, seven months old, and without either heart, liver, or gall bladder. Though the author, in reading his paper, cited a great number of instances, this was admitted to be the best formed fœtus ever known. It appears that all such children have been twins, and that the present was quite as large as the other which had its organs complete.

Captain Burney furnished two papers, on the motion of heavy bodies on the Thames, and detailed some experiments with loaded sticks to ascertain why loaded barges sailed faster than the current, or than unloaded barges; but he only confirmed the fact that the heaviest end of a pole always went first with the current. His other paper contained a plan for measuring a ship's way at sea, by means of a steel yard and a line, where a pound weight should indicate a mile, or more or less, according to the power of the instrument.

A letter from Mr. Knight to the president, contained further observations on the sap of trees, the formation of radicles from the bark, and also that of the buds from the same source, instead of their being produced from the alburnum, as supposed.

A paper of Mr. Home's on a peculiar joint discovered in the *squalus maximus* (basking shark), lately cast on the sea shore, has been laid before the society, with a drawing. More interesting particulars relative to the stomach of this fish, were to form the subject of another communication.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

MR. CARLISLE having finished his course of Anatomical Lectures before the president, council, and students of the Royal Academy, on taking leave of his auditory, said he trusted that his lectures would not be found destitute of useful information, and he thanked his auditors for their attention and indulgence. The principal objects defined in the lectures alluded to were the bones and the muscles, and in order to shew the compression and distension of the latter, and their occasional prominence in certain positions of the body, when applied to labour, two living subjects were exhibited, and confirmed to demonstration the ingenious remarks of the learned gentleman. They were directed one after the other to raise a considerable weight by means of the lever, which they pushed from them, the body in an inclining posture; and then reversing their position, they let the weight gradually descend, following the lever as the weight declined; so that the operation of the anterior and posterior muscles were visibly demonstrated. These experiments gave general satisfaction.

The figures exhibited were those of Gregson, the pugilist, and a sawyer, whose name we could not learn:—the former has a fine trunk, but his figure is by no means perfect, and is deficient in strength from the knee downwards. The figure of the sawyer was an infinitely better study, though diminutive in stature compared with the former. He has been accustomed to labour all his life, and being spare of flesh, the muscles displayed themselves with most astonishing distinctness. The instant he put forth his strength the muscles in every part of the body assumed a prominence, and their action was so distinct and apparent, that the theory of the lecturer was exemplified to the most perfect conviction.

The lecture was* numerously attended, and, in addition to the academicians and students, many professors of surgery were present, and a long etcetera of professional men of all descriptions.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Improved Mode of constructing Muffles for Chemical Purposes. By Mr. Edmund Turrell.

HAVING experienced much inconvenience in the common mode of moulding muffles on wooden blocks, for the use of chemists, enamellers, &c. I beg leave to lay before your praiseworthy society an improved method, possessing the following advantages:—namely,

First. By this new method of moulding muffles, coarser and cheaper materials may be used than can be employed in the common mode; and which also gives them the valuable property of resisting a greater degree of heat.

Secondly. That much time will be saved by this improved method of manufacturing them, must be allowed, when the two modes are compared.

Thirdly. The certainty of making them without cracks or flaws, and with coarser materials, will appear obvious, when it is considered, that by this improved method, they are *internally* moulded instead of *externally*: by which means the strength of the operator may have its full effect, in firmly compressing the composition into the mould. Whereas, in the old mode, the workman, after having spread the composition upon a cloth, guessing at its thickness, bends it over the block in the best way he can, and by thus disturbing the composition, he must needs make many cracks and flaws, which can be but imperfectly closed in smoothing the surface of the muffle, whilst upon the block; the evil consequence attending which is, its being subject to fly or crack, when exposed to a great heat; and it will also be plainly seen, that, in the old mode, a great disadvantage is felt by the sides of the muffle, whilst in its wet state, hanging from its centre, and which also tends to crack it, as there can be nothing applied to assist it in this case, but by employing a greater proportion of cohesive clay in the composition, which, however, produces little if any advantage; whereas in this mode, this fault is entirely obviated, and the composition, by its construction in drying, assists the

extrication of the muffle from the mould.

Fourthly. With respect to simplicity, this new mode will be found to possess a very great advantage, for a boy of 12 years of age may be taught to make them in a very short time.

The Fifth advantage in this improvement, and of equal consideration, is the cheapness of the article; the price of which has been reduced nearly one-third to the consumer; and when the superior quality of them is taken into consideration, it may fairly be said to full one-half, when regard is had to their superior quality; and that the muffles may be used over again, when broken and ground, with a much less proportion of cohesive clay than in the old mode; and this is conceived to be no inconsiderable advantage; for it is well known, that when the old muffles are broken, crucibles can be used without much fresh clay, they are far superior to new materials.

Sixthly. The muffles made in the old way are seldom of equal thickness; whereas those made according to the method presented before the society, will be found to possess that necessary quality in perfection; for, if an hundred are made from the same mould, they will all be of the same thickness.

FRENCH NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

THE following are the particulars of the constitution of this celebrated establishment. Our readers need scarcely to be informed, that it is stationed at Paris, and is destined "to improve and perfect the arts and sciences by uninterrupted researches through their whole circle, by the publication of discourses on every subject connected with them; by correspondence with learned natives and foreign societies, and by every means that may forward these important views." In obedience to their laws and the declarations of their government, they are to forward such scientific and literary works that have for their object general utility, and the glory of France. It is divided into four classes, viz. Physics and the Mathematics—the French Literature and Language—History and an-

cient Literature—the Fine Arts. The first class consists of eleven divisions, viz. *Mathematical Sciences*—Geometry, six members; mechanics, six; astronomy, six; geography and navigation, three; physics in general, six.

Physical—Chemistry, six members; mineralogy, six; botany, six; rural economy and the veterinary art, six; anatomy and zoology, six; physics and surgery, six. This class nominates, subject to the Emperor's approbation, two perpetual secretaries, one for the mathematical, and the other for the physical sciences. The perpetual secretaries are to be accounted only as general members of the class, but not of any division.

The first class are permitted to elect six of its members into the other classes of the Institute; it can also nominate a hundred correspondents selected from learned men, natives or foreigners.

The second class is composed of forty members, and in some degree corresponds with the *ci-devant* French academy. It is particularly intrusted and charged with the completion of the French dictionary, and to examine in relation to their language, such important works in literature, history, and the sciences, as merit their attention. It nominates of itself, and subject to the approbation of the Emperor, a perpetual secretary, who still continues to make a part of the forty members of which this class is composed. They are allowed to elect twelve of their members into those of the other classes of the Institute.

The third class is composed of forty members, and eight foreign associates. The learned languages, antiquities, monuments, history, the moral and political sciences, in their relation to history, are the objects of its researches; it endeavours particularly to enrich French literature, from the works of such Greek, Latin, and Oriental authors, that have not yet been translated. The members are charged with the continuation of a collection of diplomatic papers, facts, &c. A perpetual secretary is nominated in the same manner as in the other classes, and among other privileges, nine of the members of this class, named by themselves, are qual-

ified to sit as members of the other classes of the Institute; they can also nominate and appoint sixty correspondents, natives or foreigners. The fourth class, or that of the fine arts, which will particularly demand our attention, is composed of twenty-eight members and eight foreign associates. It is composed and subdivided in the following manner:

Painting, six members; sculpture, six members; architecture, six members; engraving, three members; musical composition, three members.

This class nominates, subject to the Emperor's approbation, a perpetual secretary; six of its members may be elected from the other class; and it is allowed to nominate thirty-six corresponding members from natives absent from Paris, or foreigners. The foreign associates have a deliberative voice only for the objects of science, literature, and the arts.

The foreign members of the Institute form a part of the one hundred and ninety-six correspondents, attached to the classes of the sciences, literature and the fine arts. The correspondents are not to assume the title of members of the Institute, and they lose that of correspondents, during the time of their residence at Paris.

The nominations to vacant places is made by each of the classes where the place is just vacant, the election to be confirmed by the Emperor.

The members of the four classes have the right to assist reciprocally in the particular places of each, to the reading or lectures when they are requested.

The body of the Institute unite four times in the year to give an account of their works.

They elect, in common, the librarian and sub-librarian of the Institute, likewise all the agents and officers that belong to the Institute.

Each class holds every year a public meeting, at which the three others assist.

There is, for the Institute in general, a committee, composed of five members, two of the first class, and one from each of the other three, named by their respective classes.

This committee regulates, during the general meetings, all that relates

to the administration; to the general expences of the Institute, and to the division of the funds between the four classes.

Each class afterwards regulates the employ of the funds that are assigned to it for its expences, as all that relates to the printing and publication of its memoirs, &c.

Every year each class distributes prizes; the number and value of which are regulated in the following manner:

The first class, a prize of three thousand francs: the second and third, each a prize of one thousand five hundred ditto: and the fourth class, grand prizes in painting, sculpture, architecture, and musical composition. Those who have had one of these grand prizes are sent to Rome, and maintained at the public expence.

The following is a list of the members of the fourth class—

First Division, Painting—David, Van-Spaendonck, Vien, Vincent, Regnault, Taunay, Denon, Viscouti.

Second Division, Sculpture—Pargou, Hondon, Moitte, Roland, Dejoux, Chaudet.

Third Division, Architecture—Gondoin, Peyre, Raymond, Dufourny, Chalgrin, Haurtier.

Fourth Division, Engraving—Ber-
vic, Jeuffroy, Duvivier.

Fifth Division, Musical Composition—Méhul, Gossec, Grétry, Monvel, Grandmenil; Le Breton, perpetual Secretary.

The foreign associates of the fourth class are, Canova at Rome, Appiani, at Milan; Raffaele Morghen, at Florence; Sergell, at Stockholm; Ben. West, at London; Haydn, at Vienna; Marvuglia, at Palermo; Salieri, at Vienna.

NORFOLK AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE half-yearly general meeting of the Agricultural Society of this county, held at Lynn, was very respectably attended; at which its worthy representative, T. W. Coke, Esq. presided. Previous to the dinner some choice sheep were exhibited by Mr. Coke and Mr. Money Hill, of the South-down breed; and by Colonel Fitzroy and Mr. Money, of the Leicester. A yearling of the first-

named gentleman being slaughtered, weighed 6st. 2lbs.—tallow 1st. 6lbs. which was guessed within a pound by Mr. Kett, of Norwich. After dinner, the healths of *The King—Prosperity to the Society—Mr. M. Hill—Mr. Coke—The Rev. St. John Priest—Colonel Cunningham—and The Absent Members*—were drunk with great éclat; together with *Breeding in all its branches—Small in size and great in value—Prosperity to the Town of Lynn—The man who dares to be honest in the worst of times*—which last toast induced a gentleman to give *Colonel Wardle*, and the same was received with three cheers; *Friendship in marble, and Animosity in dust*, terminated their libations.

Soon after dinner, on the health of Col. Cunningham being drunk, Mr. Coke took occasion to recommend, in his usual handsome manner, the proposals of that gentleman for purchasing Scotch and other cattle by commission, as the most sure means of obtaining the *pure breed* of the respective kinds of stock, which he thought had been of late years too little attended to; and the colonel's terms, he conceived, to be very moderate, as he only required 16s. 6d. each for the larger sorts, and 5s. for the small Highlanders—a sum considered very reasonable for the advantages to be derived from his acknowledged judgment in the selection of stock, which now were generally culled over before the drovers reached this county. He also took occasion to recommend some yellow turnip-seed received from Col. Graham, of Scotland, which grew almost entirely beneath the surface of the earth, and would stand the severest weather, being superior to the Swedish, as he had proved by 16 acres sowed in his plantations this year, which were not injured by the bite of hares or rabbits. He said he should transplant a sufficient quantity to give seed to his numerous agricultural friends.

The model of a *portable field barn* was shewn at this meeting by Mr. Osborne Butcher. This moveable building is intended to prevent the expensive, but hitherto necessary practice, of removing corn stacks a great distance in the winter. The barn is placed on rollers, to elevate it

sufficiently from the ground. Each side contains 8 pannels, 3 feet wide, which are fixed in grooves, and fastened by two iron rests, supporting a wooden bar going across with-in-side. The roof contains the same number of shorter slides or pannels, somewhat similar to a long flat tile, and it (the roof) is 7 feet high and 24 long. The inside of the barn is 16 feet wide, and there are two doors, one at each end, to procure a thorough draft when dressing the corn, with ample room to contain a threshing machine. This portable barn is strong and durable, but yet can be taken to pieces by two men in six hours, removed, and again as firmly erected with equal celerity.

Mr. T. Weavers delivered the engraving from his painting of Mr. Coke. It is but justice to this young but rising artist, to say, that the print has given general satisfaction. The portraits of Mr. Coke, Mr. Walton, and the two shepherds, are most faithful representations of their persons; the scenery in the middle ground, consisting of a view of Holkham-hall, with the surrounding grounds—the church just appearing above the trees—and, in the perspective, the German Ocean—forms altogether a *coup d'œil* highly interesting, and clearly displaying Mr. Weavers' taste for landscape scenery.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

MR. RYLAND is preparing for the press a romance, to be entitled, *Francesco, or the Fool of Genius*, founded on the extraordinary life of Mazzuoli, celebrated as a painter by the name of Parmegiano.

The Rev. Robert Bland, author of *Edwin and Elgiva*, has in the press a poetical romance, in ten cantos, entitled, *the Four Slaves of Cytherea*.

The Rev. J. Girdlestone intends to publish by subscription all the *Odes of Pindar*, translated into English verse, with notes explanatory and critical.

Mr. Webb intends to publish an edition of his most admired *Glees*, in three volumes folio, containing about one hundred pages each.

Dr. Crotch intends to read *Lectures on music at the Hanover-square Rooms*; and will shortly publish his third volume of the *Specimens of various kinds of Music*.

A Society of Physicians in this metropolis have been engaged in collecting materials for a new work, to be called the *Annual Medical Register*, containing a complete account of the medicinal literature of the preceding year, with an historical sketch of the discoveries and improvements in medicine, and the collateral sciences; a report of the general state of health and disease in the metropolis, a brief

detail of miscellaneous occurrences, &c. &c.

Mr. Park's edition of Warton's *History of English Poetry* is in great forwardness; he has engaged to revise both text and notes, and free the extracts from the former charge of inaccuracy, and also to continue the extracts according to the author's plan. The copious annotations on Warton's *History*, by the late learned antiquary, the Rev. George Ashby, and various manuscript observations by that acute critic, Mr. Ritson, are in the hands of the present editor.

Mr. Rose has expressed his intention to publish some *Observations on the Historical Fragment of Mr. Fox*, and an *Original Narrative of the Duke of Argyle's Insurrection in 1685*.

Mr. Bewick, of Newcastle, celebrated for his ability in engraving on wood, is engaged on a *System of Economical or Useful Botany*, which will include about 450 plants, the most useful in the *Materia Medica*, in diet and manufactures. The text accompanying them, has been prepared by Dr. Thornton; it relates to the history and uses of the several plants. There will be two editions, one on royal paper, and the other, more numerous, on demy.

A Treatise on the *Art of Fencing*, theoretically and experimentally explained, upon principles entirely new

is intended to be published by subscription, by Mr. J. Roland, at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich.

An Apology for the King's Supremacy, and Memoirs of the Supremacy of the Pope, with its rise, progress, and results in different ages and nations, so far as relates to civil affairs, is in the press, and will form an octavo volume.

A new edition of Quintilian, after the manner of Rollin's Compendium, will shortly appear from Oxford, in an octavo volume.

The Search of Humanism of the Temple of Happiness, by Mr. Lucas, is preparing for publication.

A member of the University of Oxford has announced for publication Lindley Murray examined, in an Address to Classical, English, and French teachers, pointing out grammatical errors, and the necessity of an English grammar that will lead to that of any other language, without violating the purity of the English.

Mr. C. Bradley, of Wallingford, has in the press a Series of Questions adapted to Lindley Murray's English Grammar, with notes for the use of those who have made some proficiency in the study of the English.

Mr. Robert Buchanan intends to publish a second edition of his Essay on heating Buildings by Steam, which will contain a methodical collection of the facts that have been really ascertained, and have rendered the practice certain and commodious.

The Rev. Mr. Ewing, of Glasgow, at the request of the London Missionary Society, shortly intends to publish Essays addressed to the Jews, on the authority, the scope, and the consummation of the Law and the Prophets, in one volume duodecimo.

Mr. Farmer is printing a second edition of his Sermons on the Parables, in one octavo volume.

The first volume of a new Annual Publication will appear shortly, entitled, The Ecclesiastical and University Annual Register. Its object is to bring into one view all matters and occurrences relating to the Church; and to preserve all such documents as may be of permanent interest to the Establishment. A

complete list of Rectories, Vicarages, &c. &c. will conclude the first volume.

Mr. John Lloyd, of Cefenfaes Men-trog, Merionethshire, intends to publish by subscription, The Records of North Wales, consisting of all the State Papers relating to that part of the principality; the correspondence between the ancient Welsh Princes and the English Court; grants to the different borough towns; ancient letters relative to the affairs of the principality, its castles, &c. &c.; articles of their capitulation in the civil wars; lists of the sheriffs of the six counties from the earliest periods; grants of lands to monks, monasteries, and other public bodies, with every document calculated to throw light on former times. This work will form two volumes octavo.

Among other improvements in consequence of the settlement of the English at Malta, it is observed by a late traveller, that "most of the towns-people, who used to wear caps, have now hats; those (says this correspondent) whom I remember walking on foot, now ride; they who had formerly an ass or mule, now keep their caresses, the coach of the country, and all this within the space of five or six years. The French, on the contrary, while they were at Malta, not only destroyed the Maltese trade, but even broke up the fishing boats for firewood."

Mr. Carey has published a corrected account of the phenomenon of the Marine Rainbow; in this, alluding to the period when his observations were first made, he says, "Innumerable small rainbows were seen at once starting up to view, and vanishing in rapid succession, all within a limited space in the quarter opposed to the sun, where the showery spray of each wave, as tossed from its curling top by the wind, offered to the astonished sight, the momentary exhibition of a perfect rainbow, though of diminished size."

Dr. Corcoran has lately invented a method, simple and effectual, for purifying small grained salt of the *magnesia salita*, and other deliquescent salts, which have hitherto rendered marine salt incapable of preserving fish. This discovery of Dr.

Coventry's will also extend to several other useful purposes.

The following is a very excellent composition for portable or extemporaneous ink:—Take half a pound of honey and the yolk of an egg, and mix them well together; add two drams of gum-arabic, finely levigated; and thicken the whole with lamp-black to the consistence of a thick paste, which, with a proper quantity of water, may be used as an ink.

Africa.

Cotton and rice have lately been imported from Sierra Leone; and it is presumed that, if this part of Africa is properly encouraged, the real value of its productions will greatly exceed those of the gold coast.

Canada.

The attention of builders, timber dealers, &c. has lately been turned to this quarter, to a degree which promises to be of considerable effect. Arrangements have lately been made for sending out a great number of hands from England to Canada, where they are to be employed in felling timber. Such has been the want of timber recently, that in the new town of Edinburgh and its adjacencies, including miles of streets, not a *timber employed is of home growth*: Canada, in the course of last year, before the new arrangements were adopted, supplied 50,000 load of timber, and it is supposed to be equal in quality to that which we used to receive from America. The culture of hemp is also very rapidly extending in Canada: several hundred tons were grown last year near Montreal and in Upper Canada.

Holland.

The effects of the inundations and storms in the beginning of February and the last days of January, in this country, have been dreadful beyond all conception. More than fourteen large villages and hamlets have been destroyed, together with some hundreds of men, women, children, and cattle. The dykes in several places having given way, and the thaw having dislocated large quantities of ice, these bodies, being set in motion, had loosened houses, trees, &c. &c. from their foundations, and borne them

along with irresistible force into the ocean, or till the whole was separated or dashed in pieces. It was uncommon thing to see houses carried upon the surface of the water, and and driving along upon the torrent, while the unfortunate inhabitants were in vain imploring that aid which was seldom able to succour them, or resist the force of the devouring elements. Numbers of persons have lost their all, and many have been saved by the brave and benevolent exertions of others. Even as high as Wesel, the country had suffered in a very great proportion among other events made public by the municipal officers of that place, it is mentioned that a young woman, whose mother and some of her neighbours had taken refuge from an inundation upon an eminence, had saved her parent at the certain risk of her own life, swimming with her upon her back, up to her shoulders in water: But, lamentable to say, this heroic young woman returning twice more to the same spot, to save a poor woman with two children; (she had saved two persons besides her own mother before) a fresh sea poured in, and swept her away with the victims she came to rescue. At Gorinchem, the town itself was in very great danger, in consequence of a breach made in the dyke near that place. The King of Holland with some of his Dutch officers were upon the spot, and by their example in encouraging the people to exert themselves in pulling up the stones to throw into the dyke; after four hours hard labour, during which the town magazine was emptied of all the beds, mattresses, sails, and every thing of a bulky nature, they were fortunate enough to keep the water out of the place, though not till some houses in the environs were washed away. Louis Bonaparte, the King of Holland, stood up to his middle in water during the whole of this time, giving directions and assisting with his own hands; and was an eye witness to the circumstance of a Jewess's jumping out of her window, with a child in her arms, up to the neck in water. The King gave the parson of Lendeck, twenty ducats to distribute immediately among the poorest of the people, and offered premiums to those

persons who should exert themselves in saving the lives of others.

India.

The culture of Mahogany in this part of the world has been attended with great success. Two plants, it seems, the first known in India, were sent out by the Court of Directors to the Botanic Garden at Calcutta; from these two, upwards of 1000 plants have been reared, and continue in such a thriving state as to promise in a few years to be a valuable acquisition to this country. Last year, the two original trees were nearly four feet in circumference, and several of the others were two or three feet in their rotundity.

Italy.

The following State Paper is given as an instance of the enlightened liberality of the nineteenth century:—

“All persons as well ecclesiastical as civil, must denounce and notify all and every one of those whom they know, or shall hear, that they meddle with experiments in necromancy, or any other kind of magic.

“Given at the Sacred Office, in Pesaro, this twenty-sixth day of April, 1802.”

Russia.

To promote the manufacture of cloth, the Russian Ministry have published a proclamation, inviting persons of every description, connected with this business in foreign countries, to proceed to Russia. They promise that the settlers shall be well received, either in the old Russian towns, or in the provinces newly incorporated with the empire. Besides paying the expenses of their passage, the Russian government will furnish them with lodgings, work-shops, utensils and wool, and maintain them free of expense for six months. They may

choose their own wool, and a fixed price is put upon it. Every piece of cloth manufactured by them is to be paid for in ready money. When they have given satisfaction as to their capacity, houses are to be built for them, with garden-ground annexed. As long as they work for government, they are not to be called upon to repay any of the advances made to them. If they prefer working on their own account, they may enter into business with the same privileges as ordinary manufacturers, on condition of refunding the value received from the Russian government. Besides enjoying the same privileges as the rest of the colonists in New Russia, during ten years, they will not be called upon for any impost beyond the ordinary per-centage.

South America.

The markets in the Brazils, we are sorry to hear, are literally glutted with English commodities, so that a number of vessels must probably return without breaking bulk; and others must be satisfied with disposing of about an eighth of their cargoes. It is stated, that this is partly owing to a want of spirit and address on the part of the Portuguese merchants; but this is not exactly the case. Many of the articles carried out from Great Britain have been manufactured in a style much too expensive for the habits of the people in that country, particularly in iron and steel. Besides, vast quantities of the former have been sent out under a wrong idea; as the merchants seemed till then to have been ignorant that a very hard wood is generally used in the Brazils as a substitute for iron, and has been on account of its quality, called *Pao ferro*; viz. the *iron tree*.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

Dr. JAMES ANDERSON.

JAMES ANDERSON was born about the year 1739, at Hermiston, a village about six miles from Edinburgh, of parents who succeeded their forefathers for several generations in cultivating the same land. Nothing remarkable is known of them: they were a family of respectable far-

mers; and our author may be said to have inhaled with his first breath, that spirit of agricultural knowledge for which he became so distinguished.

In his boyish years he formed an intimacy, which remained uninterrupted till his death, with his kinsman and namesake, the present James Anderson, M.D. Physician General at

Madras: born in the same village, they went to school together, learnt the same task, fought each other's battles, and joined in the same amusements; this early association produced a similarity in their future pursuits, the one being no less eminent in India, than the other has been in Europe, for a patriotic life and exertions for the benefit of mankind in general. They kept up a constant correspondence, and communicated to each other their various productions and discoveries.

Having been deprived of both his parents, while yet very young, it was the wish of his guardian that he should occupy the paternal farm when old enough to undertake such a charge; and as much learning was not thought necessary for a farmer, young Anderson was discouraged by his friends, from prosecuting his studies beyond a common school education; but that decision and firmness which were throughout his life the most conspicuous features of his character, now began to appear, and he displayed a resolution to judge and act for himself. He informs us,* that, having read Home's Essay on Agriculture, and finding that he could not understand the reasoning for want of chemical knowledge, he immediately resolved to attend Cullen's lectures on that science. Being very young, and unaided by the countenance of any friend who could give him advice, or introduce him to the world, he waited on Dr. Cullen, and explained his views and intentions. The Doctor, considering it as a boyish whim, which might lead him away from his necessary pursuits; at first endeavoured to dissuade him from the undertaking; but finding that our youth had fully reflected on the subject, and adopted his resolution with a fixed determination to persevere in it, he assented to the design; and as the penetration of that celebrated man soon discovered the capacity and steadiness of his young pupil's mind, he not only encouraged his present object, but became his sincere friend, carefully directed his future studies, "listened with condescension to the arguments that were dictated by youth and in-

experience, and patiently removing those difficulties that perplexed him." Thus began a friendship and intimacy between them, which never ceased during the life of that eminent professor.

With the assistance of such a patron, and with the natural energies of his own understanding, it is not to be wondered at that he made rapid advances, not only in chemistry, but also in other branches of learning, which, as it were, grew out of this his first academical study; for the various branches of science are so connected with each other, that, to a mind, constituted like his, the attainment of information on one constantly induce the desire of prosecuting others: and this takes place in an eminent degree at the university of Edinburgh, where the great attention and abilities of the professors, combined with the moderateness of the expence, have for many years afforded remarkable facilities and encouragement to the student.

At the same time he did not neglect the duties of his farm, of which he took the management upon himself about the age of 15, assisted by four older sisters; and he employed himself in the exercise of his profession and his studies with so much assiduity for several years, that he barely allowed sufficient time for the repose required by nature.

His friends soon perceiving that his ardour in the pursuit of literary knowledge was not to be controuled, suggested a medical profession as the most advisable for him to follow; but to this he took a dislike, and could never be reconciled to it: he therefore determined to prosecute his original line of life. After having occupied Hermiston for a few years, he quitted it as a place that did not possess a sufficient field for his enterprising mind, and took a long lease of a large farm in the wilds of Aberdeenshire, consisting of about 1300 acres of land, almost in a state of nature. This vast undertaking was entered on before he was of age, the execution of the lease having been deferred till the arrival of that period.

In the midst of the difficulties he had to contend with in bringing this tract into cultivation, which were

* Bee, Vol. I. p. 50.

very great, arising chiefly from the badness or total want of roads, the remote distance from markets, and the precariousness of the climate, he began his career as an author, with his *Essays on Planting, &c.* first printed in the year 1771, in the *Edinburgh Weekly Magazine*, under the signature of "*Agricola*," and again published separately in 1771. The first edition of his *Essays on Agriculture, Observations on National Industry*, and several others of his early writing, were composed during a residence of more than 20 years at Monkhill, the name of the above mentioned farm. In 1768, at the age of 29, our author married Miss Seton, of Mounie, a descendant of the ancient and noble house of Winton, who brought him 13 children by this marriage the estate of Mounie in Aberdeenshire came into his possession, and still remains in the family.

His merits as an author having become generally known, and his abilities as a practical farmer being acknowledged, his acquaintance and correspondence began to be courted by men of letters throughout the kingdom, and his society sought by persons of the first respectability in his own neighbourhood. In the year 1780, the honorary degrees of A.M. and L.L.D. were conferred upon him by the University of Aberdeen, not only without solicitation on his part, but before any communication took place with him on the subject.

In 1783, having previously arranged matters for the conducting of his farm, he removed to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, principally, we believe, with a view to the education of his increasing family, and influenced, no doubt, by a desire to live where he could enjoy more of literary society than was to be had in so remote a part of the country; and to this end no place could be more conducive than the northern metropolis.

Previous to his departure from Aberdeenshire, he was actively employed in promoting measures for alleviating the distresses of the poorer classes in that county, owing to the failure of the crops of grain in 1782; and by his great exertions, in exciting the attention of the neighbouring gentlemen to the state of the county

on that trying occasion, we have reason to think that he was the principal means of averting the calamities of severe famine from that part of the kingdom.

About the same year he printed, and circulated among his friends, a proposal for establishing the Northern British Fisheries. This tract was never published, but the attention of government being excited to the subject by it, he was applied to by the Treasury to undertake a survey of the western coast of Scotland, for the purpose of obtaining information on this important subject. This public spirited enquiry he undertook, and accomplished, in 1784, having a revenue cutter appointed to convey him round the coast; thus devoting his time and abilities to the public, much to the detriment of his own private affairs; and we are well assured he never received one shilling of remuneration from government for this meritorious service, although the ministers expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with his performance of it; and it was even with great difficulty, and after many applications, that he obtained the reimbursement of his actual necessary expences incurred in the service. About this time he was employed in his researches on the subject of sheep, and the improvement of wool, in concert with Sir John Skelclair; his opinions thereupon, delivered to the Highland Society, are published.

We next find him engaged in preparing for the publication of the *Bee*. This was a project he had long contemplated, namely, a weekly periodical work, designed for the dissemination of useful knowledge, which by its cheapness should be calculated for all ranks of people, while sufficient attention was paid to its various literary departments to render it respectable in the highest circles. His name was now so highly established, that the encouragement given by the public to this performance was wonderful, and nothing but great mismanagement in conducting the commercial part of the work, for which, like most persons of similar habits, he was ill adapted, could have caused it to fail in being a very profitable concern to him.

His own writings form a conspicuous part of this book; some of them will be seen under the name of *Senex*, *Timothy Hairbrain*, *Alciades*, and the greater part of the matter without signature. It is painful to observe how seldom the genius to conceive and instruct is united with sufficient perseverance to execute. The Doctor takes an affecting leave of his readers at the end of the eighteenth volume, finding it impossible for him to contend longer with the difficulties he experienced in conducting it; and principally those of getting in the subscription money. During the progress of this work, he opened a correspondence with many eminent persons, who were distinguished as literary and public spirited characters, abroad and at home; among these we may mention General Washington, with whom he carried on an interesting correspondence, and Mr. Johnes, the elegant biographer of Froissart, &c. with whose intimate friendship he was honoured till the day of his death.

In the course of this publication a circumstance happened that affords us an opportunity of admiring the steady independence of his spirit, and that firmness of conduct which conscious rectitude alone could inspire. At the time that the baneful effects of French revolutionary principles had perverted the senses of most classes of people, the Scottish metropolis was not the least conspicuous for its violence in the cause of mistaken freedom. At length government considered it necessary to interfere in repressing the dissemination of these destructive doctrines: prosecutions had already been commenced against several of the leading zealots, when our publisher received a summons to appear before the sheriff, who demanded of him to give up the name of the author of the "*Political Progress of Great Britain*," a series of essays that had appeared in the *Bee*. This he peremptorily refused, requesting that he might be considered as the author himself. No one, however, could suspect him to be the writer of these papers, as his opinions were well known to be of an opposite tendency to those inculcated therein. The sheriff desired him to consider of

the matter, and cautioned him against the evil consequence of persisting in a refusal to disclose the real author. He was summoned a second and third time; but steadily adhered to his first answer, and was permitted to withdraw. At length all his people in the printing and *Bee* offices were called upon: he accompanied them to the court, and, in the presence of the magistrates, addressed them, saying, "My lads, you are my servants, and bound to keep your master's secrets; I therefore enjoin you, on no account to discover who is the author of the *Political Progress of Great Britain*, and I will hold you harmless for so doing." They all adhered to his directions, and so great was the respect in which he was held, that the magistrates, though frustrated in this cavalier manner, refrained from taking any step against him.

The greater number of his sons having left Scotland, and as little remained in it to excite any other than melancholy feelings, he removed to the vicinity of London, about the year 1797. Being no stranger here among literary men, he found great satisfaction in their society.

Prevailed on by the entreaty of his friends, he once more engaged in the service of the public, and produced, in April 1799, the first number of his "*Recreations*," a miscellaneous monthly publication, having for its principal objects agriculture and natural history. Although this work contained a number of communications from others, yet the greater part of it is written by himself. It met with the greatest encouragement from the public; but complaining of the irregularity of the printers and booksellers as being intolerable, he dropt it at the end of the sixth volume.

During the publication of his "*Recreations*," he wrote and printed separately his correspondence with General Washington, and a calm investigation on the scarcity of grain. The thirty-seventh number of his "*Recreations*" is his last publication, in March 1802, after which he resigned himself to quiet retirement, at a time when he foresaw the decline of his own powers approaching; these were hastened to decay by being over-

worked. He died on the 15th of October last, aged 69, one half of which time was devoted to the benefit of his fellow creatures.

M. BOTTINEAU, the French Nauscopile.

NAUSCOPY is the art of discovering the approach of ships on the neighbourhood of lands at a considerable distance. This knowledge is not derived either from the undulation of waves, or from the subtilty of sight; but merely from observation of the horizon, which discovers signs indicating the approach of large objects. On the approximation of a ship towards the land, or towards another ship, there appears in the atmosphere a meteor of a particular nature, which, with a little attention, is visible to any person.

M. Bottineau (a native of the island of Bourbon) laid his discovery before M. de Castries in 1784. The minister sent him back to the island to continue his observations there, under the inspection and superintendance of the government. M. Bottineau engaged, that not a single ship should arrive at the island without his having sent information of it several days before.

An exact register of his communications was kept in the secretary's office. All his reports were compared with the ships' books as soon as they arrived, to see whether the variations of weather, calms which retarded them, &c. &c. were such as agreed with his reports.

It must be observed, that when his reports were made, the watchmen, stationed on the mountains, could never perceive any appearance of ships; for M. Bottineau announced their approach when they were more than a hundred leagues distant.

From the authenticated journal of his reports, which has been published, it appears that he was wonderfully accurate. Within eight months, and in sixty-two reports, he announced the arrival of one hundred and fifty ships of different descriptions.

Of the fact there can be no reasonable doubt, because every method was adopted to prevent deception, and his informations were not only registered,

as soon as they were made in the government office, but were also publicly known over the whole island. The offices of government, moreover, were far from being partial to M. Bottineau; on the contrary, they were displeased with him, for obstinately refusing to sell them his secret, which they wanted to purchase at a high price, so that he could expect no favour from their representations. Truth, however, obliged them to give abundant testimony to the reality of his extraordinary talent, in their letter to the French minister, which is published in a "*Memoire sur la Nauscopie, par M. Bottineau.*"

The following are two of the reports extracted from this memoir:—

"On the 20th of August, 1784, I discovered some vessels at the distance of four days sail from the island. On the following day, the number multiplied considerably to my sight. This induced me to send information of many vessels; but though they were only at four days distance, I nevertheless stated in my report, that no settled time could be fixed on for their arrival, as they were detained by a calm. On the 25th the calm was so complete, as to make me think, for a few hours, that the fleet had disappeared and gone to some other place. I soon after perceived again the presence of the fleet by the revived signs. It was still in the same state of inaction, of which I sent information. From the 20th of August to the 10th of September, I did not cease to announce, in my reports, the continuation of the calm. On the 13th I sent word that the fleet was no longer becalmed, and that it would arrive at the island within 48 hours. Accordingly, to the surprise of the whole island, M. de Regnier's fleet arrived at Port Louisa on the 15th. The general astonishment was greatly increased, when it was known that this fleet had been becalmed since the 20th of August, near Rodriguez islands, which was precisely the distance that I had pointed out in my reports.

"I soon had another opportunity of shewing the certainty of my observations. A few days before the arrival of M. de Regnier's fleet, I announced the appearance of another

fleet, which became perceptible to me. This created a great deal of uneasiness, because as no other French fleet was expected, that which I discovered might be English ships. I was ordered to repeat my observations, with accuracy. I clearly perceived the passage of several ships, and declared, they were not bound for our island, but taking another course. In consequence of this information, the *Naiade* frigate, and the *Duc de Chartres* cutter were suddenly dispatched to M. de Suffrein. The cutter actually

saw and avoided the English fleet, in the 9th degree, but unfortunately did not find M. de Suffrein in the bay of Trincomalee. The report of the cutter effectually convinced the incredulous of the reality of my discovery."

The last circumstance, of dispatching the frigate and cutter, plainly shews the confidence which the French officers must have put in the information of M. Bottineau. It shews also that he deserved their confidence.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LITTLE THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

THURSDAY, March 9.—A new comedy, acknowledged as the production of Mr. Allingham, and intitled "*Independence*," was represented at Colman's theatre, by the Covent-Garden company.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir George Scornful Mr. Munden.
Mr. Glenbie Mr. Brunton.
Balance Mr. Fawcett.
Harper Mr. Emery.
Bungle (his Clerk) Mr. Liston.
Herbert Mr. C. Kemble.
Patter Mr. Simmons.
Kenraw Mr. Murray.
Ellen Scornful Mrs. H. Johnston.
Jane Balance Miss Bolton.
Mrs. Peaceful Mrs. Davenport.

The Fable is by no means complex. *Glenbie*, believing his elder brother dead, is promised the hand of *Ellen*; but his unexpected return destroys the connection, and the lady is married to her favourite *Herbert*, a poor lad educated by *Sir George*. *Balance* is the "Trustee," who proves his "independence" and honesty, and refuses ten thousand pounds offered him by *Glenbie* to conceal the will. *Bungle* and *Harper* contribute highly to the effect of the piece.

The following were the best effusions:—

Patter. I hope I am not deficient in politeness.

Balance. I don't sell it—seldom called for—quite out.

Mrs. Balance. My husband is laying in a stock.

Patter. A stock! I trust I am not in the way.

Balance. Yes, you're an attorney, and there are in every body's way.

Balance. A good heart is a palliative for a bad temper.

The Epilogue happily delineated the anxieties of an author. It was charmingly delivered by Mrs. H. Johnston, who, with Miss Bolton, C. Kemble, Munden, Liston, Fawcett, Emery, and Simmons, were loudly applauded.

While the critics generally damned this piece, the managers had the temerity to intrude it upon the public for three or four nights in succession, when they withdrew it altogether.

The following observations in respect to Mr. Allingham were made upon the piece:—

"Mr. Allingham's finest fancy seems to have been born and bred in a shop: if his ideas are lively, they jump up and down the pigeon-holes; if they are sentimental, they go to sleep under the counter. The whole intellectual as well as personal stock of the *hero of the comedy* was vested in his articles on sale; he drew his allegories from almonds, and his prosopœias from pennyworths of candy; such and such a man he would describe as equal in worth to so much of retail, and the virtue of *honesty* was knocked down at the valuation of all his wholesale. The chief scene in the play consisted of our hero behind his counter, diligently serving the chance customers; a shrewd appeal to the domestic feelings of the audience! First a wretched customer dropped in for

a pound of tea, and then a female for a pound of sugar. The picture wanted nothing but Harlequin, to be as gross a pantomime as any in '*Mother Goose*!'—Now only think of Congreve all this time!—For example—

Enter a Man.

Benj. Balance What's your pleasure, Sir?

Man. A pound of nine-shilling green.

Ben. Yes, Sir—[Takes down the canister, weighs the tea, cherishes it up in a paper, twirls about the tawne, and finishes with a slap on the counter.]—Any thing else in my way to day, Sir?

Man. No, Sir.—[*Exit Man.*]

Enter a Woman.

Ben. What's your pleasure, Ma'am?

Woman. A pound of shilling moist.

Ben. Yes, Ma'am—[Serves as before.]—Any thing else in my way to day, Ma'am?

Woman. No, Sir.

Ben.—[Twirling the package.]—Got some fine cloves, Ma'am; some excellent Turkey figs, or som

Woman. No, thank ye—[*Exit Woman.*]

"Now, if the reader does not stop in the middle of his breakfast at this passage, and almost feel ashamed of himself for having read it, he has no idea of what I feel in being compelled to write it. A tragedy groan went through the audience as it proceeded, and it was followed by huists of contemptuous laughter. Yet this play, this *comedy*, so hissed, hooted, and so entirely damned, was announced in the play-bills of the next morning, as '*received throughout with universal applause and approbation*!' and on the strength of this abominable falsehood is to be '*repeated every evening till further notice*.' This is too bitter an insult on the public to be any longer endured."

THE DRURY-LANE COMPANY.

After a variety of reports relative to several generous offers made by different individuals to indemnify this house for its misfortunes, it was at length explicitly stated on Friday the 17th, that, Mr. Taylor having generously and gratuitously granted the King's Theatre for the purpose, the Drury-lane company performed last night the comedy of *Man and Wife* with *Sylvester Duggerwood*; which were succeeded by an opera ballet, with the most happy effect.

Relative to this generosity "for three nights only" one of the diurnal critics observed:—

"Circumstanced as the company are, unconnected with the patent, and able to gain the Lord Chamberlain's licence for only three nights, we think their increase of the playhouse prices of admission excusable; and we are only sorry that the uncrowded state of the house last night, is not likely to render them greater gainers than they will probably be. The populousness of the house was (to make the best of it), only Denham's, 'without overflowing full.' The play was badly chosen: *Man and Wife* is a wretched production, and had, before the fire, been tasked to its utmost. The majestic scenes of the opera-stage were very ill suited to it, and it moved off heavily and slowly. 'Gorgeous tragedy' would be the more proper thing to 'sweep by' so immense a stage. The echo produced by the many stage-boxes of this theatre is finely fetched out by the good voices of the company, such as *Mrs. Jordan's*. The house was not divested of its drapery last night, as it was for the Covent-Garden company; and consequently looked in that degree better."

The performances of the night were ushered in by the song of "*God save the King*," which was sung by the principal vocal performers of the company; and after this, Mr. Elliston read a Prologue, of considerable merit as a composition. It compared the late theatre to a ship wrecked vessel, and called these "three nights" at the King's Theatre, a fine omen. We wish they may prove so to the company.

The following is the address spoken by Mr. Elliston:

Oft have you seen on the silver tide,
A floating bulwark, fitious guard and pride,
With tow'ring masts, that ages might defy,
(Those naval pillars of her victory),
With gaudy streamers, and with sails unfurl'd,
Looking defiance on the wat'ry world;
The crew as hardy as the rocks, that brave
The bold invasion of the furious wave;
With dauntless valour send on every breeze,
These sounds of triumph—"Britain rules the seas!"
Yes, on her foes, her vengeance she can pour,

But who can still the elemental roar?
 What voice can calm the ocean's dreadful
 sound,
 When winds sing out the sailors' dirge
 around?
 Or when, by lightning struck, the ship
 displays
 The double horrors of the fun'ral blaze,
 The crew, desponding, leave the burning
 deck,
 And turn with anguish from the sinking
 wreck:
 Thus our stout vessel, whose stupendous
 height,
 Shone with the radiance of Apollo's light;*
 Which erst had stood the many hostile
 blows,
 The awful thunder of our critic foes,
 Is now dismantled, cast away and burn'd
 And all her trophies into ashes turn'd!
 Whilst we, the shipwreck'd mariners, were
 to-s'd
 Upon the world's wide seas, and nearly lost;
 But Hope, that steady pilot of the soul,
 Took to the life-boat, and preserv'd the
 whole;
 Bore us in safety to the friendly shore,
 Where kind protection open'd wide this
 door;†
 Offer'd a shelter to the suff'ring crew,
 Whose future welfare must depend on
 you;‡
 Your lib'ral aid must help us to refit,
 And arm the Muses for the war of wit;

* Alluding to the figure of Apollo, which stood at the top of the theatre.

† Alluding to Mr Taylor, of the Opera-house, who generously gave the free use of his theatre for three nights to the company.

‡ To the audience.

Whilst we, the champions of the poet's
 cause,
 Will study to preserve the Drama's laws,
 And gain the meed of merit—your ap-
 plause.

Monday, March 20.—The managers having very prudently reduced the price of admission into the gallery, from 3s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. this spacious part of the house, as well as every other, was literally filled. The pit also overflowed, and the boxes were brilliant. The play was *The Honey Moon*. Mr. Penley, in the *Mock Duke*, was admirable. His soliloquy, which concludes the second scene of the third act, produced an extraordinary effect. Meditating upon his short-lived elevation, he says—"It will be rather awkward, to be sure, to resign at the end of a month—but, like other great men in office, I must make the most of my time, and retire with a good grace, to avoid being turned out."—The audience instantly caught these words, and interrupted the *Mock Duke* with a thousand *bravos*, and an enthusiasm of applause from every part of the house. It was some time before the uproar subsided, and Mr. Penley was able to finish the sentence, which runs thus—"As a well-bred dog always walks down stairs, when he sees preparations on foot for kicking him into the street." Here the applause was revived, and continued for some minutes. Among those who witnessed the scene was Mrs. Clarke.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

A MORE important month than that which has just passed, has not for a long time occurred: events both at home and abroad excite in the least enquiring mind the most serious reflections. They, who are involved in the whirl of fashion, and they, whose days are spent in equally laborious but not so inglorious toil, are compelled to take a part in the discussions of the day: they find themselves urged by the conversation around them, to feel themselves members of the great society of mankind: their passive and inert minds are struck by the agitations of their country, and they must in spite of themselves exercise their judgements. If

this is the case with the lower classes of society, for in our opinion the fashionable world is the lowest, the most degraded in the essential qualities of humanity, the most lost to the dignity of manly character, what must be the impressions on the reflecting part of the community—on the great body of the nation, which feels for its wrongs, and can understand their causes.

The great question of the Duke of York has been discussed most amply in the House of Commons: several divisions have taken place; and, if the majority has not spoken the precise sense of the nation, the minority has been so respectable and so formi-

dable, that that event has at last taken place, which prudence might have dictated in an earlier stage of the business. Since the famous debates on the exclusion of the Duke of York in the time of Charles the Second, the House of Commons has not seen such an important discussion within its walls; and it may give rise to a variety of remarks. One cannot but be consolatory to every lover of his country. We have seen the House under the influence of two parties, the one headed by Mr. Fox, the other by Mr. Pitt, and the opinions of the two leaders were a law to their followers. Their talents overpowered and awed the rest, and deliberation seemed to have fled from the breast of those who were to decide upon a question. The two champions, like two wrestlers on a green, were cheered and hailed by their respective partisans; the length of their speeches, the keenness of their repartees, the beauty of their metaphors, were the topics of delight. Mr. Pitt could talk the longest, *stans pede in uno*, and Mr. Fox excelled in closeness of argumentation.

Two such supposed transcendent speakers were not seen on the late occasion; but in lieu of them, the country witnessed what is of far greater value and importance, a number of persons of distinguished talents, in whom, if eloquence is not the highest praise, far superior qualities were manifest, and qualities more necessary for the determination of the question before them. By this opinion we would not, however, even on the score of eloquence, disparage the speakers who have lately distinguished themselves. We always held the eloquence of Mr. Pitt in contempt. To speak in the vulgar language, he possessed the gift of the gab in a most eminent degree, but the power he possessed was attainable by very moderate talents; and if he had been tried like Cicero and Demosthenes, before a popular assembly, the inferiority of his eloquence would have been clearly ascertained. During the whole of his exhibition he was supported by the confidence of the power behind him, or by the purchased cheers of his audience.

But in the late debates we may observe with pleasure, that a display of

talents, useful to the country, has been made manifest. Sir Francis Burdett shone pre-eminent, whether we consider the powerful examination of the evidence, the perspicuity of his arguments, the manly firmness of his decisions, and the wit, with which the whole was seasoned. Mr. Whitbread was clear, solid, decisive, but less brilliant. Sir Samuel Romilly displayed talents which proved him to be not only a sound lawyer, but to possess those qualities which seldom fall to the lot of his profession—a great fund of general knowledge, and the power of discriminating between the technical rules of the bar, and the reasoning which becomes the gentleman, the scholar, and the citizen. In Lord Folkstone we beheld the heir to a peerage, proving himself to be worthy of a judicial seat, by the pains he had taken to be completely master of his subject, and to set forth his opinion with strength and precision. Mr. Wilberforce's integrity should not pass unnoticed; and if our limits permitted, we would, with pleasure, dilate on the excellence of many other speakers: and it must be observed, that the Duke was not without the ablest defenders that legal talents could produce. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Attorney General are lawyers; and if we said of the latter, that he is a mere lawyer, we should not deviate far from the mark. If they had been fed by the largest sum ever offered to the profession, they could not have exerted themselves more warmly for their clients. They acted, throughout, the part of advocates, with very great skill, with a skill which nothing but the truth on the opposite side could have surmounted; and their opposition made the cause of truth more triumphant. How far the character they supported is consistent with that of a member of parliament, the public must determine. We should have heard them with greater pleasure at the bar of the House, than in their places in a deliberative assembly.

In fact, the discussions that have taken place, and the divisions upon them, serve to make manifest a truth, which is the general topic of private conversation. Our ancestors understood this truth, but, unfortunately,

they did not take, in consequence, the proper precautions. In a deliberative body, if we wish to have a question fairly discussed, and fairly determined, it is evident, that no improper bias should be on the mind of the voters; and from the frailty of human nature, it is evident, that so far as this bias operates, so far will the final determination be distant from what would take place in an unprejudiced assembly. If the servants and dependents of the crown have votes, it is ridiculous to expect them to vote in the same manner as they would do, if they were free from such an obligation, and Sir Francis Burdett was perfectly right in his observation, that if the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with all the dependents of the crown, all the placemen and pensioners would leave the House, there would not be the least doubt, that the remainder would speak the sense of the nation. As to that sense we cannot hesitate to say, that it was decidedly against the Duke of York; and no one could be led aside by the speeches of Mr. Perceval, Sir V. Gibbs, and the other lawyers, for this plain reason, that they could be believed only to say what from their situation they were expected to say; and, had the commander-in-chief been differently circumstanced, had he stood in the situation of the Duke of Marlborough, no such efforts would have been made in his favour.

When we look, then, to the votes of the House, we are not at all surprised, that the great majority of independent votes were against, and that the placemen and pensioners were, to a man, in favour of the Duke of York. It is natural to the system, and proves the badness of the system. When it was determined, that the acceptance of a place and pension should vacate a seat in parliament, our forefathers did right; but experience proves, that they went half way only, and the permission to let the placeman be re-elected, destroys the integrity of the House of Commons. It is too much to expect from human nature, that the placeman, returned to parliament, should be free and unbiassed in his judgment. The seclusion of such a character from parliament is absolutely necessary to justify the enco-

miums passed upon our constitution, and the House of Commons requires an extension of the law only, so that no man, with place or pension, should sit in parliament. For our own parts, we should go still farther; and render every member of parliament incapable of holding place or pension, during the parliament for which he was chosen, and for a certain number of years after its expiration. We ought not only to secure the independence of the representative, but make him, as much as possible, void of suspicion.

Great minds will break through the common bonds of expectation, and we have noble instances in the persons of Sir Samuel Romilly and General Fergusson. Both might reasonably look up to the highest posts in their respective departments. Both have sacrificed nobly at the shrine of truth. The bravery of the General has been displayed in the field of battle; it required no less bravery to act the part he did in the House; and his speech, as it made the deepest impression on the House, will redound to his immortal honour.

And the conduct of this noble General leads us to a circumstance which the events of the times brought before the House, and which ought not to be passed over in silence. It was asserted, that some military generals, viewing the question in a very different light from General Fergusson, discussed it at a club, and proposed to recommend themselves to the Duke by a flattering address in his favour. Such a conduct was properly reprobated in the House; and it would be a pernicious example, if general officers were, in their conclave, to discuss and determine on political subjects. Such conduct would not be borne from the Admirals of England, to whom the country is so much more indebted, and from whom little danger is to be apprehended. The just rebuke that this interference met with in the House, will, we hope, be a sufficient check to any future proceeding of a similar nature, or if not, the legislature would do right to address the king, that such military men should be immediately cashiered, and be rendered for ever after incapable of serving their country.

Many other topics suggest themselves on the great cause. The ill-advised letter of the Duke of York to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the mode in which his resignation was communicated to the House by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, would scarcely have been borne from any other subject, nor do we see the propriety of such communications. But above all, the resolution proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer was concluded with such a species of adulation as, if it had been adopted, would have exposed the House to eternal ridicule. However just the compliment might be to the reigning sovereign, yet it is so much of a piece with the addresses of the senate in the fallen state of the Roman Empire, and the gross flattery offered to Louis XIV. by his abject courtiers, that neither could the people, nor the King of England, treat it otherwise than with contempt.

But one thing will not easily be, nor ought it soon to be, forgotten. An independent member of the House of Commons, comparatively speaking, little known, brings forward an accusation against a servant of the state, for mal practices in his department. In what manner was he treated? The praises of the accused were sounded forth; the charges were treated as the offspring of jacobinism, and a foul conspiracy against the family on the throne; and a minister of state, in no equivocal terms, held out the threat of infamy. It is sufficient to observe here only, that this language has been completely confuted by the result; and we may justly say with Mr. Whitbread, that if the people of England were polled, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand would vote their thanks to Mr. Wardle, for his courage in bringing forward, and his manly conduct in the support of his charges. He has shewn, that no man, however high his station, is out of the limits of enquiry; and that a member of the House of Commons is not to be deterred from his duty, though a phalanx of ministers, with their adherents, set themselves in array against him. Mr. Wardle has acted nobly; and if his labours should end in placing the army exactly on the same footing as the navy, the country will have rea-

son to bless the day that brought forward this enquiry.

Whilst England was agitated to the remotest corners, and the disasters of its troops in Spain were forgotten, Europe, in various quarters, was subject to distresses of a very different nature. In Spain the horrors of war reigned triumphant, and Saragossa presented a scene which has scarcely been equalled since the famous siege of Jerusalem. On the one hand, the besiegers exerted the utmost skill, and on the other, the besieged defended themselves with a perseverance which set at nought death in its most horrible forms. After the besiegers had made a breach, and entered into the town, the possession of a street was eagerly contested, and days and nights were consumed in conflicts midst falling houses. The miners and counter-miners met each other, and above ground and under ground was in motion. But the efforts of the besieged were fruitless in every thing, but the manifestation of their own courage, and the destruction of multitudes of both parties. The fatal day arrived, and the ruins became the possession of the French. With the fall of Saragossa seem to have been buried the hopes of independence in the north of Spain. The French king might think himself secure at Madrid, and bend all his efforts to the subjection of the southern provinces. Their real state has never been sufficiently ascertained. What is the strength of their armies, and disposition of the inhabitants, we cannot determine: but if the people are like those among whom our unfortunate army made its most calamitous retreat, no great expectation can be raised of final success. Cadiz is capable of great resistance, but its efforts can have little effect on the general destinies of the kingdom; and what has happened at Ferrol is a bad presage of what may be expected in the harbour of Cadiz. Rumours have, however, reached us in the moment of writing, that the English begin to be looked on there with a less jealous eye; but if the government of the town is as tumultuous as it is represented, the sovereign, in possession of the capital, will find no very great difficulty in reducing it ultimately to subjection.

But our means of information are too scanty to speak with any decision on the subject. The subjugation was considered to be of so great importance to the Emperor of France, that his return to Paris before the object was completely accomplished, excited universal astonishment. It was soon rumoured; that this event was occasioned by some movements in Austria; and from that time every thing has portended the breaking out of hostilities in that quarter. That Austria should take advantage of any disaster, was to be expected, and the troubles in Spain afforded a sufficient opportunity for an attack. But then the favourable moment was to be taken, and unless preparations had been made, so as to advance against France, when its armies were occupied in Spain, little could be gained by the attempt. With what allies also is Austria to renew the contest? If she escaped so ingloriously out of the last conflict, what could she expect when her great enemy had on her side her former allies; and they were many of them combined by a strong cement of common interest against her attempts. Throughout the whole of the French revolution, the politics of the Austrian cabinet seems to have been directed more by chance than common prudence. The loss of the Low Countries, Piedmont, a great territory in Germany, and the Grisons, does not seem to have infused more wisdom into its councils. With diminished resources it is to take the field against a warlike sovereign, master of his own plans, and directing the cabinets of Germany, in which country the Emperor of Austria has lost all his influence. If he enters that country he can scarcely expect an ally there; and the contingents of the Rhine, Bavaria, and Saxony, might alone resist all his efforts. His own territories lie exposed to the French from Dalmatia, and the Milanese; and from both quarters Bonaparte can pour large armies into his dominions. Notwithstanding, then, the confident assertions to the contrary, we should scarcely believe it possible, that the Austrians would begin the campaign; and yet they may have done so much, have shewn such hostile dispositions during the French Emperor's excursion into

Spain, that he may think it necessary to cut off all degree of anxiety in that quarter. The policy of leaving Vienna in the possession of the Austrian Emperor, might justly be questioned; and, if hostilities are commenced, it is not unlikely that the title of Emperor will be merged in that of King of Hungary, and that Bohemia and Galicia will be the forfeit of this fresh attack. The former jacobin robbery in Poland will diminish the commiseration for the House of Hapsburgh, which does not seem to have profited by the lessons which its past calamities had a tendency to inculcate.

While expectation is on float on the affairs of Austria, surmises have reached us of a new stroke of policy on the part of Bonaparte. It is certain, that one of his squadrons has escaped the vigilance of our blockaders, and is now pursuing its course in the Atlantic. To what part it is bound can be nothing but conjecture; but it is said, that one, if not both, of the late Kings of Spain are in it. If this should be the case, the independence of Spanish America must be part of the French plans; and yet the policy of such a determination is by no means apparent. Such strange things have, however, happened in the eventful period which it has been our destiny to contemplate, that we cannot deny the possibility of such an adventure, though we can scarcely think it probable that Bonaparte would assign to a Bourbon a throne in any quarter of the world. The Spanish Americans have no great reason to rejoice at such a gift, as sovereigns of their own choosing would be more likely to promote the interests of their rising empires.

Our readers will not be at all surprised to learn, that Sweden is agitated by internal commotions. The king has proved his skill in government, by the loss of his German dominions and Finland: it remains to see how he will act in a more trying scene. Since it has been declared, that Sir John Moore was not in fault in his expedition to Sweden, we cannot place so great reliance on the skill of the king to extricate him from domestic difficulties. It is said, that a part of the army headed a body of people in its

march to Stockholm, to insist on the calling of a diet or parliament, to rectify the evils that had befallen this ill-fated kingdom. What is the strength of the insurgents is not known, nor how far the army may be infected. For ourselves, from considering the nature of the Swedish government, and the events that happened in the time of the late king, we have long considered that an event of this kind was by no means improbable. It cannot be doubted, that the Emperors of France and Russia will turn it to their own advantage.

If Sweden feels the agitation of internal commotion, Turkey is still more involved in this calamity, and no one can tell at present in what manner it will settle. We have made peace, it seems, with this distracted empire; but little can it benefit us, though it may be the means of increasing greatly the trade of Malta. This island is improving in its circumstances, beyond the expectation of the most sanguine. Freed from the dominion of a set of lazy military monks, it feels the pleasure of industry, and is animated by the example of the country by which it is now defended and patronised. The islanders already possess large ships, and carry on extensive trade; and their ports will always give us extensive influence in the Mediterranean.

In America new scenes are opening. The king of the Brazils is extending his dominions. He has already added to them Cayenne, the country noted for being the place of deportation of the French during the reign of terror. This country was taken by the joint forces of Brazils and England, but in the name of the King of the Brazils; and in his hands, if he has left behind him his former miserable mode of government, it may be a valuable acquisition. If we look to the extent of his dominion, there is room for the exertion of all his talents, and the connection between him and Great Britain will be greatly for the benefit of both countries. In the West Indies the French have, we expect, received another blow; and next month will announce, it is most probable, the fall of Martinique. A considerable force has been landed by us, and from the disposition of the island, and the na-

ture of its defence, there is every reason to believe that our arms will be crowned with success. The possession of the island will not be considered by the West India planters as a great advantage, as it opens a new competition with them in our markets, but the loss to France is of very great importance.

In our domestic occurrences, we may note the strong language attributed to Lord Ellenborough, on the subject of the police of the city of London, which naturally roused the Common Council to a justification in a very proper resolution. The police of the city may not be so well known to his lordship as to the inhabitants; and, with the exception of the common women, who too much infest St. Paul's, Fleet-street, and Cheapside, the police of the city is far superior, probably, to any city in the world, with the least infringement on general liberty. It is to be observed, however, that in former times, a greater degree of attention was paid to the keeping of the common women out of the streets; and we should be glad to see the utmost severity in this respect, of which the unhappy females of this description would have no great reason to complain, when so many other places of resort are open to them. But the city ought to be kept free from this nuisance, as this part of the great metropolis is peculiarly devoted to industry, and ought to be preserved as free as possible from the vices of dissipation.

The Common Council have come to another resolution, which is of great importance—the removal of Smithfield-Market to Bagnigge Wells; and a bill has been brought into parliament to this effect. The necessity for this measure will be apparent to our readers who have read the African's remarks on the confusion of this market, in a former volume. An opportunity is now offered for a grand square, which, in addition to other improvements suggested, may free that part of the town, through which the river Fleet runs, from the inconveniences and disorders produced by an ill arrangement of narrow streets, lanes, and houses. The ravages by fire have been considerable; a theatre, and parts of a palace and a college,

burnt down in the same month, have excited a great deal of conversation.

In the legislative body the whole attention was occupied, we might say almost exclusively, by Mr. Wardle's motion, which was brought forward by him on the 9th of March. He gave a very elaborate sketch of the whole evidence, and was much civiler to his antagonists than their conduct justified. He rejoiced that the Duke had been so ably defended, as the public would be convinced that nothing had been left untried to secure his acquittal. If his high rank might be supposed to have an influence in this question, he trusted that the House would consider a point of more material importance, which was their duty as servants of the public. After impressing these points on the House, he moved that an address be presented to the King, stating, that after examining the evidence, it was with the utmost concern and astonishment that the existence of corrupt practices to a very great extent, in the military department, was established; that such abuses could not have existed for so long a time without the knowledge of the commander-in-chief; or, if it could be supposed that he was ignorant of them, such a presumption would not warrant the conclusion, that it was consistent with prudence that the command of the army should remain any longer in his hands. They beg leave, therefore, to submit to his majesty, that the Duke of York ought to be deprived of the command of the army. The motion was seconded by Lord Folkstone, and opposed by Mr. Burton, who entered with great subtilty into the examination of the evidence, and stated, that there were no less than twenty-eight contradictions in Mrs. Clarke's evidence, and vindicated the appointment of her footman to a commission, on the plea that he was the natural son of a military officer who had lost his leg in the service of his country. Mr. Curwen supported the motion, not thinking it necessary to prove that money went directly into the Duke's pocket, nor to stand up for the purity of Mrs. Clarke's evidence. It was sufficiently corroborated by a variety of circumstances, which must have struck every hearer. He then entered into various details

on the evidence, and called on the House to shew that the highest subject would be treated with the same measure of justice as the lowest; and that corrupt practices met with their detestation. He did not believe that there were any conspiracies of jacobins; but well might the people be dissatisfied, if corruption was permitted to reign triumphant. The country would be quiet if such reforms were made as the times demanded.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer thought that the House should previously come to a decision on the question, whether the Duke was guilty or not guilty of corruption, and begged them to recollect who it was they were endeavouring to turn out, almost the first subject in the kingdom. If the charge should be substantiated, the proper mode would be to carry up their accusation to the House of Lords, and proceed to an impeachment. It would be severe, indeed, to cast upon his Majesty a task which the Commons themselves would not undertake to perform. The House had two courses to pursue; the first to see whether the charges were proved, and then to enquire what proceedings ought to be adopted. The one was a judicial, the other a discretionary question. The guilt, if any, must appear from the evidence, and the principal in it was Mrs. Clarke, who appeared to him to be perfectly incompetent. This he endeavoured to prove by an examination of her evidence, and after entering into a long detail on this and the other evidence, he was interrupted by strong cries for adjournment. Acceding to the wishes of the House, he begged leave to submit his view of the case, shortly, to the House, in the shape of resolutions, on which he would, at a future opportunity, dilate; these were, that there was no just ground to charge the Duke with personal corruption, or criminal connivance at abuses, in his capacity as commander-in-chief. If this should be acceded to, he should propose an address to the King, with this resolution; and noticing the important services performed by the commander-in-chief, in his department. The Chancellor of the Exchequer not content with this, declared his belief on his soul,

that there was not in the kingdom an individual so able as the Duke to perform the duties of his office. The address, proposed by him, stated, that the House has seen the exemplary regularity and method in which business is conducted in the Duke's office, and the salutary regulations introduced by him, some of which were intended to prevent the very abuses complained of; but it feels great concern that a connection should have existed, exposing the Duke's character to public calumny; and that frauds should have been carried on, with which his name has been coupled, of a most disgraceful and dangerous tendency. The regret of the Duke, on this connection, was a great consolation to the House, which is confident that he will keep in view the uniformly virtuous and exemplary conduct of his majesty, since the commencement of his reign, and which has endeared his majesty to all his subjects. The House adjourned, and the discussion was carried on for several nights. The Chancellor of the Exchequer resumed the debate, and made a very long legal speech on the evidence, in which he was supported, and nearly with the same arguments, by the Attorney-General.

Mr. Bragge Bathurst amended the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Mr. Bankes amended the resolution of the latter, acknowledging that the Chancellor had given a beautiful detail of the evidence, but it had led him to a different conclusion; for, notwithstanding the mixture of truth and falsity of the principal witness, many of the facts were established beyond contradiction, by persons brought unexpectedly into the cause, and of some of them the corroboration was so strong as to render them incontrovertible. Here he went through the evidence, stating, at least, that the charge in the leading enquiries into the business, was in no degree proved, and that therefore no proceedings of a criminal nature could be had recourse to. But the House was the guardian of the public morals, and it could not pass over the infringement of them in its public offices: he therefore moved, that an address be presented, informing the king that it was with the utmost con-

cern and astonishment that they felt themselves obliged to state that the existence of corrupt practices was fully established, but that there were no grounds to charge the Duke personally with participation in corruption; that such abuses could not have existed without exciting the suspicion of the commander-in-chief, and the command could not with propriety be continued in his hands, especially as the enquiry had unveiled conduct in him highly injurious to the cause of religion and the mainsprings of social order.

Mr. Yorke was sure that the House would never sacrifice its dignity to popular cry, and he could not allow that the Duke was at all implicated in the proceedings brought before the House. He objected both to the address and the resolutions, from a conviction that there was no necessity for parliamentary interference.—Lord Folkestone observed, upon the remark of popular cry, that he and his friends had not long ago been held up to popular odium for resisting a popular cry artfully raised for political purposes, but in this case no cry had been raised, but popular opinion had naturally followed the impressions which the enquiry must have excited in every liberal and honest mind. He could not allow the opinion of certain Generals on the state of the army to have any weight at present, whatever might be the effect in mitigation of punishment. He contended that the Duke was guilty of corruptly assisting his mistress by allowing her to make profit, by using her influence for obtaining military promotions, and for participating in these profits. He then entered with great judgment into the legal investigation of evidence, and powerfully overcame the technical arguments of Mr. Burton. He was not surprised that Mrs. Clarke had fallen into some contradictions, but wondered that they were not more numerous, surrounded as she was by gentlemen whom she had never seen before, examined in a most irregular manner, and for a length of time that almost made her drop from fatigue. Opposed to hers might be taken the evidence of Colonel Gordon, who had exhibited a flippancy, a superiority of manner, and a dictatorial way of

giving opinions to the House, which was by no means proper for a witness at their bar. As to contradictions, they were as much or more palpable in this witness and Mr. Adams, than in Mrs. Clarke; and if we reflect on their different ranks and habits of life, and superior information, and that Mrs. Clarke had been examined eight times for nearly three hours at a time, in which she had experienced no favour, her superiority as a witness was manifest. On the conduct of Mr. Wardle he passed just encomiums, and marked, with proper indignation and reprobation, the conduct of Mr. Canning, who had said, that infamy must attach to the accuser or the accused, repeated frequently the term accuser, and had not yet had the civility to retract the expression. If, then, this gentleman did not, by his vote, express that infamy attached to the accused, it must remain with him who had used the expression. Mr. Adam was for the minister. Mr. W. Smith could by no means consider the Duke as guilty of participation in the guilty proceedings which had come to light, nor condemn a man on the uncorroborated testimony of Mrs. Clarke. He could not, however, doubt that the Duke had held conversations with this woman on military affairs, which he ought not to have done, and this conduct deserved censure.

Sir F. Burdett reprobated the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as sophistical and uncandid, full of manifest prejudice, and was the statement of an advocate rather than that of a judge, and injudicious to the character even of an advocate, from the openness of this partiality. Every trifle against Mrs. Clarke's veracity was instantly taken hold of, but the most seriously corroborated statements were disregarded. She was examined with the most hostile sentiments against her, on the most minute transactions of her life; as she proceeded, the growing conviction of the House became sensibly apparent; nothing but the simplicity of fact could have supported her in such a trial. The great talents of the Attorney-General only proved how unequal subtilty was to truth; and staggering, like Christian, in the Pilgrim's Progress, under the burden of Sin, he could carry his load

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XI.

only to the slough of despond, where the poor Duke was left floundering in the mud, from which no power on earth could drag him; and the Attorney-General had enough to do to get himself on dry land to clean his own soiled garments. The evidence of Mrs. Clarke could not be withstood, no, not even by the honour of a Prince; and what a melancholy picture is contrasted between this honour and the woman's conduct. She demanded her annuity to pay her debts, and he refused the paltry pittance because she could not produce the bond. Such, then, is the honour of a Prince, with which the speaker disdained to compare that of a private gentleman. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had dilated, with great pleasure, on the incorruption of the times, as if we lived in a second golden age; and, in fact, a member of the House did not find, in dining with a minister, a bank note of five hundred pounds under his plate, or a douceur of lottery tickets, but the bargaining of places afforded wings to corruption, which made her influence greater than that of any former times. Never was a more important question agitated. It came home to the breast of every Englishman. He was not to be diverted from it by the honour of a prince—he must consider the honour of a king, the fountain of justice, whose streams should flow pure and uncorrupted. Who could now say that the Duke of York was fit to stand at the head of the British army? He did not think it necessary to warn the House not to be too much led by popular opinion, as its opinions were very seldom unduly influenced by such a cause. The cause of justice he should support without any undue consideration whatsoever, and must therefore support Mr. Wardle's motion.

Our limits will not permit us to detail the sentiments of many other speakers. After several nights debate, the House came to a vote on the 15th of March, and the first division was, whether they should proceed by address or by resolution, when there were

For the address 199
For proceeding by resolution 294

Majority against the address 95
2 L

The next vote was
For Mr. Wardle's motion . . . 123
Against it 361

Majority 241

On the 16th Sir Thomas Turton proposed an amendment to Mr. Perceval's resolution, purporting, that there were grounds to charge his Royal Highness with a knowledge of corrupt practices, with connivance at them, and consequently with corruption.

For this amendment 135
Against it 334

Majority 199

The next vote was for Mr. Perceval's original motion,

For it 278
Against it 196

Majority 82

The farther discussion of the question was adjourned to the 20th, and in the interim the Duke of York resigned his command. The resignation was communicated to the House by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in which he stated the Duke's very unfounded opinion, that he was acquitted from all corrupt motives, and all participation or connivance at corruption, but that he gave way to the

public opinion, drawn on him by the charges, however ill founded. Upon this Mr. Bathurst proposed this resolution—that while the House acknowledges the beneficial effects of the Duke's services, they had observed, with the deepest regret, that in consequence of a connection, most immoral and unbecoming, a pernicious and corrupt influence had been used in respect to military promotions, and such as gave colour to the various reports, respecting the knowledge of the commander-in-chief, of these transactions. Sir W. Curtis seconded the motion. Lord Althorpe proposed, instead of it, that as the Duke had resigned, no farther proceedings should be now adopted against him. On this an amendment was proposed, that the word *now* should be left out, when the House divided, there being

For its insertion 112
Against it 235

Majority 123

Thus ended these proceedings, as far as the Duke is concerned, the enquiry having produced far more than its proposers expected; and the ministers and the Duke have been completely defeated.

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ERRATA IN OUR LAST.

P. 108, col 2, l. 8 from the top, for "ma bras-ores," read "madrapores"

P. 120, col 2, l. 1, for "snow weather," read "snow wreathes."

APOLLONIAN CRITIC.

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THE author of the composition before us is one of many worthy candidates for public favor as a composer, and whose compositions we have frequently noticed with great pleasure; but, in the present instance, we are not only sorry to say that we cannot bestow our unqualified approbation, but must pronounce it a very feeble attempt, to produce something (in his opinion) calculated to suit the voice of, perhaps, one of the finest singers that ever adorned the British stage. He commences with an introductory symphony of two bars and a half, which is so incorrect in point of "Rythm," that the uncultivated ear may almost instantly discover it. The remaining seven bars and a half terminate in the key, and *one remove* from it, forms the whole of the *modulation* of what he terms *ten bars of Recitative*. This is succeeded by a "*Pollacca*," a species of composition, but ill calculated to blend sense with

sound; but of late it has become so fashionable, that every modern composer has introduced it into some piece or other, until it is absolutely worn *threadbare*; however, Mr. M. is, in this instance, unsuccessful; almost every passage contained in it reminds you of *old times*, when the *beaux* and *belles* of *bag wig* and *hoop notoriety* attended the fashionable concerts of their day, to hear the masterly compositions of *Abel, Bach, Schwindl, Sarti, Sacchini, Piccini, Van' al, &c.* In short we cannot pronounce it any thing better than "*robbing the dead to amuse the living*" IL

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can gain no professional honour by claiming it. If "emulation" be his object, we are extremely sorry to find that that alone should induce a man of his well-earned reputation to tarnish it thus by affixing his name to such trash. The origin of this air is not within the recollection of the oldest man living by many years. In the year 1780 it was very popular, having been set to a miserable *Grub-street ditty*, which was written on the execution of a notorious malefactor, who was concerned in the riots of that memorable year. The words of the song ran thus,—“*On Newgate steps by chance was found, &c. &c.*”

H.

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R.

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WE are requested to inform the musical world that a gentleman has taken out a patent for “*Certain Improvements applicable to Musical Instruments of different descriptions.*”

The specification contains several improvements on the flute; among others, a mouth-piece, capable of very extensive application, and constructed on such a principle, as to produce all the notes that can be obtained by the lips, with ease and certainty. This improvement is intended to remove the chief difficulty in performing on this instrument, the production of a clear, pleasing tone; while it renders it by no means a fatiguing or an unhealthy amusement. The principal cause of failure in all former contrivances of this kind, has been the adoption of a strait parallel aperture to convey the breath to the embouchure of the flute; whereas the true principle on which a mouth piece should be constructed appears to be simply this: let the opposite edge of the flute embouchure be considered in the same point of view or nearly so, as the wind-cutter of a flageolet or other voiced instrument: and then by analogy, the breath must be conveyed against the edge through a corresponding aperture or throat, by this is meant, that the embouchure of the flute being circular or oval, the wind must be conveyed through a crescent of a corresponding circle or oval, or through a circular parallel aperture. The crescent aperture, which is the best, is formed by paring away a certain portion of the upper surface of an ivory circular plug, which is fitted into a case or tube of the same substance and shaped like the head or mouth of a small English flute. The ivory mouth-piece is fixed to a spring cylindrical head of silver or brass, which slides on to the flute and is kept in its place by a small pin. It has a sliding action for the low notes which varies the direction of the breath and

renders the tone extremely firm and pleasing. The mouth-piece may be made to contract or expand for the upper and lower notes, but the simple one already described seems to answer every useful purpose. The voicing of the flute on the above principle is applicable to the organ and other instruments in which organ flute-pipes are used, by affording real flute-pipes of different bores and dimensions and

different sized mouth-pieces, instead of the usual flute stops in those instruments.

Another considerable improvement is a key which enables the performer to turn the flute *while playing* to produce an additional low semitone.

The specification was enrolled in the Petty Bag Office, the 24th Dec. 1808.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

Lord Somerville's Spring Cattle Show.

MR. SADLER'S Repository Yard, in Goswell-street, has again been opened for publicly exhibiting the very fine specimens of oxen, of different breeds, in pairs, some fat, and others in a working state, but intended for re-exhibition next year, when fattened, which the liberal premiums offered by his lordship had brought together; as also several bulls, oxen, and cows, &c. extra stock; several pens of very fine sheep and pigs, with numerous agricultural implements, seeds, roots, &c. forming altogether one of the most interesting exhibitions which we remember ever to have seen at Mr. Sadler's Yard.—The company who attended were very numerous, including a large portion of the distinguished patrons of agricultural improvements.

Among the oxen exhibited, and with which certificates had been delivered to the judges appointed by his lordship, according to his printed proposals issued last year, we noticed—

Duke of Bedford, two six-years old Devon Oxen.

The Earl of Macclesfield, two Oxen.

Lord Somerville, two six-years old Devon Oxen.

Edmund Thomas Waters, two seven-years old Oxen, fed on molasses.

Henry King, jun. two Devon Oxen.

William Coles, two Oxen.

Martin Webber, two six-years old Devon Oxen.

John Cator, two Oxen.

Mr. Peasley, two Hereford Oxen.

Mr. Walston, two five-years old Hereford Oxen.

John Terret, two five-years old Hereford Oxen.

Charles C. Western, two Hereford Oxen.

The Oxen exhibited as extra stock were—

The Earl of Bridgewater, a large Sussex Ox.
Lord Somerville, two Devon Oxen.

G. Warrener, two Galloway Oxen, fed on sugar and wash.

————, one Highland Scot Ox, ditto.

————, a Devon and French Ox.

Major W. F. Woodgate, a milk-white Highland Ox.

Thomas Coppard, a four-years old Sussex Ox.

Richard Hudson, two South Wales Oxen.

Mr. Wing, a most gigantic, but ill-shaped, Lincolnshire Ox.

The Earl of Darnley shewed a Devonshire Bull; and George Terret, a Herefordshire Bull.

The Cows exhibited were—

The Earl of Macclesfield, a fat Devonshire Heifer

The Earl of Darnley, a Suffolk and Kent Cow.

————, a Kent Cow

Mr. Wing, a three-years old spayed Herefordshire Cow

Mr. Daniels, a black Welsh Cow.

Mr. Willan, a remarkably broad-backed fat Cow.

Mr. Cole, a red Scot Heifer.

Mr. Brodie, a Buffalo Cow.

The Sheep exhibited for the prizes were in pens of five each, as follows:—

The Earl of Bridgewater, five South down Ewes, eleven months old.

Lord Gage, five South-down Ewes, eleven months old.

Charles C. Western, five South-down Ewes, eleven months old.

Morris Birkbeck, five Merino and South-down crossed Ewes, twelve months old.

John Cater, five Merino and Ryeland Ewes, twelve months old

John Boys, five South-down Ewes, eleven months old.

Thomas Saxby, five South-down Ewes, eleven months old

The Duke of Bedford, five South-down wethers, two-year old.

Morris Birkbeck, five Merino and South-down wethers, three-years old

George Warren, sen. five South down wethers, three-years old, bred by Mr. Bramston.

George Warren, jun. five South-down wethers, three-years old, fed by Mr. Harding.

Rev. Dr. Cartwright, five South-down wethers, three-years old, fed on sugar.

In the class of extra sheep stock, his Majesty sent the exhibition a Merino and Wilts wether, to be shewn in a store state.

Francis Sitwell, Esq. shewed a ram and three lambs of improved Leicester, which had been brought 360 miles to be exhibited.

Charles C. Western, Esq. five South-down wethers, eleven months old.

Lord Somerville shewed in the yard, five pure Merino rams, with very fine wools, which have been depastured in the marshes in Essex; and, by the printed notices stuck up in the yard, of near 50 other Merino sheep being for shew, in some parts of Mr. Sadler's premises, intended to be sold the next day.

Among the Pigs exhibited were—

Charles C. Western's, a fourteen-months old Sussex sow.

Ditto..... a three-years old Essex pig.

Edmund T. Waters, a three-months pig.

Mr. Hayward, a thirty-weeks old pig

Mr. T. Coles, a white pig.

Mr. Warren, a white store-pig, ten-weeks old

Thomas Gibbs, a store-pig, bred at Monte Video, in South America.

Mr. Joyce shewed specimens of various coloured superfine broad-cloth, made by him of English-grown Merino wool.

Mr. Frederick Smith shewed various long and square shawls, patterns for ladies' dresses, and borders for ditto, stockings, &c. all of Anglo-Merino wool, and thought to be superior articles to any hitherto manufactured of the same kinds in England.

A skein of the yarn used by Mr.

Smith was shewn, spun from English-grown Spanish wool by Mrs. Ayre (late Miss Ives, of Spalding), one pound weight of which measures the astonishing length of between 70 and 80 miles.

Mr. Gibbs exhibited specimens of various pure and unmixed grass-seeds, of thousand-headed cabbage, kohlrabi, mangel-wurzel, turnips, &c.

Lord Somerville exhibited a divided spade, calculated for trenching up very hard and stony ground, for planting, &c.

The Rev. Dr. Cartwright exhibited a spring flail thrashing mill, of his contrivance, the noise of which, when in work, prevented any one precept from not noticing it.

Several other implements, some of them of great mechanical ingenuity and effect, were likewise shewn.

Previous to the customary dinner at the Free Mason's Tavern, the gentlemen of the Smithfield Club met, Hugh Hoare, Esq. in the chair, and adjusted several matters relating to the proceedings of the club, and adjourned to the second day of the next Woburn sheep-shearing, June 13, at Woburn Abbey.

About half past five, near 350 of Lord Somerville's friends sat down to an excellent dinner, Lord Somerville in the chair. After the cloth was withdrawn, his lordship gave—

"The King, the Friend and Father of the People"

"The Plough, worked by good Oxen"

"The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs of the City of London."

"Our brave Defenders by Sea and Land."

"The President and Secretary of the Board of Agriculture"

"The Union of Husbandry and Commerce."

His lordship then opened the award of the five gentlemen, appointed as judges for deciding his premiums; viz. R. Byng, Esq. of Middlesex; Mr. T. Drewitt, of Sussex; Mr. Harrison, of Sussex; Mr. Gale, of Wiltshire; and Mr. Chandler, of Buckingham; who awarded a prize to Mr. Martin Webber, for his two six-years old Devon oxen; and his lordship delivered to Mr. Webber an elegant silver cup and cover; and another cup, as being the worker of those oxen.

To the Duke of Bedford, a large silver cup was delivered, for his two six-years old Devon oxen; and his Grace was complimented with another cup, as the worker of these oxen.

The Earl of Bridgewater received a cup, for his five South-down ewes, eleven months old.

Mr. Morris Birkbeck, a cup, for his five Merino and South-down wethers, three years old.

On delivering this cup, his lordship declared, that he never delivered one with more satisfaction than on the present occasion.

To Mr. Haward a cup was delivered, for his thirty-weeks old Suffolk pig.

His lordship then read some supplementary remarks, at the end of the judges' award, respecting stock exhibited; but to which no prizes were adjudged; viz.

A compliment to Mr. Peasley, for his two Hereford oxen, under five-years old, but which had not been worked the space of time required.

Mr. John Boys' five South-down ewes, eleven months old, were much complimented; and indeed so were all the ewes shewn.

A compliment was also paid to Mr. Warren, on the perfection of his white pig; and the same to Mr. Western and Mr. Coles, for the pigs respectively shewn by them.

His lordship then stated, that the cup intended for Merino ewe-hogs not having been claimed, he had the same to dispose of, and could not do better than present it to Mr. William Oakley, for his unremitting zeal in promoting the sale of English-grown Merino wool.

His lordship next adverted to the seven-years old oxen, which had been worked, and afterwards fed on sugar, by E. T. Waters, Esq. at not more than half the price of oil-cake for the same purpose; which oxen having been found very ripe, and fit for the market, he could not do better than present to Mr. W. one of the cups which he had proposed for those who should best deserve a premium without having obtained one.

The remaining cup, proposed for the same purpose, his lordship presented to Mr. Sagley, for his five South-down ewes.

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XI.

When his lordship had concluded, the Duke of Bedford rose, and proposed the health of Lord Somerville, which was drank with great applause.

After some further toasts, his lordship rose, and in a very excellent and impressive speech, explained the nature of, and deprecated the monopoly which has lately, so shamefully, raised the prices of clothing-wool and broad cloth; as also, the conduct of other individuals, who have been labouring to counteract the exertions of those directed to the introduction of sufficient numbers of Merino sheep here, which alone can prevent the recurrence of these evils.

Sir John Sinclair, the President of the Board of Agriculture, ably seconded the views of the noble chairman.

Lord Somerville then rose, and said, that at the request of the land-owners and occupiers in the neighbourhood of Barmor-Castle, in Northumberland, where Francis Sitwell, Esq. held his annual sheep-shearing, till ill health, unfortunately, drove him to a more southern county, he, with great pleasure, presented him with an elegant piece of plate, sent to be presented to Mr. S. as a testimony of their esteem.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—The annual dinner of the Benevolent Institution of St. Patrick, was held at the Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen-street. At six o'clock the dining-room was crowded. Sir John Doyle was in the chair; he came in company with the Earl of Moira, Lord Rancliffe, Don Pedro Cevallos, Admiral Apodaca, and several other distinguished persons. They were greeted on their entrance with the acclamations of a crowded assembly. At half-past six the company, which amounted to upwards of 400, sat down to a sumptuous dinner. After the removal of the cloth, the following toasts were given, and drank with three times three:—

The King—the Queen and Royal Family—the Prince of Wales, the liberal benefactor of this Society,—the Navy and Army—the Duke of Kent, the Patron of this Society,—the Portuguese Ambassador—the Spanish Patriots, and their brave efforts—the glorious Palafox, and his brave adherents in arms—the benevolent Society of St. Patrick.

2 M.

The Earl of Moira then gave "*The health of the president, Sir John Doyle*," with an high eulogium on his military character, which was most rapturously received.

Sir John Doyle rose to express the sense he entertained of the honour done him, by his health having being drank, particularly when given by a personage so well acquainted with his military character, who was not only the best of judges, but the most brilliant of Generals. He then proposed *The health of the Earl of Moira*, which was received with the accustomed warmth of feeling and affection.

The gallant Earl then returned thanks in the most impressive terms. He was sensible that Irishmen would appreciate the sincerity of those sensations, which the approbation of his countrymen could not but produce.

Sir John Doyle stated to the company his having received letters from Sir Arthur Wellesley and General Stewart, expressive of their sorrow at not having it in their power to attend, in consequence of their parliamentary duties; but that Sir Arthur had sent a donation of twenty guineas, and General Stewart ten pounds, which was to be continued annually.

Among the generous donations to this Institution, were that of the Prince of Wales, of 100 guineas, of Admiral Apocada, Don Pedro Cevallos, Marquis of Hertford, Earls of Moira and Kenmare, Lords Castle-reagh and Rancilife, and the Countess of Moira.

The children, the objects of this benevolent Institution, were next introduced. They consisted of 70 boys and 34 girls.

The whole subscription amounted to 1,138*l*. In the course of the evening *The Sprig of Shillelah* was sung by Lord Rancilife, the nephew of the Earl of Moira.

Sir John Doyle did not leave the chair until a late hour. The evening was enlivened by several excellent songs by Mr. Dignum and Mr. Fitzsimmons. There was no political allusion or observation in the course of the night. All was conviviality and good humour.

Circumstances, that attended the Loss of his Majesty's ship, CRESCENT.

Sailed from Yarmouth on the 29th of November, 1808, and at day-light of the 5th of December saw Norway from the deck, (wind S. by W. and S.S.W.); the pilots then steered S.E. by E. At one o'clock, on the 5th, sounded in twenty-five fathoms, off the coast of Jutland, near Rohnsnaught; pilots continued their course E.S.E. and at two sounded in eighteen fathoms; at three, thirteen fathoms. By order of the pilots the topsails were close reefed, courses hauled up, and the ship hove-to with her head to the southward; (at this time the weather was remarkably thick), shortly after, the land was reported to be seen on the lee bow to the captain and pilots; the latter replied, they knew where the ship was, and that she would drift with safety; she dropped suddenly into 8, 7, 6, 9, and then 10 fathoms, continued in the latter depth till eight at night. The pilots were asked by Captain Temple, if they wished any alterations to be made? They replied, no alterations were requisite, and that the ship should continue on the same tack till the next morning: unfortunately, she struck about ten o'clock at night, 5th of December. A boat was immediately lowered down to sound; the current was setting to the eastward, at the rate of three knots an hour: we then furled sails; soon after, the current taking her on the larboard-bow, the sails were loosed, with expectation of getting off, but it only hove her round in a worse condition, if possible, than before; the sails were again furled, and the boats all out, with the exception of the jolly-boat, and an anchor and cable got into the launch; but, from the rapidity of the current, the boats could not possibly tow her out, (the sea running very high) and, therefore, failed in what was most essentially requisite for the safety of the ship, as well as the deliverance of those on board; the boats, with their crews, were driven, by the force of the current, to leeward, and in the course of an hour we lost sight of them amongst the breakers. The wind had shifted to N.W. (direct on shore); the swell increased, and the ship striking very hard, the bower anchor was let go,

and the men employed in lightening the ship, heaving the guns overboard, and endeavouring to keep the water under by pumping; all to no purpose; the water increased to the hatches, and the cable parted, which was our only hope. At this time it was thought absolutely necessary to cut away the masts, which was the means of easing the ship very much. In consequence of the officers and men being fourteen hours exerting themselves, during which time the weather was bad, we were almost exhausted with fatigue, and were ordered by the Captain to take some refreshment. Having regaled ourselves for about twenty minutes, I went to the Captain, and asked him to allow me to destroy the signals—he ordered the servant to give them to me, and I accordingly burnt them. All hands were then employed in constructing a raft, which was made on the booms by the different spars; nothing could exceed the exertions of every individual on such a trying occasion; every order was put in execution with the coolness and judgment peculiar to British seamen; every one was supplied with a small line, for the purpose of lashing themselves to the raft. At two o'clock, *p.m.* the raft, or otherwise the forlorn hope, was launched from the booms; it had but a very indifferent appearance, having only four casks on each corner; more could not be obtained; three of those were soon washed away. The raft was ordered to be manned by the sick and part of the larboard watch, (not an able seaman was on it) and given to my charge. A small sail was thrown to us, but unfortunately it fell near the aftermost part, and not a man would venture to hand it forward, as they were almost perished with cold, being frequently up to their waists in water. For twenty minutes previous to our leaving the ship, I unlashed myself, went aft, and with difficulty handed the sail forward, with a boat oar, to Messrs. Mason and Lavender, midshipmen, whose exertions, in assisting in holding the sail up, were of the greatest service: we were frequently washed off the raft, and every sea threatened our destruction. Notwithstanding our perilous situation, the officers and men on board gave us three cheers, which was returned by

the survivors on the raft, although we were two miles and a half from the Danish shore, with little hopes of reaching it; one marine perished before we left the side of the ship, and a serjeant and corporal soon shared the same fate, with several others. By the assistance of Divine Providence, myself, Messrs. Mason and Lavender, midshipmen, with about twenty marines and seamen, reached the shore, nearly lifeless. Another raft was attempted to be made, but proved ineffectual, the sea making a complete breach over the quarter-deck: the jolly-boat was then launched, and manned by Mr. Williamson, master, Messrs. Munro and Hoghton, midshipmen, and Mr. Walker, boatswain, with fourteen men. Dreadful was the sight at the jolly-boat leaving the ship—numbers jumped overboard, and endeavoured to get into the boat: those that were in were obliged to extricate the hands of the others, in order to prevent the boat from being too full, as she was then within eight inches of the water's edge: every seaman in the boat felt for their melancholy situation; deplorable indeed it was to think that no assistance could be afforded but that of wishing a happy deliverance to their unfortunate shipmates. The jolly-boat, with her crew, reached the shore: shortly after the ship broke up, and two hundred and twenty souls perished.

JOHN WEAVER,
1st. Lieutenant, Royal Marines.

Total of officers saved, 7.—Total of seamen and marines saved, 55.—Total of officers, seamen, marines, women, &c. lost, 220.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

Married.] By special licence, at Lambeth palace, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Miss Scott, the only daughter of Sir William Scott, to Mr. Thomas Townshend, son of Lady Elizabeth Townshend, and nephew to Lord Plymouth. After the ceremony was performed, his Grace entertained the party with a grand *dejeune*.

The elegant Miss Gayton, of operatical celebrity, to the Rev. Mr. Murray, brother to Sir James Pulleney.

Died.] In Bruton-street, aged 85, the Earl of Orford. His lordship was the nephew of the famous Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. He sat many years in the House of Lords, as Baron Walpole, of Woolterton. In consequence of the death of the former Earl of Orford, he succeeded to the Barony of Walpole, of Houghton, and, during the last administration was created Earl of Orford. His lordship's eldest son, Lord Walpole, now a peer, sat as member for Lynn, in Norfolk, in which representation there is, of course, a vacancy. General Walpole, who concluded the well-remembered treaty with the Maroons, in Jamaica, was second to Mr. Tierney, in his memorable duel with Mr. Pitt, and was one of the under secretaries to the late Mr. Fox, is the younger son of the late, and brother of the present Earl of Orford. His lordship was a steady supporter of the Whig cause, and was one of a very small number, who never deserted it to the latest hour of his existence. It was his good fortune to connect himself with a family equally distinguished for the purity of their public principles, as for their private virtues. He married, anno 1748, Lady Rachael Cavendish, youngest daughter of William, third Duke of Devonshire, sister to the last, and aunt to the present Duke, by whom he left Horatio, late member for Lynn Regis, now Earl of Orford; George, member for Dungarvon; Lady Matherjine, unmarried; and Lady Mary, married to Thomas Hussey, Esq. member for Aylesbury.

Dr. Lawrence, of Doctors Commons, member for Peterborough.—This gentleman, who distinguished himself in parliament for some years, if not by powerful eloquence, yet with knowledge and good sense, had been in a hopeless condition for several weeks previously to his dissolution. He first became known to the public by the active part which he took in the memorable contest for Westminster in 1764, in writing for Mr. Fox, in the opposition newspapers of that period. Though his subsequent exertions were of a very different kind, he was the author of many election ballads, which at that time were highly popular with the party. As some recompence for

his zeal and his services, his friends, it is said, patronised the publication of *The Rolliad*, of which he might be called the editor, as well as of *The Probationary Odes*, and these works proved a source of considerable emolument to him. Dr. Lawrence, from a high admiration of Mr. Burke, attached himself particularly to that great ornament of the British Senate, by whose interest with Earl Fitzwilliam, the Doctor was gratified in his desire of parliamentary honours. From this time he considered himself rather as the adherent of Mr. Burke than as an implicit follower of the party with which Burke had thitherto acted, and when the French Revolution induced him to withdraw himself from Mr. Fox and his friends, Dr. Lawrence traced the steps of Mr. Burke, and remained inflexibly attached to that gentleman and his principles till the world were deprived of his talents. The Doctor, however, had for some time wisely considered that politics afforded but an uncertain means of support, and therefore directed his attention to the civil law; and by his practice in the Ecclesiastical and Admiralty Courts, gradually acquired a considerable fortune. Mr. Burke had indeed derived great advantage from the Doctor during the prosecution of Mr. Hastings, as he was indefatigable in exploring and arranging the documents necessary in that arduous and complicated transaction. Dr. Lawrence, as we before observed, possessed extensive knowledge and good sense, and these qualities characterised his efforts in parliament, but he had no pretension to the fame of oratory; he never knew when to put a period to his speeches, and the consequence was, that, instead of alluring attention, his hearers were disposed to retreat as soon as he began to speak. Upon the whole, he was a worthy well-meaning character, and his abilities, if not shining, were solid. He was about 60 years of age.

At the Horns, Kennington. Mr. Townsend, late of Covent-Garden Theatre.

Lately, in Lewisham workhouse, a man of the name of Isaac Evans, well known about Sydenham and its neighbourhood, by the nick name of *Wry-necked Isaac*. A short

time previous to his death, he confessed to being the cause of the death of a fellow-labourer of the name of Harvey. They had quarrelled at the Gypsy-house; but settled their differences over a pot or two of beer, and departed together to their home, when he took an opportunity of knocking Harvey down, beat him unmercifully, and threw him into a hedge, where he was found the next morning in a state of insensibility, in which state, he continued two days, and then died. He also acknowledged himself to have been one of the three who murdered Mathews, the Dulwich Hermit; one of whom he said was dead, the other at sea; but did not mention their names.

On Sunday, March 19, was interred, in the burial ground of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, the remains of Hugh Hewson, who died at the advanced age of 83. The deceased was a man of no mean celebrity, though no funeral escutcheons adorned his hearse, or heir expectant graced his obsequies. He was no less a person than the identical *Hugh Strap*, whom Dr. Smollett has rendered so conspicuously interesting in his *Life and Adventures of Roderick Random*, and for upwards of forty years had kept a hair-dresser's shop in the above parish. The deceased was a very intelligent man, and took delight in recounting the adventures of his early life. He spoke with pleasure of the time he passed in the service of the Doctor; and it was his pride, as well as his boast, to say that he had been educated at the same seminary with so learned and distinguished a character. His shop was hung round with Latin quotations, and he would frequently point out to his customers and acquaintance the several scenes in *Roderick Random*, pertaining to himself, which had their foundation, not in the Doctor's inventive fancy, but in truth and reality. The meeting in a barber's shop at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the subsequent mistake at the inn, their arrival together in London, and the assistance they experienced from *Strap's* friends, were all of that description. We understand the deceased has left behind him an interlined copy of *Roderick Random*, pointing out these facts, shewing how far they were indebted

to the genius of the Doctor, and to what extent they were bottomed in reality. The deceased could never succeed in gaining more than a respectable subsistence by his trade, but he possessed an independence of mind superior to his humble condition. Of late years he was employed as a keeper of the Promenade in Villier's Walk, Adelphi, and was much noticed and respected by the inhabitants who frequented that place.

Lord Falkland. In consequence of a duel with Mr. Powell, on Tuesday the 28th of February, at Chalk Farm. They were attended to the ground, the former by Sir Charles Cotton, of the navy, and the latter by — Ross, Esq. The distance of ten paces being stepped, and the pistols loaded by the seconds, the parties took their ground, when, by etiquette, Mr. Powell being entitled to the first shot, his ball fatally entered the groin of Lord Falkland. The wound was pronounced mortal, and it was thought that his lordship could not survive. He was attended by Mr. Heaviside, the surgeon.—Lord Falkland, after hearing the surgeons' opinions, said, (with a faltering voice, and as intelligibly as the agonised state of his body and mind would permit), "I acquit Mr. Powell of all blame, in this transaction; I alone am culpable." After the lapse of some hours, he again desired to see Mr. Heaviside, who was in attendance. Lord Falkland then expressed a wish to have the ball extracted. Mr. H. said it was impossible, without the operation causing almost instant death. "You may live three or four hours afterwards, but not more," continued Mr. H. His lordship then said he would first settle his worldly affairs, by making his will; this was done at a late hour. On the night of Tuesday, he asked Mr. H. "how long he might probably survive if the operation was not performed?" "I have known cases (replied Mr. H.) wherein the sufferer has lived for forty hours." After a long pause, his lordship fixed upon one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon for the operation to be performed. The operation was not performed, in consequence of his lordship having been on the whole much easier; the pain had considerably abated. During the after part of

the day, he had a relapse, and towards the night he became delirious; and at two o'clock on Thursday morning, March 2, his lordship expired.—Charles John Cary, Viscount Falkland, and Baron Cary, was born in November 1708, and succeeded his brother Henry Thomas, who died in May 1796. The peerage is one among the few instances in which Scotch titles are held by English families. It stands first in the list of Viscounts in Scotland. His lordship was a lively, pleasant man, manifested great gallantry in his profession on several occasions, and had acquired a considerable fortune by captures. In consequence of some convivial excesses on board his vessel, he was dismissed the service a year or two ago, but was recently restored. He was about forty years of age, with a handsome manly person. A widow and four children are left to mourn the loss of the deceased.—When the coroner's inquest sat on the body, Surgeon Heavyside stated, that he had known Lord Falkland about two years. He was called on to attend his lordship soon after one o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, at the house of Mr. Powell. He was sitting in a chair when Mr. H. arrived, and he was immediately put to bed by the surgeon's advice. On examining the body, the witness discovered that a ball had entered the lower part of the abdomen on the right side, and the symptoms were alarming, as the ball could not be found. Witness attended his lordship until Thursday morning, at two o'clock, when he died. The body was opened on the same day, when it appeared that the ball had passed directly across the cavity of the belly, and lodged in the back bone. In its passage it had wounded several vessels, the blood from which had settled in the cavity, and became in a putrid state, and one of the large intestines was also wounded. Mr. H. could not speak to the cause of the wound, but the deceased died in consequence of it.—There was no evidence whatever relative to the duel. Verdict—*Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.*

At Corunna, General Anstruther. He had the honour of conducting the

rear-guard in the late retreat of our army through Galicia, and died but twenty-four hours before his friend Sir John Moore. He had been twice thanked for his services before by the House of Commons; and, in speaking of his merits lately in the House, Lord Castlereagh observed, that "there never existed in the service of this country, or in any other service, a more accomplished officer or a more splendid military genius."—*[A further account of the gallant General in our next.]*

On his return from Spain, Edward Waldegrave, brother to the Earl of Waldegrave, of the 7th Light Dragoons. He was selected by Lord Paget to convey a dispatch from Astorga to Sir John Moore at Salamanca, a distance of a hundred and forty miles, at a moment when it was thought all communication was cut off between the two armies. This difficult and dangerous service he performed with equal zeal, activity, and address. After passing three nights and two days on horseback, without rest, he returned safe with his answer to head quarters at Astorga.—His remains were deposited in the family vault at Navestock, in Essex. The Earl of Waldegrave, anxious to pay the last tribute of regard to the memory of a lamented brother, attended on the occasion as chief mourner, together with his brother-in-law, Mr. Micklethwait, and other friends. It must have been highly gratifying to his lordship to have seen a number of his tenantry voluntarily come forward to mark their respect and attachment to him and his family, by joining the procession in deep mourning.

Lieut.-Colonel Michael Symes: he died in command of the 76th regiment, on his passage from Corunna, in consequence of extraordinary fatigue and exertions in the Spanish campaign. He was a man whose civil and military virtues and accomplishments were equally the objects of admiration. He possessed the highest capacity for science, with the most shining talents for action, and was not less endowed with the amiable qualities which embellish private life. He was twice ambassador to the court of Ava; and published an account of his first embassy, which gained him

distinguished reputation as a diplomatic and literary character. As a military man he was not less eminent; and as a husband, a parent, and a friend, he was affectionately beloved, and will be deeply lamented. On the way from Portsmouth to St. Margaret's church, Rochester, where his remains were interred, the funeral procession was joined by a long train of relations and friends; the church and church-yard were crowded with the officers of the garrison of Chatham, and a most impressive and appropriate sermon was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. Mr. Menzies.

BULLETINS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN SPAIN.

[Continued from p. 187.]

The Twenty-fourth is dated Astorga, January 2.—The Emperor arrived at Astorga on the first of January. The road from Benevente to Astorga is covered with dead horses belonging to the English, with travelling-carriages, artillery, caissons, and warlike stores. There were found at Astorga, magazines of sheets, blankets, and the tools and implements of pioneers.

As to Romana's army, it is reduced almost to nothing. The small number that remain are without coats, shoes, pay, food; and it is no longer to be considered as any thing.

The Emperor has charged the Duke of Dalmatia with the glorious mission of pursuing the English to the place of their embarkation, and of driving them into the sea, at the point of the sword.

Twenty-fifth, Benevente, Jan. 5.—The head of Merle's division, forming part of the Duke of Dalmatia's corps, came up with the advanced guard on the 9d. At four P.M. it reached the rear-guard of the English, who were upon the heights of Prieros, a league before Villafranca, consisting of 5000 infantry and 600 cavalry.—This position was well chosen, and difficult to attack. General Merle made his dispositions. The infantry advanced, beat the charge, and the English were entirely routed. The difficulty of the ground did not permit the cavalry to charge, and only 200 prisoners were taken. We had

about fifty men killed or wounded. General Colbert advanced to see if the cavalry could form:—his hour was arrived—a ball struck him in the forehead, and he lived but a quarter of an hour.

There are two roads from Astorga to Villafranca. The English took the right; the Spaniards the left: they marched without order:—were cut off and surrounded by the Hanoverian Chasseurs. A General of Brigade and a whole division laid down their arms. Since the 27th ult. we have taken more than 10,000 prisoners; among whom are 1500 English. We have taken also more than 400 baggage-waggons, 15 waggons of firelocks, their magazines, and hospitals. The English retreat in disorder, leaving magazines, sick, wounded, and equipage. They will experience a still greater loss; and if they be able to embark, it will not be without the loss of half of their army. But, informed that that army was reduced below 20,000 men, resolved to remove his head-quarters from Astorga to Benevente.

We found in the barns several English who had been hanged by the Spaniards. His Majesty was indignant, and ordered the barns to be burnt.—The peasants, whatever may be their resentment, have no right to attempt the lives of the wagoners of either army. His Majesty has ordered the English prisoners to be treated with all the respect due to soldiers who have manifested liberal ideas and sentiments of honour.

Twenty-sixth, Valladolid, Jan. 7.—After Governor De St. Cyr entered Barcelona, he proceeded to the Lobregat, and forced the enemy's intrenched camp, and took 25 pieces of cannon. He then took Torrogoro, a place of great importance.

Twenty-seventh, Valladolid, Jan. 9.—The Duke of Dalmatia, after the battle of Reinos, proceeded to expel the English from the post of Piedra Fella. He there took 1500 English prisoners, five pieces of cannon, and several caissons. The enemy were obliged to destroy a quantity of baggage and stores: the precipices were filled with them. Such was their precipitate flight and confusion, that they left behind them in their carriages a

quantity of gold and silver. The property that has fallen into our hands is estimated at two millions of livres.

Half the English cavalry is on foot. Since our departure from Benevento, up to the 5th instant, we counted on the road 1800 English horses that had been killed.

The Spanish peasantry have no mercy on the English. Notwithstanding the strictest orders to the contrary, we every day find a number of English assassinated.

The city of Madrid has particularly distinguished itself; 28,500 heads of families have taken the oath of allegiance before the Holy Sacrament.—The citizens have promised His Imperial Majesty, that if he places his brother on the throne, they will serve him with all their means.

Twenty-eighth, Valladolid, Jan. 18.—That part of the treasure of the enemy which has fallen into our hands, is 1,800,000 francs. The inhabitants assert that the English have carried off from eight to ten millions.

The Duke of Dalmatia arrived on the 6th in presence of the enemy. He employed the 7th and 8th in reconnoitring the enemy, and collecting his infantry and artillery, which were still in the rear. He formed his plan of attack. The left only of the enemy was attackable—he manœuvred on their left. His dispositions required some movements on the 8th, the Duke being determined to attack on the 9th, but the enemy retreated in the night, and in the morning our advanced guard entered Lugo. The enemy left

300 sick in the hospitals, a park of 18 pieces of cannon, and 300 waggons of ammunition. We made 700 prisoners.

In reckoning the sick, missed, those who have been killed by the peasants, and the prisoners made by our troops, we may calculate the loss of the English at one-third of their army. They are reduced to 18,000 men, and are not yet embarked. From Sahagun they retreated 150 leagues in bad weather, worse roads, through mountains, and days closely pursued at the point of the sword.

It is difficult to conceive the folly of their plan of campaign. It must be attributed, not to the General who commands, and who is a clever and skilful man, but to that spirit of hatred and rage which animates the English Ministry. To push forward in this manner 30,000 men, exposing them to destruction, or to flight as their only resource, is a conception which can only be inspired by the spirit of passion, or the most extravagant presumption.

Lugo was pillaged and sacked by the enemy. We cannot impute these disasters to the English General: it is the usual and inevitable effect, of forced marches and precipitate retreat.

Zamora, whose inhabitants had been animated by the presence of the English, shut their gates against General Mangetet: Gen. Dorneau proceeded against it with four battalions—he scaled the city; took it, and put the most guilty to the sword.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

ESSEX.

MOULSHAM HALL.—This ancient residence of the Mildmay family, is shortly to be pulled down, and many of the pictures will be removed to London.—The family portraits in this mansion are of great antiquity; among them are the following:—Sir Thomas Mildmay, to whom the manor was sold by Henry the Eighth; Sir Walter Mildmay, founder of Emanuel College, Cambridge; Sir H. Mildmay, represented as dead, and covered with a black velvet pall; Benjamin, late Earl of

Fitz-Walter; Frederica, his Lady; Robert, Earl of Holderness, her first husband; and Mainchart, her father, the brave Duke Schonberg. Here is also an ancient painting of Matilda, daughter of Lord Robert Fitz-Walter, who was poisoned at Dunmow by King John. The Mildmays trace their descent from Hugo Mildeme, or Mildme, who lived about the year 1147. The furniture, which is very ancient, is to come under the hammer.

BAMFORD.

Died.] March 7, at Portsmouth, after a severe and very lingering ill-

ness, which she bore with the fortitude and resignation of a true Christian. Mrs. Smith, wife of George Smith, Esq. Clerk of the Surveys in His Majesty's Dock Yard, Portsmouth. Universally beloved, she fulfilled the duties of wife, mother, and friend, in such a manner, as to conciliate the affections of all who knew her. Her loss will long be felt and lamented by a numerous circle of friends; to her family, the loss is irreparable!

HERTFORDSHIRE.

At the late Quarter Sessions at Hertford, came on to be heard, before the venerable and learned chairman and a most respectable bench of magistrates, an appeal, the subject of which had for some time before caused a more than ordinary degree of interest and attention in that place and the neighbourhood. The appellant, the Rev. Dr. Hook, rector of the parishes of St. Andrew, Hertford, and Herringfordbury, having demanded of his parishioners a considerable increase of tythe, according to a valuation made by a Reverend Gentleman, to which they unanimously thought proper not to accede, had been rated in the poor rate at 400*l.* which, if appeared, was much less than the amount of his demand for tythes, but twice as much as any former rate. The present assessment was made upon the amount of composition required in lieu of tythes, added to the average amount of parochial rates (the composition having been demanded by the rector free of such rates). Against the poor rate, so made, the rector appealed. It was contended on the part of the appellant, that, as a lease of the tythes had been granted to one Thomas Hudson, at the rent of 300*l.* although such lease was dated subsequently to the rate, the value of the tythes ought not to be considered greater than the rent; and also, that the rates should not be added to this rent, or to the composition, with a view to ascertain the *ratable* value, although the rector had been taking, or was entitled to take, the tythes in kind, as his lessee now does. In this opinion, however, the bench did not concur; neither would they admit the lease as evidence of the value. It was clearly shown, on the part of the parish, that the several sums demand-

ed by the rector amounted to about 320*l.* and that the parochial rates made the total amount to more than the 400*l.* assessed. The court therefore dismissed the appeal, with costs. The lessee, in consequence of a question put from the bench, asserted, that when he hired the tythes, he had not made any calculation of the probable produce, and that he did not know whether he should be able to derive any profit from them, or, if any, to what amount.

An earnest wish has long been expressed by numerous agriculturists in this kingdom, that something should be given to the clergy and lay tythe owners in lieu of tythes, while it seems to have escaped general notice, that an act was passed in the 17th of George the Third, to permit the clergy to sell their tythes, with the consent of the bishop of the diocese and the patron of the living, and to purchase land with the money, or to exchange their tythes for land. The form of transacting this business is to be found in the 230th page of the Clergyman's Assistant, which was written by the late Bishop Horsley.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Died.] At Grimsthorp, the Duke of Ancaster. His Grace was the fifth Duke, and attained a good old age, having been born May 1, 1729. In 1762, while Lord Brownlow Bertie, he married his first wife, Harriet, daughter and heiress of George Morton Pitt, Esq. but had no issue. In 1769, he was united to Mary Ann, daughter of Major Peter Ledyard, who died in 1804. By this lady he had one daughter, Mary Elizabeth, born in 1771, and married in 1793 to Viscount Milington, eldest son of the Earl of Portmore, by whom she has left issue, having died in 1797. In 1779, Lord B. Bertie succeeded his nephew, the Duke of Ancaster, and on his accession to the title became claimant for the office of Great Chamberlain of England, but failed. His Grace, while a Commissioner, was created Knight of the Shire for Lincoln in several successive Parliaments, and was Lord Lieutenant of the County, dying without male issue, the Dukedom of Ancaster and Marquisate of Lindsay are become extinct, but the Earldom of Lindsay de-

volved on Lieutenant-General Albe-
marle Bertie, who has represented the
borough of Stamford in five parlia-
ments. The Berties are supposed to
have come from Berticland, on the
borders of Prussia, with the Saxon
Conquerors. Leopold de Bertie was
Constable of Dover-Castle in the time
of Ethelred; and the village of Beres-
ted, in Kent, is supposed to derive its
name of this family. Peregrine Bertie
claimed the title of Lord Willoughby
of Bresby, in right of his mother;
and having married the daughter of
Vere, Earl of Oxford, his son Robert
succeeded to the office of Lord High
Chamberlain of England, and was af-
terwards created Earl of Lindsay, by
Charles I. Queen Anne afterwards
made Robert, the fourth Earl, Mar-
quis of Lindsay; to which George I.
added the title of duke. The country-
seat of this family, at Grimsthorp, in
Lincolnshire, is an extensive edifice;
and in the park, which is esteemed
the largest in England, being nearly
seventeen miles in circumference, are
to be seen the ruins of Valdy Abbey,
founded in 1147. The seat was origi-
nally built by Charles Brandon, Duke
of Suffolk, to entertain King Henry
in his visits to those parts.

NORFOLK.

Mr. John Wagstaff, whose death
we mentioned in page 188 of our last,
was born at Overton in Hampshire.
At the early age of ten years he was
placed as an apprentice to a baker
in the metropolis: where, during
those leisure hours which even the
busiest may create, he laid the founda-
tion of that scientific respectability
which he afterwards attained. His
education, being extremely limited
and narrow, afforded no presage of
ripening talents. But his ardent at-
tachment to literature enabled him
successfully to combat every obstacle
opposed to its advancement. "Ge-
nius," as defined by the biographer of
Sir W. Jones, "is the power of ap-
plication;" this power he possessed in
an eminent degree, and the reward of
his assiduity, extensive knowledge
improved by habitual thought, affords
a source of encouragement to the simi-
larly circumstanced in life. At the
expiration of his apprenticeship, he
settled in Norwich. An indefatigable
attention to the concerns of business,

and the care of a family, engaged the
greater portion of his time; his indus-
try and economy securing a praise-
worthy independence, and affording
an ample provision for the comforts
of old age. This, as well as every sub-
sequent period of his life, still afford-
ed a retreat from the avocations of
business, and enabled him to pursue
his love of science and the liberal arts.
Like the Edwin of Beattie, he delight-
ed to wander in the paths of poetry.
"Song was his favourite and first pur-
suit," and afforded a peculiar relish to
his powers of retirement. One of his
poems, entitled "Stonehenge," and
inscribed to his friend and neighbour
Edward Jerningham, Esq. contains
some noble reflections on that venera-
ble pile of ruins, and was well receiv-
ed by the public. Natural philosophy
engaged his early and continued at-
tention. From a frequent correspon-
dence with the Bath Agricultural
Society, he was elected one of its hon-
orary members, and gratuitously
presented with a copy of its works.
He was among the earliest and most
arduous promoters of the setting of
wheat, which now so greatly and be-
neficially prevails. In various branches
of horticulture and planting he was
eminently versed, and possessed a well
grounded knowledge of botany, ento-
mology, and other departments of na-
tural history. His mind expanded by
liberal cultivation, exhibited a bril-
liancy and compass of imagination,
united with a vigour of understanding
rarely possessed, and fully exempli-
fied the remark of Dr. Johnson, that
"a tradesman, by the economy of
time, and a devotion of his leisure
hours to study, may become, if not a
learned, at least a very useful and sen-
sible man."—Of his social character,
cheerfulness, strict integrity, and ac-
tive benevolence, were leading traits.
His morality was that of the Christian
dispensation; and his life, devoted to
virtuous and honourable occupations,
was rewarded with a peaceful close
and a happy earnest of unfading im-
mortality.

OXFORD

The late fire which broke out in the
south-west angle of the great qua-
drangle of Christ Church College,
Oxford, in a short time consumed
the whole of Professor White's apart-

ments, and some adjacent rooms. The fire originated in the room of one of the members, who was then absent. Dr. White was in such a paralytic state, that he was obliged to be carried out of the house; he has lost all his valuable library and original manuscripts. The great hall was with difficulty saved. The flames raged with such violence till six o'clock the next morning, that it was with great difficulty the engines could prevent it from spreading. The great reservoir in the middle of the quadrangle, was soon emptied, and it was some time before a supply of water could be procured. All the members of the university gave their utmost assistance. The Oxford volunteers also attended to protect the property. The amount of the property consumed is not yet ascertained; one gentleman lost furniture to the amount of 500*l*. No particular accident happened, if we except one gentleman, who dislocated his knee in attempting to force a door open.

The principal sufferer is Dr. White, canon of Christ Church, and Hebrew Professor, the whole of whose furniture and library (including several valuable Oriental manuscripts) were consumed. The other apartments which are entirely destroyed, were those of the Rev. Mr. Smelt, Messrs. Brown, Meyler, Keogh, James, Roe; those of Lord Apsley, Messrs. Finch and Burton, are partially burnt. The dean of Christ Church, throughout the whole night, exhibited that firmness and composure for which he is so eminent. The removal of the lead from the top of the building, by his order, was attended with the best possible effects. The exertions of the gentlemen of the University were most spirited. Each vied with the other. Nor was this spirit confined to the male part alone; Miss Burton, daughter of Dr. Burton, canon of Christ Church, with the lady of Sir Christopher Pegge, were most actively and usefully engaged in distributing wine, &c. to the fatigued.—The estimate of the loss is 12,000*l*.

During the conflagration at Christ's Church College, Oxford, another fire broke out at Lee Farm (Mr. Hodgkin's) in the same county. It burst out in a

hen-roost, in a spacious farm-yard, and communicated to the stables, over which a man and a boy were sleeping, and who were burnt. Above 20 head of cattle were destroyed, together with several ricks of corn and hay, but the dwelling-house was preserved.

SHROPSHIRE.

Died.] At Ludlow, in an advanced age, that eccentric, original character, William Purslow, self-titled *Esquire*, well known to many persons besides his neighbours, for having, some years ago, so tamed two hedge-hogs as to make them perambulate the streets with him, in a degree of discipline and subjection which astonished the beholders, townsmen, and others. In the early part of his life he was a soldier, and served under "the old Cock of the Rock," during its siege by the Spaniards. His latter years have been chiefly supported by the bounties of his opulent and benevolent neighbours. Though in the utmost degree of penury and wretchedness, he would never submit to receive parochial relief; and several years ago he had saved 7*l*. which he deposited in custody of a friend, for the express purpose of defraying his funeral expences, that even his interment might not be chargeable to the parish funds. Of this sum, three-fourths remained untouched at the day of his death. His form was athletic, his constitution robust, and his features discovered a firm heroic spirit. Had he been placed in more fortunate circumstances for the exhibition of that spirit, he would probably have been a hero of prominent merit. During several years past, rheumatic lameness, occasioned and confirmed by his hard manner of living, compelled him to go upon crutches. In principle he was strictly honest; in manners, civil and inoffensive, except when inebriated, as he often was, by the donations of travellers and military officers; on which occasions he was frequently conveyed home in a single-wheeled chair, to the no small amusement of boys and adults. Briefly, he was at heart a man of genuine integrity and independence of soul; and, so far, poor Purslow has left thousands of survivors who are not his equals.

SUFFOLK.

Died.] At Great Bradley, the Rev. Mr. Creek, who has been schoolmaster there 87 years; he has been blind 20 years; and was in his 115th year.

At the Workhouse, Bury, Thomas Learner, aged 95. He was a blacksmith by trade, and had been a private soldier in the King's army during the Rebellion in 1715; and throughout life supported an excellent character.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Assassination.—Rebecca Hodges of Ward End Hall, has been lately committed to Warwick gaol, for feloniously shooting Mr. Samuel Birch, of Ward End Hall, with a horse pistol, loaded with slugs. It appears that this unfortunate woman had harboured the desperate design in her mind for seven years past, and about a year ago she purchased a pistol with which she perpetrated the crime. She had been several times seen about Mr. B.'s premises, previous to the perpetration of the fact, and on the Sunday morning she was seen behind the door in one of the out-houses, but was suffered to depart; she had remained in the barns and buildings till Monday night, waiting the housekeeper's going to bed; she then, through a window, saw Mr. B. sitting by the fire asleep; she then opened the door, which was only on the latch, and after some time walking about the room, she discharged the pistol at his head: two slugs struck him—one did but little execution; the other has since been extracted from his skull, which has been trepanned by Mr. Vickers; and owing to his great skill and attention, hopes are entertained of recovery. The young woman was brought to prison by the watchman, disguised in man's clothes; a loaded pistol was found in her hand, and delivered to Mr. Payn, who soon discovered the supposed man was a female. Seven years ago the young woman was a servant in the Birch family, and the only cause she assigns for the rash act was, that Mr. B. had formed an attachment to Mr. Birch at that time, and was in consequence discharged from her place.

YORKSHIRE.

The trial of Mary Bateman, of Leeds, the reputed witch, for the wil-

ful murder of Rebecca Perigo, of Bramley, near Leeds, (see *Universal Magazine* for October, page 377) commenced on Friday, the 17th March, at York, before Mr. Justice Lawrence and Mr. Justice Le Blanc, and continued until nine o'clock, at eight.—The Jury, without retiring, found the prisoner *Guilty*. The Judge immediately, in the most impressive manner, passed sentence of death upon her, and ordered her body to be given to the surgeons for dissection. The prisoner pleaded pregnancy in bar of execution. A Jury of Matrons were immediately impanelled in court, who found that she was not quick with child. The execution therefore took place on Monday the 20th. The court was extremely crowded at a very early hour, and all the avenues so choaked up, that it was with the greatest difficulty the Judge could gain admittance.

Died.] At North Cowton, near Richmond, Robert Ralsbeck, being the nativity of his birth, and the completion of his 78th year. He was a man whose usefulness was eminently known in the neighbourhood, for extirpating, in the most difficult circumstances, calves from cows, and foals from mares: he also was very intelligent in the different kinds of cattle, judicious in the management thereof, and formerly had been an eminent butcher. His loss in the neighbourhood will be greatly felt by the farmers.

WALES.

A Light-house is erected on a rock called the South Stack, being the south-west promontory of Holyhead. The elevation of the light is 901 feet above the level of the sea.—Being a revolving light, it is easily distinguished from the Sherries, which is a stationary light, and bears from the light on the South Stack about north-east half east, distant nearly eight miles. It may be seen through the whole of Carnarvon Bay.

Two hundred pounds weight of the *Rheum Palmatum*, or Medicinal Rhubarb, generally called Turkey Rhubarb, have been dug up in the garden of Mr. J. Davies, in Swansea, from seeds sown in the year 1798; the roots weighed from thirty to thirty-five pounds each.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

FEB. 19, 1809, to MARCH 31, 1809, inclusive.

{Extracted from the London Gazette}—The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.

ATKINSON S. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Insurance-broker, (Atkinson, Chancery lane).

Brace J. Deptford, chapman, (Searle, Child's-place). **Broadfield E. H.** Stourport, boat-builder, (Bigg, Hatton-Garden). **Burt W.** Colyton, Devon, money-scrivener, (Warry, New-Inn). **Butcher W.** Chickland-street, builder, (Burt, John-street). **Bayley W.** Barnham, boat-builder, (Mawley, Dorset-street). **Breakspear J.** Oxford-street, silversmith, (Batchellor and Co. Serjeant's Inn). **Bowers J.** Manchester, inn-keeper, (Ellis, Curator-street). **Bailey S.** and **T. Hanwell-Heath,** Middlesex, chandlers, (Benton, Union-street). **M'Bride A.** Liverpool, perfumer, (Windle, John-street). **Bradley E. sen.** Bromley, baker, (Neald and Co. Norfolk-street). **Ball J.** New Sarum, victualler, (Amor and Co. Southampton). **Brooks J.** St John's-str. hardwareman, (Batty, Chancery-lane). **Brothers J. P.** Aldermansbury, jeweller, (Crowd and Co. Temple). **Blakey G. sen.** Stepney, ship owner, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-street). **Baxter J.** Sheffield, edge-tool manufacturer, (Wilson, Greville str.). **Burd W.** Stone, Stafford, and **Broadfield E. H.** Stourport, boat-builders, (Bigg, Hatton-garden). **Bromley W. G.** and **Smith R.** Bishopsgate-street, auctioneers, (Adams, Old Jewry).

Cowhill W. Manchester, stone-mason, (Mine and Co. Temple). **Clane T.** Preston, ironmonger, (Avion, Liverpool). **Charles J.** Tregars, Monmouth, timber-dealer, (Williams, Red Lion-square). **Cooper D.** Stockport, hat-manufacturer, (Baxter and Co. Furnival's-Inn). **Clancy J.** Tottenham-court-road, provision-merchant, (Shearman, Hart-street). **Cotton J.** Coventry, builder, (Inge and Co. Coventry). **Clark A.** Newport, Isle of Wight, (Gatty and Co. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street).

Draper T. City-road, mason, (Wilson, Devonshire-street). **Dobson F.** Cloughton, Lancaster, cotton-spinner, (Barrett, Holborn court). **Dalton T.** Mitcham, shopkeeper, (Fisher, Bell-square). **Dempsey W.** and **Astaman J.** tailors, Bristol, (Edmunds, Exchequer of Pleas, Lincoln's-Inn).

Forster P. Great Yarmouth, bookseller, (Hanrott and Co. Lincoln's-Inn New-square). **Firmin P.** Dedham, Essex, money-scrivener, (Woodgate, Golden sq.).

Finch J. C. Russell-court, tavern-keeper (Bower, Clifford's Inn). **Forster R.** High-street, cheesemonger, (Wilde, Warwick-square).

Gibson R. H. Windson-place, and **Benjamin W.** Gibraltar, jewellers, (Coote, Austin-Frirs). **Gilpin J.** East Teignmouth, victualler, (Boutflower, Devonshire-street). **Gurney J.** Acre-lane, Brixton-Causeway, (Godmond, New Bridge-street). **Garner J.** Thetford, hatter, (Boulfield, Bouverie-street). **George J.** Carburton-street, horse dealer, (Ellis, James's-street). **Grew G.** Waltham Cross, tailor, (Thomas, Fen-court). **Gregory J.** Haverhill, baker, (Cutting, Bartlett's-buildings).

Harty L. Watford, silk-throwster, (Fairlie, New-square). **Haslop W.** Long Acre, man's-mercier, (Sweet, Furnival's-Inn). **Holt J.** Salford, dyer, (Ellis, Curator-str). **Holland H.** Dawlish, Devon, brick-maker, (Williams, Red Lion-square). **Harwood W.** Tiverton, blacksmith, (Black and Co. Cook's-court, Carey-street). **Hounson J.** Fleet-street, linen-draper, (Finn, Essex-str.). **Haaton T.** Colford, mercier, (James, Colford). **Hulihar H.** Haymarket, umbrella-maker, (Bugby, Symond's Inn). **Hodgson A.** Sheerness, linen-draper, (Bourdilol and Co. Little Friday-street). **Hodson W.** Manchester, cotton-manufacturer, (Cowper and Co. Southampton-buildings). **Hunt S. J.** Norwich, duffield-manufacturer, (Gilbert Siggers, Great St. Helens).

Ingham J. Great Lever, Lancaster, inn-keeper, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). **Jones T.** Liverpool, builder, (Shepherd and Co. Bedford-row). **Jennings J.** Wendlebury, brewer, (Walford, Bicester). **Jackson J.** St. Swinburn-lane, merchant, (Pellatt, Ironmonger-Hall). **Jones J.** cyder-merchant, (Jenkins and Co. New-Inn). **Jackson J.** Leicester, hosi-er, (Birbridge, Leicester).

Knowlton C. Bristol, linen-draper, (Syddall, Aldersgate-street). **Knott R.** Wy-mondham, shopkeeper, (Prestland, Brunswick square).

Lamb W. Duffrey, victualler, (Cabell, Lincoln's-Inn). **Lyon W.** Denzell-street, glass-merchant, (Henson, Dorset-street). **Lord L.** Longsight, Manchester, cotton-manufacturer, (Partington, Manchester). **Lord H.** Manchester, dealer in cotton twist, (Milne and Co. Temple). **Laxton J.**

Exeter, linen-draper, (Bennett, Dean's-court).

Matthews M. Bath, grocer, (Edmonds, Exchange Office of Fines). Manning J. Bristol, grocer, (Franks, Hart-street). Marks P. Plymouth Dock, linen-draper, (Adams, Old Jewry). Martin H. Walsinghamford, linen draper, (Bourdillon and Co. Little Friday street). Mawdsley J. Ormskirk, Lancaster, joiner, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Marks H. High-street, St. Giles, salesman, (Isaacs, Mitre-court). Mills H. Guisbrough, York, miller, (Wills, Wernford-court). Milburn W. Chis, tanner, (Lodington, Secondaries'-Office, Temple). Martin T. Birmingham, cordwainer, (Baxters and Co. Furnival's Inn).

Newport B. Gill-street, Limehouse, carpenter, (Fitzgerald, Leman-street). Nevett J. Brosoley, Salop, dealer in coals, (Fritchard, Brosoley). Newton G. Derby, shopkeeper, (Hall, Salters'-Hall).

Polack B. Sheffield, watchmaker, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Prigg W. Ipswich, victualler, (Bromley and Co. Holborn-court). Phileox J. Brighthelmstone, carpenter, (Fauris and Co. Doughy-street). Prentis J. Chistchurch, bricklayer, (Wootton and Co. Fenchurch-street). Palmer E. Old Jewry, paper-hanger, (Benbow and Co. Stone-buildings). Phipps, St John's-lane, plumber, (West, Charterhouse-sq.).

Rayner J. N. Ely, linen-draper, (Bohrdillon and Co. Little Friday-street). Rothers T. Leeds, woof-stapler, (Lambert, Hatton-garden). Rusby J. New Mills, Derby, cotton - spinner, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Roll E. Red Lion-street, Spitalfields, baker, (Bond, East India Chambers). Rice T. Stroud, clothier, (Constable, Symond's-Inn). Rayner E. and Medley J. Newport, cloth-dealers, (Worsley, Newport).

Roe T. Wolverhampton, druggist, (Ansstee, King's-Bench-Walks). Ross H. Neath, Glamorgan, mercer, (Bleasdale and Co New-Inn).

Southerton F. Tiverton, Devon, chapman, (Pittbank, Ely-place). Sattuel R. High-street, St Giles, linen draper, (Frowd and Co. Temple). Schaffer J. London-road, floor-cloth manufacturer, (Godmond, New Bridge-street). Snell J. and Pinkham J. Plymouth Dock, ironmongers, (Bleasdale and Co New-Inn). Smith W. Portsea, linen-draper, (Gregson and Co. Angel court). Scott J. Gloucester, Huntingdon, blacksmith, (Maule and Co Huntingdon).

Taylor G. Bristol, merchant, (Franks, Hart-street). Tomlins J. Bristol, grocer, (Broome and Co. Gray's-Inn-square). Turnbull W. Oxford-street, music-seller, (Wood, Richmond-buildings). Todhunter J. Preston, linen-draper, (Bartett, Gray's-Inn).

Vine C. Westbury, tallow-chandler, (Williams, Red Lion-square). Valyer T. Falmouth, butcher, (Shephard and Co. Bedford row).

Williams W. Wapping, soap-boiler, (Adams, Old Jewry). Wynn W. Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorgan, vintner, (Williams, Red Lion-square). Wood D. Bloxwick, Stafford, awl blade maker, (Turner and Co. Bloomsbury-square). Whitte S. Shiffnall, grocer, (Corser, Wolverhampton). Wake W. Spital-square, silk-weaver, (Berry, Bucklersbury). Williams J. Fenchurch-street, cheesemonger, (Scott, St. Mildred's-court). Wild D. Newtown, Montgomery, flannel-manufacturer, (Bigg, Hatton-garden). Warrington J. Newcastle, butcher, (Baddeley, Serle-street). Whitmarsh D. Brockenhurst, shopkeeper, (Reardon and Co. Gloucechurch-street).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, and WATER WORKS, SHARES, &c. &c.—March 21, 1869.

London Dock Stock, 118 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.
West-India ditto, 174 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto.
East-India ditto, 128 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto.
Commercial ditto, 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share prem.
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 140 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share.
Grand Surrey ditto, 60 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto.
Thames and Medway ditto, Old shares 42 $\frac{1}{2}$.
New 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share premium.
Kennett and Avon ditto, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share premium.
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 115 $\frac{1}{2}$.
Aldon ditto, 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share.
Hopa ditto, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share prem.
Eagle ditto, par.

Atlas ditto, par
Imperial Fire Assurance, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. pm.
Kent ditto, 50 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share, prem.
London Assurance Shipping, 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ pr share
Rock Life Assurance, 4s. to 5s per share prem.
Commercial Road Stock, 115 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.
London Institution, 84 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share
Surrey ditto, par
East London ditto, 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share prem.
West Midland ditto, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto.
Auction Mart, 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto
Golden Lane Brewery, 77 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share.
Lancaster Canal, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto
Tavistock Mineral Canal, 125 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto.

L. Wolfe and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE wheats, generally speaking, appear vigorous, and year the most promising aspect. Experienced farmers, particularly in Kent, have expressed their disapprobation of the creaking accounts of the injury sustained, and still to be expected, from the late wet season. The short continuance of dry weather has already proved the soundness of these observations, as the wheats, at present, appear as favourable as ever they were known to be at so early a season of the year.—The fallows, too, have been in charming order for spring ploughing; and the turnip crop, which is inferior, particularly in Norfolk, has, generally speaking, come off the ground in clean and sound condition.—The mildness of the weather has also been particularly favourable for the lambing season. South Down wool has risen from 58s. and 60s. to 98s. per tod, and Norfolk has advanced in proportion.

The herbage also upon the pastures, partaking of the fine weather, has exhibited a luxuriant prospect. Lucern is likely again to be cultivated in Norfolk, and is looked upon as a plant of inestimable value to the farmer. Though many half-fat hounds have been sent to slaughter, beef in high condition, as well as good mutton, have brought considerable profit to the grazier.

Price of meat in Smithfield market:—Beef, 5s. to 6s. 4d; mutton, 5s. to 6s. 4d.; veal, 5s. 8d. to 6s. 8d.; pork, 5s. 8d. to 6s. 8d.

Middlesex, March 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN.

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140 lbs.

Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Mar. 18, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats		Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Middsx	97 8	67 0	45 0	41 7	Essex	92 6	51 0	46 4	41 8
Surrey	96 8	60 0	47 8	44 0	Kent	87 9	61 0	44 6	37 0
Hertford	91 4	49 0	47 10	38 0	Sussex	87 4		47 6	38 9
Bedford	92 4	64 4	44 8	39 2	Suffolk	91 5	59 3	44 2	38 11
Huntin.	93 0		45 8	35 8	Cambridge	86 5	65 10	40 8	29 8
Northa.	94 0	65 0	46 4	35 10	Norfolk	93 0	65 0	40 4	34 0
Rutland	96 5		49 6	34 9	Lincoln	96 0	76 0	46 5	32 9
Leicest	91 11	54 7	49 8	38 0	York	92 11	96 0	45 3	36 2
Notting	98 8	72 0	53 0	36 6	Durham	105 5	67 5	52 9	38 9
Derby	99 10		55 8	38 6	Northumberland	88 2	74 0	45 4	33 1
Stafford	101 7		50 2	35 11	Cumberland	104 2	75 8	48 1	35 5
Salop	98 8	70 8	51 8	34 9	Westmorland	117 9			37 18
Herefor	88 5	48 0	42 6	33 0	Lancaster	108 10		46 5	37 10
Worces.	99 2		46 4	41 7	Chester	95 5		53 4	34 10
Warwic	101 0		52 1	40 4	Flint	78 5			
Wilts	88 8		44 6	41 6	Denbigh	105 9		52 0	37 4
Berks	95 0		45 6	42 5	Anglesea	103 0		50 0	39 8
Oxford	94 5		43 7	38 9	Carnarvon	103 0		43 0	28 4
Bucks	98 10		45 11	40 8	Merioneth	99 0		47 8	28 8
Brecon	21 1	64 0	46 4	34 0	Gardigan	87 5		40 0	25 0
Monrgo.	98 4		45 0	32 4	Pembroke	82 16		59 7	24 7
Radnor.	88 8		41 0	27 10	Carmarthen	86 6		43 4	26 8
					Glamorgan	90 4		46 10	28 0
					Gloucester	100 0		49 6	
					Somersct	93 6		45 4	31 9
					Monmouth	90 11		44 10	
					Devon	83 9		40 2	28 2
					Cornwall	88 0		40 1	28 6
					Dorset	94 6		47 5	37 1
					Hants	93 7		49 5	40 6

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 94s. 9d.; Rye 65s. 3d.; Barley 46s. 4d.; Oats 34s. 8d.; Beans 62s. 3d.; Pease 65s. 5d.; Oatmeal 51s. 3d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from FEB. 22, to MARCH 21, 1809.

CHRISTENDOM.	JURIED.	Between	
Maies 745	1452	2 and 5	149
Females 707	1452	5 and 10	42
Whoseof have died under two years old 398	1255	10 and 20	38
		20 and 30	84
		30 and 40	118
		40 and 50	157
		50 and 60	186
Peck Loaf, 5s. 1d. 3s. 1d. 5s. 4s. 11d.			
Salt, 30s. per bushel, 4s. per lb.			

THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

N° LXV.—Vol. XI.]

For APRIL, 1890.

[NEW SERIES.]

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—DR. JOHNSON.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

STRICTURES upon the LONDON REVIEW of RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

[Continued from p. 197.]

SIR,

THE admission of my last letter is, at once, a sanction to my undertaking, and an incentive to its prosecution. I pledged myself to a continuation of my strictures, before I was certain that they would find a place in your pages; and I now hasten, with pleasure, to the discharge of this self-imposed obligation.

The next article in the "London Review" is an account of a German Epic, entitled *Donatoa*; and it is written by a *Mr. Boileau*.

"Stat nominis umbra."—*Lucan*.

This gentleman commences with a curious argument, that because *Donatoa* was written during the existence of wars, commotions, and civil broils in Austria, *ergo*, it is additionally probable that we should never have seen the *Paradise Lost* of Milton if Charles I. had not been beheaded and Cromwell been Protector! For, in the very spirit of this gentleman's reasoning, the appearance of an "equally sublime poem" (i. e. *Donatoa*) could not have happened upon any other admitted principle of events. I leave your readers in full possession of the ingenuity of this argument.

The style of this *Mr. Boileau* is not much inferior to that of Mr. Cumberland. The latter, in aiming at simplicity and ease, becomes mean and vulgar: the former, in striving to be concise and energetic, renders himself turgid and fantastical. The beautiful abruptness of the following may be admired:—

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XI.

"He lived but for his poem. He glowed with the most ardent love of literary fame. He wrote for immortality." p. 67.

"He leads them on in pompous array. Alphaed vainly opposes their passage. The Stygians prevail." p. 68.

"Abdul persists in his own plan. Hell rejoices. Donatoa spreads terror over the capital." p. 72.

The "brevity" of the "honorable Roman" himself, scarcely excelled these half strangled periods. But Mr. Boileau is equally happy in other peculiar beauties of phraseology. He does not even disdain Hibernian imagery, when he talks of "*re-echoing*" a sound (p. 65), and in other felicities of expression he is very copious.

"No suspicion of flattery can reach us*," &c. p. 65. by which he means, I suppose, that if any suspicions do arise, he is beyond their reach, from a happy obduracy of sensibility.

"As the first six books *only* of Sonnenberg's poem have found their way to England," &c. p. 67.

By the position of the adjective, the sense of the sentence is obscured.

"Mammon excites Mordal to ruin Allwill, and to be beforehand with Ego!" p. 71.

"Poesy is the darling offspring of genius," &c. p. 72.

A remarkable discovery.

* Why is the plural pronoun retained, that abominable sign of anonymous criticism? Mr. Boileau can be regarded only as an individual critic, unless the associated brethren are mutually responsible for their opinions.

The critical sagacity of Mr. Boileau is next to be considered, by which we shall learn how far he is entitled to the confidence of his readers as an arbiter of taste: and, indeed, if his own assertions may have weight, there can be no doubt upon the subject. Without any hesitation, he "inscribes" the name of the author of Donatoa upon the same "tablet of epic fame, which holds the hallowed names of Homer, Virgil, Milton, and Klopstock." I have no objection to the equality of the last author with *Baron Sonnenberg*, (the author of Donatoa); but let his right to Homer, Virgilian, or Miltonic fame, be estimated by his own performances. The following, which is quoted by Mr. Boileau, may help to decide the question. It is an harangue of the Devil's to *Allwill* a demagogue:

What, man! If Mammon be your god,
Behold

A forest waves with vegetable gold -
Look how that tree invites you to suspend
Your votive carcase where its branches
bend.

Hang yourself, miser, on that tempting
bough!

The first friend that you meet will shew
you how -

Why, 'tis a deed as pleasant as to weep
O'er your spent churning, - easy as to sleep
On your coarse pallet! Come, apply the
rope;

'Tis my prescription, and your only hope;
There in your leafy hammock as you
swing

Sweet Philomel your requiem shall sing;
While Zephyrus waft you to the silent shore
Of that calm lake where Charon plies the
oar:

Your halter there, the garter of my knight,
Shall put th' old wrangling ferryman to
rights:

Shew him your neckcloth; that at once
shall be

Your passport, and he'll waft your o'er to
me.

I have disdained to mark any parts of this in italics, as indicative of its errors, for it is all contemptible and absurd. It will perhaps be replied, that it is read to disadvantage, being first literally translated, and then versified by Mr. Cumberland. I have a ready answer. I will not cavil at the language; but if the *sentiments* are *Sonnenberg's*, I need no other proof of his epic talents. Such unmeaning

ribaldry is very well for a German youth to write, and very well for Mr. Boileau to translate. The author and the critic are equal. The latter, in the fervour of his admiration, selected, of course, the passages which he thought most expressive of his author's genius. From this, however, we may judge what respect is due to his opinion, when he talks of the "admirable genius" of *Sonnenberg*, p. 66; declares that "his Hell is still more terrific than Milton's!" p. 68; and pronounces Donatoa "one of the most astonishing productions of the age!!!" But when he wrote this last he surely forgot his own critique. The design of the poem (as far as I can judge from the obscure and confused analysis which is given of the first six books) is sufficiently ingenious; but he who knows any thing of the operations of the human mind, knows, that it is easier to project undertakings than to complete them.

We are promised a more copious account of this work when it is "regularly imported," provided the "London Review" should exist till then.

I fear it will be objected to me, that in thus minutely criticising the language and opinions of such writers as *Mr. J. Smith*, *Mr. Boileau* (*cum multis aliis*), I am exalting them to a dignity to which they are not entitled. But I separate the man from the work. *Mr. J. Smith*, or *Mr. Boileau*, in any other capacity, would be quite secure from my animadversion: but, as writers for the "London Review," as a part of an establishment which is to produce wonders, they have a claim to notice which they could not have from their individual merits. By ascertaining their qualifications, we shall best know how far they are competent to effect what they intend. If *Mr. Cumberland* had chosen to admit the bellman of his own parish as his coadjutor, that bellman would have an equal right to my notice. If a society of barbers were to announce a plan for shaving without soap or razors, they as a body, would be entitled to the examination, to the censure, or to the approval of all the barbers in the kingdom. It is of great importance

not to confound intrinsic with extrinsic excellence; not to confound the man with the office he may happen to bear. It is with reference to the latter only that I have thought these associated reviewers entitled to my notice.

The next article in this Review is written by Mr. Cumberland, upon a work not yet composed, and, consequently, not yet published. I am willing, however, to allow that this deviation from customary practice is well warranted by the singularity of the circumstance; and though I am not quite so sentimental as Mr. C. the feelings of whose heart were allowed to overbalance the dictates of his judgement, yet I cordially approve of his proceeding. I do not, however, think that he establishes Mr. Townsend's claim to originality*, for *Donatoo* was published in 1806, but at what period Mr. Townsend communicated his plan to Mr. Cumberland is not stated. Upon such evidence therefore as is given, the fact intended to be established, is left doubtful. It may perhaps be in Mr. Cumberland's power to remove all suspicion, by a reference to dates, and if he can, I hope he will: for here, at least, I agree with him, that the conception of *Armageddon* is grand and sublime, and nobly calculated for the display of a lofty genius. I have read the arguments of each book with delight, and sometimes with astonishment; and nothing diminished the satisfaction which I felt, but the mortifying reflection that it is easy to project what it is not easy to complete. The deliberative and executive powers

of man are frequently disjoined by an infinite space: the unbodied conceptions of the mind often soar beyond our own powers of adequate delineation. It is not paradoxical to assert that many Homers and Virgils and Miltons have been, and are now, in existence, possessing all the force of conception requisite to great undertakings, but without the faculty of performance. And in this predicament it may be feared that Mr. Townsend stands, judging from the specimens brought forward by Mr. Cumberland, which do not contain any appearance (however faint) of that power of language, loftiness of imagery, or metrical skill, which must be found in a successful candidate for epic fame. But to pass from the author to his critic.

It might have been expected that, in a task so simple as the one which Mr. Cumberland has here imposed upon himself, he would have executed it with humble accuracy. I wish I could say he has done so: I wish I could say that he is not inferior to any of his coadjutors. In the vitiated character of his style he is alone. I disdain the collusion that may lurk beneath general censure. I shall therefore support mine, by illustration: your readers may then absolve or condemn with perfect impartiality.

Speaking of Mr. Townsend's taste, he tells us it was "badly grounded on a bad choice of models," p. 75.—Can Mr. Cumberland inform me how his author could have grounded a *genius* taste upon bad models?

The follow is expressed with much obscurity:—

"Of his recitations I was soon presented by him, with specimens to a considerable extent: of his written poems I had only a very few copies, which I caused him to transcribe for my better understanding of them, as his manner of reciting is by no means good." &c.

I think Mr. Townsend must feel sensibly abased when he reads the following:—

"The doctrine (i.e. to attempt a great work) suited his innate ambition, and his expressive countenance, at a glance, convinced me that even then the FERMENTATION of his genius had

* As every reader of the Universal Magazine may not have seen the "London Review," it will be useful to state, that a Mr. Townsend has happened to employ his mind in the composition of a poem entitled *Armageddon*, which takes, for its subject, the very same event (i.e. the final destruction of this globe) as that of *Donatoo* by Sonnenberg; and Mr. Cumberland's motive for noticing it even before it is begun, is, that when it appears, hereafter, Mr. Townsend may not be suspected of having borrowed from the German author.

begun. In a short time after, he burst upon me with his SUPER-HUMAN project of the Armageddon!" ib.

Whoever has read Mr. Cumberland's *Memoirs of himself*, must know, that he has the art, beyond all living authors, of composing fawning panegyric. The lulling strains of his adulation soothe all alike; and to him may be said, what his friend Dr. Johnson once said to a lady who was servilely harassing him with eulogies: "Madam," said he, "consider what your praise is worth before you bestow it so liberally." Manly commendation, directed to manly attainments, is honourable to the giver and receiver: but an old man, frisking before a youthful writer, and telling him of his "expressive countenance," is something so ludicrously contemptible, as makes me feel for Mr. Townsend, if he possesses a dignified and ingenuous mind. He will be absolutely ashamed to carry his "expressive countenance" into society.

But if the preceding abases, the following degrades him:

"I did not dare to say, 'Go on! Adventure into worlds unknown—make a new language; and give names to things that have no name in any language that man ever spoke: and let your genius find a resting place whereon to raise a trophy to your fame, when all created matter is dissolved!'" p. 76.

One half of this is unmeaning hyperbole, and the other half incomprehensible nonsense. Where Mr. Townsend is to find a resting place, when "all created matter is dissolved," may be known to Mr. Cumberland, and the disclosure of it would instruct the whole world, and none more than myself. It reminds me of the Indian philosopher, who maintained that the globe rested upon the shoulders of a tortoise, and the tortoise stood—I suppose, where Mr. Townsend's "trophy" is to stand.

"After his invocation, he locates Armageddon," &c. p. 80. This is an unauthorized word.

The next article in this Review is an account of Mr. Scott's *Marmion*, written by a Mr. Twiss; but whether

the same gentleman that published *Travels in Ireland*, and whose name the offended Irish have immortalized by a distich and graphic illustration, which it would be indecorous here to repeat, I know not. It is sufficient for my purpose that his name is Twiss.

Upon an impartial consideration of the contents of this number, I am inclined to consider this as the best in it; and if this praise (which I confess is very humble when I consider the standard of comparison) can gratify Mr. Twiss, he is welcome to it. His opinion indeed of Mr. Scott's powers is greater than my own; but it is not expressed with that lavish exuberance of praise which is too often the shelter of an imbecile mind. He shares, however, with his coadjutors, the claim to inaccuracy of judgment and of language.

It would not be very easy to define the signification which Mr. Twiss affixes, in his own mind, to the epithet *public spirited* (p. 82), when he speaks of a reader, imbued with that quality, sitting down to inquire why Mr. Scott adopted the vicious style of composition which he has. How this last gentleman's fantastical notions of style can be connected with patriotism, I am at a loss to discover.

I cannot help thinking, that this Mr. Twiss must be the gentleman who travelled in Ireland, for I find, in his critique, so many felicities of argument, that nothing but long intercourse with the gentlemen on the other side St. George's Channel, or being a "native, and to the manner born," could endure him with such proficiency. I shall note these, because (still remembering the avowed principle of the "London Review") they will serve to show what is to be expected from obscure individuals thus erected into the chair of criticism, and who rest their only superiority upon having less modesty than other men, by boldly affixing their names to such labours. There are, I know, persons of acknowledged literary eminence and of extensive learning and genius, who feel no reluctance in dispensing their acquirements, shrouded beneath the veil of anonymous criticism, and who willingly leave to inferior minds and humbler

names the ignoble fortitude of avowing their own imbecility. Precepts derive their authority from those who promulgate them when the promulgators are known; or they are received from their intrinsic propriety when we know not whence they proceed. But we always refuse our submission to the dictates of him whose insufficiency we know. I return to Mr. Twiss.

Speaking of the first reception of the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," he says, "many of the persons who, at first, were its warmest admirers, have found that its *tripping irregularity*, which is *so easy writing*, is *easy reading too*." p. 84.

A wonderful discovery! It was reserved for this gentleman to announce the mighty truth that what is easily written may be easily read. The meaning of "*tripping irregularity*" I am too dull to understand.

"There seems to be no reason why one man should be distinguished for doing what a *hundred of others** can do likewise; and though nothing is meritorious, merely because it is difficult, yet nothing which is not difficult can long be thought meritorious." —*Id.*

I cannot say that I fully comprehend the doctrine of this passage, but receiving it in its direct and literal sense, it appears to me to be ineffable nonsense. "Nothing is thought meritorious which is not difficult." Then the *Ramblers of Johnson* are futile, for we all know that *they* were not difficult for *him* to write. But why should I waste my time in confuting mere absurdity? Similar to the above is the following:

"The story and style of *Marmion* argue a defect of judgment, not a failing off of genius; it is in his deliberative, not in his executive powers, that Mr. Scott appears to fail." 84.

The *style* of a poem then, according to this learned clerk, *does not* belong to the *executive powers*!

"And while he laments to see the

* An attack elegance of expression! Mr. T. seems not to know the difference between an adjective and a noun.

rich treasure sinking to the bottom of the deep, he cannot chuse but blame," &c. p. 84.

"The new, short, royal road, which he has found out, and by which he has ascended to his present eminence, leads to fame; but it does not go on to immortality. The path ceasing, the traveller can pass no further; its soil is too slippery to let him long preserve the same station," &c.

That is, *after the path ceases*, its soil becomes too slippery to allow any person to stand upon it.

I leave your readers in full possession of the chaste and metaphorical elegance of the following:

"Much wiser would have been his course, if he had ceased to waste his strength in the loose embraces of his meretricious phraseology, and wedded himself to a chaste and regular style."

Mr. Twiss differs from the philosopher and the poet, when he says that Mr. Scott's defence of his own errors is "*beautifully erroneous*." I know not that any thing which is faulty can be beautiful, for

Truth and good are one,
And beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation — AKENSIDE.

With Mr. Scott's poem, I have, here, nothing to do; I shall therefore pass over the "*beautifully erroneous*" quotation, (in which I find much of the latter quality, but none of the former) and hasten to conclude my business with Mr. Twiss. He informs us, at p. 88, that certain authors have "*immortalised themselves* by immortalizing the language in which they have written." Was any author ever made immortal in translation?

"Mr. Scott has set the sickly fashion of obsolete English and incorrect metre, and all the *trumpery* versifiers of the day," &c. p. 89.

When I say that I have not yet tolled through the *half* of Mr. Twiss' critique, I am sure your readers will absolve me from the remainder of my labour. They will recollect that I pronounced this article, by Mr. Twiss, to be the best in the present number of the "*London Review*;" let it therefore be easily surmised what excellence is to be found in the

others; but I will, in justice, add, that with all its faults, there are good writing, good principles of taste, and much knowledge of what poetry should be, displayed in this review of Mr. Scott's *Marmion*. He may profit by the perusal of it.

The next article is a criticism upon *Joe Miller*, new and old. It is by a Mr. H. Smith. It is written with humour and pleasantry; and I might say to him, with justice,

Materiem superat opus:

but surely we needed as little a new review to protect the genius of Joe Miller from anonymous criticism as the *Domestic Cookery*. Their merits are too conspicuous to fear any thing from malevolence, or envy, or prejudice: and I may affirm that Joe Miller will be read and admired when *Marmion* is forgotten; and the *Domestic Cookery* will be called for when the *London Review* is no more! Laughing and eating are perpetual; but poetry and prose are transitory. There are a thousand men who can relish turtle soup, for one who can feel the sublimity of a poetical passage; and all, but the deaf, can laugh at the recital of a *funny* story, while those who can hear, and those who can see, will equally disdain the pages of the *London Review*.

Sic transit gloria Mundi!

I am not certain, Sir, whether I shall pursue my remarks upon this number of the *Review*, or direct my attention towards the ensuing one, whose appearance is announced for May 1. At all events, I will not relinquish the task I have assigned myself till I have enforced conviction upon the public, or till the *London Review* advances just claims to the ground it has seized upon. It is a mere literary question, and I hope to conduct it without rancour or abuse. I am personally unknown to them; and they (with two exceptions) are (or rather *were*) nominally unknown to me. If my opinions are disputed, I shall defend them, should I think my opponent worthy of reply: if not, I shall leave them to defend themselves.

I remain, &c.

ARISTARCHUS.

Oxford, April 3, 1809.

On the PREJUDICE of LITERARY MEN for CERTAIN AUTHORS.

For the Universal Magazine.

THE differences which exist in the mode of life of men are almost infinite. The conditions, employments, and communities, which at present characterise society, present a variety which necessarily causes all men to act with wholly different designs, and to reason on different and discordant principles. It would be a task of no common difficulty to select several persons, actuated with the same views in the same community in which individuals ought to have but one mind, and be impressed with the same designs. Their different employments and connections necessarily place some difference in the manner which they adopt to execute even those things in which they agree; from which it is evident, that it would be impossible to explain in detail the moral causes of error. I shall, therefore, restrict myself to an examination of those modes of life, from which arise the greatest and the most dangerous errors: when these are explained, there are sufficient materials given to the mind with which to erect a more extensive fabric, and from which every one will be able to survey at one glance, and with great facility, all the hidden causes of many particular errors, without a great sacrifice of time and trouble. The mind delights in the search of truth, and when a glimpse of it is obtained, its progress is inexpressibly rapid.

The employment which is now passing under my review, on account of the considerable changes which it effects on the imagination of men, and which in proportion leads to error, is that of studious persons who make a greater use of their memory than of their judgment; for experience universally teaches us, that they who, in search for truth, have applied themselves with the greatest assiduity to the perusal of books, are the very persons who have disseminated the grossest errors. The student and the traveller bear a great analogy to each other. When a traveller has been so unfortunate as to take the wrong road, the further he advances the

greater is his distance from the goal, and he is the more bewildered, in proportion as his diligence increases, to reach the destined point. The ardent desire which men entertain for truth, urges them to apply to the perusal of those books, from which they hope to extract it; or, they form to themselves a chimerical system of those things of which they wish to obtain a knowledge, and not only imbibe a rooted prejudice themselves, but strive to impress the same prejudice on the minds of others; in fine, that they may reap the honour, due to the founder of a system, without a single property on which to establish their claim.

It is very difficult to comprehend how men, who have a superiority of intellect, love rather to make use of the ideas and inventions of others, than to employ their own. There is, without doubt, a pleasure superlatively greater, and to which a more considerable share of honour is attached, in discovering a thing by our own ingenuity than to be guided to it by the ingenuity of others; and no man, who has a clear vision, will ever be persuaded to close his own eyes, to accept of the dangerous and fallacious assistance of a conductor.

But there are many things which contribute to this effeminacy and degeneracy of the mind. First, the natural idleness of man, which will not allow him to meditate on subjects important to him in every sense, and which would essentially contribute to his happiness.

Secondly, The feeble attachment which is shewn for abstract truths, which are the foundation of all knowledge, that the human mind can acquire.

Thirdly, The foolish and empty vanity of wishing to be called Philosophers. It is customary to call those, wise and erudite, who exhibit proofs of extensive reading; and, too true it is, that the knowledge of the opinions of others is of greater use in conversation, and tends more to confound the brains of superficial thinkers, than the remarks and effusions of that philosophy which is solely acquired by meditation and an unbiassed exercise of the judgment.

Fourthly, Because a false respect,

mingled with a foolish curiosity, teaches us to bestow our particular admiration and veneration on things which bear the marks of antiquity, and even on books, the principles of which are known to be false. Formerly, the works of Heraclitus were esteemed for their obscurity.* The antiquary searches every cranny of the world for ancient medals, and their value is enhanced in proportion as the rust has corroded them. He preserves, with great care, the laurel and slippers of an ancient, and if the worms have half demolished them, they obtain in his eyes an additional value. The philosopher, immersed in the smoke of the midnight lamp, pores over the works of the Rabbis, because they are written in an ancient, corrupt, and obscure language, and spends the most valuable hours of his life in discovering that two and two make four. There is no doubt, had Nembrot written the history of his own reign, the most subtle politician would have been satisfied, and the antiquary would have discovered, what some have lately discovered in Homer and Virgil, that he had a perfect knowledge of nature.

Fifthly, Because truth and novelty do not coalesce in matters of faith, which depend on tradition. For men are unwilling to make the distinction which ought to be made, between truths, which depend on reason, and those which depend on tradition.—The latter ought to be received in a manner wholly different from the former, but men are in general too much inclined to attach error to novelty, and truth to antiquity. But *veritas filia temporis non auctoritatis*; and, although the ideas and the words—truth and antiquity, error and innovation,—have been for a length of time connected with each other, yet the hour is fast approaching, when the human mind will emerge from the obscurity in which it has been plunged by too great a reverence for ancient doctrines, and truth will be acknowledged in whatever garb it may, appear, though un-

* *Clarus ob obscuram linguam.—Lucetce.*

sanctioned by the names of Aristotle, Plato, or of Seneca.

There is another error of great importance into which studious persons generally fall, which is, that they become infatuated and prejudiced with certain authors. A certain philosopher has said, that there is no book so bad from which something good may not be extracted. The superficial student, without a maturity of judgment to direct him in the choice of his books, finds something in a particular one which strikes him as being true and original. He is immediately enraptured with it, and every thing in the book is therefore true and original. He pretends to admire what, perhaps, he does not understand, and is angry if the whole world cannot perceive the beauties with which he is enraptured. He glories in the eulogies which he bestows on obscure authors, because it presupposes a perfect comprehension of them, and thus his vanity is fostered. He looks upon himself as superior to other men, as he believes he understands the rhapsodies of an ancient author, or perhaps of a man who did not understand himself. How many wise men have produced confusion and distraction in their brains, in attempting to expound the obscure passages of philosophers and poets of antiquity; and how many busy critics can the present day exhibit, who kindly offer to us their elaborate effusions on a single word of an author. In this respect Shakspeare has an undoubted right to complain, for, certainly, no hive of honey was ever more fiercely attacked by a host of wasps than the works of this ornament of our nation have been by a swarm of annotators, commentators, and A S S s. Aristotle stands in the same predicament, and, if possible, in a still greater, for some of his commentators endeavour to prove that Aristotle is an advocate for the mortality of the soul. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul is, without doubt, a question of very great importance; no person can be censured for his efforts to resolve it; and although ponderous volumes have been composed, to demonstrate a thing for which very few words would suffice, or at most a few pages, yet the im-

portance of the question in a great degree pleads for mitigation of censure. But their error lies in the endless trouble which they imposed upon themselves, of deciding the opinion of Aristotle on the subject. It appears to me, that it is a matter of very little importance to the present age, to know that a man ever lived whose name was Aristotle, if he wrote the books to which his name is prefixed, or if this doctrine or the other doctrine is to be found in his works. The knowledge of these points can neither make a man wiser nor better, but it is a question of importance to know if the doctrines of Aristotle be in themselves true or false.

It is therefore of very little consequence to know the particular belief of Aristotle on the immortality of the soul, although it be of great use to know that the soul is immortal. Yet it cannot be doubted, that many philosophers have given themselves more trouble to know the opinion of Aristotle than the truth of the thing itself, as many have written volumes for the sole purpose of explaining the opinion of Aristotle, but at the same time shew no disposition to know what his opinion ought to have been. In support of this I will quote a passage from *La Cerda*, which will shew the great importance which was attached to the opinion of Aristotle by a multiplicity of philosophers. It is in the second chapter de Tertullien de Resurrectione Carnis.

“ *Quæstio hæc in scholis utrimque validis suspicionibus agitur, num animam immortalem, mortalemve fecerit Aristoteles. Et quidem philosophi hæc ignobiles asseveravunt Aristotelem posuisse nostros animos ab interitu alienos. Hi sunt Græcis et Latinis interpretibus Ammonius uterque Olympiodorus, Philoponus, Simplicius, Avicenna, uti memorat. Hirandulal 4 de examine vanitatis cap. 9. Theodorus, Metochytes, Themistius, S. Thomas, 2 contra gentes, cap. 79, et Phys. lect. 12, et præterea 12. Metaph. lect. 3, et quod lib. 10, qu. ar. 4. Albertus tract 2, de anima, cap. 20, et tract 3, cap. 13. Egidius, lib. 3, de anima ad cap. 4, durandus in 2 dist. 18, qu. 3. Ferrarius loco citato contragentes et late Eugubinus, l. 9, de perenni philosophia, cap. 18,*

et quod pluris est discipulus Aristotelis, Theophrastus qui magistri mentem et ore et calamo novisse penitus poterat.

"In contrariam factionem abiere nonnulli patres nec infirmi philosophi; Justinus in sua Parænesi, Origenes in *Φιλοσοφειμῶν*, et ut fertur Nazianz in disp. contra Eunom. et Nyssenus, l. 2 de anima, cap. 4. Theodoretus de curandis Græcorum affectibus, l. 3 Galena in historia philosophica. Pomponatius l. de immortalitate anima. Simon Portius l. de mente humana Cajetanus 3 de anima, cap. 2. In eum sensum, ut caducum animum nostrum putaret Aristoteles, sunt partim adducti ab Alexandro Aphodis auditore qui sic solitus erat interpretari Aristotelicam mentem quamvis Eugubinus, cap. 21 et 22 eam excuset."

It is evident from this passage of La Cerda, that men, renowned for genius and abilities, have sacrificed no little time in obtaining the knowledge of the opinion of Aristotle on the immortality of the soul; and for instance, that Pomponotius wrote a book, to shew that it was the opinion of Aristotle that the soul was mortal, and La Cerda himself appears to incline to that opinion, as may be seen in Porro Tertullianum.

But there are a number of things, the knowledge of which is of little consequence, and of still less consequence what was the opinion of the ancients respecting them, and yet a great deal of time is spent in discovering it. Some books are found full of these ridiculous examinations, and these are the trifles which have given rise to so many literary wars. These vain and trifling questions, these ridiculous genealogies of futile opinions are important subjects on which *les savans* employ their critical acumen. They usurp to themselves a right of confining every one who contemns their favourite doctrines, and to bestow the epithet of fool on all who are ignorant of them. They imagine themselves to be in full and undisputed possession of the genealogical history of substantial forms, and call the age ungrateful if it refuses its applause. These things evidently display the weakness and vanity of the mind of man; and as it is not

reason which regulates his studies, so his studies do not ameliorate his reason, on the contrary, they corrupt, obscure, and pervert it.

R. H.

[To be continued.]

The AUTHOR of the BEGGAR'S PETITION?

Sir,

IN the Universal Magazine for December 1807, p. 509, there is a letter from a correspondent, who signs himself *Historiæ Investigator*, stating the author of those well known pathetic lines,—

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," &c. to be a Joshua Webster, M.D. and that they were written at St. Albans, in the year 1764. But, upon looking into the *Censura Literaria* for February, p. 112, I read the following in the Literary obituary:

"Died, Jan. 6, 1809, at Stourbridge, in the county of Worcester, the Rev. Thomas Moss, B.A. perpetual curate of Brierly Hill Chapel, Staffordshire. He was the author of the beautiful and pathetic little elegy, entitled 'The Beggar's Petition,' published, with some others, in one small volume. See *Shaw's Staffordshire*. It was soon after inserted in *Enfield's Speaker*."

Now, Sir, I would thank any of your correspondents if they could inform me which of these competitors is the author of the above lines?—What is the title of the volume of poems said to be published by Mr. Moss? What date?—where published? and where, now, to be had? It is singular, that a piece of poetry, familiar to every English reader, and admired by every reader of taste, should remain thus unappropriated.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

London, April 1809.

Z.

On the NEGLECT in ATTENDING to PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

SIR,

IF we turn over the pages of parliamentary proceedings for the last thirty years, and review the schemes which have been devised, and the at-

tempts which have been made to relieve the pressure of parochial burdens, it will appear strange to a reflecting mind that every effort should prove abortive; and that the late heaven-born minister, whose intuitive knowledge has been said to comprehend all subjects, failed in this; and he has left us a striking example to shew, that the flattery of sycophants is but a poor substitute for real information in the day of trial.

It is too plain, from the projects which have hitherto been proposed by those who have stepped forward in this arduous undertaking, that they have aimed at introducing new plans, rather than checking and rooting up old evils, as this might in some instances tend to criminate bodies politic and corporate, as well as individuals, whose proceedings will not always bear the strictest scrutiny in conducting affairs appertaining to the poor. If we closely examine into the feeble attempts which have been made to rectify abuses in disposing of charitable donations given by our pious ancestors, we shall discover that there has either been great neglect or a want of zeal in leaving the business in its present state.

In consequence of an act of parliament, which passed A. D. 1786, a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to examine the returns of the charities given to the poor in England and Wales, and they were to report their observations.

This was done A.D. 1788, in substance as follows:

It appeared from a report made the 23d day of May, A.D. 1787, that nearly 13,000 parishes and townships had made returns, and that there were only fourteen parishes which made no returns. After the committee had made an abstract, they found several of the returns defective. In some of them there were no names of the persons; who gave the donations; in others, the names of the trustees were omitted, or they had neglected to mention the produce arising from the rental of the land and the money given.

The committee, judging that it would be necessary to have the omissions filled up, ordered their chairman to send 4065 circular letters to the defaulters; and to which they received 3375 answers. Some of these letters contained the information required, and others said that they could not send any further explanation than what they had sent.

The committee, being desirous of laying before the House all the knowledge they had gleaned from their inquiries, caused the supplementary returns to be inserted in their abstract in red ink, that the House might readily distinguish which were obtained under the original return, and which since. To give the House an adequate idea of the magnitude of the object, they added the following appendix of charitable donations in each county:

COUNTIES.	Annual produce of Money.			Annual produce of Land		
	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Bedford	196	2	2	2186	11	7
Berks	901	17	9	6576	2	3
Bucks	663	6	1	4306	15	8
Cambridge	481	3	4	4061	6	9
Chester	1445	15	11	2646	19	2
Cornwall	695	13	8	1050	7	0
Cumberland	251	19	0	457	3	2
Derby	1067	15	7	3864	14	2
Devon	2529	15	8	6105	0	2
Dorset	386	6	0	4474	19	8
Durham	380	11	7	1076	2	1
Essex	914	14	6	5658	17	7
Gloucester	2231	17	4	5145	5	1
Hertford	506	6	9	1791	11	7
Hertford	898	14	0	3360	0	7

COUNTIES.	Annual produce of Money.			Annual produce of Land.		
	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.
Huntingdon	339	5	4	950	11	10
Kent	1816	9	0	9995	6	9
Lancaster	2521	18	0	6722	14	0
Leicester	1024	3	4	4877	15	4
Lincoln	587	13	2	7279	0	4
Middlesex	2192	4	4	7648	4	2
London	2126	8	3	6764	5	8
Westminster	466	16	0	2054	18	5
Monmouth	230	6	2	1357	0	7
Norfolk	591	13	6	5671	3	4
Northampton	692	2	2	6144	8	3
Northumberland	722	13	0	749	6	3
Nottingham	374	4	6	3070	1	2
Oxford	706	15	3	3347	2	11
Rutland	267	12	10	500	7	10
Salop	838	8	9	2744	15	7
Somerset	1589	10	7	8301	17	2
Southampton	2427	15	3	3501	16	11
Stafford	1083	18	1	5037	16	2
Suffolk	386	17	1	12037	5	9
Surrey	2814	3	7	7423	12	2
Sussex	1247	11	4	2312	14	1
Warwick	855	1	0	10250	1	1
Westmoreland	197	14	5	856	13	11
Wils	1887	10	11	5442	9	2
Worcester	820	4	2	6160	10	0
York, East Riding	1331	7	7	5025	7	1
—, North ditto	724	13	2	3520	7	10
—, West ditto	1953	1	1	13633	13	5
Anglesea	149	5	4	174	18	4
Brecon	151	2	8	578	13	3
Cardigan	16	7	0	46	4	0
Carmarthen	91	18	0	164	19	10
Carnarvon	160	2	10	392	12	7
Denbigh	438	5	10	990	14	5
Flint	309	3	8	346	6	10
Glamorgan	152	1	3	338	1	2
Merioneth	182	17	5	105	13	0
Montgomery	231	3	5	336	18	5
Pembroke	137	18	4	380	12	5
Radnor	58	14	11	310	6	9
Wales	2670	0	8	4166	0	2
England	46173	9	9	206301	8	8
	48243	10	5	210467	8	10
				48243	19	5
Total, England and Wales				258710	19	3

From a variety of circumstances would be found that considerable and intimations, which occurred in sums had been given for the like charge the course of the inquiry, the committee had reason to believe it means could be found for investigation.

ing and completing the discoveries, and extending the inquiries to corporations, companies, societies, and to feoffees, trustees, and other persons.

The committee further observed, that it appeared from the returns, that many donations had been lost; and others, from the neglect of payment, and the inattention of those who ought to superintend them, were in danger of being lost, or rendered very difficult of being recovered; and that the matter seemed to be of such magnitude as to call for the serious and speedy attention of parliament, to amend and explain the said act, by specifying with certainty and precision the objects to which they might think fit to direct their further inquiries.

Upwards of twenty years are now elapsed since this report was made; and notwithstanding the urgent necessity there was at that time for investigating the business of the charities in the hands of corporate bodies, the investigation is sunk into oblivion, and matters are going on from bad to worse.

It is notoriously known to many persons in this kingdom, that there are charities which are grossly abused by those who have the disposing of them. While some have made it a practice of spending a certain part to compensate for the trouble of giving away the remainder, others have adopted a less troublesome method, by reserving the greatest part of the donations intrusted to their care; and probably with a view of converting them to other purposes, when time shall have cast its sable mantle over the names of the donors, and the uses to which they intended their charities should be applied.

Houses, which have been left by our pious ancestors for a residence for those who might want a house, and not be able to procure one, have been suffered to go to decay by corporate bodies, because there was not any thing left to the trustees to make it worth their while to preserve them. Many other charities are in danger of being lost, through the neglect of those who have been left to preserve them. If these be the cases hinted at by the committee, and they were

known to them, why did they not recommend some plan to check evils of such a magnitude? Surely there was either a great indifference or a want of energy in some persons, to suffer the whole business to sink into oblivion after so much trouble had been taken to obtain an account of the charities and their abuses.

If the returns of the ministers and churchwardens had been made public, thousands would have had opportunities of inquiring whether societies, companies, and bodies politic and corporate, faithfully discharged the trust committed to them. Much information might still be gained, if the returns were printed and circulated to a few persons of character, to deposit them in some public place for the inspection of those who would be at the trouble of pointing out the male-practices of those who neglect their duty in this department.

If there ever was a time which required the charitable donations of our ancestors to be faithfully distributed, it is the present, when the excessive taxation we are bending under has reduced the middling class in society almost to mendicity, to which the poor have always looked up for support in sickness, for comfort in distress, and for advice when they have been beset with difficulties.

They who have raised themselves, by their industry, only a few degrees above the labouring poor, they are best acquainted with their wants, but they can no longer relieve them.

As the lands have in many places been raised double since the report was made by the committee to the House of Commons, and there is probably nearly half a million of money to assist the indigent yearly, is it not a strange thing that there has no plan been devised to preserve the charities, and to have them distributed according to the wills of the donors?

Surely, in the course of so many years, it might have been enacted, that a table of all charities given to a parish should be hung up in the church, mentioning the sum or sums of money, and the quantity of the land given; how much they produced yearly, and how they are to be disposed of by the trustees. It ought also to be enacted, that the trustees

of the charities should keep an account, debtor and creditor, of the sums they receive, to whom given, and how much to each person, which accounts ought always to be open for the inspection of every person who wishes to examine them, and whenever any trustees are detected in misapplying or not applying charities according to the designs of the donors, they ought to be subjected to heavy penalties, to be recovered in a summary way.

TWO ORIGINAL LETTERS of JAMES BOSWELL, and one of WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE. Never before published. (Communicated by Mr. SIM.)—Continued from p. 225.

For the Universal Magazine.

Edinburgh, 1st Dec. 1772.

DEAR SIR,

AS I was much afraid of Mr. Garrick's oracular response with regard to the Siege of Marseilles, and foresaw that you might be hurt by it, I was at pains all along to prepare you for it, and I am persuaded you will remember that so was the case. I am sincerely sorry that he does not think your tragedy fit for the stage. But as I said again and again, as I am a very incompetent judge of a dramatic performance, and believe him to be a very good one, I cannot but acquiesce in a decision pronounced by him not only impartially, but with a strong weight of favour to balance him on the side of what he has rejected. I am sensible how very difficult it is for you to think as I do; but I would fain hope that I may have some influence with you. I declare to you upon honour, that Mr. Garrick spoke very highly of your poetry, and of the poetry of this very play; and I believe he was sincere; for I have always found him to be an honest, honourable man. At the same time, I am persuaded of the truth of what he has frequently told me; that the most exquisite poetry will not be sufficient to make a successful theatrical representation; and that inferior poetry will, when arranged with that art which is necessary to keep alive the attention of an audience. I saw Mr. John Home to-day, and was regretting to him that your play was refused. I think his words were, "not from its deficiency in

spirit but in form, and which a longer acquaintance with the stage will teach him." This was just what I have been echoing to you from Mr. Garrick. Mr. Home observed that many of the modern plays, which Mr. Garrick has brought on, are so poor in poetry, that one cannot read them to an end, and yet the disposition and variety of scenes and changes in them is such, that they have gone very well off when acted. Your play, it seems, has not those requisites. Mr. Garrick sees this, and therefore, though he admires your genius, he will not bring your play upon the stage. Let me, as a sincere friend, expostulate with you closely. Mr. Garrick brings out some plays every year. The interest used in behalf of yours has been strong. I know from Mr. Garrick himself that he has felt it to be so. I am vain enough to think that even my warm recommendation must have had weight with him. Would he not then have let your play be one of the number, had he not been firmly of opinion that it could not be carried through. Supposing him then to be firmly of this opinion; is it reasonable to think that he should lay out considerable expence, and throw away much time, and, in short, hurt the interests of himself and partner, by making an attempt which he is sure would only expose him? Let me add too, on the same supposition, would it not be doing a real injury to you, to bring on a play written by you, which he is sure would be damned, the consequence of which would be to hurt your reputation as a writer, in other departments of literature where real genius, independent of mechanism, has its just applause. These, sir, are my views of the matter, and therefore it vexes me to find you taking up the same tone which numbers have done before. If I might advise you, I would have you be in no hurry to print your play; and if you do print it, pray repress any reflections against Mr. Garrick.

Your very sincere friend,
JAMES BOSWELL.

Edinburgh, 12th June, 1778.

DEAR SIR,

I HAD the favour of your letter by Mr. Fepton, when I was in Lon-

don; and since I arrived here, I have received a short letter, without a date, from you, transmitted by Mr. Dilly. I am vexed to find that you still entertain what I really think unjust resentment against Mr. Garrick, and that you will give vent to it*. He is now so very high that hardly any arrows can reach him, even supposing the shaft to be aimed by justice, so that you will excuse me for thinking that yours will. I could wish you would adopt my ideas as to this, in place of your own. You was, as I imagined, totally mistaken about his subscription to the *Lusiad*. He was always a friend to the work, always determined to make good what you must allow was a very handsome testimony of his approbation. But can you not suppose that Mr. Garrick may be at times hurried and harrassed, and desire a *bookseller* to call again. No, no, you are clearly wrong here, and I beg you may desire the *bookseller* to call again, as if nothing had happened.

I shall rejoice if you can get your tragedy on at Covent Garden, and in the mean time, shall sound the Edinburgh manager; but I believe I hinted to you formerly that you could hardly expect a night here, far less three nights.

Your exultation in the *Lusiad* pleases me. Go on and prosper; but let me still put in a word for the *prospects* with which you have flattered me, and of which, though I cannot be *pars magna*, I am to be one of the figures.

I shall be glad to hear from you at all times, and upon all subjects, and am sincerely, dear sir,

Your friend and humble servant,
JAMES BOSWELL.

Mr. MICKLE to JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

SIR,

AFTER much self-debate whether or no to resume the disagreeable subject about Garrick, I have once more given way to my feelings: I

am sorry our ideas seem so irreconcilable, yet, as I said before, I have not the least doubt of being able to convince you, when I shall have the pleasure to talk over the affair with you in person. I wrote to you that *I knew what Garrick has said and jeered*; dear sir, it hurts me to find you forget this circumstance. I stand in a most delicate situation. I have been told what he has sneered, under the promises of honour not to divulge, or embroil in any quarrel, the gentlemen who heard it. I must not speak too far, much less write, what, by the chance of being mislaid, may be seen by an improper person. No longer ago than yesterday, I received a letter that had been opened ere it came to my hand. My situation I say is delicate, but I know enough to render it as impossible for you to convince me that Garrick has behaved genteely to me, as it is for you to convince me that I am in Greenland. The infallibility of Garrick's judgment is a most disputable point. He still says that Douglas is not a proper tragedy. The Douglas, however, is the best acting tragedy the present age has seen, and which will be acted when all the other tragedies, in which he has found his *witches mark*, his nick nack Jeu du Theatre, will be in oblivion. In short, the dispute is this, the Cerberus of Drury demands a certain *nick nack*; common sense says, that manly passion, sentiment, pathos, and poetry, will please, and experience proves it in the fate of Douglas, Cleone, and Elfrida, the last of which, in particular, is directly opposite to Garrick's Jeu du Theatre; yet these have pleased, while many of the pieces he has preferred, on account of this charm, have either been damned, or barely escaped damnation; and the whole are either totally sunk in, or on the verge of, oblivion. These, dear sir, are stubborn facts. As to the subscription, I will just mention one circumstance: a gentleman who had heard Garrick talk of it, on my shewing him Garrick's unsolicited letter, empowering me to draw on him, shrugged up his shoulders, and called him a d—d s—l. What, said I, did he talk as if I had not his authority to send—? I know not exactly, but I understood so, and I believe the rest of the com-

* Mr. Mickie intended to have published a new Dunciad, of which Mr. Garrick was to have been the hero.—*Sim's Life of Mickie*, p. xlv. — *Editor*.

pamy did. I am sure he talked of your being troublesome." He then charged me *not* to send to Garrick again on that purpose. This, dear sir, on my most sacred word, is, in substance, the sacred truth. It is with reluctance I have committed this to paper, it is more than I ought to have done. A duel has often arisen from less; it might forfeit me the friendship of the person who enjoined me *not* to call again, but your opinion of my unjust resentment has forced it from me, and I know whom I write to; I could not be easy unless I trusted that you will immediately commit this to the flames. As to Garrick's being out of shot-reach, let me conjure you not to be offended with me, if I tell you, that our opinions again disagree. His great abilities, as an actor, are indisputable, but in every other respect he is one of the people. I have the happiness to be acquainted with some, the greatest part of the literati of England, and, to a man, they despise him as a critic and author. I have heard a name at which Garrick would tremble—talk with ineffable contempt of his *Jeu du Theatre*—and the pieces he brings on the stage. When I told the name now mentioned, that I would attack Garrick's taste, through the sides of the damned trash he has brought on the stage; there, said he, is A BROAD MARK, and you will hurt him. •

I trespass. Your opinion of my misguided passion forces me to tell part of what was, by friends, told me in secrecy. I am unwilling to forfeit your good opinion; you cannot but perceive my embarrassment and delicate situation. I need not add to enjoin this to the flames, and you to secrecy.

About the time you was last in London, Becket, Garrick's bookseller, called, and payed my bookseller, six pounds, the first payment of twenty subscriptions, and, to use my bookseller's expression, "took the blame upon himself." In what sense or latitude that expression is to be used, I know not. As a comment on Garrick's generosity, I will lay you a dozen of wine, that when I have the pleasure to see you, I shall give you convincing proof that the greatest part of his twenty, are taken in

Becket's shop, and the fruits of my own advertisements, from people unacquainted with Garrick. The half of the *Lusiad* is now printed, two copies of which I intend to send to Edinburgh, both as a further specimen, and as a proof of the forwardness of the work; one for you, and one, though unacquainted with him, to Dr. Blair. What a horrid piece of work has Macpherson made of Homer; the poor man's brain is certainly cracked on a particular string. I have mentioned Garrick in a foot note; have called Mallet's *Elvira*, the subject of which is from the *Lusiad*, one of the many neglected loads of dulness, "which, though honoured with the approbation of Mr. Garrick, have disgraced the English Theatre, and rendered modern tragedy a name of contempt." In the preface, I believe I shall spare him.

MRS. BARBAULD'S *SIR BERTRAM*,
OF SANSKRIT ORIGIN.

Mr. Editor,

THERE are few persons, I believe, who, at some period of their lives, have not read and admired the beautiful fragment of *Sir Bertram*: but it is a matter of regret, that the origin of some of the most admired pieces in our language, are to be found in the works of foreign authors. The most exquisite pieces of Sterne are evidently of Italian origin; and I doubt not, that, after the perusal of the annexed paper, it will be granted that the honour of being the authoress of *Sir Bertram*, is no longer due to Mrs. Barbauld. During a short stay at Petersburg, whilst exploring the contents of an old book shop, I found a voluminous work from the Sanscrit, from which the enclosed paper is extracted. The style, in many parts, is abrupt and inharmonious; but it is peculiar to the Sanscrit, and therefore I did not judge it advisable to change it.

The whole work abounds with beauties; and should the perusal of this extract please your numerous readers, some further extracts are at your service.

I am, Your's, &c.

March 4th, 1809.

IT was night! Hamor hastened from a social feast. He saw the chamber of his beloved illumined. He called, but all was silent;—still as the grave. He inquired:—she was gone! One moment here! and in another vanished. A faint scream was heard at a distance: a terrible idea arose in his mind.

Flown!—perhaps seduced? Hell lay in the thought! A thousand circumstances were now explained, for the solution of which he had sought in vain. Grief choked his speech: he threw himself under the shade of a tree. The first rays of the morning found him there, irresolute, brooding over his loss.

How to find her?—how recal her?—and to lose her for ever! His soul was dissolved in grief. He declined in the bloom of his youth.

His father beheld, in him, the companion of his sorrow. They nourished their grief with the tales of other times, and awaited, with trembling, the grave.

In another world we shall find her again, said the father; this is a world of persecution, suffering, and misfortune. He attempted to console his son, but his consolation was a renewal of their mutual sorrow.

Altai offered his succour; he grieved for his brother; he felt for his sorrows; and all faults were forgotten. He could not endure to see a brother weep. Tears are the heritage of man. To stop the flow of tears, is to soothe a sick man to repose; and who would refuse to do it? Who would look for merit in an act where necessity demands immediate help?—Offer the unfortunate your hand, and forget that he is a man. Thus Altai spoke, and thus he acted.

Where can I find her? where shall I look for her? he often said to Hamor; guide me to the road; give me a glimpse of her flight; though it be to the verge of ruin I'll follow her; I owe it to my father, and to my own heart. Brother! I could weep for you, but I find it more advisable to act for you.

Look for her at the gates of hell, said Tibar, who listened to their discourse, or let this emotion of your heart be an incentive to honour and activity. A passion, which finishes

with both, has performed its part, and I will clasp you to my heart, if a disappointed love strengthen you to repair the errors of your former inactivity.

Be indulgent to him, said Altai, leading Tibar from the spot, he is too weak to bear expressions so harsh.

Would it be the first time, said Tibar, that passion exchanged its objects? Love and ambition! the emotion of the soul is the same—the object is different. To save our honour, it is sufficient to know how to find the moment in which our choice is changed.

As a truth, said Altai, it is undeniable; but yet it is not sufficient to pacify a breaking heart. Shew him compassion, and he will love you: shew him sympathy, and you will gain his confidence. Easy then will it be for you, to introduce ideas of other objects. In the silence of his sorrow, he grasps at things in which his fainting imagination can support itself. Lead him then, in darkness, on the road, on which, when he is strong enough to be his own guide, he will obtain a knowledge of himself, and you have then gained your wish, which is, to restore a man to honour whom effeminacy enervated.

Follow the bias of your own mind, said Tibar, your word is to me a sufficient pledge. I am a restless spirit, formed more to encounter evils for others than to correct the evils which are already committed. Let us be of one accord; it is enough to have lost one brother. Make Hamor the companion of our exploits, and I will then no longer mourn over the brother whom we have lost—although he never can resemble him. O Dya! Dya! Dya! fate has played a treacherous game. They returned. Where is Hamor? asked Altai.

Hamor had flown to the woods. There, for many days, he lay without speaking, and, perhaps, also without thinking. Solitude, which is a balsam for the strong, is, for the weak, gradual enervation.

He became misanthropic; the eye, which swam not in tears, appeared to swim in secret scorn. Altai seemed to him a flattering traitor; Tibar, a man bereft of feeling; the remainder, a worthless crowd, on whom na-

ture denied a heart to feel as he felt. He was proud of his weakness, the most dangerous pride of all. One day he lay in the hour of his grief, on the bank of a stream which silently flowed through his garden; the flower of memory bloomed near the spot; it nourished the sorrow of Hamor. The spot was beautiful, melancholy, and solemn, worthy to feed a nobler grief than that which tore the heart of Hamor.

The place was a legacy of Chubladaar, the poet.

Chubladaar was—

Speak of the dead with reverence, said Tibar, or speak not at all. 'Tis a melancholy thought, that an abode, which a noble man selected as a refuge from the corruptions of the age; that the place, in which, wrapt in melancholy, he deplored the days that were past; that the walks, in which he wandered with silent meditation; the monuments which he had raised to perpetuate the history of his friends; that all these places, made sacred by his sorrow and his tears, should now be polluted with the sighs of a weak, disappointed lover. Why cannot the spirit of man return? and, by its appearance terrify the effeminate, who pollutes its tomb? Why cannot he, who conquered nations, and laid the kingdoms of the earth at his feet, protect the spot of ground, which now is all that's left him? Death in itself is not worth a thought: but to know, that after death, every fool laughs over our grave; that a villainous spendthrift squanders our hard-earned wealth, and, that our heirs destroy the works which our diligence and perseverance raised; this it is which pains us, this it is which makes us wish that with our life our works could also fall; this it is which, in the hour of death, expels tranquillity from the mind, and makes the soul tenacious of its hold.

Men, like Hamor, trouble themselves not about the opinions of their ancestors. The dead are gone, that is all to them. The privilege of elevated souls; that solemn propensity to an intercourse with the times that are past, which unasked and unsought for, presents itself in every charming spot, in every serene and starry night, in every tomb, and every holy ruin,

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XI.

finds its existence not, where the sufferings and joys of the present, where a weak attachment to pleasure effaces all the impressions which take their value from the treasures of an ennobled imagination. Away with such men who, at the social feast, glow not with the recollection of days that are past, and, to whom that place is not sacred, where a glorious action was committed.

Hamor, and all those who resemble him, what have such creatures done to the improvement of a world?

Hamor beheld a stranger, of noble stature, but deep sunk in thought, slowly pacing by the banks of the stream. He gathered flowers, which having formed into wreaths, he threw away. Tears flowed down his cheeks. His look was wild and roving. His song was the half-suppressed voice of sorrow, with the simple melody of sensibility. Misfortune has a secret binding charm. 'Tis the curiosity of the unfortunate, to find, in a melancholy recital, a balsam for his own wounds, or, in a new acquaintance, to find that sympathy which the old deny him.

Hamor approached him as if by chance.

Both were silent.

The stranger at last began:—the beauty of the spot allured me: I lost my way in the wood: they seated themselves, and to each other confided their sorrowful histories; Hamor deplored the loss of his beloved—the stranger—a sister—who had eloped.

I have persons in pay, said the stranger, to trace her flight; I have myself joined in the pursuit. I found her once, but lost her again. My history is full of adventure, and so wonderful, to many it would appear a romance. When a youth, I was educated with another, to whom I was fondly attached. As youths, we lived in harmony and friendship. He loved; the day of his union was fixed; the pride of her possession induced him to introduce to her his friend and companion. Ah! he knew not what he did. She was beautiful, most beautiful. I possessed heroism sufficient to sacrifice my feelings to my friend. My heart was wounded deep; I was too weak to pursue the course of ac-

tion which I had laid down for myself. I resigned myself to the despair of hopeless love. Sickness overtook me. My friend, an anxious observer of my illness, saw and discovered the cause of it. Noble enough to save my life, even at the risk of his own, he cheered me with tales, which apparently had no design; and, amongst others, informed me, that his beloved was unfaithful—that her life depended on my recovery—and that it was I whom she loved, and not himself. My health returned; I saw her; I saw their separation. My friend had played the part of a cunning lover. Injured and offended, she thought to make me the instrument of her revenge. Her parents thought themselves insulted, and my friend was ruined. I obtained her hand. Persecuted and degraded, my friend left the spot where he had enjoyed the bliss of earth, where he had lived and loved. I even, intoxicated with love, deemed him no longer worthy of my society. Happy, and every wish of my heart fulfilled, I returned to my paternal plains. In the valley of Erkin, on the eastern shore of Arja stood my dwelling. It was situate on the brow of a hill; a shady wood, and the gentle murmurs of the river, made it as the abode of the blessed. Discord and jealousy never found an entrance. Our little circle was our world. Companions we had few. Our wishes never extended beyond our little domain, and a bliss rested on our dwelling, which found its resources in ourselves. Thus one year passed—another—three; time flew on the wings of the wind. I had long deferred a visit to a sister, who lived on the borders of the desert; I departed; tears of the tenderest affliction were shed at our separation. Ah! why was I induced to depart? I went; I returned; but how changed! how altered every object presented itself to me. My wife received me with an eye of contempt. Her demeanor was cold. All enquiries of the cause were fruitless. Not any thing disclosed to me the cause of my misfortune. Tranquillity was banished from my dwelling. My sister, proud and offended, embittered my life. I myself was changed. The fear of the future surrounded me.

On my return with her I had the misfortune to fall into the hands of a man, whose rank, whose power, whose deportment tormented me; but you listen not—I am lost in reflection, said Hamor. I pray you proceed. War reigned in our land. To avoid the armies, we tried a circuitous road. The boat was overset in yonder river. A young man from a neighbouring thicket, rushed into the stream, and saved my sister. In his tent we refreshed ourselves. A part of our army lay concealed in the neighbourhood. No one dare venture forth. Time at last completed the web, which chance had begun to weave. My sister, and her preserver—When does love exert its power with greater force than in the romantic moment of an heroic deed? Both were worthy of each other, but, his prother, and my rooted prejudices poisoned their bliss. I hated the family; I had not forgotten affronts long since offered to me. His pride made me frantic. In a night, in which darkness threw her darkest veil over the world, I thought I met him on the road to my sister. My dagger pierced his heart. The moon arose. I had missed my object. It was her preserver. Disatisfied with my revenge, and yet not wholly disatisfied; I hate the race. I fled into a small hut on the banks of the river. I met a man of noble mien, of him I implored protection. His dress bespoke the rank of a chief. He was a robber whom I murdered, I cried, the honour of my sister demanded it.

With dignity he promised me protection; and even if he, whom I had murdered, were his son.

A dreadful shivering seized me.

The corpse was brought—it was his son!

He looked at me; 'twas a look of annihilation; but in a moment tranquillity again overspread his countenance. There is thy chamber, he said. In the evening I will see thee again. He did see me. In the solitary silence of a garden I expected my death. The angel of retribution stood before me.

What are thy thoughts? What dost thou expect?

I answered not

Thou hast murdered my son! His corpse is in my house. Thy life ought to be the ransom; but my word is given, and my word is ever sacred. He led me to his stable; he pointed to his swiftest horse, but spoke not. I mounted. My sisters, and a troop for convoy, awaited me. In the morning we were out of danger. The road was safe, and I reached my house. My sister hated me as the murderer of her beloved. My wife forsook me.

One evening, in search of my beloved, continued Doula, I rode over the desert of Hafnam. I spurred my steed to pass the desert ere the sun was set. Deep rolled the thunder at a distance, and the lightning spent its fires in the void air. I wrapt myself close in my mantle; my flowing hair, driven by the wind, scourged my face, and the lightning singed the flying mane of my horse. The storm beat in my face. I could not discern the track in which I was travelling. As far as my view extended I saw but a desert and a heaven. At times, my horse started at the putrid bodies which lay stretched on the ground. No tree, nor stone to direct me on my way. A desert was before me! Night overtook me. One of those nights, when the spirits wander on the heath, and death, exulting, claps his wings. Hope and fear impelled me forwards. I urged my way, but my sinking powers, and the increasing darkness, depressed my courage. I dismounted, and lay in expectation of my death, exhausted by my horse's side. A hollow voice sounded over the solitary desert. I listened—all was still. The sound again broke on my ear. I turned towards the spot whence the sound issued. I beheld a faint fluctuating light. I led my horse along a rugged path, I came to a deep stagnant moat, over which was thrown a half-ruined bridge. An ancient building, with towers and gates, shewed itself in the fleeting brightness of a moon-beam. I entered the court. At that moment the light appeared in the window of the tower, and vanished. The moon set, and pitchy darkness rendered every object indistinct. A death-like silence! I tied my horse to the iron bars, and slowly paced along the walls. I

looked into the lower windows, but all was dark. Through the broken casement issued the stench of cadaverous flesh. I entered the inner court; I felt a massy knocker on the gate; I lifted it, but fear held my hand. I listened. I heard the snake rustling in the grass at my feet. I heard the screeches of the birds of night. I ventured to knock. I started at the sound. A terrible echo roared in the hollowness of a dark desert building. No answer was returned. I knocked again. The sound reverberated through all the passages. I knocked a third time; all was still. The light again appeared in the tower, and vanished. I shivered. The same hollow voice sounded from the tower. My heart throbbed. Coldness pervaded all my limbs. I hastened away. Fear gave me spirit, I cannot call it courage; when, at the brink of a two fold danger, I sought to avoid the one by escaping from the other. I returned. I applied my strength to the huge massy door. It yielded, and, with a terrible crash, fell into the building. It roared through every part of the edifice, as the waters in the womb of the whirlpool. I entered. Fear held my steps. I wished to return; the gate was closed again. No force could open it. Darkness was around me. On a sudden a blue flame appeared under an arch at the bottom of a flight of stairs. It was a light in darkness. A dismal glimmer, at which my bones trembled. I summoned courage and approached. It slowly ascended the steps. I followed; followed with my drawn sword, as it proceeded before me, through a long dreary passage. The sound of my own footsteps made me tremble. At the bottom of a second flight of stairs, the flame vanished. From the tower sounded the hollow voice. It was a moment of horror. Darkness surrounded me. With arms outstretched, I ascended the steps; a cold hand seized my left, and dragged me forwards. To extricate myself were impossible. I aimed a stroke; an infernal howl pierced mine ears. The cold hand remained in my grasp. Like a maniac, I ascended the stairs. The steps were narrow and spiral; many were broken. I stumbled over

ruins ' Still I held the cold hand. I entered a low passage, damp and vaporous. I felt I was treading in the slime of serpents, and the toad rolled over my feet. A faint light appeared. The walls were inlaid with human skulls, and from the empty sockets of the eye the adders hissed; where thought once held its seat there they engendered,—they spit to a poison in the spot where once the blush of virtue bloomed.—The blue flame shone bright again. I entered a gallery, at the dark end of which the form appeared, whose hand I had severed, his wrist dropping with blood. He threatened me. I aimed a stroke at him and he vanished. I opened a door which conducted me to a range of apartments. No one appeared. I arrived at a second suite of rooms, a cold hand passed across my face. The voice sounded again from the tower. But what I now saw is beyond all description—a high-arched saloon, from the roof of which a flame appeared to issue. Dreadful figures, clothed in black, grinned ghastly at me. The walls were embossed with shapes terrific. A long bier stood in the middle; and, oh horror! on it lay the corpse of him whom I had murdered. I thought myself at the bar of the last judgment. My knees trembled. I scarcely perceived a form, covered with black and red veil, approaching towards me. It rose from behind the coffin, and pointed at me. My speech was gone.

By whom, or by what art thou justified? it asked, to tread this hallowed place?

I could not answer.

Thou art, the form continued, either a man of extraordinary courage, or an hired assassin.

I listened; it was a well-known voice—it was my sister. Had the earth opened and engulfed me, I should have rejoiced. Does a man tremble at a woman? she asked. There was a time when I could say that men lived as men ought to be. Approach and learn. He died by the hand of a villain, and I, for his crime, must endure a life of endless grief. If thou canst feel; if within thy breast that principle exists, which hates the murderer, and his deeds ab-

hor, go, seek him o'er all the earth—bring him hither—conduct him to this scene, that he may see and feel what it is to be for ever miserable.

She knew me not in my armour
Terglad!—Terglad!—Terglad!—
thou art revenged.

* * * * *

SHAMEFUL TERGIVERSATION of the BRITISH CRITIC.

Mr Editor,

IN the former numbers of your useful Magazine (see *Universal Mag* for 1804, vol. i. p. 112, 218, 356, and for Aug. st 1804, p. 126), I have read, with pleasure, two papers, giving an account of the different monthly publications that are published in this metropolis, with remarks on the conduct of each publication. Your censure on the "British Critic" I thought, at the time, rather too severe, and not fully justified; but, I must honestly confess, the recent conduct of that *Parsonic Review* has fully vindicated the remarks of your ingenious correspondent.

I beg leave to point out a most glaring absurdity, inconsistency, and negligence, unparalleled perhaps in the annals of periodical literature, and unpardonable in the conductors of a *would-be respectable Review*—In November 1807, this said "British Critic" reviewed a small pamphlet, entitled, *Fashionable World Reformed*, by *Philokosmos*, of which they spoke as follows—

"If we meet with no very profound remarks in this little volume, there is in it a respectable portion of good sense and judgment, and very suitable admonitions concerning the regulation of conduct at church, in public places, in conversation, &c. A considerable part of it is also directed to managers and actors, with such an implied knowledge of stage business, that we suspect it to be written by one of the children of Thespis."

Judge of my surprize, Mr Editor, when, in this very same *Review*, I found the very same work, the "*Fashionable World Reformed*," again reviewed in their number for March

1809, page 315, and there we are treated with the following critique upon it:—

"This project for reforming the fashionable world is attempted by means perfectly inadequate to the purpose. The tract indeed consists only of reflections on comedies, tragedies, and the final purposes of such writings; on the managers and performers of the theatres; on politeness in company, dress, behaviour, and public amusements, &c.; and, what is most extraordinary, on *politeness in religion!* and all these treated in so very slight and superficial a manner, that it is difficult to imagine what could have induced the writer to throw the whole into the form of a book.

"If it be even the first attempt of a very juvenile writer, we cannot say that it gives much hope or promise of distinction: if it proceed from one more advanced, he ought certainly to refrain in future from the use of pen and ink. The title was probably chosen as attractive, but it has little to do with the contents of the publication."

After this, Mr. Editor, I ask you, are these *Guardians of Literature* fit persons to sit in judgment upon the literature of this, or any other nation?

I am, your's, &c.

A LOVER OF CONSISTENCY.

Chapter Coffee-House,
12th April, 1809.

MR. BURDON ON SAXON AND NORMAN ARCHITECTURE.

Sir,

A CORRESPONDENT, who, without signing even a fictitious name, has obtained a place in the last number of your Magazine, seems very desirous to display his knowledge of the Domesday Book, though it is difficult to say for what other purpose he could have written, except it be for that of controverting two positions which I have maintained in my remarks on Gothic Architecture; in the former part of the article, he seems to glance at my opinions, though he has not ventured openly to oppose them; his introduction is as abrupt as his con-

clusion, and his whole communication shows that he has got hold of a few facts which seem to bear upon a subject he by no means thoroughly understands.

He begins with telling us, that the antiquaries have long admired the east window and ornamented arch over the entrance door of the church at Barfreston, in Kent, as choice remains of Saxon architecture; "but their antiquity," he says, "may be questioned on good authority." Their antiquity, I believe, no one will venture to question, if any thing can be called antient which has existed for seven hundred years; but who those are that have ventured to question their antiquity, this learned antiquarian has not deigned to inform us. Their Saxon origin I have ventured to call in question, when I maintained, in a former number of your Magazine, that it will be difficult to prove any building now above ground to be undoubtedly Saxon. The origin of the pointed arch cannot be dated earlier than the reign of Henry the First; and yet your nameless correspondent wishes this opinion to be abandoned, though supported by facts, to make room for a false inference which he has drawn from the authority of the Domesday Book. Let us see, therefore, how far this authority will bear him out.—"Wherever the Domesday Book omits to mention a church, it does not follow," says Anonymous, "that there was no church in that town or village; though, wherever it does mention a church, that church must have been Saxon." Now this inference I do most positively deny; and for these reasons, which to me appear to be nearly conclusive as to the matter in dispute. The Norman architecture had been introduced into England some years before the conquest, by Edward the Confessor, whose partiality for every thing Norman gave great matter of disgust and jealousy to the English; and next, because, through the decay of religion and the neglect of the latter Saxon kings, the churches throughout all England had gone to ruin, though, by the piety of Edward, a few of them had been restored; and, lastly, because soon after the conquest, the Norman prelates and monks, who

had much grander ideas of architecture than their predecessors the Saxons, pulled down many churches and cathedrals, and built others in their room much more spacious and magnificent. And, that it may not be thought I have advanced this loosely and without authority, I refer your readers to the *Essay on Gothic Architecture*, where p. 61, 62, 63, of Bentham's, or rather, Gray's *Essay*, it will be seen that he quotes William of Malmesbury to prove the early introduction of the Norman style, the decay of religion in England, and the reconstruction of many churches and monasteries; beyond this we have the evidence of facts to prove that the cathedrals of Durham, St. Paul's, and Gloucester were all pulled down and rebuilt by Norman prelates during the life of the Conqueror, that is, before the Domesday survey was completed; so that, those churches, though mentioned in it, could not be Saxon; and even supposing that all the churches named in that survey were Saxon, it can by no means be fairly inferred that the same churches are now remaining, at least that they have not undergone very considerable alterations, so as to make them almost wholly different.

The chief object of your correspondent's writing seems to be, that of disproving the English origin of the pointed arch. Let us examine the principal arguments by which he supports his opinion. "In the *Domesday Book*," he says, "are mentioned about thirty churches in the two lathes of St. Augustin and Shipway, and these have undergone so many alterations, that an antiquarian must judge with great caution before he pronounce which are Saxon and which are Norman." For my part, I believe there is one criterion which is almost infallible against a building being early Norman—for, from the time of Edward the Confessor to the middle of Henry 1st, there is no completely pointed arch to be found. Whether this can apply to Saxon architecture or not, may be determined when we have discovered more Saxon buildings. The writer then enumerates the churches in the two lathes above-mentioned, and, after allowing that

they all contain different styles of architecture, not only in the whole, but even in the same building, he denies that the argument to be drawn from rebuilding and repairing can have any weight; and stoutly maintains that wherever the semicircular and pointed arch are to be found in the same building, they must be of the same age. If this will pass for argument, no man need be afraid of asserting any thing he pleases: for, after it has been proved by many learned antiquarians that all those parts of buildings containing the pointed arch have been constructed since the time of William the Second, a man must have more than common confidence to maintain that the pointed arch is to be found among the Saxons: and yet, as if this assertion were not sufficient, he says, "I have been told that the pointed arch may be found in a bridge in Spain, built by the Romans." And who told it you, Sir?—If an angel from Heaven were to tell me that the Romans built one bridge with pointed arches, and all the rest with semicircular, I would not believe it. I have not only been told of, but seen, a point of a bridge at Croyland, in Lincolnshire, which contains three pointed arches said to be Saxon; but on so slight authority, that I will not believe it, when so contrary to the evidence of facts.—One swallow does not make a summer, and one example of elliptical arches, said to be built by the Saxons, will prove nothing against the invariable evidence of the first Norman style, which differed from the Saxon, not in the form of its arches, but in the greater extent of its proportions, and the greater abundance of ornament.

"It has been said, that palaces were built in Italy, in the ninth and tenth centuries, with elliptical arches, and they were certainly introduced into churches in England prior to the Norman conquest:" and thus the whole dispute is terminated by a confident assertion. I need take no journey to York to satisfy your correspondent as to the churches of St. Cuthbert, &c.; and yet, in my opinion, even were the pointed arch to be found among them, it would be

no proof that the Saxons used it, unless we should prove, by written evidence, that those parts of the said churches were Saxon.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,

April 9, 1809.

LETTER from a GENTLEMAN resident in the UNITED STATES, describing the STATE of MANNERS, &c.

SIR,

A VERY dear friend of my youth, whose affairs called him to America some five years ago, travelled along the sea coast from the southern to the northern boundaries of the United States, and returned to Charlestown along the back settlements. He possessed a mind uncommonly curious and discriminating; and a journey of such length through a country, exhibiting at every step the most striking contrasts to every thing European, could not fail to make on him the most lively impression. He communicated to me from time to time his observations; and I will venture to say, his letters abound with the most lively pictures of the country and its inhabitants. Alas! that friend is now no more! he lived not to revisit his native land. I need not say how dear these letters now are to me, containing, as they do, the only memorial of a departed friend. I have sometimes thought of communicating them to the public in your miscellany. I cannot expect that they will be read by others with the feelings with which I read them; but if I could imagine that your readers could derive from them any portion of delight or entertainment, my pleasure would be somewhat like his, who is impatient to bring forward a friend, in whose company he delights, to receive the tribute of admiration from the whole circle of his acquaintance. I send you one of these letters for the present as a specimen, not as the most favourable I could send you, but as being the first letter of the series. If this is inserted, I will continue to furnish you with others.

I remain, &c.

Edinburgh, Apr. 9, 1809.

G. N.

Charlestown, South Carolina,
..... 1804.

MY DEAR N.

AFTER a very dull and tedious navigation, I landed in Columbia three weeks ago. As I intend staying in this town for some time, I have established myself in a boarding house, according to the custom of the country; for whoever stays even two or three days in a place never thinks of remaining at an inn. The first aspect of this city did not at all coincide with the exalted ideas of American freedom which I had entertained. I had fancied to myself, that I should here see realised, if not the enchanting reveries of a Godwin or Rousseau, at least a very near approximation to them; and that, at last, I was to tread a soil where, in the emphatic language of the poet,

Even the meanest boasts his right to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Alas! my friend, such a state of exaltation will, I am afraid, never exist beyond the golden dreams of the poet or the visions of the philosophical enthusiast. Here, as elsewhere, man groans under the oppression of his fellow man; and the laws, made for the common security and independence, never fail to afford to the rich the usual pretexts and subterfuges, and to prove even in his hands only additional chains to rivet more securely his humbler brother.

I landed here on a day when a slave market was held. Judge what an impression such a scene would make on your friend. Figure to yourself some hundreds of those wretches driven about with much less ceremony than cattle at one of our fairs. I was present at several of the sales, or vendues, as they are here called, where the negro is put up to auction, and ordered to exhibit himself, on a sort of stage, in every attitude, that the purchaser may have some idea of the strength of his muscles and of the soundness of his limbs. My compassion was somewhat lessened for the fate of these wretches when I saw them so insensible to it themselves. Never did a dancing-mastet exhibit himself with more

* The poetical name of America.

vanity to an admiring assembly than the negroes displayed upon this occasion: they boasted incessantly of the great feats they had done; showed a thousand little coquetties in setting off their figures to the greatest advantage; and watched the progress of the price that was bid for them with looks of the most sanguine anxiety. They could not have displayed more, had they been to pocket the price themselves. And when one of them happened to sell for some twenty shillings more than his fellows, his joy could not be contained, but broke out in the wildest capers and freaks. At first this amused me, but at last I was affected with far other feelings. Alas! said I, and is this man of the same species with myself? Lies there dormant in such a being the seeds of qualities that might one day expand into the sublime virtues of a Brutus or Hampden, or the gigantic talents of a Cicero or Chatham? in a being who is even devoid of penetration enough to discover a glimpse of his degradation, and in the extremity of misery, in the very scourge of his oppressor finds an object of the liveliest gratulation?

I have already witnessed numberless instances of oppression of which I had not before even a conception. Every day brings shiploads of poor Germans and other foreigners, who are not in a much better situation than the negroes. Induced by the most barefaced falsehoods, carefully circulated in the countries which they left, to venture within the talons of an American shipmaster, he gets them bound over by a deed in the English language, to which they are strangers, and of which deed the terms are interpreted to them at pleasure; and they are astonished on reaching the place of their destination to find themselves fettered often for the most valuable part of their life, and sold by the shipmaster to the first tyrant who will come up to his price. All this is done in the most legal manner possible. All this is done, my friend, too in a country where the sacred name of liberty is echoed from mouth to mouth, and where the fermentations of their contending parties amount almost to frenzy.

I have been already a good deal astonished at the eloquence displayed here by people who have very slight pretensions to literature indeed. They do not seem to know much more than the politics of the day; but then every American is fully versant in them. If the American does not know much, I observed he is never at a loss in communicating what he does know. They are trained to disputation from their infancy. This has its inconveniences too, and I have more than once cursed their loquacity.

In the house where I stay, there are a good many English and French; but, although we all sit at the same table, we do by no means amalgamate. The Frenchman and Englishman are beings of quite a distinct species. We, Englishmen, hate the French most cordially, and they are not behind hand in their dislike to us. Whenever the cloth is removed, John Bull sets to his Madeira, which he seldom leaves till he has got a good belly full; but after two or three glasses, the Frenchman retires to another table, and soon becomes impatient for his *cuff*, not failing at intervals to cast many an ironical grin and half concealed sneer at the boisterous savages in the other corner of the room. When both parties rejoin the ladies, the French throw out many a hint that the English are drunk, and insinuate to the ladies that they are by this time incapable of acting with propriety. So much of this, however, is done by looks and grimaces, that we can hardly find a pretence for an open quarrel with them; but we can easily see nevertheless into their sentiments.

I was a good deal amused by an incident that happened to us here a day or two ago, though it wore at the time a very tragical appearance. But first I must tell you, that the hospitality of the people here is excessive; and that the poor French, should any of them happen to be invited to a planter's house, are placed often in a very disagreeable dilemma: for the desire to please in a Frenchman is excessive; he would do any thing almost rather than give a flat refusal; and the oppressive hospitality of the landlord often betrays him into ex-

cesses the most foreign to his natural disposition and inclinations. One of them, with us named Barreau, is a volatile, gesticulating animal; he is continually capering about the room and making faces:—we sometimes find him rather impertinent, and could dispense with his chattering vivacity; but the fellow has such a fund of good nature, and so pleased with every thing that he is a general favourite. He happened to be invited out by a planter to dinner, and his natural sobriety had been overcome at the planter's table. If he was lively when sober, when drunk he was quite mad. He went about playing a thousand antic tricks. For example: an old gentleman in the company wore glasses; he pulled them off, put them on his own nose, tried to look grave, and to mimic the old man. After some time, however, feeling himself grow sick, he retired to his room. We were amusing ourselves with laughing at him after he was gone, when, all of a sudden, we heard a terrible crash, and Barreau groaning and crying most pitifully. On entering we found him seated over the ruins of a *pot de chambre*, which had yielded to his pressure; and, on raising him, we perceived that two or three large pieces of stone were sticking in the most awkward place imaginable. Now was a woeful contrast. Never did I before see such a rueful phiz as poor Barreau's. An old Frenchman present happened to be a surgeon, and after putting on his spectacles, he set about examining the wounds. Two or three of us supported the crest-fallen Barreau, while the old fellow extracted from him the fragments. The slightest wound here is in danger of producing a lock-jaw, the consequence of which you know well. When some of us were expressing our fears of this, notwithstanding the danger of the poor man's situation, it was with difficulty we could restrain our risibility on seeing the woeful looks he cast on us, and the dolorous exclamations that burst from him. "Ah, mon dieu—you do not say so—Ah, pauvre Barreau."—The consequences we dreaded, however, did not follow, and Barreau made his appearance, even next day, at breakfast, but forced, from the posi-

tion of his wounds, to sit in the most awkward posture imaginable. As, for various reasons, we had not communicated the disaster to the ladies, they were of course ignorant of it, and were not a little surprised at the figure he cut at table. His body was bent forward, in order to elevate himself behind, sufficiently to prevent the contact of the wounds with the seat. Judge the feelings of a gallant French cavalier, on seeing all eyes incessantly turned to the seat of such ignoble wounds, and on being asked by the ladies if any thing was the matter with him. He felt that a narration was demanded of him that no language could ennoble; and he looked most expressively pitiful at us, as if to intercede with us to spare him. He is beginning again, however, to assume his wonted vivacity. But it is time I should say something of the business you committed to me at parting. I called on***

Some PARTICULARS relative to the CONQUEST and POSSESSION of BRAZIL by the DUTCH, in the Seventeenth Century.

[Continued from p. 310.]

AFTER the departure of *Artischofski*, Count *Maurice* exerted himself in consolidating and regulating the dominions under his government. Declining the further active prosecution of hostilities against the Portuguese, he applied himself to objects more congenial to his disposition. In a plain, situated in the neighbouring island of *Antonio Paz*, between the forts *Ernest* and *Driehoek*, he built a large house or rather palace, which he called *Vryburg*, which he surrounded with gardens of great extent and beauty. In these, amongst a great variety of the vegetable productions of the new world, were planted seven hundred cocoa-nut trees, which were, at a great expence, and with almost incredible trouble, transplanted in their state of fruit-bearing maturity, from distant places to this spot. Of the magnificence of this palace, some idea may be formed from the offer which was made, shortly before Count *Maurice* left Brazil, by the Jews, for the purchase of the

building in order to convert it into a synagogue. They proposed to pay for it a sum equal to sixty thousand pounds sterling, but it was refused. This edifice commanded an extensive prospect both by sea and land, and had in front of it a marble battery, rising from the water side, mounted with artillery. The gardens communicated with another villa, at some distance, and the whole was encompassed and protected by strong walls and fortifications, serving at once for the purpose of pleasure, and for the defence of the city of *Mauricestadt* (founded by the Count, as will presently appear in the same island) which was hereby covered on that side as well as by a range of forts.

Mauricestadt was built chiefly with materials brought from *Olanda*, which city, during the time the Dutch possessed it, was nearly deserted. It rapidly increased and flourished as the capital of Dutch Brazil, under the liberal government of the Count, who erected two bridges, one uniting *Mauricestadt* with the *Recife*, and the other joining the latter to the main land. The first was contracted to be built for £. 250,000 (about 20,000*l.* sterling); but after the undertaker had attempted it with foundations of stone, he abandoned the enterprize, despairing of success in uniting the two islands. Upon which, Count *Maurice* himself, took it in hand; and directing excessive heavy piles of timber, of upwards of 50 feet in length, to be driven into the ground, succeeded in springing the stone arches from them. These bridges, and some other public works of utility and ornament, cost upwards of £. 500,000 (about 46,000*l.* sterling.)

In the midst, however, of these grand and useful projects, Count *Maurice* received advice of the arrival at *Bahia*, of a very considerable force, under Count *de las Torres*, dispatched from Spain, with the avowed intention of expelling the Dutch from Brazil; and shortly afterwards he learnt that the Spanish fleet, consisting of eighty-six vessels, both large and small, with a considerable force in land troops (some say 12,000, others 5000), had put to sea to attack the government. He therefore assiduously placed every fortification, likely

to be attempted by the enemy, in the best state of defence, and equipped all the vessels he could muster, in order to oppose a naval armament to the Spaniards, to prevent their landing. An opportune reinforcement arrived also from Holland, and forty-one vessels of force, of various sizes, were collected under Admiral *Loos*. On the 12th of January, 1640, the hostile fleets met and engaged near the island of *Tamaraca*. The battle lasted till night, and the Dutch Admiral *Loos* was killed. *Huyghens*, who succeeded to the command, recommenced the engagement at day-break next day, and combated with considerable advantage both on that and the third; on the fourth day the victory of the Dutch was complete, when a great number of the Spanish vessels were driven on the shoals. The Dutch engaged the shattered remains of the fleet once more, in the course of the same month, and of the whole expedition only six ships returned to Spain.

In the mean time, Count *Maurice* having embarked the greatest part of his force on board the fleet, the Portuguese attacked the Dutch settlements on the land side, and succeeded in gaining possession of several places; whence, however, they were speedily driven by the planters, who armed and embodied themselves in the absence of the troops. A further reinforcement arriving likewise, from Holland, under Admiral *Lichthart*, he was dispatched to make a diversion in the province of *Bahia*, where he landed and laid waste the country with fire and sword.

After the ill success of the grand effort, nothing more was attempted on the part of the Spaniards and Portuguese; and the Dutch likewise appeared to refrain from further hostilities. Affairs were in this situation, when Count *Maurice* received the unexpected intelligence, from Count *Montalvas*, the viceroy of Brazil, that the Portuguese had thrown off the Spanish yoke, and had crowned the Duke of *Braganza* king of Portugal. He added, that the Portuguese in Brazil, had already taken the oath of allegiance to their new monarch, and that he trusted that Count *Maurice* would shortly receive advice from

Holland of a treaty of peace between the states-general and the new king of Portugal; on which account he requested that Count *Maurice* would thenceforward consider and treat the Portuguese as friends and allies. In fact, it was not long afterwards that the revolution, which had taken place in Portugal, was communicated to Count *Maurice* in letters from home, but of peace, or treaty, not a word was mentioned. On the contrary, the directors of the West India Company expressly directed his attention to discover and avail of such opportunities as might occur, since the Spaniards and Portuguese were now at variance, to obtain territorial or other advantages for the company, before the new king of Portugal could make the proposals which they foresaw he would make, to the states-general, for a treaty of peace. They added, that the Dutch government would not, of a certainty, make any other treaty with the king of Portugal but one that would ensure each party to retain possession of whatever places they occupied at the time of the signature of the treaty in Europe; and that, therefore, whatever Count *Maurice* could wrest from the Portuguese before the conclusion of such expected treaty, would be profit to the company.

In pursuance of these instructions, the Count made himself master of *Seriquippa del Rey* to the southward, and of the remainder of the province of *Maranhão* to the northward. He likewise dispatched Vice-admiral *Henderson*, with a fleet of twenty sail to *Angola*, who made himself master of the city of *St. Paul*, where he met with little opposition. The Portuguese commander, who had evacuated the place, sent soon after to inform the Dutch of the revolution in Portugal, and added an assurance, that a treaty had actually been entered into between their lately elected king and the states-general. But as *Henderson* had not any intelligence to that effect, he continued his operations; not only maintaining and strengthening his position at *St. Paul*, but obtaining possession of *Loanda* and the adjacent country.

These conquests were, however, put an end to, by the official news of

a truce between king John of Portugal and the States of the United Provinces. It had been arranged a year, but the king had suffered so many delays to intervene before confirming it by a formal treaty, that the Dutch had the opportunity of executing those views of interested aggrandizement which have just been noticed. According to the conditions of this treaty, the Dutch and Portuguese were to remain in possession of whatever places they respectively occupied at the time of the conclusion of the treaty. In Brazil due boundary lines were to be established between the dominions of the two powers. Neither were permitted to carry on trade in the territories of each other. Neither were to afford to the Spaniards any aid or assistance, but were to wage war against them with united arms. No ships were thenceforward to be dispatched to the western hemisphere by either party, but such as were armed and equipped in a particular and prescribed mode.

The public spirit of Count *Maurice*, in the erection of works of utility and elegance; to which he appropriated a large proportion of the funds of the company, added to the jealousy occasioned by the magnificence and splendour of his private establishment, had rendered his government obnoxious to the directors of a narrow-minded commercial society. His exalted rank, however, his great reputation, and the attachment to his government of the colonists, Dutch, Portuguese, and Brazilians, rendered his removal a task of no little difficulty. It became necessary, in order to attain this object, to have recourse to various modes of mean and tortuous policy. Whilst he was publicly treated with great deference and respect, every private and underhand mode was adopted by which to make him disgusted with his situation and command. His views were counteracted, and his designs thwarted, by the appointment of inferior officers inimical to him, or incompetent to fill the situations thus purposely mistrusted to them. These arts had their designed effect, and, in an unlucky hour, for the prosperity of the Dutch empire in South America, Count *Maurice* was induced to solicit

his recal. This was acceded to with indiscreet haste by the directors of the company, but the more enlightened states general deferred for some time; and, until provoked by further contrarieties, he again urged his request to allow of his resignation. This took place in 1644. He left every thing of a political, commercial, and ecclesiastical nature in complete order; leaving also behind him, for the instruction of the council, and of his successor, who was not yet appointed, a plan by which he conceived Brazil should be governed upon a scheme of enlarged and liberal policy. A rich fleet of merchant ships accompanied him on his voyage to Europe. On his arrival in Holland, he received the public thanks, both of the states general and of the directors of the West-India company, for his eminent services; and was appointed to the important military stations of commander in chief of the cavalry, and governor of the frontier town of Wezel.

Upon the relinquishment by Count Maurice of the government of Brazil, he left seven entire provinces, under the dominion of the Dutch, containing 31 considerable cities and towns, 46 regular fortresses, 20,000 Dutch and Portuguese settlers, 53,000 negroes, and about 150,000 native Brazilians.

A short account of these seven capitanias, or provinces, will not be here misplaced.

The capitanía of *Maranhão*, or *Maragnon*, is separated from that of *Para* on the north by the river *Tocantins*. The Portuguese were driven upon this coast by a storm in 1535, but did not effect any settlement till 1599. It was at one time in the hands of the French. Ambergi: abounds on this coast, the collection of which became the occupation of the first European settlers. *Maragnon* continued for a long time in a very languishing state; but cotton of very excellent quality is now cultivated; and it produces some of the best cocoa in the world. For several years past, rice has also been grown; and numerous plantations of indigo are in a flourishing condition, and promise amply to repay the proprietors. The best Brazil arnotto is like-

wise brought from this district. The island of *St. Lewis*, or *Maragnon Proper*, constitutes that part of the province which is by far the most populous. It is twenty-six leagues in circumference, and only separated from the continent by a narrow channel. The capital, which is also named *St. Lewis*, was built by the French. The houses in general are ill built and inconvenient. It is defended by a citadel and several forts, and is the residence of the Portuguese governor general of the three northern provinces. The harbour is large. Towards the eastern part of the interior of the province, the natives have not yet been reduced to complete subjection. Mines of sulphur, alum, copperas, iron, lead, and antimony, occur even in the superficies of the mountains; yet none of them have been opened. In 1572, a silver mine was worked, but it was afterwards abandoned. The exports of the province have been estimated at the annual value of 29,000 *l.* sterling.

[To be continued.]

SOME OBSERVATIONS upon the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Sir,

HAVING read in your Magazine for March last, page 248, the following article: "A member of the University of Oxford has announced for publication, Lindley Murray examined, in an Address to Classical, English, and French Teachers, pointing out grammatical errors, and the necessity of an English grammar that will lead to that of any other language, without violating the purity of the English;" I beg leave, through the medium of your useful Magazine, to inform the author of this work, that an English Grammar has lately been published, which seems to answer, extremely well, the purpose proposed by him. It is entitled,—A short Practical Grammar of the English Language, for the Use of Young Persons, by Edward Oliver, D.D.

It is well known, that no language can be completely learned without entering into its construction; and the only method of accomplishing

this, with young persons, is by putting them upon parsing it, according to the established practice of our grammar schools for teaching the learned languages.

The Grammar here recommended is, for this express purpose, furnished with a concise, yet sufficient, set of clear and correct rules of construction, together with an application of these rules to practice, by sufficient and well-chosen specimens of parsing, particularly adapted to the English language; but which, it is conceived, will naturally lead to the parsing of any other of the modern languages, particularly the French.

The author of this Grammar observes:—"The utmost that is generally done in our schools, in the way of teaching English, is to make children get the whole, or the principal parts, of some English grammar by heart; and, by way of practice, distinguish and point out the several different parts of speech in some book they may have at hand. This is very well as far as it goes, but it comes short of the end proposed, namely, to make the learner acquainted with the construction of the language, which can be accomplished only by regular parsing."

I cannot forbear adding, on account of its great importance, one observation more from the preface of this Grammar, namely, "That, without a competent knowledge of the construction, there can be no certainty in understanding, no strict propriety in reading, no critical skill in explaining, the more difficult and elevated compositions in any language."

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

A constant Reader.

London, April 18, 1809.

OBSERVATIONS upon the MERITS of GERMAN LITERATURE.

Sir,

IT is not my intention, in the present paper, to enter into a full exposition of the merits of the German Literature, nor to defend it from the anathemas of the Anti-jacobin, nor from the fulminations of Mr.

Giffard. This task I may*impose upon myself at a future period; although I am not so prejudiced in favour of, nor so infatuated with, the German writings, as to deny that, in some instances, the moralist has too just a reason to take alarm, and to prevent the diffusion of those principles which some of the German writings endeavour to promote. It cannot, however, on the other side, be supposed that, in the mass of German literature, many works may not be selected which do honour to the human mind, and which are well calculated to promote the interests of religion and morality. It must also be granted, that German literature has, in this country, been most unjustly appreciated. At one time, the rage for German writings was so great, that every Tyro in the language commenced translator; and, being destitute of judgment to direct him in the choice of his work, the literary world was inundated with the very scum of the German writings, and, unfortunately, from these very works, an estimate was formed of the principles and tendency of the collected mass of German literature. Thus, when the translation of *Stella* appeared, the moral world sounded the tocsin of alarm, and it was not without a degree of justice, that the German writings were then decried as subversive of the fundamental principles of social order. Not even the most rigid partisan of German literature can deny, that *Stella* is a work which is a disgrace to the head that conceived it, to the country that produced it, and to the Englishman who translated it. It is not the name of Goethe, which should have induced Mr. Thompson to have selected *Stella* as a work of sufficient merit to be introduced to the English nation; but I believe neither the moral nor the merits of the play, were ever taken into consideration; but it had been determined that the German theatre was to compose a certain number of plays, like a man, who, being sent to fill a cart with rubbish, cares little of what quality it is, provided his cart be full.

It would be departing from the purport of this paper, to enumerate the different works which may be

placed in the same rank with Stella; it being, at present, my intention to notice another misfortune which the German authors have suffered from my countrymen. It must however be granted, that, of all modern languages, the German is one the most difficult of attainment. It is original in all its branches, and no aid to a perfect knowledge of it can be obtained either from the dead or living languages. The Latin, undoubtedly, serves as a basis to several of the European languages, and a well-grounded knowledge of it will facilitate their acquirement: but the Latin is of no use in the acquirement of the German language; and it is only by a residence in the country, and in those parts in which it is spoken in its native purity, that a correct knowledge of the language can be obtained.—Under these circumstances, my surprise is not great, that the translations of the German works, which have hitherto appeared, with the exception of Sotheby's Oberon, Lewis's Minister, and a very few others, bear but very slight traces of their originals. The spirit of the author is lost in the gross ignorance of the translator; and the beauties are destroyed by the inability of the translator to comprehend them. To corroborate this point, it is only required to examine the different translations of the *Robbers*. In the horrific scene of the tower, when Charles Moor demands an explanation from his father, the latter says,—“*Ein todtter hund liegt in meiners väter gruft begraben.*”—The first anonymous translator candidly acknowledges that he does not see the force of the expression, and therefore omits it: but Messrs. Thompson and Render have nobly overcome the difficulty, and have translated the passage literally; that is, “*A dead dog is interred in my father's vault.*” Had they, however, been acquainted with the idioms of the German language, they would have known that it is common in Germany, and especially in Franconia, to say, “*Du liegst der hund begraben,*” which is synonymous with “*there lies the secret.*” Thus old Moor meant to say, that the secret lay in the vault of his fathers; that is, if his ~~coffin~~ were examined, the imposition

would be discovered. The translation, as it now stands, is derogatory to the genius of Schiller; for the simple act of enclosing a dead dog in the coffin, could in no degree favour the imposition, but would rather tend to the discovery of it. The single circumstance of the first translator having, in a note, declared his ignorance of the phrase, ought to have made the others pause before they committed themselves in so vile a libel on the understanding of their original, and in a consequent suspicion of the weakness of their own.

Another instance occurs in the same tragedy. In the description of Roller's situation, it is said, “*Er liegt tüchtig im salze.*” Thompson has translated this passage literally: “*He lies snug in pickle;*” and Render, in the full sense of the word, has rendered it, “*he's deep in the pickle.*” This error, in the former translator, may be with more justice overlooked than in the latter, who, being a native of Germany, ought to have known that “*tüchtig in salze liegen,*” is synonymous with our expression of “*he's got into a sad predicament;*” or, in the idiom of our language, that “*he is over head and ears in the mud.*”

It were endless to enumerate the instances in which the ignorance of the translators from the German shines so conspicuously; I will, however, mention one, and I am induced to it from the pompous and truly *Philippian* manner in which the translation was announced. I allude to the translation of Kotzebue's *Tales*, published by a certain city knight; in the original of which the following passage will be found:—“*Der Herr M—hat mir gemeldet, dass in Dan'zig im monat August zwölf schiffen vom Stapel liefen.*” The redoubtable translator of the redoubtable knight has done the above passage in the following manner:—“*Mr. M—has informed me that, in the month of August, twelve ships sailed from Stapel.*” Now, the real meaning of the phrase is, “*that, in the month of August, twelve ships were launched in Dantzic.*” Such gross misrepresentations of the original are unpardonable.

In your Magazine for Oct. 1807,

page 307, I read, with pleasure, a critical essay on Schiller's *Don Carlos*, and I noted an error in which your correspondent has fallen, in his translation of one of the passages. It begins—

Sehen sie sich um!

In seiner herrlichen Natur? Auf Freyheit

Ist sie gegründet; und wie reich ist sie Durch Freyheit, &c.

Which is thus translated:—

Look round you,

Look thro' all glorious Nature; 'tis built on Freedom,

And oh, how rich in Freedom is it.

The sense of the original is wholly different:—

Look round you,

O'er all his glorious Nature; on Freedom

Is she founded, and 'tis from that Freedom

She her riches draws.

There is certainly an essential difference in *being rich in Freedom*, and *being rich through Freedom*.

I cannot refrain remarking, that the works of Shakspeare have undergone, in Germany, the same torture in translation which the works of Schiller have undergone in England. A translation of Shakspeare's Plays lately fell into my hands, and the speech of the witches to Macbeth, commencing—“*All hail, Macbeth*,” is rendered by the German translator, “*Alle hagel! Macheth*.” To excite the risibility of your readers, I need only inform them, that *hagel* is the German for *hail*—the produce of the elements.

Hoping that these remarks may prove acceptable, not only to the admirers of German literature, but to your readers in general, I subscribe myself,

Your's, &c.

R. H.

Poplar-Row, Newington,

April 18th, 1809.

THE LOVE OF CROAKING;—*Man never satisfied with the present:*

SIR,

TO declaim against our own times seems to be the common and unalienable privilege of man. We

always find, in that which is gone, something to please us which we cannot discover in that which we have. I have known a man who never put on a new coat without sighing over the ruins of the old one he was discarding; and a lady of my acquaintance, who seldom keeps a servant longer than a month, never fails to commemorate the merits of those that are discharged. But this love of the past, and this disgust of the present, are more vehemently expressed when we compare our own times with the happy era of our ancestors. Then it is that we are overwhelmed with regret and terror to find ourselves born in an age of total degeneracy; of degeneracy that threatens, by the dissolution of all moral ties, the most awful evils upon society. Such universal turpitude never could have existed at any former period.

Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, was once amusing a friend, who was of a melancholy temper, by reading to him a passage from a book which detailed the gross enormities that were daily practised in England. His friend shrugged up his shoulders, sighed, and, exclaimed, “Ah! too true: what a world! what can become of us! It is impossible that things can go on in this way for another twelve-month! Ah, my friend! read no more: it distracts me.” Mr. Harris, however, quieted his alarms and his distraction, by informing him that the book he was reading from was published in the sixteenth century. As, therefore, we had outlived such alarming symptoms for two centuries, there was good hope of longer existence.

There can be little doubt that this admiration of past times arises from that discontent of the human mind, by which it is never suffered to remain at peace. With the present we are never satisfied: and when we are not bemoaning departed happiness, we are busy in anticipating future. To a being like man, born with hopes that are engrafted on his reason, and capable of progressive perfection, it is natural that he should not rest, indolently contented. But while I thus dignify the principle, I blame the practice. It is the mark of a narrow under-

standing to find nothing laudable in the world we live in : and those who are most clamorous in depreciating their own times, do it from inability to talk better, or from habitual peevishness which casts a gloom round all the events of life.

Yet, perhaps, a moralist might find just cause for complaint in the present day. We have lived, Mr. Editor, to see prostitutes pensioned, and the friends of prostitutes supported by subscription. We have lived to see a shameless demagogue insult the throne and the virtues of the people, by opening a subscription for a woman whose morals are destroyed and whose conduct has been flagitious. Let us expect that we may next be called upon to subscribe for the relief of convicted felons who have had the misfortune to be tried at the Old Bailey.

NO CROAKER.

April 14, 1809.

DESCRIPTION of a NEW INVISIBLE
FENCE for PLEASURE GROUNDS :
(with a Plate).

Sir,

I BEG leave to submit the enclosed for insertion in the Universal Magazine, should you consider it at all interesting to your readers.

Description of a New Fence for enclosing Pleasure Grounds, invented by Mr. Jas. Pilton, King's Road, Chelsea.

THE basis of the invisible fence is elastic iron wire, manufactured, prepared, and applied by a process discovered and matured by the undersigned. Of this infrangible material, which, for the main-wires, must be drawn out to the thickness of a small reed, continuous strings are inserted horizontally through upright iron stancheons; the interval between the strings is about nine inches; between the stancheons about seven feet. The horizontal wires, in a state of tension, are fastened to two main-stancheons at the extremities of the fence, passing at freedom through holes drilled in the intermediate stancheons. The tension of each horizontal wire is preserved by the superior

stability of the extreme stancheons, on the construction of which and the mechanism of the base-work, the whole, as a barrier against heavy cattle, depends. When the extent of the fence is great, the main-stancheons are relieved, at expedient distances, by other principal stancheons. An improvement in the mode of joining horizontal wires, qualifies every part of the length equally to bear the highest degree of tension.

The invisible fence in this simple form of the height of three feet six inches, has, in the Royal Pleasure Grounds at Frogmore, and in various parks of the nobility and gentry, been invariably found adequate to exclude the largest and strongest kinds of grazing stock. Increased in height two feet, the fence becomes applicable to deer parks. Deer have never been found to injure it, or attempt to leap it, and appear to avoid it as a snare, probably deterred by its transparent appearance. When it is intended to keep lambs out of plantations, perpendicular wires, comparatively small, are interwoven upon the lower horizontal wires: and to protect flowers and exotics from hares and rabbits, it is only necessary to narrow the interstices, by minute additions to the upright wires. On substances so small, presenting a round surface, neither rain nor snow can lodge; independent of which, by a coating of paint, they are preserved from the effects of the weather.

The strength attained by the principles on which the materials are manufactured, and the erection of the fence is conducted, cannot be justly conceived but by a person who has witnessed the effect of a considerable force impressed or weight lodged on a single wire of a fence erected.

The tempered elasticity of the tort string allows it to bend, and, on the removal of the oppressing force, the vigorous recoil of the wire, vibrating till it reassumes a perfectly strait line, shews that a violent shock cannot warp it.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. PILTON.

April 14, 1809.

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

A MONUMENT OF PARENTAL AFFECTION TO A DEAR AND ONLY SON.—Second Edition, 1809. 1 vol. pp. 170.

WE do not recollect ever to have read any narrative which affected us more than the simple, unadorned one which we are now about to notice. It is written by the Rev. Joshua Gilpin, of Wrockwardine, in the county of Salop; it is inscribed to his parishioners; and it commemorates, in a pathetic manner, the acquirements, the virtues, the christian piety, and the death of his only son.

When we first sat down to read this interesting little volume, we were impressed with the belief that the excellencies of the subject delineated, were somewhat exaggerated, for, he was uniformly pre-eminent from his cradle upwards. But our rebukes, upon this point, were soon silenced, when the father appealed to the feelings of the reader in the following words:

"I here entreat him, once for all, to shew me the indulgence due to a bereaved parent, who speaks from the fullness of his heart, and whose feelings, on such a subject, will submit to no control," p. 59.

Yes, most willingly shall that indulgence be conceded. Sacred be the sorrows of a parent who mourns for the loss of a pious, an affectionate, an accomplished, an only child! Probe not the mind that bleeds from God's visitation; and, let human pity allow for human frailty, if tenderness, in such a task, hold the pen of truth, and delineates what she fondly believed, rather than what, perhaps really was. How severe must be the affliction of a father who sorrows for a child so early conspicuous in all that could ingraft the pride of man upon the feelings of nature! How many passions, deprived of their wonted object, must thus be turned inwards to prey upon the heart with unavailing torture! We mourn, not only for the son, but for the friend,

the companion, the scholar, and the man. We feel our loss on thousand occasions. Every object of daily concern recalls it to us. There is nothing we do which does not remind us of it: nothing we think of wherein its image is not mingled. But let us return to Mr. Gilpin.

His son appears to have been a young man of considerable acquirements; but it does not appear that he ever attempted composition. His father, indeed, has preserved a translation by himself, of some Latin verses written by his son; but it would have been more acceptable had he submitted the original to his readers.

We cannot coldly sit down to criticise a work which appeals so strongly to our feelings: we pass over, therefore, two or three passages in which our opinion differs from that of Mr. Gilpin, in particular, where he represents the motives to his son's acquisitions to have no reference to human distinctions or applause. We fear it would require the most acute sophistry (and even that would be vain) to shew that any other principle than worldly distinction and worldly applause can operate to the attainment of mathematics, languages, &c. We have no reason to believe that they will be of any avail in a future state, and they are not enjoined by scripture. To pursue them, therefore, as a religious duty, or merely from religious motives, is not only inconsistent but impossible. Their *incentive* and their *end* are human.

As a specimen of Mr. Gilpin's composition, the following may be read with pleasure:

"Wherever we journeyed, he was still making his passage *through the valley of the shadow of death*. Through this dark and solitary region every man must necessarily pass: but the passage admits of a wonderful variety. Some men are hurried down this valley with a rapidity which will not allow them to mark the terrific furniture of the place; while others are led through it with slow and solemn steps—Multitudes tread this road un-

der the torpors of a stupid insensibility; and many rush along it amid the turbulence of a raving delirium—some few favoured individuals are allowed to pass this way in a state of complete recollection and composure; and sometimes an extraordinary personage is carried through it in a kind of holy triumph. Our dear son went down into this desolate valley without disquietude, and *walked* deliberately through it without apprehension. We attended his steps from the beginning to the end of this painful journey, without ever withdrawing ourselves from his side. We observed the changes that took place at every stage, we marked every turn of his countenance, and caught every expression that fell from his lips. But while we were solicitous to sustain his weakness and to smooth his path, we found him in circumstances rather to *afford*, than to *require*, support. An invisible arm sustained his soul, and supplied his wants. He neither felt any distress, nor *feared any evil*; for God was with him, even *He who giveth songs in the night, and who turneth the shadow of death into the morning.*"

We cannot refrain from extracting the account of the last day of this interesting youth. If our readers peruse it with the same feelings and the same advantage that we have done, they will have cause to thank us for the opportunity we present them with:

"At length the day arrived, which we had so long dreaded, and for the approach of which we were still so little prepared. About seven in the morning of Tuesday, September the 9th, we walked into his chamber, and found him sitting on the side of his bed in the act of dressing. He received us with an affectionate smile, and answered our enquiries with all the calmness and caution imaginable; but there was an appearance of languor and debility about him which could not be concealed. At our pressing intreaties, he admitted the assistance of his watchful nurse, who has been already mentioned in this memoir, and whose ready attentions at the Wells added greatly to his gratifications there. Many a time had she dressed him with accuracy in his in-

fantine state, and exhibited him with glee when the operation was over—she now undertook that office for the last time, and performed it with such marks of tender concern as must ever recommend her to our esteem. During this familiar interval, he confessed to his faithful attendant, that, through a night of more than ordinary restlessness, he had been exposed to almost insurmountable difficulties. And it was agreed between them, in order to avoid a recurrence of the same inconveniencies, that another chamber should be immediately prepared for him, which would allow her to sleep in a contiguous closet. Such an arrangement had been often proposed by us, and not without considerable anxiety: but, till this time, he had resolutely refused all attendance in the night, and would not even permit a light to be left in his room. He presented himself at breakfast with an air of satisfaction, and joined in our morning devotions with all his usual composure. Had the weather allowed it, he was to have spent an hour abroad. This, however, being prevented by an unfavourable forenoon, he sweetly applied himself to *that little volume*, which was always within his reach, and seldom out of his hand. His ordinary gentleness was exemplary; but through the whole of his deportment on this day, there was a lamb-like patience, which filled us with admiration; though it was observed, that his respiration was surprisingly quickened by the slightest exertions, and that he was unable to converse without frequent pauses.

"He sat down to our dinner with a tolerable degree of appetite, and appeared at the close of it to be somewhat refreshed. After this meal, it was customary with him to doze for an hour in his chair, while we silently guarded his repose, and sent up our supplications to heaven in his behalf. We were thus watching near him, when he suddenly turned upon us an expressive look, which seemed intended to bespeak our attention. He had long desired to make us acquainted with several interesting particulars concerning the state of his mind; but perceiving our inability to bear any such communications, he had reluctantly forborne to open his heart.

Nor had we suffered less uneasiness on our part; having many things to say, and yet fearing lest our awakened feelings should break the settled tranquillity of his soul, and hurry us away into an agony of distress.—As it was with Elijah and his attached successors, on their approaching separation, so it was with us in like circumstances. Those holy men maintained a delicate reserve towards each other, while they proceeded from *Bethel to Jericho, and from Jericho to Jordan*; the one not daring to glory in his expected ascension, nor the other to express his sorrowful forebodings, lest they should mutually agitate one another, and disturb the order of the approaching solemnity. But as the awful moment drew near, and he was about to be gone, Elijah rose above the weakness of humanity, and openly asserted the purpose of heaven. So, when our dear son was made sensible, by some internal and infallible token that his hour was at hand, he thought it unsuitable to our common character, that he should leave the world without giving glory to God.

“Under this impression, he expressed himself, with all his wonted calmness and deliberation, to the following purpose:—‘*I have long known my disease to be a dangerous one, and now I perceive the danger to be very great, but I am resigned. I have daily hesitated to make you acquainted with my real state, lest I should add to the sufferings which I have already brought upon you; but, as we all must die, I think it unhappy, when a man is approaching death, that either he or his friends should fear to make it the subject of conversation. To meditate and speak upon death, is a part of our duty even in the days of health. You have often led me to this serious duty in seasons that are past, and it becomes us not to shrink from it now. I see nothing in this state worth living for—the whole world is replete with vanity—and I esteem it happy to be removed out of it at an early period of life. Much of my time has been spent in the study of one or two languages, to which we are apt to attach a high degree of importance; then turning a pleasant look upon his mother, he added: ‘but, in heaven, that labour will be known no more, for there, as Bunyan observes, they all speak*

the language of Canaan. Human studies and pursuits are generally of a trifling kind, and not such as we are likely to cultivate and perfect in the future world—When I look back upon my past life, I see nothing in it but what is sinful; and it seems almost incredible to me, that a dying man should ever speak of himself as an harmless and innocent creature, though I have heard that this is sometimes the case; if such a case is really possible, it must surely be one of the most discouraging that can fall under the notice of a pious minister.—I know myself to be a sinner, and I have not been, even to you, what you had reason to expect.’

“Hitherto we had permitted our beloved one to proceed without interruption, imposing upon ourselves a restraint, which could scarcely be maintained from one sentence to another; but, at this last distressing word, we fell upon his neck and kissed him, with passionate assurances, that he had been better to us than all our hopes, and that we had known nothing but pleasure in his society. Till this moment he preserved his characteristic serenity: but now, his tears flowed apace, his bursting sobs could be no longer suppressed, and his feeble frame was shaken with the tenderest emotions. This part of the scene was too distressing to be either endured or described; and it was happy that his mother could so far prevail, by her affectionate entreaties, as to assuage the anguish of our hearts.

“In a short time he wiped away the last tears he was ever to shed; and, assuming his former composure, thus continued his discourse.—‘*My complaint has been of long continuance, but I have reason to be thankful that it has not subjected me to acute pain, for, under a state of bodily torture, it must be difficult to preserve the mind from distraction. I owe it to the goodness of God, that I have been permitted the free use of my thoughts through the whole of my sickness—and I rejoice especially in this, that they have been directed to subjects of inestimable worth.—When I first took up ALLEINE’S ALARM, I feared to find upon myself all the marks of the unconverted. But though I was once under the dominion of some of those sins, which are there enumerated, Alleine has taught me both the need and*

advantage of a Saviour, and I am freed from their bondage.

"After a pause of some length, he turned to me with the following affecting question:—*Father, what is your opinion respecting the circumstances of the soul, immediately on its quitting the body? Do you suppose it instantly to pass into the presence of God; or do you imagine it to be detained, for an uncertain space, in some separate and inferior state?*" I answered, with confidence, that the passage of the righteous soul from earth to heaven was assuredly instantaneous. *'And that,'* replied our dear son, *'is my opinion; for, doubtless, those words of our Lord concerning Lazarus, may be depended on—Lazarus was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.'*

"Thus closed a discourse which can never be erased from our remembrance, and which constrained me, at the time, to offer my humble acknowledgements to that God, who had conferred upon our Joshua the highest honours that a father could solicit for a son.

"After reposing himself for a short space upon the sofa, while we were endeavouring to recover our spirits from the agitation into which they had been hurried, he attended us at the tea-table; where we had scarcely taken our seats, when Mr. Ireland was introduced, in company with an amiable lady, who had interested herself in our affairs. Mr. Ireland seated himself close by the side of our dear son, and enquired, very minutely, into the state of his health, examining him with a fixed observance, and counting his pulse with the nicest exactness. These were his usual attentions to our beloved sufferer as often as they met; and they were returned, at this solemn season, with the most unaffected appearances of sensibility and respect. The conversation, which took place, was perfectly suited to our situation, and calculated to fix our thoughts upon the great dispenser of all our concerns. Had they witnessed all the circumstances of the past day, and foreseen all the events of the approaching night, our christian visitants could not have assumed a deportment more completely adapted to the occasion. There was an inexpressible something, which made the whole of

this interview peculiarly serious and impressive to us all: and at the conclusion of it, Mr. Ireland secretly expressed his amazement, on observing the invariable composure of our son, while his pulse was running on with an incalculable rapidity.

"The evening was devoted partly to his favourite writer, and partly to silent meditation. But, however he was engaged, the happy frame of his mind was easily discernible through his tranquil countenance; and we were unwilling to disturb the profitable employment of his thoughts. By the vigour and activity of his soul, he rose above those bodily languors, which many a sufferer would have counted insupportable; nor would he have once noticed his weakness, except in answer to our importunate enquiries. Constrained by those importunities, he acknowledged himself reduced to a degree of debility, of which he had formerly supposed human nature to be utterly incapable; yet, while he acknowledged this, he mentioned it rather as a matter of surprise than by way of complaint. His views had taken another direction:—and, had he found us of a temper sufficiently firm, there is reason to believe that he would now have added something to his former communication. But, after the painful experiment already made, he thought it advisable, rather to restrain his *own feelings*, than to run the hazard of again excruciating *He* was climbing the heights of Pisgah, while we were lingering below in the valley of tears. The distance between us was every moment increasing; and though this was mutually marked and mutually lamented, he dared not venture a descent to us, nor had we power to rise with him. Our different circumstances prevented, in some measure, our familiar intercourse. Nevertheless, through the dark cloud of our sorrow, we saw him borne to a commanding station, from whence, had we been able to reach his elevated ground, he would have pointed us *eastward and westward, northward and southward*, to all the dazzling glories of an unknown world.

"It was now our evening hour of prayer; and we engaged, for the last time, in an act of family worship. Never before was this sacred exercise

accompanied with so much solemnity and fervour, and though it could not be performed without a struggle, yet our *supplications* and our *praises* ascended together. Many affecting considerations operated, at this time, upon our susceptible hearts—a deep conviction of human frailty; a strong perception of our dependance upon God; a thankful remembrance of past mercies; a soothing sense of present support; an enlarged view of the redemption that is in Jesus Christ; and an enlivening hope of future blessedness;—all united to quicken our devotions at this awful period, hurribling, melting, and animating us by turns, beyond all possibility of description.

“After a short and peaceful interval, we invited him again to our frugal board, which was then purposely furnished with food of the most restorative kind. He accepted the invitation with his accustomed affability, and gratified us by partaking of our repast with an unexpected degree of freedom and cheerfulness. He could not refuse to sit at our table, though he was constrained to eat and drink with us in the manner of Israel, at their last supper, in Egypt—‘his loins were girded, his shoes on his feet, his staff in his hand,’ and all things prepared for his immediate removal. The last messengers were even now in waiting to conduct him away—and in this state he received our anxious attentions with a most engaging sweetness, frequently looking upon us with expressions of great tenderness and benignity, neither wholly restraining his feelings, nor yet allowing them too large an indigence. Though his words were few, yet were they most consolatory; and his smiles had still so enlivening an influence upon us, that we were almost ready to interpret them into promises of a prolonged existence upon earth, when they were only the passing glances of a happy spirit, just about to appear at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

“The same exquisite sense of propriety and decorum which had distinguished him in the days of health and enjoyment, was exhibited through the whole of his deportment under sickness and suffering, and continued without any abatement to the last moment of his life. His actions, his

words, his looks, were all governed by the strictest rules of consistency and moderation. He calmly accommodated himself to the varying exigencies of his state, maintained a lovely sedateness through all the trying changes to which he was exposed, and regularly manifesting such an equanimity of soul as the maturest christian would wish to experience in his passage to the chambers of Death. *Let me die the death of my submissive son; and let my last end be like his!*

“The volume of truth was lying open before me, and, as I turned over its sacred pages, my attention was powerfully called to a portion of the Revelations of St. John. I perused in silence the seventh chapter of that mysterious book; and finding it particularly adapted to my present feelings, I repeated the concluding part of it to my listening companions:—*‘These are they who come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more: neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.’*

“This sublime passage produced upon our spirits a sort of electric effect, while it offered us the last delightful prospect which we were allowed to participate below. We closed the book, and gazed upon each other in an holy extacy; successively attempting to express what could not possibly be uttered. Heaven itself lay open before us—‘the angels, the elders, the spirits of just men made perfect,’ were all exhibited to our view in all their shining forms—and as their song of adoration came pouring upon our ears, we found ourselves involuntarily rising from our seats, to ascribe with them, *‘Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever!’*

“It was now remarked, that we had sat up to a later hour than usual;

when our dear son replied, that he was perfectly ready to retire, whenever we should think proper. Orders were therefore instantly given for the necessary preparations to be made, and we conducted him to his room, where he requested to be left alone for a quarter of an hour; a request, which we soon understood to proceed from his desire of enjoying a short season of secret and unreserved communication with God.

"On our return to his chamber, we found him undressed, and preparing to lie down. We offered him our assistance, but, without accepting it, he placed himself, very composedly, in his bed, and in the very same posture which had pleased him from his infancy. After the interchange of a few affectionate expressions, he seemed disposed to slumber, and, lest our presence should interrupt his repose, we left him under the care of his watchful nurse, and quietly withdrew to our apartment. There we passed more than an hour in a state of fearful suspense, feebly endeavouring to stay our souls upon God, and anxiously listening to every distant sound: yet not without a hope that the night would prove a season of comfortable refreshment to our beloved son. At length he was heard to cough, and his distressed mother went immediately down to visit him. After a few minutes absence, she appeared again, inviting me to follow her. Her voice was scarcely audible, yet it sounded like the *midnight cry* in the gospel, '*Behold the bridegroom cometh!*' and I hastened to embrace my Joshua before he should go forth to meet his Lord. I found him patiently sinking under the last efforts of his disease, with a countenance full of tranquillity and sweetness. My approach produced in him a slight emotion—but he had proceeded too far to return. Notable to endure the thought, that our intercourse was wholly at an end, I joined my face to his, softly enquiring by what means I might yet minister to his comfort. He understood my feelings, and sought to repress them; replying to my enquiry with a gentle request—that I would cease to speak.

"After hanging over him for a few minutes, in inextinguishable distress, I involuntarily repeated my question—

when, in a tone of tender affection, he returned me the same answer—*Please not to speak.* He had already opened a communication with the interior world, and had fully surrendered himself into the hands of his invisible attendants; and, in these circumstances, he was unwilling to be recalled or interrupted by any importunities from without. We received his request as a sacred charge—and, binding ourselves to silence, we knelt about his bed in a state of trembling expectation. A short and solemn pause succeeded—when, after a few soft groans, without the slightest change of posture, he peacefully breathed out his soul into the bosom of '*his Father and our Father, his God and our God.*'—"

Here we have no reason to suspect exaggeration; and when we reflect that this youth was only in his eighteenth year, it is not affirming too much to say, that his departure from this life was as one full of years, of piety and virtue.

We will venture upon one more extract, which is, the concluding paragraph of the volume.

"The sacred volume exhibits man under the figure of a flower—'*All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.*' We have formerly admired the aptness of this figure: but now, it strikes us in a new and affecting point of view. The flowers of the field present us with a fascinating spectacle; they exhilarate the spirits, and charm the eyes of every beholder. These lovely parts of the creation excite our wonder by the beauty of their form, the delicacy of their texture, the brilliancy of their colours, and the fragrance of their scent: they serve, at once, to enrich our grounds, to adorn our houses, and to regale our senses; but, after all the attention we can bestow upon them, their *frailty* is proportionate to their *loveliness*. And such are those most interesting pieces of human nature, the children of a family. One of these fair flowers was lately in our possession—we saw it bud; we watched its opening; we admired its rising excellencies; and pleased ourselves with the hope that it would flourish for years to come;—we fostered it with care; we guarded it with vigilance;

and earnestly recommended it to the protection of Him who had formed and fashioned it with such inimitable skill. But, after all our unavailing solicitude, and all our passionate supplications, we saw it *linguish*, and *fade*, and *die*! Such was the divine will concerning us—and now, while we wander about the place, of which this blooming plant was once the choicest ornament, we endeavour to soothe our affliction with the consolatory assertion of the prophet ‘*The flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever.*’

We will finally observe, that this simple, interesting, and pious narrative, should be placed in the hands of every youthful person. We all know the superiority of example over barren precept: and here they may behold religious example arrayed in its most splendid and fascinating dress.

We do not know why the son of Mr. Gilpin is styled, in the first page, Joshua Rowley.

SENTIMENTAL BEAUTIES from the *Writings of the late Dr. HUGH BLAIR*; including the latest Editions of his *Sermons, Lectures, &c.* alphabetically arranged. With a copious Account of the Life and Writings of the Author. By W. H. REID. 1 vol. 8vo. 1809.

TO those whose means are limited either in pocket or time, compilations like the present are of much service. They present a tolerably accurate transcript of the prevailing character of an author, and by selecting what may be emphatically termed *beauties*, they provide, for the mind, a repast more pure and exquisite than what can fall to the lot of the general reader. In writers of a moral cast too, like Dr. Blair, they have a beneficial tendency, by condensing into the shape of distinct maxims, or short essays, those rules of life, and those important truths of Christianity which it is every man's business to know. They have, therefore, our decided approbation as one of the divisions of literary labour which this fertile age of authors has produced. Whatever, indeed, tends to place moral and religious instruc-

tion within the reach of the middle orders of the community, is eminently intitled to applause.

The present volume seems to be arranged with judgment and taste. Prefixed, is a sufficiently copious memoir of the author, extracted from the biographical labours of Drs. Hill and Finlayson, and a portrait of Dr. Blair.

CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE; comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits and Manners, Religion and Morals. 2 vols. 1809.

IN ascribing the present volumes to Miss Hannah More, we believe we shall not err. Report has done so already, and internal evidence corroborates that report. They neither soar above, nor fall below the standard of her compositions. They are characterised by the same defects of language, by the same copiousness of thought, and by the same profusion of scriptural application.

Cœlebs sets forth in search of a wife, with the same sober gravity as another man would to buy a mare; with more torpidity in fact, but equal circumspection. He is resolved she shall neither laugh out of place nor pray out of season; she shall not loiter upon a sofa, nor talk too much; (heavens! where will he find her?)—she shall read Virgil in Latin, and yet be no pedant; she shall discourse more with her eyes than her tongue; she must not touch a piano-forte, nor venture upon the ungodliness of a song; she must refuse a peer, handsome, well-bred, well-informed, and opulent, because he denies that the heart of man can be altered by God, and yet tells her that she, by the magic influence of love, can reform his principles*: she must plant apple-trees to give away to the domestics when they get prudently married; she must carry a cup of bark every

* It is rather singular that the heroine should act from such a principle, when the authoress constantly inculcates that the deity works by means. Why then might not sexual love be a means in his hands to effect his will?

day at twelve o'clock, to an old lame gardener; and she must make him a "nice flannel waistcoat," and, we suppose, if need were, flannel drawers too; she must be a character made up of negatives; a compound of simplicity and refinement, of the manners of age grafted upon the feelings of youth; a union of piety, humility, and meekness; a saint at church, a housewife at home, a botanist in the garden, an apothecary in the village; she must be—— Ah, friend Cœlebs!

Vanity! vanity! all is vanity!

was the exclamation of him whose experience of wives was a hundred-fold greater than thine.

Seu valeat res ludicra.

It is evident, that whatever moral end the writer had in expectation (as far as concerns the conjugal state) from those volumes, will not be accomplished. The fancy-invested heroine towers too loftily above human prerogative to stimulate followers; she may be gazed at as a phenomenon, but not contemplated as a model; she may be admired for what we only suppose her to possess; as we admire the fortitude, or dignity, or courage of any fictitious personage even while we know that it is only imaginary qualities which attract our admiration.

If, however, we estimate the present volumes as a work of fiction, and consider them, with regard to their opinions, narrative, language, and incident, there will still be room enough for remark, and opportunities for giving pleasure to our readers. The narrative, indeed, is not connected with much skill: and it is evident, that *Cœlebs* is a mere work of shreds and patches; a vehicle for desultory observations upon different topics. Personages are brought forward to make objections merely that they may be overthrown; they are represented as acting in a certain way, merely that what is thought better may shine by contrast; and they make acknowledgments of error, merely to exalt the writer's doctrines upon certain points. In all this, the art and contrivance are so conspicuous, so palpable, that no more pleasure is derived by

the reader, from the argumentative contents, than if a master were to order his servant into the drawing-room, and bid him call a china bowl, delf, for the sake of telling him that it was porcelain. The trick is too obvious; and, as truth itself is capable of ornament, we think that some of the truths, here inculcated, might have derived additional force, had they been made to triumph over seeming good.

The author's whole power of illustration is put forth to dignify the family of Mr. Stanley, whose daughter (*Lucilla*) is the paragon that Cœlebs was hunting for. This family is quite Utopian. Its patriarchal simplicity is fascinating; but as it is unnatural, it is incongruous, and the mind is unsatisfied to find human virtue blooming in its highest perfection only in fairy ground. This defect is the more conspicuous, because Cœlebs professes to draw a picture of existing manners: his travels, in search of a wife, are supposed to take place last autumn, and recent events, and living characters, are often introduced. Had it been mere unqualified fiction, we might have been contented with the usual exaggerations of fiction. Nothing can be more unnatural and absurd than the manner in which the infant Stanleys are made to prate. Paragons of virtue, docility, and love, they are also endowed with a ridiculous precocity of intellect. They are represented as acting from principles which they cannot comprehend; and they discourse with a logical precision that insults experience. (See particularly *Vol II. p. 56*.)

When all these deductions are made from the verisimilitude of the narrative, nothing will remain to be considered but the opinions that are disseminated, the language that is employed, the characters that are delineated, and the unconnected incidents that are related; and from these sources only, have we derived the amusement which the work has afforded us. We shall, therefore, now proceed to examine, more particularly, the contents of these two volumes.

The following paragraphs of the preface will explain the origin of this work:

"When I quitted home, on a little excursion in the spring of this present year 1808, a thought struck me, which I began to put into immediate execution. I determined to commit to paper any little circumstances that might arise, and any conversations in which I might be engaged, when the subject was at all important, though there might be nothing particularly new or interesting in the discussion itself.

"I fulfilled my intention as occasions arose to furnish me with materials, and on my return to the North, in the autumn of this same year, it was my amusement on my journey, to look over and arrange these papers.

"As soon as I arrived at my native place, I lent my manuscript to a confidential friend, as the shortest way of imparting to him whatever had occurred to me during our separation, together with my reflections on those occurrences. I took care to keep his expectations low, by apprizing him, that in a tour from my own house in Westmoreland, to the house of a friend in Hampshire, he must not look for adventures, but content himself with the every day details of common life, diversified only by the different habits and tempers of the persons with whom I had conversed.

"He brought back my manuscript in a few days, with an earnest wish that I would consent to its publication, assuring me that he was of opinion it might not be altogether useless, not only to young men engaged in the same pursuit with myself, but to the general reader. He obviated all objections arising from my want of leisure, during my present interesting engagements, by offering to undertake the whole business himself, and to release me from any further trouble, as he was just setting out for London, where he proposed passing more time than the printing would require.

"Thus I am driven to the stale apology for publishing what, perhaps, it would have been more prudent to have withheld, *the importunity of friends*; an apology so commonly unfounded, and so repeatedly alleged, from the days of John Faustus to the publication of Celebs."

"The first chapter is devoted to an examination of the domestic charac-

ter of Eve, as depicted by Milton, and which Celebs would propose as a model for imitation. This is unqualified folly. Either Milton has ascribed qualities to Eve which could not belong to her in her state of innocence, or Celebs is ridiculous when he would recommend a modern wife to become an Eve. Our veneration for Milton leave us no hesitation which opinion to adopt.

The advantages which result from social intercourse, are well stated in the following passage:

"It must be confessed, however, as I have since found, that for giving a terseness and a polish to conversation, for rubbing out prejudices; for correcting egotism; for keeping self-importance out of sight, if not curing it; for bringing a man to condense what he has to say, if he intends to be listened to; for accustoming him to endure opposition; for teaching him not to think every man who differs from him in matters of taste, a fool, and in politics, a knave; for cutting down harangues; for guarding him from producing as novelties and inventions, what has been said a thousand times; for quickness of allusion, which brings the idea before you without detail or quotation; nothing is equal to the Miscellaneous Society of London. The advantages too, which it possesses, in being the seat of the court, the parliament, and the courts of law, as well as the common centre of arts and talents of every kind, all these raise it above every other scene of intellectual improvement, or colloquial pleasure, perhaps in the whole world."

It is amusing to read the soliloquy of this Benedict as he was migrating in search of his wife.

"In such a companion" said I, as I drove along in my post-chaise, "I do not want a Helen, a Saint Cecilia, or a Madame Dacier; yet she must be elegant, or I should not love her; sensible, or I should not love her; prudent, or I could not confide in her; well-informed, or she could not educate my children; well-bred, or she could not entertain my friends; consistent, or I should offend the shade of my mother; pious, or I should not be happy with her, because the prime comfort in a companion for life is the

the will be a companion for eternity."

There is no limit to man's expectation when he sits down to imagine how he would choose a human being to be constituted. We will confess, however, that Cælebs deserves a wife above the ordinary stamp, if the fruit of much labour were always given to him that labours. He is a matrimonial Quixotte, roaming through society to discover an immaculate object: a nuptial alchemist, intent upon discovering the philosopher's stone.

"I returned to town at the end of a few days. To a speculative stranger, a *London day* presents every variety of circumstance in every conceivable shape, of which human life is susceptible. When you trace the solicitude of the morning countenance, the anxious exploring of the morning paper, the eager interrogation of the morning guest; when you hear the dismal enumeration of losses by land, and perils by sea—taxes trebling, dangers multiplying, commerce annihilating, war protracted, invasion threatening, destruction impending—your mind catches and communicates the terror, and you feel yourself "falling with a falling state."

"But when, in the course of the very same day, you meet these gloomy prognosticators at the sumptuous, not "dinner but Hecatomb," at the gorgeous fete, the splendid spectacle; when you hear the frivolous discourse, witness the luxurious dissipation, contemplate the boundless indulgence, and observe the ruinous gaming, you would be ready to exclaim, "Am I not supping in the antipodes of that land in which I breakfasted? Surely this is a country of different men; different characters, and different circumstances. This, at least, is a place in which there is neither fear nor danger, nor want nor misery, nor war."

If you observed the overflowing subscriptions raised, the innumerable societies formed, the committees appointed, the agents employed, the royal patrons engaged, the noble presidents provided, the palace-like structures erected, and all these allocated, to cure, and even, to prevent, every

calamity which the indigent can suffer, or the affluent conceive; to remove not only want but ignorance; to suppress not only misery but vice—would you not exclaim with Hamlet, "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In action how like an angel! in compassion how like a God!"

"If you look into the whole comet-like eccentric orb of the human character; if you compared all the struggling contrariety of principle and of passion; the clashing of opinion and of action, of resolution and of performance; the victories of evil over the propensities to good; if you contrasted the splendid virtue with the disorderly vice; the exalted generosity with the selfish narrowness; the provident bounty with the thoughtless prodigality; the extremes of all that is dignified, with the excesses of all that is abject, would you not exclaim, in the very spirit of Pascal, O! the grandeur and the littleness, the excellence and the corruption, the majesty and the meanness of man!

"If you attended the debates in our great deliberative assemblies; if you heard the argument and the eloquence, 'the wisdom and the wit,' the public spirit and the disinterestedness; Curtius's devotedness to his country, and Regulus's disdain of self, expressed with all the logic which reason can suggest, and embellished with all the rhetoric which fancy can supply, would you not rapturously cry out, this is,

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame &

"But if you discerned the bitter personality, the incurable prejudice, the cutting retort, the suspicious implication; the recriminating sneer, the cherished animosity; if you beheld the interests of an empire standing still, the business of the civilized globe suspended, while two intellectual gladiators are thrusting each to give the other a fall, and to shew his own strength; would you not lament the littleness of the great, the infirmities of the good, and the weakness of the wise? Would you not, soaring a flight far above Hamlet or Pascal, appropriating with the Royal Psalmist, "Lord, what is man that thou art

mindful of him, or the son of man that thou regardest him?"

In chapter viii. there is an ingenious remark upon a passage in Aken-side's Pleasures of Imagination, which passage, however, he afterwards omitted in his revisal of the poem.

We fully believe, because we have experienced, the truth of the following statement :

"There is a large class of excellent female characters, who, on account of that very excellence, are little known, because to be known is not their object. Their ambition has a better taste. They pass through life honoured and respected in their own small, but not unimportant sphere, and approved by him, 'whose they are, and whom they serve,' though their faces are hardly known in promiscuous society. If they occasion little sensation abroad, they produce much happiness at home. And when once a woman who has 'all appliances and means to get it,' can withstand the intoxication of the flatterer, and the adoration of the fashionable, *can* conquer the fondness for public distinction, *can* resist the temptations of that magic circle to which she is courted, and in which she is qualified to shine—this is indeed a trial of firmness, a trial in which those who have never been called to resist themselves, can hardly judge of the merit of resistance, in others.

"These are the women who bless, dignify, and truly adorn society. The painter indeed does not make his fortune by their sitting to him; the jeweller is neither brought into vogue by furnishing their diamonds, nor undone by not being paid for them; the prosperity of the milliner does not depend on affixing their name to a cap or a colour; the poet does not celebrate them; the novelist does not dedicate to them; but they possess the affection of their husbands, the attachment of their children, the esteem of the wise and good, and above all, they possess *his* favour, 'whom to know is life eternal.' Among these I doubt not I might have found objects highly deserving of my heart, but the injunction of my father was a sort of paucity which guarded it.

"I am persuaded that such women

compose a larger portion of the sex, than is generally allowed. It is not the pumber, but the noise which makes a sensation, and a set of fair dependent young creatures, who are every night forced, some of them reluctantly, upon the public eye; and a levy of faded matrons rouged and repaired for an ungrateful public, dead to their blandishments, do not compose the whole female world! I repeat it—a hundred amiable women, who are living in the quiet practice of their duties, and the modest exertion of their talents, do not fill the public eye, or reach the public ear, like one aspiring leader, who, hungering for observation, and disdaining censure, dreads not abuse but oblivion, who thinks it more glorious to head a little phalanx of fashionable followers, than to hold out, as from her commanding eminence, and imposing talents, she might have done, a shining example of all that is great, and good, and dignified in woman. These self-appointed queens maintain an absolute but ephemeral empire over that little *fantastic aristocracy* which they call the world. —Admiration besets them, crowds attend them, conquests follow them, inferiors imitate them, rivals envy them, newspapers extol them, sonnets deify them. A few ostentatious charities are opposed as a large atonement for a few *amiable weaknesses*, while the unpaid tradesman is exposed to ruin by their vengeance, if he refuse to trust them, and to a gaol if he continue to do it."

We are now arrived at the Utopian family of Mr. Stanley, those "faultless monsters that the world never saw," and now we shall find nothing but a designed and inartificial contrast of evangelical goodness and worldly wickedness. Still, however, we did not read this part of the work with the least delight. It affords the writer an opportunity of reprobating many prevailing vices, of ridiculing many existing follies, and of inculcating much practical virtue, and enforcing some important principles of conduct. We do not indeed always coincide with the religious opinions that are occasionally introduced.

It would be the height of injustice to Mr. Celebs to withhold the pic-

ture which he has drawn of his own paragon.

Lucilla Stanley is rather perfectly elegant than perfectly beautiful. I have seen women as striking, but I never saw one so interesting. Her beauty of countenance is the stamp of mind intelligibly printed on the face. It is not so much the symmetry of features, as the joint triumph of intellect and sweet temper. A fine old poet has well described her.

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one could almost say her body thought.

Her conversation, like her countenance, is compounded of liveliness, sensibility, and delicacy. She does not say things to be quoted, but the effect of her conversation is, that it leaves an impression of pleasure on the mind, and a love of goodness on the heart. She enlivens without dazzling, and entertains without overpowering. Contented to please, she has no ambition to shine. There is nothing like effort in her expression, or vanity in her manner. She has rather a playful gaiety than a pointed wit. Of repartee she has little, and dislikes it in others; yet I have seldom met with a truer taste for inoffensive wit. Taste is indeed the pre-dominating quality of her mind; and she may rather be said to be a nice judge of the genius of others, than to be a genius herself. She has a quick perception of whatever is beautiful or defective in composition or in character. The same true taste pervades her writing, her conversation, her dress, her domestic arrangements, and her gardening, for which last she has both a passion and a talent. Though she has a correct ear, she neither sings nor plays; and her taste is so exact in drawing, that she really seems to have *le compas dans l'œil*; yet I never saw a pencil in her fingers, except to sketch a seat or a bower for the pleasure ground. Her notions are too just to allow her to be satisfied with mediocrity in any thing, and for perfection in many things, she thinks that life is too short, and its duties too various and important. Having five daughters, she is obliged to neglect her own acquisitions, which she

would have liked. Had she been an only daughter, she owns that she would have indulged a little more in the garish and decorations of life.

"At her early age, the soundness of her judgment on persons and things cannot be derived from experience; she owes it to a tact so fine as enables her to seize on the strong feature, the prominent circumstance, the leading point, instead of confusing her mind and dissipating her attention, on the inferior parts of a character, a book, or a business. This justness of thinking teaches her to rate things according to their worth, and to arrange them according to their place. Her manner of speaking adds to the effect of her words, and the tone of her voice expresses with singular felicity, gaiety, or kindness, as her feelings direct, and the occasion demands. This manner is so natural, and her sentiments spring so spontaneously from the occasion, that it is obvious that display is never in her head, nor an eagerness for praise in her heart. I never heard her utter a word which I could have wished unsaid, or a sentiment I could have wished unthought.

"As to her dress, it reminds me of what Dr. Johnson once said to an acquaintance of mine, of a lady who was celebrated for dressing well. 'The best evidence that I can give you of her perfection, in this respect, is, that one can never remember what she had on.' The dress of Lucilla is not neglected, and it is not studied. She is as neat as the strictest delicacy demands, and as fashionable as the strictest delicacy permits, and her nymph-like form does not appear to less advantage for being veiled with scrupulous modesty.

"Oh! if women in general knew what was their real interest! if they could guess with what a charm even the appearance of modesty invests its possessor; they would dress decorously from mere self-love, if not from principle. The designing would assume modesty as an artifice, the coquet would adopt it as an allurement, the pure as her appropriate attraction, and the voluptuous as the most infallible art of seduction.

"What I admire, in Miss Stanley, and what I have sometimes regretted the want of in some other women, is

that I am told she is so lively, so playful, so desirous of amusing her father and mother when alone, that they are seldom so gay as in their family party. It is then that her talents are all unfolded, and that her liveliness is without restraint. She was rather silent the two or three first days after my arrival, yet it was evidently not the silence of reserve or inattention, but of delicate propriety. Her gentle frankness and undesigning temper gradually got the better of this little shyness, and she soon began to treat me as the son of her father's friend. I very early found, than though a stranger might behold her with admiration, it was impossible to converse with her with indifference. Before I had been a week at the Grove, my precautions vanished, my panoply was gone, and yet I had not consulted Mr. Stanley."

Who does not behold in all this a fantastical association of qualities which no human being ever possessed, which no human being ever can possess? Such a combination would make their possessor unnatural, not amiable or lively; it would unfit her for social duties, by elevating her above the frailty of human nature; it would make her wretched and desolate, by establishing a barrier to which the world could not approach, and from which she could not depart. She would have, therefore, the unenviable pre-eminence of barren solitude; she would be feared without love, and admired without esteem. The misery of such excellence cannot be adequately comprehended.

It is perfectly consistent to make this fabulous being, when she first open her lips, open them to add her sanction to a religious remark of Cælebs; but it is perfectly inconsistent to make that Cælebs affect the language and feelings of love. We could as soon believe the thing that is most incredible as believe that a man who makes his approaches to the heart of a woman with the cold caution of a moralist and a divine; who enters into frigid calculations upon the temper of her mind, and the soundness of her principles; who weighs probabilities, and examines contradictions; who says to himself, after a thorough examination

of his object "Now I'll love her, just as a horse-dealer, who has inspected the paces and the form, and the age of a mare, says, 'I'll buy her.' we would as soon believe the wildest fiction (that fancy ever fabricated, as believe that such a man could love. He might feel *esteem*; but that is a cold and torpid sensation. In chapter xviii, there is a rapid discourse about the "falling in love," in which it is mentioned, with little knowledge of nature, that love is a passion which may be admitted or rejected, fostered or repressed, at the will of the individual. As *Mrs. Hannah More* is a maiden lady of sixty, it is allowable in her to mistake what she cannot understand. We fear that her present state is a sad proof of the result of those principles by which she *measures the degrees of love*.

Notwithstanding the length of the following extract, we cannot prevail upon ourselves to abridge it; deeming it, as we do, the most finished portion of the volumes before us:—

"You cannot, Sir John, have forgotten our old London acquaintance Carlton?" No," replied he, "nor can I ever forget what I have since heard, of his ungenerous treatment of that most amiable woman, his wife. I suppose he has long ago broken her heart."

"You know," resumed Mr. Stanley, "they married not only without any inclination on either side, but on her part with something more than indifference, with a preference for another person. She married through an implicit obedience to her mother's will, which she had never in any instance opposed: *He*, because his father had threatened to disinherit him if he married any other woman; for as they were distant relations, there was no other way of securing the estate in the family."

"What a motive for an union so sacred and so indissoluble!" exclaimed I, with an ardour which raised a smile in the whole party. I asked pardon for my involuntary interruption, and Mr. Stanley proceeded.

"She had long entertained a partiality for a most deserving young clergyman, much her inferior in rank and fortune. But though her high sense of filial duty led her to sacrifice

this innocent inclination, and though she resolved never to see him again, and had even prevailed on him to quit the country, and settle in a distant place, yet Carlton was ungenerous and inconsistent enough to be jealous of her without loving her. He was guilty of great irregularities, while Mrs. Carlton set about acquitting herself of the duties of a wife, with the most meek and humble patience, burying her sorrows in her own bosom, and not allowing herself even the consolation of complaining.

"Among the many reasons for his dislike, her piety was the principal. He said religion was of no use but to disqualify people for the business of life; that it taught them to make a merit of despising their duties, and hating their relations; and that pride, ill-humour, opposition, and contempt for the rest of the world, were the meat and drink of all those who pretended to religion.

"At first she nearly sunk under his unkindness; her health declined, and her spirits failed. In this distress she applied to the only sure refuge of the unhappy, and took comfort in the consideration that her trials were appointed by a merciful Father to detach her from a world which she might have loved too fondly, had it not been thus stripped of its delights.

"When Mrs. Stanley, who was her confidential friend, expressed the tenderest sympathy in her sufferings, she meekly replied, 'remember who are they whose robes are washed white in the kingdom of glory, *it is they who come out of great tribulation*. I endeavour to strengthen my faith with a view of what the best Christians have suffered, and my hope with meditating on the shortness of all suffering.' I will confess my weakness, added she, 'of the various modes to patience under the ills of life, which the Bible presents, though my reason and religion acknowledge them all, there is not one which comes home so powerfully to my feelings as this, — *the time is short*.'

"Another time, Mrs. Stanley, who had heard of some recent irregularities of Carlton, called upon her, and lamenting the solitude to which she was often left for days together, advised her to have a female friend in the

house, that her mind might not be left to prey upon itself by living so much alone. She thanked her for the kind suggestion, but said she felt it was wiser and better not to have a confidential friend always at hand, 'for of what subject should we talk,' said she, 'but of my husband's faults? — Ought I to allow myself in such a practice? It would lead me to indulge a habit of complaint which I am labouring to subdue. The compassion of my friend would only sharpen my feelings, which I wish to blunt. Giving vent to a flame only makes it rage the more; if suppressing cannot subdue it, at least the consciousness that I am doing my duty will enable me to support it. When we feel,' added she, 'that we are *doing* wrong, the opening our heart may strengthen our virtue; but when we are *suffering* wrong, the mind demands another sort of strength, it wants higher supports than friendship has to impart. It pours out its sorrows in prayer with fuller confidence, knowing that he who sees can sustain; that he who hears, will recompense; that he will judge, not our weakness but our efforts to conquer it; not our success but our endeavours; with him endeavour is victory.

"The grace I most want,' added she, 'is humility. A partial friend, in order to support my spirits, would flatter my conduct gratified with her soothing, I should, perhaps, not so entirely cast myself for comfort on God. Contented with human praise I might rest in it. Besides having endured the smart, I would not willingly endure it in vain. We know who has said, 'if you suffer with me, you shall also reign with me.' It is not, however, to mere suffering that the promise is addressed, but to suffering for his sake, and in his spirit.' Then turning to the Bible which lay before her, and pointing to the sublime passage of St. Paul, which she had just been reading, 'our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' 'Pray, said she, 'read this in connection with the next verse, which is not always done. — *When is it that it works for us this weight of glory? Only while we are looking at the things which are not seen.* Do admire the beauty of this

position, and how the good is weighed against the evil, like two scales differently filled; the affliction is light; and but for a moment; the glory is a weight, and it is for ever. 'Tis a feather against lead, a grain of sand against the universe, a moment against eternity. Oh, how the scale which contains this world's light trouble kicks the beam, when weighed against the glory which shall be revealed.

"At the end of two years she had a little girl; this opened to her a new scene of duties, and a fresh source of consolation. Her religion proved itself to be of the right stamp, by making her temper still more sweet, and diffusing the happiest effects through her whole character and conversation. When her husband staid out late, or even all night, she never reproached him. When he was at home, she received his friends with as much civility as if she had liked them. He found that his house was conducted with the utmost prudence, and that while she maintained his credit at his table, her personal expences were almost nothing; indeed self seemed nearly annihilated in her. He sometimes felt disappointed, because he had no cause of complaint, and was angry that he had nothing to condemn."

"As he has a very fine understanding, he was the more provoked, because he could not help seeing that her blameless conduct put him continually in the wrong. All this puzzled him. He never suspected there was a principle, out of which such consequences could grow, and was ready to attribute to insensibility, that patience which nothing short of Christian piety could have inspired. He had conceived of religion, as a visionary system of words and phrases, and concluded that from so unsubstantial a theory, it would be a folly to look for practical effects.

"Sometimes, when he saw her nursing his child, of whom he was very fond, he was almost tempted to admire the mother, who is a most pleasing figure; and now and then, when his heart was thus softened for a moment, he would ask himself, what reasonable ground of objection there was either to her mind or person?

"Mrs. Carlton, knowing that his af-

fairs must necessarily be embarrassed, by the extraordinary expences he had incurred, when the steward brought her usual year's allowance, she refused to take more than half, and ordered him to employ the remainder on his master's account. The faithful old man was ready to weep, and could not forbear saying, 'Madam, you could not do more for a kind husband. Besides, it is but a drop of water in the ocean.' 'That drop,' said she, 'is my duty to contribute.' When the steward communicated this to Carlton, he was deeply affected, refused to take the money, and again was driven to resort to the wonderful principle, from which such right but difficult actions could proceed."

Here I interrupted Mr. Stanley.—"I am quite of the steward's opinion," said I. "That a woman should do this and much more for the man who loved her, and whom she loved, is quite intelligible to every being who has a heart. But for a cruel, unfeeling, tyrant! I do not comprehend it.—What say you, Miss Stanley?"

"Under the circumstance you suppose," said she, blushing, "I think the woman would have no shadow of merit; her conduct would be a mere gratification, an entire indulgence of her own feelings. The triumph of affection would have been cheap; Mrs. Carlton's was the triumph of religion; of a principle which could subdue an attachment to a worthy object, and act with such generosity towards an unworthy one."

Mr. Stanley went on.—"Mrs. Carlton frequently sat up late, reading such books as might qualify her for the education of her child, but always retired before she had reason to expect Mr. Carlton, lest he might construe it into upbraiding. One night, as he was not expected to come home at all, she sat later than usual, and had indulged herself with taking her child to pass the night in her bed. With her usual earnestness she knelt down and offered up her devotions by her bedside, and in a manner particularly solemn and affecting, prayed for her husband. Her heart was deeply touched, and she dwelt on these petitions in a strain peculiarly fervent. She prayed for his welfare in both worlds, and earnestly implored that she might

be made the humble instrument of his happiness. She meekly acknowledged her own easy offence: of this she said nothing.

"Thinking herself secure from interruption, her petitions were uttered aloud; her voice often faltering, and her eyes streaming with tears. Little did she suspect that the object of her prayers was within hearing of them. He had returned home unexpectedly, and coming softly into the room, heard her pious aspirations. He was inexpressibly affected. He wept, and sighed bitterly. The light from the candles on the table fell on the blooming face of the sleeping infant, and on that of his weeping wife. It was too much for him. But he had not the virtuous courage to give way to his feelings. He had not the generosity to come forward and express the admiration he felt. He withdrew unperceived, and passed the remainder of the night in great perturbation of spirit. Shame, remorse, and confusion, raised such a conflict in his mind, as prevented him from closing his eyes; while she slept in quiet, and awoke in peace."

It may be added, that this scene had its due effect upon Carlton, and that he became, gradually, a good man and an affectionate husband.

The following may be classed among the miseries of human life. We have, more than once, experienced the situation with indignation:—

"I observed to Sir John Belsham, afterwards, as we were walking together, how modestly flattering her manner was when any of us were reading! How intelligent her silence! How well bred her attention!

"I have often contrasted it," replied he, "with the manner of some other ladies of my acquaintance, who are sometimes of our quiet evening party. When one is reading history, or any ordinary book aloud to them, I am always pleased that they should pursue their little employments. It amuses themselves, and gives ease and familiarity to the social circle. But while I have been reading, as has sometimes happened, a passage of the highest sublimity or most tender interest, I own I feel a little indignant to see the audience plying with an eager curiosity, as if the destinies them-

selves, were weaving the thread. I have known a lady take up the candlestick to consult the her sewing-pin in the middle of Cato's soliloquy; or stoop to pick up her scissors, while Hamlet says to the ghost, 'I'll go no further.' I remember another who would whisper across the table to borrow silk while Lear has been raving in the storm, or Macbeth starting at the spirit of Bango; and make signs for a thread-paper, while Cardinal Beaufort 'dies, and takes no sigh.' Nay, once I remember when I was with much agitation hurrying through the gazette of the battle of Trafalgar, while I pronounced, almost agonized, the last memorable words of the immortal Nelson, I heard one lady whisper to another that she had broke her needle."

"It would be difficult to determine," replied I, "whether this inattention most betrays want of sense, of feeling, or of good breeding. The habit of attention should be carefully formed in early life, and then the mere force of custom would teach these ill bred women 'to assume the virtue if they have it not.'"

There is a curious instance of false reasoning at page 355, vol. i.—Mr. Stanley does not permit his daughters to make notes of the sermon when at church, because the mechanical act of writing would disturb the attention, yet he exacts of them, in the evening, an abstract of the discourse, forgetting that the effort of committing to memory in the anticipation of being examined, as effectually disturbs the attention, and interrupts the general effect of the sermon, as that of writing.

There is much of religious cant in these volumes. We do not wish to discredit religion; but its obtrusion on every petty occasion, and a vain effort after evangelical purity, are more likely to injure than to benefit its cause. Inconsistency is another powerful enemy that it too often has to struggle with; and we were surprised to find the writer of this work, who uniformly inculcates the very spirit of Christianity to be infused into our conduct, wishing for the existence of a "political good," that was both "religiously bad," and "morally defective."—vol. i. p. 410.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO SPRING

REVIVING SPRING! once more I hail
Thy welcome visage in the vale,
With kindling rapture I behold
The beauties which thy scenes unfold!
The angry blast, that howl'd around,
When clouds obscur'd the blue profound,
The flakes of snow, which fill'd the air,
When all was desolate and bare,
No more are seen, but rising flow'rs,
Uncloaked skies, and genial show'rs,
Prevail with unmolsted sway,
And live stern Winter's frowns away.

To enjoy thy beauties, I will rove,
With eager steps, to yonder grove,
For there, O darling Season, there
I may, with breast devoid of care,
Feel the strong charms thy scenes inspire,
And chaunt them with a minstrel's fire!
Or, at this sentimental hour
Indulge reflection's solemn pow'r

To 'as I pass these fields along,
What charms invite the power of song —
Cowslips, that ring, with bashful mien,
In bright parterre along the green;
Wreathed in boud'rance, the primrose pale,
The fondle favorite of the vale,
Which rudely pluck'd in humbles, there
Is nurs'd with gentle love care,
The verdant thorn in fences found,
With fragrant beauties fairly crown'd,
With which the nymphs and swains adorn
Their rosy brows on May's first morn,
And wattle, or all its flow'rs are blown,
I'll steal a chaplet for my own.

Now let me close the bright detail,
For lo! superior chirings prevail
In the Grove, where blooming objects throng,
Inducem the notice of my song [grace,
Sweet Spring! here, flush'd with vernal
I fairly see thy smiling face,
And Oh! with crowds of beauties blest,
What throbbing transports fill my breast!
Wak'd by each soft prophetic breeze,
The bursting blooms adorn the trees,
Which, gaily clad in life's bright,
Awake a flame of pure delight
Within my breast, and bid me tell
What charms, O Spring! can thine excel
Here golden king cups spangle o'er
The ground, so fair with frost before,
And daisies bright, of every hue,
Here paint the green, and charm the view,
The Troeus hero loves to unfold
Its myriads of blooming of vivid gold,
Shelter'd with verdure as it blows,
The violet in the wind bestows
From those warm banks its rich perfume,
Which with glad has e the gales consume

Here, close entwined on poplars tall
The woodbine's taper blossoms fall;
And the wild rose blooms bright and fair,
To fill with sweets the gentle air —
O Spring! for once, I rashly vow
I'll pluck the glories from thy brow:
Yes! I will plunder every thorn,
My Sylvia's bosom to adorn;
For surely on that beauteous place
A rose may bloom with equal grace

But hark! from green savannahs near,
What pleasing murmurs meet mine ear
How soft the mingled notes arise!
What tender calls! what sweet replies!
'Tis yon fair train that lures my song,
And would the pleasing theme prolong.
O liberal Spring! now all around
Thy wholesome verdure clothes the ground;
The bleating flock, with rapture bold,
Burst the weak barriers of the fold,
In every meadow browse thy wealth,
And suck the new-born gale of health

From poplars, which surround the grove,
What strains delight me while I rove!
The feather'd warblers tune their praise
To bounteous Heaven in grateful lays;
They feel, O Spring! thy genial sway,
And sing thy joys from every spray
But one amongst the warbling throng
I feels them in the power of song —
The skylark! who, with seeming pain,
Pours floods of music o'er the plain,
While high she soars on balanc'd wings,
She lifts her head to Heaven and sings,
I'm fonder to her food appeals,
And thanks him for the joy she feels.
Let man survey, with bashful eye,
The little lark, who soars so high,
To pay her tribute to the sky!
Ungrateful Man! although a giv'n
To him these blooming gifts of Heaven,
Though from each copse, each grove, and
Thy beauties in profusion pour, [bow'r
Mark what indifference clouds his air!
What dull designs his looks declare!
No beams of rapture fire his soul,
No charms his passions can controul!

But soft, my Muse! or some defame
Without exemption thus to blame
There's one my sense freely spares,
For hark! a song his joy declares —
The cheerful Ploughman! in whose breast
Content and peace are wont to rest
O'er the brown glebe in vernal vale
He triply chaunts the choic'd tale.
He sees, O Spring! in every vorn
Thy quickning power, and sings again
To bounteous Heaven with pious glee,
Inspir'd by freedom, love, and thee!

But, O sweet Spring! my sadour dies,
 My fancy sinks, my spirit flies;
 When I reflect, in grove and glade,
 How soon thy peerless charms must fade;
 How soon, when the soft gales are past,
 Unburied Summer's entering blast,
 Shall crush every flow'r that blows—
 The Pink, the Lily, and the Rose!
 Ah! then no more in this green shade,
 By art and nature jointly made,
 Shall I regale my raptur'd eyes
 On charms unmatched below the skies.
 No more! all thought, it wounds my heart,
 To think how soon I'm doom'd to part
 From every joy that I have sung
 With transport and a glowing tongue—
 Then tell me, Spring! whom I adore,
 What happy pow'r shall I implore
 To recompense thy loss, and bring
 The graces of a perish'd Spring!
 Can Memory's pow'r thy charms redeem?
 Yes, I am cheer'd by Hope's fair beam!
 When thou, with all thy train, art flown,
 And Summer's breath pollutes thy throne,
 Memory, from all intrusion free,
 Shall oft revert my thoughts to thee;
 Bring to my view my cloudless skies,
 And bid recover'd beauties rise!
 Then every flow'r that decks the glade,
 And all the verdure of the shade,
 Again shall flourish to mine eye,
 Since Memory can thy loss supply.

As some sad nymph, whose charmer
 braves,
 With dauntless soul, the wind and waves,
 (Left by the youth her heart adores
 To sorrow, on forsaken shores),
 Plucks from her bosom, swell'd with pain,
 The well-drawn semblance of her swain,
 Where all his charms in colours glow,
 To yield sweet solace to her woe;
 So in thy absence, Spring! I'll wear
 The portrait of a nymph so fair
 Within my breast; and this shall be
 THE MINIATURE OF MEMORY.

WILLIAM TUCKER:

*Tisbury, Wiltshire Downs,
 March 29th, 1809.*

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

BY JOHN MAYNE,

Author of the Poems of "Glasgow," and
 the "Silver Gun."

FIRST of the Spring, that smiles on me,
 I pay my early debt to thee!
 But, well-a-day! how chang'd the scene
 Since, ere, I met thee on the green!
 Then, Life and Love were in their prime—
 Then, Winter smil'd like Summer-time!

Now, Life and Love are on the wing—
 Now, Winter riots in the Spring!
 And, e'en in Summer, noight I see
 But chilling show'rs, and blights, for aë;
 With frequent comets passing by—
 Sad monitors that Death is nigh!

Oh! when that solemn hour shall come
 Which seals my passport to the tomb,
 Be Faith, and Resignation, mine,
 And, that sweet soother—Hope divine!

First of the Spring, that smiles on me,
 Again I pay my court to thee!
 May no rude hand profane thy sweets—
 No catiff hawl thee through the streets!
 Or, if thou art displaced there,
 To grace the bosom of the Fair,
 O' teach Simplicity to them,
 Who never knew the peerless gem!
 Bid Beauty emulate the bee,
 And gather sweets from flow'rs like thee!
 Tell those by Error led astray,
 That Wisdom is the only way
 Which leads to purity like thine—
 Which leads to ev'ry Grace divine!

"We are sickle in our friendships from
 the facility of admiring and the difficulty
 of approving."

LINEs,

Addressed to a Young Gentleman, pre-
 viously to his sailing for the West Indies.

FAREWEL, dear Youth! whose manners
 unconfin'd,
 Bespeak a pure ingenuousness of soul;
 May every current of the dubious wind,
 Still wist thee nearer to the wish'd for
 goal!

And when the moon exalts her splendid
 light—

When twinkling orbs the circling hea-
 ven's display,
 On Faucy's wings I'll mount the throne of
 night,
 To watch the vessel plough the liquid
 way:

Then will I cast a kind, enchanted eye,
 On him, whose senses with affection
 swell;
 Who, listening to the music of the sky,
 Shall bless Alexander and his plaintive
 shell:

Blow soft ye winds! — ye seas benignant
 roll!

Bear safe Eugenio to the wish'd-for goal!

G.S. T.C.R. April, 1809.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. E. THOMASON's, (Birmingham)
for a new Method of manufacturing
Umbrellas, Parasols, &c.

THE hearth is brushmade upon this principle, and at present much used. The patentee's object has been to conceal the brush part, by means of a convenient apparatus, excepting during the time of its using. The same principle being applied to the parasol and umbrella, the spreading part of the latter, when not used as a defence against the weather, is concealed in a walking stick. Though the head of the cane, stick, &c. containing this apparatus is rather larger than those of common walking sticks,

Mr. JOSEPH CURRY's, (Whitechapel)
for a new method of slaughtering
Cattle.

THE animals, hogs, &c., intended to be killed in this manner, are kept in a kind of pen in the slaughter-house; two, if not three, persons are employed in this new mode of killing. One is to catch the animal, or, by some other manœuvre, to fasten a rope or hook on one or both its hind legs; another person is then, by means of a pulley and a wheel, or other apparatus, to draw the beast up to a certain height, while a third person is to fix the rope on the tenter-hooks, and while thus suspended with its head downwards, the animal's throat is to be cut.

The patentee asserts, that the meat is better by this mode of slaughter than that which is killed in the usual way. It is not believed that much improvement can result from a mere alteration of the position of the animal, beyond that of divesting it more speedily and more completely of its blood.

Mr. THOMAS's, (Featherstone Buildings)
for a perforated Vessel, Percolator, and Frame for preparing
portable Coffee.

THE principal part of this machine is an urn furnished with a cock for drawing off its contents, which is also the receiver of the beverage, prepared from the material coffee, by

means of hot or boiling water, made to pass through it. To render the urn effective, a number of small perforations are made in the upper part of it, calculated to release the confined and rarefied air, there being open while the percolation is going on, and are so contrived that they are covered at the same time, and with the same cover as the large aperture, or mouth of the urn, upon the removal of the percolator. Thus the urn becomes a close vessel, when the percolation is completed, from which, neither the finer qualities, nor essence of the coffee, nor its heat, can escape by evaporation. The percolator, or small box, containing the coffee in its pulverized state, prevents its rising and mingling with the water, when poured in the cylinder, and is the medium through which the water passes into the urn, where it assumes the character of portable coffee. The bottom of the percolator is pierced in the same way as its cover. The cylinder is a tube, superadded to the urn and percolator. The stand, or frame, is calculated to elevate and support a vessel at a proper height, from whence its contents are discharged by means of a cock, when not constructed in the common form of urns.

The patentee has reserved to himself, the exclusive right of modifying and varying the application of these principles and improvements, according to circumstances.

Mr. W. SHOTWELL's, (of North America)
for certain Improvements in the
manufacturing of Mustard. Com-
municated to him by a Foreigner.

THE process is described as follows:—Mustard bran, or the offal of mustard, is taken after as much mustard-flour has been taken out as is done by any of the modes now or heretofore used. This bran is wetted with water, and then ground between horizontal stones, or triturated any other way at pleasure; after which it is immersed in a considerable quantity of water, stirring it well; then the most ponderous bran is suffered to subside. This done, and whilst the flour is yet suspended, all that is

above the bran is drawn off into a flannel, or other suitable strainer, placed over a vat, which vat is to have a lutch at its bottom. This strainer serves to filter the mustard, and prevents any particles of bran, or other foreign substance from passing into the vat. In this vat the mustard flour is suffered to precipitate. The water is then drawn off from the flour as close as possible: this done, all that can be drawn off from below the lutch, making use of the same water for succeeding parcels as often as it is found to answer. The mustard now being of proper consistency is preserved in the common method. During the process it is highly necessary to keep the air from the mustard, and to complete it as quick as possible.

To make dry mustard from bran, after as much mustard-flour has been taken from it as is done by any of the modes used, the coles of India corn broken small, mixed with mustard bran, are taken, ground in a corn mill, or comminuted in any other way. It is then sifted, and these processes repeated as often as found profitable. A variety of other substances are used to mix with the bran. Wheat flour has been mixed with this mustard bran previously worked as above, comminuted and sifted as often as found advantageous. The quantity of flour, or other appropriate substance to be used, must be in proportion to the richness of the bran, and can only be ascertained by a little observation.

With respect to patent mustard, it has been justly observed, "the shameful adulteration of all articles in much use, calls loudly for the interference of government." Drugs of various kinds are now so much damaged in this way, that medicines frequently have no effect, or act very differently from what was intended. Formerly such practices were performed in secret; but now such is the effrontery of these corrupters, that an article is openly sold for the sole purpose of adulterating pepper, under the name of '*hot P.D.*' made of ground capsicum pods, and some foreign wood of the colour of pepper, finely pulverized. Still no person, before the American Mustard Improver, ever had a patent for selling an article to adulterate and debase the necessities of life. We are even told by him, that the mixture of *maize* flower may be used by itself, or be mixed with genuine mustard. Maize flower, because of its yellow colour, renders it more similar to mustard.

"Notwithstanding the abuses of this nature, there is a proviso in every patent which renders it void, or contrary, if it contains any thing *prejudicial* or *inconvenient* to his Majesty's subjects. Surely the health of the people is not knowingly and wilfully to be bartered by the patent managers, like places and appointments, for money! If government will not protect us from these deceptions, it should at least not appear to authorize them."

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

A Method of hastening the Maturation of Grapes. By John Williams, Esq. in a Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K.B. P.R.S.

SIR,

IT is a fact well known to gardeners, that *vines*, when exposed in this climate to the open air, although trained to walls with southern aspects, and having every advantage of judicious culture, yet in the ordinary course of our seasons ripen their fruit with difficulty. This remark, however, though true in general, admits of some exceptions; for I have occasionally seen trees of the common

white muscadine, and *black cluster grapes*, that have matured their fruit very well, and earlier by a fortnight or three weeks, than others of the same kinds, and apparently possessing similar advantages of soil and aspect.

The *vines* that ripened the fruit thus early, I have generally remarked, were old trees having trunks eight or ten feet high, before their bearing branches commenced. It occurred to me, that this disposition to ripen early, might be occasioned by the dryness and rigidity of the vessels of the old trunk obstructing the circulation of that portion of the sap which is supposed to descend from the leaf. And to prove whether or not my

conjectures were correct, I made incisions through the bark on the trunks of several vines growing in my garden, removing a circle of bark from each, and thus leaving the naked alburnum above an inch in breadth completely exposed; this was done in the months of June and July. The following autumn the fruit growing on these trees came to great perfection, having ripened from a fortnight to three weeks earlier than usual; but in the succeeding spring the vines did not shoot with their accustomed vigour, and I found that I had injured them by exposing the alburnum unnecessarily.

Last summer these experiments were repeated; at the end of July, and beginning of August, I took annual excisions of bark from the trunks of several of my vines, and that the exposed alburnum might be again covered with new bark by the end of autumn, the removed circles were made rather less than a quarter of an inch in width. Two vines of the *white Frontinac*, in similar states of growth, being trained near to each other on a south wall, were selected for trial; one of these was experimented on, (if I may use the term,) the other was left in its natural state, to form a standard of comparison. When the circle of bark had been removed about a fortnight, the berries on the experimented tree began evidently to swell faster than those on the other, and by the beginning of September showed indications of approaching ripeness, while the fruit of the unexperimented tree continued green and small. In the beginning of October, the fruit on the tree that had the bark removed from it, was quite ripe, the other only just began to show a disposition to ripen, for the bunches were shortly afterwards destroyed by the autumnal frosts. In every case in which circles of bark were removed, I invariably found that the fruit not only ripened earlier, but the berries were considerably larger than usual, and more highly flavoured.

The effects thus produced, I can account for only by adopting Mr. Knight's theory of the downward circulation of the sap, the truth of which these experiments, in my opinion, tend strongly to confirm. I therefore

imagine by cutting through the cortex and liber without wounding the alburnum; that the descent of that portion of the sap which has undergone preparation in the leaf, is obstructed and confined in the branches situated above the incision; consequently the fruit is better nourished, and its maturation hastened. It is certainly a considerable point gained in the culture of the vine, to be able to bring the fruit to perfection, by a process so simple, and so easily performed. But lest there should be any misconception in the foregoing statement, I will briefly describe the exact method to be followed by any person who may be desirous of trying this mode of ripening grapes. The best time for performing the operation on vines growing in the open air is towards the end of July, or beginning of August, and it is a material point, not to let the removed circle of bark be too wide: from one to two eighths of an inch will be a space of sufficient width; the exposed alburnum will then be covered again with new bark before the following winter, so that there will be no danger of injuring the future health of the tree.

It is not of much consequence in what part of the tree the incision is made, but in case the trunk is very large, I should then recommend, that the circles be made in the smaller branches.

It is to be observed, that all shoots which come out from the root of the vine, or from the front of the trunk, situated below the incision, must be removed as often as they appear, unless bearing wood is particularly wanted to fill up the lower part of the wall, in which case one or two shoots may be left.

Vines growing in forcing houses are equally improved in point of size and flavour, as well as made to ripen earlier by taking away circles of bark: the time for doing this, is when the fruit is set, and the berries are about the size of small shot. The removed circles may here be made wider than on vines growing in the open air, as the bark is sooner removed in forcing houses, owing to the warmth and moisture in those places. Half an inch will not be too great a width to take off in a circle from a vigorous

growing vine, but I do not recommend the operation to be performed at all on weak trees.

I think that this practice might be extended to other fruit, so as to hasten their maturity, especially figs, in which there is a most abundant flow of retreating sap; and it demonstrates to us, why old trees are more disposed to bear fruit than young ones. Miller informs us, that the vineyards in Italy are thought to improve every year by age, till they are 50 years old. It therefore appears to me, that nature, in the course of time, produces effects similar to what I have above recommended to be done by art. For as trees become old, the returning vessels do not convey the sap into the roots, with the same facility they did when young: thus, by occasionally removing circles of bark, we only anticipate the process of nature; in both cases a stagnation of the true sap is obtained in the fruiting branches, and the redundant nutriment then passes into the fruit.

I have sometimes found that after the circle of bark has been removed, a small portion of the inner bark has adhered to the alburnum: it is of the utmost importance to remove this, though ever so small, otherwise in a very short space of time, the communication is again established with the root, and little or no effect produced. Therefore, in about ten days after the first operation has been performed, I generally look at the part from whence the bark was removed, and separate any small portion, which may have escaped the knife the first time.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN WILLIAMS.

Pitaston, Worcestershire.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE liquor found in the intervertebral joint of the basking shark, has been analyzed by Mr. Brandé, and found to be almost entirely animal mucus, or mucilage, without either gluten or albumen.

A long memoir was read on the 9th of March, on the nature and modifications of coloured concentric rings,

exhibited in glasses brought into contact, by Dr. Herschell. It is impossible to give any adequate idea of the numerous and diversified experiments performed by this indefatigable philosopher, as his narrative of them is divided into more than sixty subdivisions. By the way, various other optical phenomena, relating to coloured rays, chromatics, and refraction, were incidentally illustrated.

On the 22d, an account of experiments on Brazilian platina, by Dr. Wollaston, was read. It has some external characters different from that of Peru; it is brighter, flatter, not rounded off at the corners, and has not the worn aspect of the latter, and contains a small quantity of gold, which was not found in the platina of Estremadura. Dr. W's. specimen was too small to admit of his ascertaining the exact proportions of native palladium, gold and platina; though on the dissolution of the palladium apart, some sensible traces of iridium were discovered; and the Doctor supposes that when sufficiently large specimens of the Brazilian platina are received, it will be found to contain not only palladium and gold, but also iridium and osmium, like the Peruvian platina.

WERNERIAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

MR. P. NEILL read a description of a rare species of whale, stranded near Alloa, last October. It was 43 feet long; had a small dorsal fin very low down the back; longitudinal folds in the skin of the thorax; short whalebone (*fanons*) in the upper jaw; the under jaw, somewhat wider, and a very little longer than the upper; both jaws rather acuminate, the under one ending in a sharp point proceeding from a twisted bony ridge on the lower side. Hence, he thought, that La Cépède had fallen into an error, in saying that this species of the *Baleinoptera acuto-rostrata*, never exceeds 26 or 29 feet in length.

Copies of affidavits were laid before the same meeting, which had been made before the justices of the peace at Kirkwall, in Orkney, by several persons who saw and examined the carcass of the great Sea Snake, cast

ashore in Stronsá, in October last, with illustrative remarks.

An instance of remarkable intrepidity displayed by an old male and female otter, at the river Dag, near Totness, Devonshire, in defending their young, was also read, though the otter is generally reckoned a very timid animal. This was communicated by Mr. Laskey, of Crediton.

Mr. Laskey, at present with his regiment in Scotland, being also an eminent conchologist, presented to the Society a very valuable and well arranged collection of British shells, and a curious mineral from New Holland.

Dr. Yule read an interesting memoir on the natural order Gramineæ, with introductory observations on the monocotyledonous plants, &c. and undertook to continue the subject in a future paper.

Captain Laskey laid before the Society a list of the Scottish Testacea, the most ample catalogue of this kind hitherto formed; containing 126 species of multivalve and bivalve, and 142 species of univalve shells; in all, 268.

George Montagu, Esq. of Knowel-House, Devon, read a description of a nondescript fish, five feet long, taken on the Devonshire coast last summer. It must constitute a new genus in the apodal order; and Mr. M. has given it the generic name of *Ziphotheca*, and the specific one of *tretradenus*. He likewise supplied descriptions of four rare species of English fishes, with correct and elegant drawings of the whole. Mr. M. also presented the Society at the same time, with copies of his Testacea Britannica, and supplement, three volumes quarto, with coloured plates, and his Ornithological Dictionary, two volumes octavo.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE unfortunate predilection which the people of England have so long entertained for the works of foreign artists, we trust, is fast wearing away, and this happy change is owing to the rising merit of our professors, and a liberal disposition on the part of the public to call forth and encourage all the energies of na-

tive genius. Since the opening of the Gallery in Pall Mall (for the present season), nearly thirty pictures have been already sold, and, on terms highly creditable to the talents of the several artists, and no less honourable to the purchasers. As these patriotic individuals merit the warmest thanks of the whole nation, for the preference they have given to the works of Englishmen, we subjoin a list of their names, as a grateful record of their virtues, patriotism, and judgment:—

Lady Lucas.	R. P. Knight, Esq.
Marquis of Stafford.	Thomas Hope, Esq.
Marquis of Blandford,	H. P. Hope, Esq.
Earl of Carlisle,	John Green, Esq.
Earl Grosvenor,	Robert Ashby, Esq.
Earl of Aylesford,	G. W. Leeds, Esq.
Lord Kinnaird,	Wm. Chamberlayne, Esq.
Hon. Wm. Maule,	C Griffin, Esq.
Rev Dr. Cookes,	W. Ogilvie, Esq.
Ridley Colborne, Esq.	J. Blackburn, Esq.
Rev. Mr. Richards,	

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Method of preserving Fruit without Sugar, for Home Use, or Sea Stores.

THIS is the discovery of Mr. Thomas Saddington, of Lower Thames-street, who, with his communication to the Society, enclosed a box containing the following fruits in bottles, preserved *without sugar*; viz. apricots, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, cherries, Orleans plums, green-gages, damsons, and Siberian crabs; but the same mode is applicable to all English fruits. Mr. S. describes the process which he uses, to the following effect:—

The bottles for this purpose are selected from the widest necked of those which are used for wine or porter, these being the cheapest. Being properly cleaned, and the fruit, which should not be too ripe, ready picked, the bottles are to be filled as full as they will hold, to admit the cork going in; the fruit while they are filling, is to be frequently shook down. The corks afterwards must be so lightly stuck into the bottles as to be taken out easily when the fruit is lightly scalded, which may be done in a copper, a kettle, or sauce-pan, over the fire, first putting a coarse cloth of

any kind at the bottom, to prevent the heat from cracking the bottles. Then the copper, the kettle, &c. is to be filled with cold water sufficiently high for the bottles to be nearly up to the top of it. They are to be put in sideways, to expel the air contained in the cavity, under the bottom of the bottle. If the copper is used, care must be taken that the bottles do not touch the bottom or sides of the copper, which would endanger their bursting. Then the heat must be increased gradually, till it comes to about 170 degrees, by a brewing thermometer, which generally requires about three quarters of an hour.—Those who have not such a thing, may judge of the proper degree of heat when the water feels very hot, but not hot enough to scald the fingers. If too hot, a little cold water may be added to temper it. When the heat is proper, it must be kept at the same degree for about half an hour longer, which will always be long enough, as a longer time, or greater heat, will crack the fruit.—While the bottles are thus getting in heat, a tea-kettle full of water must be got ready, boiling, by the time the fruit is done. If one fire only is used, the kettle containing the bottles must be removed half off the fire, when it is at the full heat required, to make room for boiling the water in the tea-kettle. As soon as the fruit is properly scalded, and the water boiling, take the bottles out of the water one at a time, and fill them within an inch of the cork, with the boiling water out of the tea-kettle. Cork them down immediately, doing it gently, but very tight, but you must not shake them by driving the cork, as that will endanger the bursting of the bottles. When corked, the bottles must be laid down on their sides, as by that means the cork keeps swelled, and prevents the air escaping out. When cold, the bottles may be removed to any convenient place of keeping.—During the first month or two, it will be necessary to turn them a little round, once or twice a week, to prevent the fermentation that will arise from some fruits, from forming into a crust. By thus properly attending to the fruit, and keeping it moist with the water, no mould will ever take

place. Afterwards it may be necessary to turn the bottles round once or twice a month, only.

In order to diversify the degree of heat, Mr. S. states, that he has done some fruits in 190 degrees of it, and continued them in it for three quarters of an hour; but this heat he found too-powerful, and the time too long, as the fruit by these means was reduced to a pulp. In 1807, he preserved 95 bottles of fruit, the expense of which, exclusive of bottles and corks, was 1*l.* 9*s.* 5½*d.* or, upon an average, about 4½*d.* a bottle. In winter, they may amount to 1*s.* per bottle. The vessel for scalding the fruit in, should be a long wooden trough of six, eight, or ten feet in length: two or three in breadth, and one in depth; fitted with laths across, to keep the bottles upright. This trough of water is to have the heat communicated to it by steam, through a pipe from a closed boiler at a distance; or if the boiling water wanted to fill the bottles with, is conveyed through a pipe and a cock over the trough, many hundreds of bottles might be done this way in a short time. Five guineas were voted by the Society to Mr. Saddington for his communication.

They have lately had their annual election of officers in the great room in the Adelphi. Six members were put in nomination for the vice presidents in the room of the Earl of Liverpool, (deceased) and T. Rowcroft, Esq. alderman; (resigned). The candidates were, his Grace the Duke of Bedford, Marquis of Stafford, J. J. Angerstein, Esq. J. C. Curwen, M.P. Thomas Hope, Esq. and Richard Wilson, Esq. The Duke of Bedford was elected in room of the Earl of Liverpool, and J. C. Curwen, M.P. instead of Alderman Rowcroft. In the ballot for chairman of the several committees, E. Bancroft, M.D. was elected chairman of the Committee on Correspondence and Papers, in the place of A. Tilloch, Esq. (resigned). In the Committee of Polite Arts, J. C. Chambers, Esq. instead of J. Flaxman, Esq. R. A. (resigned). In Mechanics, T. Gill, Esq. for T. Jones, Esq. Dr. C. Taylor, secretary; Mr. T. Woodfall, assistant secretary; Miss A. B. Cockings, house-keeper; and Mr. Robert Elwin, were also re-elected according

to annual custom. The anniversary dinner of the Society, was afterwards held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, where his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, president of the Society, took the chair. In the course of the evening,

several appropriate toasts were drunk, and Dignum, with other professional singers, joined their vocal talents to support the conviviality of the company. Many of the noble vice presidents of the Society were present.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

DR. CAREY has in the press, and will speedily publish, an easy and familiar introduction to "*English Prosody and Versification*," on a novel but simple plan, which he has for some time successfully pursued with his private pupils, and lately introduced into the female seminary at Canonbury, Islington. Besides descriptions and analyses of the different species of English verse, with preparatory exercises in scanning, it contains practical exercises in versification, progressively accommodated to the various capacities of youth in the successive stages of scholastic education; the whole calculated to produce correctness of ear and taste in reading or writing poetry.—For the convenience of teachers, a "*KEY*" to the exercises will be added.—Dr. Carey is also preparing for the press an easy introduction to "*Latin Versification*," on a nearly similar plan.

Mr. W. Cooke is engaged in a series of beautiful engravings from drawings, by Owen, of the Thames, or Graphic Illustrations of Seats, Villas, Public Buildings, and Picturesque Scenery, on the banks of that noble River. With an account of its local History, and a description of its different views.

"The British Georgics, a poem, will shortly be published, written by Mr. Grahame, author of the Sabbath, &c.

Dr. Rutherford's Ancient History, in two volumes duodecimo, is reprinting for the use of schools.

Mr. Maurice has nearly concluded his last volume of the History of Indostan.

Matthew Montague, Esq. M.P. intends to publish Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, with several others, by her correspondents.

Mr. Rose has announced his intention of shortly publishing some strictures on Mr. Fox's History of the

Stuarts, appended to Sir P. Hume's Narrative of the Enterprize under the command of the Duke of Argyle, in 1685.

The first volume of a new Annual Register is about to be published at Edinburgh.

Mr. Fenton's long expected Tour through Pembrokeshire, is in considerable forwardness. It will be embellished with views of all the principal seats and ruins, drawn chiefly by Sir Richard Hoare, and engraved by Storer and Greig, forming one, large quarto volume. However, it is only intended as the first of a Series of Tours through North and South Wales, upon the same plan.

A gentleman of the University of Oxford is about to publish a Selection from the Gentleman's Magazine, under the heads of—History and Antiquities—Ancient and Modern Literature—Criticism and Philology—Philosophy and Natural History—Letters to and from Eminent Persons—Miscellaneous Articles, &c. Gibbon, the historian, thought, if those articles in that work, which are of real value, were properly chosen and classed, they might revive to great advantage, in a new publication of a moderate size.

A Series of Letters on Canada are in the press, from the pen of a gentleman lately resident in that part of America. They give a faithful description of its people, their manners, laws, customs, productions, trade, &c.

No less than five considerable Cyclopædias are publishing at this present time; an instance unprecedented in the sphere of British Literature. The first of these is the great English Cyclopædia, edited by Dr. Rees, and to be completed in about thirty volumes quarto, at sixty guineas. II, The *Encyclopædia Londinensis*, 2 X

edited by Mr. Wilks, its proprietor, to extend to about twenty volumes quarto, at the price of forty guineas. III. The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, edited by Dr. G. Gleig, extending to twenty volumes quarto, at the price of thirty guineas. IV. The *Pantologia*, edited by Mr. Good, to extend to ten volumes royal octavo, at the price of twenty guineas. V. The *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, conducted by Dr. Brewster, not to exceed ten volumes quarto, price nine guineas. To these may be added the two volumes lately completed by Dr. George Gregory, price six guineas; and Nicholson's *Encyclopædia*, in six closely printed volumes octavo, price six guineas; besides the *Archives of Universal Science*, Enfield's *New Encyclopædia*, &c. &c.

An edition of Barlow's *Columbiad*, in royal octavo, is in the press. The original is a very magnificent and expensive quarto, and of these, owing to the interrupted state of communication with America, it is said there were only one copy in England.

Some of the London booksellers have announced a Collection of *Novels*, to be edited by Mrs. Barbauld. They are already proprietors of some of the best productions of this kind; of course this collection will contain every work of merit in that department.

Mr. James Macdonald, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Caithness Fencibles, who was shipwrecked between Denmark and Sweden, in November last, intends to publish an account of his travels through those countries, subsequent to that period. He left Gottenburgh on the 13th of March, 1809.

The celebrated Russian Navigator, Krusenstern, has obtained leave of absence from his office, at the Board of Admiralty, in order to prepare for the press an account of his voyages and discoveries, which is to be published in the Russian language.

A splendid portrait, from a celebrated picture by A.W. Davis, Esq. of Colonel Wardle, engraved by R. Dunkarton, size 14 by 20 inches, will appear early in May.

Mr. Pison, of King's Road, Chelsea, has been employed in constructing elastic wire fences, which divide lawns or parks, without interrupting the

view. They are stretched horizontally about nine inches asunder, through small iron stanchions, which are fixed at intervals of seven feet. These fences are usually under four feet high; but when intended to keep in deer, they may be two feet higher. Deer, it seems, appear to avoid them as if they were snares. The grounds of her Majesty at Frogmore, and several noblemen's parks have been provided with those fences, and they are found to be of sufficient strength to exclude the largest and strongest cattle. At the distance of about seventy yards, these fences can no longer be seen distinctly, so that they do not in the least interrupt prospects, and for this reason they may be run in straight lines. And it does not appear that the expence attending this improvement, unless we reckon its tendency to throw hedgers, &c. out of employ, can be any hindrance to its adoption.

The method of making brushes from whalebone, besides giving a fresh spur to national industry in promoting the utility of the Greenland trade, will operate as an excellent substitute for the want of bristles that used to come from Russia. It is not less a fact, that some substitute is wanting in the metropolis, for deal wood, too commonly used in lighting fires.

A gentleman has discovered a vegetable product of British growth, which, by particular management, may prove an excellent substitute for foreign coffee. This is the *iris pseudocorus*, flower de luce, or common yellow water flag; the seeds of which, being roasted in the same manner as coffee, very much resemble it in colour and flavour, but have something more of a saccharine odour, approaching to that of extract of liquorice. Coffee made of these seeds in the proportion of half an ounce, or an ounce, to a pint of boiling water, is extremely wholesome and nutritious.

Infallible Cure for a Sore Throat.—Take a pint of vinegar, and an ounce of myrrh; boil them well together for about half an hour, and then pour the liquid into a tea-pot. Then let the mouth of the patient be placed over it, so that the hot vapour shall ascend to the throat. Let this be renewed every quarter of an hour till the cure is effected.

The chewing of transverse sections of horse radish, like lozenges, is a quick and infallible cure for hoarseness, loss of voice, and catarrhal disorders.

New species of Wasp.—A species of wasp, which builds its nests in trees, has lately been observed in different parts of this country, and was frequently met with during the last summer in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It appears to be a new introduction, and is supposed to have been brought across the Atlantic into some of the ports on the western shore of the island, and is gradually spreading itself through the country. The trees on which the nests have been most frequently observed are gooseberry, and currant, and an instance of it has been met with on the common elder, to which insects in general are averse. This species is smaller than the common wasp, much less voracious, and less easily irritated.

At a late meeting of the African Institution, at the Freemason's Tavern, his Highness the Duke of Gloucester, patron and president, in the chair, the report of the proceedings of the directors was ordered to be published, and will be analysed in this work, as soon as it appears. The Earl of Moira having informed the meeting in a very impressive speech, of his having recently learnt that Sir Sydney Smith had been presented by the Prince Regent of Portugal with an estate, and also a number of negro-slaves, to be employed in cultivating it; and that the use Sir Sydney had made of this gift was immediately to liberate the slaves, and to allot to each of them a portion of this estate, to be cultivated by them as free labourers, for their own exclusive benefit:—It was resolved unanimously, on the motion of Mr. Wilberforce, 'That his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester be requested to communicate to Sir S. Smith, the high sense entertained by this meeting, of his admirable judgment and liberality in the above instance, and to return him their warmest thanks for a conduct which is so truly honourable to the British name and character, and which may be expected in the way of example to be productive of the happiest effects.' The hero of Acre may now have a

just claim to be distinguished by the new appellation of "The Philanthropist of the Brazils."

A silver medal, in commemoration of the Abolition of the Slave Trade, designed and executed by eminent artists, has, we understand, been presented to the British Museum by some gentlemen for the above purpose. On one side there is a portrait of William Wilberforce, Esq. M.P. from a model taken by his permission: on the reverse, are several figures, happily expressive of the true christian act of our legislature in putting an end to that iniquitous traffic.

Dr. Herdman's proposals for instituting a dietetic dispensary, for the assistance of such poor persons as are in the habit of receiving medicines from the dispensaries, have been highly approved of by the Society for bettering the Condition of the Poor, and most honourably reported by them "as a scheme, a better than which it is scarcely possible for the human mind to devise, where so much good is to be done at so small an expense." Besides good soup and strong porter, worth *3d.* a pint, flannel waistcoats, shirts and shifts, are to be distributed to proper patients, with spirits for cordials, &c. The food and the flannel garments are intended "to give effect to the drugs;" and the soups are to be of two kinds; beef-tea for debilitated persons, and a stronger broth, mixed with vegetable substances, for those who are in a state of convalescence.

Mr. Richardson, a farmer of Keswick, in Cumberland, has found out a method of taking large self-stones out of the ground in a very expeditious manner. This work is done by the power of a tackle, fixed to the top of the stone by means of a plug, which is Mr. Richardson's peculiar invention; which plug will hold till the stone is pulled out of the ground; and by which, two men may take stones of four tons weight and more out of the ground within five or ten minutes, without any blasting or previous digging with hacks or spades; and by which two men also can do as much work in one day as used to be done by twelve. Through Mr. Curwen's recommendation to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manu-

factures, the inventor has received the silver medal, and one of his plugs is preserved in the Society's repository.

France.

The French government, it appears, have made such laws in favour of authors, musicians, and actors, that few of the latter can scarcely fail being provided for in their old age. The *Theatre Francais*, after deducting all expenses, divide the profits into twenty five parts. The oldest of the actors have a whole share, others a half, and so on in proportion. Each of them must allow a small monthly deduction, which is placed out upon sure interest; so that if one of them has followed his profession twenty years, he may retire; when he not only receives the money he has saved, but a benefit at the grand opera, together with an annual pension of two thousand livres from the sharers, besides another from government to the same amount. Every new French piece undergoes thirty rehearsals, at which the author may be present, and suggest any alterations. The author of a piece, or of the music belonging to it, every night's receipts being divided into three parts, receive a seventh out of one third, not *once only*, but as long as they live, and their heirs ten years after their death. They receive it not only at Paris, but all over France, and from every theatre; nor can any manager have it performed without the author's express permission. As to country managers cheating them, as it might be supposed here, this is a possibility which has been provided against. An office established in Paris for the purpose, have their correspondents and cashiers all over the country, who account to the author for all his shares of the profits, at the moderate deduction of only two per cent. Reckoning about a hundred theatres in France, an author who has been fortunate enough to bring two or three pieces upon what is called the repertory of the *Theatre Francais*, is not only decently provided for all his life, but even leaves to his children ten years subsistence after his decease.

It is asserted, that Madame Molé, who translated Kotzebue's "Misan-

thropy and Repentance," is already in possession of 60,000 livres; the same comedy is even now frequently performed three times on the same day at the different theatres in Paris. The sum total which it produced to its original author never exceeded 200 German dollars. Independent of the metropolis, Daylerac, the celebrated composer, receives one hundred louis d'ors per month, without being under the necessity of making a single stroke with his pen.

Russia.

The feast of the Jourdain took place on the 18th of February at Petersburg, notwithstanding the severity of the cold. The ceremony is as follows:—A hole is made in the ice of the Neva, the Abbot or Archbishop blesses the water which this hole presents, by plunging a cross therein; he then sprinkles this water over the colours, which are presented to him by the subalterns. The court walk from the palace to the river, in a kind of procession, on a road of planks prepared for the purpose, and guards on each side, forming a line. At the head marches the priest's attendant, bearing a lantern and lighted tapers; he is followed by the clergy, according to their quality. The Abbot ends the procession, holding in his left hand a cross, placed horizontally on his head; he is followed by the Emperor, in uniform, and by all the Imperial family. Above the place where the ice is broken, a pavilion is erected, where the August personages remain during the ceremony. After the benediction, the multitude press forward in crowds to partake of the holy water, and convey it home, particularly to the sick, and to those unable to attend the ceremony. The Emperor and the Grand Duke Constantine were the only branches of the Imperial family who attended this year, in consequence of the severity of the cold; which was so intense, that many of the soldiers, who were under arms, and others bearing the colours, had their noses and ears frost-bitten.

Spain

What are called National Premiums for Poetry and Eloquence, in honour of Saragossa, have lately been announced by the Spanish government as follows.—

The Supreme Junta convinced of the powerful influence of poetry and eloquence upon the minds of men, have passed a decree on the 9th of March, 1809, in which they have awarded national premiums for exciting the Spanish poets and orators, to employ their talents in immortalizing the valour and constancy of Saragossa. Thus, while at Madrid, some unworthy writers, following the maxims of degradation which have always guided their conduct, sacrilegiously profane the art of poetry, in singing to their tyrants in concert with the groans of their country, the Supreme Junta present to Spanish talents a field much more glorious than any that has ever yet been opened to emulation and genius. The Junta invites them to celebrate heroism and patriotic spirit united; hence, for the first time, eloquence and poetry will receive, in Spain, a premium from the purse of the nation: a stimulus, without doubt, most powerful and fertile in the hands of an artist, when his labours are consecrated to virtue.

The object of these performances must be the heroism of this illustrious city, with the view of exciting the public to give greater energy to their patriotic sentiments, in which alone the security and salvation of the state must rest. The orator or poet, who excels, will not only produce a beautiful composition, but will have the satisfaction of performing a virtuous action. The following conditions must be attended to by the candidates

on this occasion, viz. the poems must consist of eight hundred or a thousand verses: the form of the poem and the mode of versification is to be left to the writer to suit his own convenience or disposition. The oratorical discourse must occupy at least three quarters, or a whole hour in the reading. In every thing else relative to this business the orator is at liberty to use his own freedom.

The premium consists in a medal of gold, which the Junta has ordered to be struck in honour of Saragossa, and one hundred doubloons to be given to the poet and the orator whose productions may meet the preference of the judges.

The works that may be judged to have approached the nearest to those that gain the premiums, will entitle their authors to the recompense of a silver medal, provided at the expense of government.

The 31st day of May next, is the time appointed for the delivery of the prize poems and orations to the Secretary-General of the Supreme Junta, with a sealed letter, containing the names of the candidates, or a motto, epigraph, or a cypher to correspond with those appended to their different productions. The names or signatures of the unsuccessful candidates will not be made public.

Dated Royal Alcazar, Seville,
March 12, 1809.

(Signed) MARTIN DE GARAY,
Secretary-General.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

GENERAL ANSTRUTHER.

THIS meritorious officer, whose untimely death it has already been our painful duty to record, (see page 278) was the eldest son of Sir Robert Anstruther, Bart. of Belcaskie in Fifeshire.

After having been educated at Westminster school, he was sent to Strassburgh to study the principles of the profession for which he was destined, and of which he afterwards proved so distinguished an ornament.

Having acquired a profound knowledge of military science, and a great

perfection in writing and speaking the French language, he proceeded to Berlin, with a view of becoming acquainted with the discipline of the Great Frederick, and of making himself master of the manœuvres and administration of a large army. His residence in Prussia, while it enabled him to attain the laudable objects he had in view, afforded him an opportunity of acquiring the German language, which he understood thoroughly, and of which he made himself perfect master.

On his return to England, he obtained a commission in the 3d regi-

ment of Guards, in which he held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel at the time of his death.

After serving during the whole of the campaign in Flanders, at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, he obtained permission from the court of Vienna to be attached to the Austrian army in Germany, whither he repaired early in the year 1796.

The dispatches which he wrote in the months of September and October of that year, giving an account of the operations of the Archduke Charles, gained him the greatest credit. They are perfect models of military composition.

In 1799, General (then Lieutenant-Colonel) Anstruther was appointed Deputy Quarter-Master-General to the expedition sent against Holland. The very flattering manner in which his services were mentioned by the Duke of York, shewed in what high estimation his military talents were held.

In 1801, he accompanied Sir Ralph Abercrombie (whose friendship and confidence he enjoyed) in his ever-memorable expedition against Egypt, as Adjutant-General. His exertions both during the period that our troops remained at Macri, in Asia Minor, and during the whole of the Egyptian campaign, will long be remembered by those who had an opportunity of witnessing them: and were mentioned, in the public dispatches of Sir R. Abercrombie and Lord Hutchinson, in no common terms of praise and approbation.

On General Anstruther's return to England, he was appointed Deputy Quarter-Master-General to the forces, and soon after to the important situation of Adjutant-General in Ireland, which post he filled with peculiar advantage to the public service, and with the highest credit to himself.

The command of the brigade of light troops was entrusted to him in the late glorious expedition commanded by Sir A. Wellesley.

General Anstruther's brilliant conduct at Vimiera is too recent to require any comment or praise from us; but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of again alluding to the manly answer given by him to one of Sir A. Wellesley's aides-du-camp, on

his being told, that a corps not much engaged at the moment should be sent to his assistance,—“Sir, I am not pressed, and I want no assistance. I am beating the French, and am able to beat them wherever I meet them.”

In the progress of the late disastrous and unfortunate campaign in North Spain, General Anstruther joined the British army at Toro.

The confidence reposed in this distinguished officer, by Sir John Moore, was strongly marked: he was consulted on many occasions. The soundness of his judgment was as often evinced as it was called for, and well entitled him to such distinction.

In the advance of Sir John Moore's army, with a view of attacking the corps under Marshal Soult, it is observable, that it was in the highest order, in the finest condition, and that the greatest discipline prevailed; but no sooner was it known that it was to retreat, than scenes of insubordination and disorder commenced, and obtained during the entire of the *route* to Corunna; the detail of which we cannot prevail upon ourselves to communicate, suffice it, that excess of every kind, riot, and the pillage of the inhabitants, form some of the principal features, though not perhaps the strongest or most marked, of this memorable retreat. Many of the men were lost in consequence of drunkenness, being in this helpless condition an easy prey to the ruthless pursuers. The greater part of such were doubtless led into captivity; but it was carefully circulated by the British officers, that they were put to death by the French—a report which operated as the best preventative to such shameful conduct, and in some degree checked it.

The stragglers in this flight amounted to 5000 men. At Betanzos they were known to be above 3000!—All the villages in the line of march between Astorga and Benavente, were deserted, the insubordination and indiscipline of the British troops were so seriously dreaded by the inhabitants. It is however but justice to state, that, generally speaking, the Guards supported the incessant fatigue better than did the other regiments, and were the admiration of the whole army, both on the march, and

during the action at Corunna on the 16th.

By those who are most conversant with the subject, it is generally estimated that the British loss upon this occasion amounted to between four and five thousand men, and five thousand horses; but it is not commonly known, though strongly indicative of this peculiarly heavy calamity, that above 300 women, who followed the British army, perished in the course of the march!!!

Generals Anstruther and E. Paget (under Sir John Moore) commanded the reserve, during the dreadful scenes which we have but slightly touched upon; but the duties of such a situation may be better conceived than expressed. The fatigue and anxiety to which the subject of this imperfect memoir was thus exposed, were incessant, and great in the extreme. He slept constantly in the open air, and underwent the same privations with the common soldier.

The immediate cause of his death was an inflammation of the lungs, brought on by excessive fatigue; he exerted himself to the last, and when unable to mount his horse, he said to those about him, "I am quite done up." He was put into a carriage, and conveyed to Corunna.

It was not until the arrival of the British reserve at Betanzos, that the danger in which General Anstruther was placed by the severity of his duties became apparent. Here, however, he was so ill, that he could hardly speak; he could scarcely say, "I am dying, send for a surgeon and let me be bled." The next morning he felt somewhat better, but was still very ill. In this state he was obliged to mount his horse, and ride six Spanish leagues (24 miles) to Corunna. The next morning he was speechless and insensible, and died towards the close of the day!

Major Montalambert, and Captain Gordon (the General's aid-du-camp), attended his remains to the grave. They were the only two officers that could be spared to perform this sad and melancholy duty. The General was buried in one of the bastions of the citadel of Corunna, which overlooks the sea.

General Anstruther's military jour-

nal, his papers, and writing desk, have been preserved by his old and faithful servant, Cameron, for Mrs. Anstruther. His journal must be invaluable.

General Anstruther was married to Miss Hamilton, grand-daughter of Lady Anne Hamilton, and by whom he has left five children.

JOHN WHITE PARSONS, Esq.

THIS gentleman, who lately died at West Camel, in Somersetshire, was many years a member of the Bath and West of England Society, and is now noticed here, because his character comes the nearest to what Sir Francis Burdett would have a gentleman farmer to be, instead of what the farming noblemen in general are, whom he so justly censured in his late admirable speech at the Westminster meeting. Mr. Parsons, it will be seen in the sequel, was, in a very high degree, a disinterested man, and so far a real benefactor to his country. Unlike some of those great speculating monopolists, to whom the patriotic baronet alluded, Mr. Parsons, never drove away the cultivators of fertile fields in order to convert them into wastes and deserts. On the contrary, Mr. Parsons came into the possession of an estate, which was itself little better than a desert, and he made it one of the best appointed and most productive farms in England.

The lands of West Camel, about 400 acres, were for the most part a very wet retentive of sour clay, and nearly on a level with the banks of a river. He began to calcine this clay by burning every part of the surface, and then made drains to carry off the superfluous water which had before remained stagnant. These drains were so contrived as to serve for fences, and extended over the whole estate, and were wide enough to arrest the progress of those mischievous idlers called *sportsmen*. The clay thrown out of the ditches and trenches was burnt to ashes, and after being mixed with lime, coal ashes, sand, gravel, and road earth, and made a compost, was thrown upon the land for a manure. To increase the store of manure, still more, the banks of his ditches were sloped down to make drains for collecting the mud; and by

clearing up the bed of the river, by which a great quantity of light compost earth was annually gained to mix with the dung for heavy clay land; and by constantly burning large quantities of lime, of which 200 bushels were sufficient for an acre of tillage. Some hot unslaked lime was also daily thrown under the bedding and tails of the stall-fed cattle, for the purpose of absorbing the urine, increasing the fermentation, and keeping in the oleaginous volatile parts of the dung; lastly, the horses and cattle in the yards, during the summer, were fed on green vetches and clover: Mr. Parsons used the old fashioned plough of the country where he lived. He totally excluded summer-fallowing after the land was once cleaned, and strictly observed an alternate cropping for man and beast. His crops were thus: 1, potatoes, cabbages, carrots, parsnips, well drained and manured; 2, winter vetches; 3, wheat; 4, beans or pease, or barley, or oats, with marl-grass; broad clover, Devonshire ray, milfoil, trefoil, and the best meadow hay-seeds. For cattle, he preferred parsnips before any other vegetable, and recommended getting garden-seeds, grass-seeds, and seed-corn, from the continent. Seed-barley from Lisbon, he found ripened a fortnight before the native barley, and yielded much the best crop.

Mr. Parsons always acted on the principle that *heat* was the chief source of life, vigour, and perfection, in all nature's productions. Hence, he selected a spot, between 30 and 40 acres, full in the sun, for his orchard; and, instead of planting and grafting from the nurseries of his own country, he raised his fruit trees from kernels produced in the warmer climate of France, which afterwards he found spread as vigorously as forest trees. He left the apples intended for cyder, on the trees till they were dead ripe, and then let them be till they mellowed and had acquired their greatest fragrantcy in his store rooms. He always preferred seedlings or wildings, to grafted trees, worn out by artificial propagation. On the hilly parts of his estate, he planted larch, fir, cedars of Lebanon, underwood, &c. By the side of his rhyes and watery ditches, protected from cattle by thick hedges,

he planted such an abundance of willows, as to produce 100,000 rods or spars, for thatching houses, corn, or hay-mows. Mr. Parsons thought the oxen produced by the old stock of the country, without any mixture, a class of animals, comparatively useless. Their bones were large, without being strong; their flesh was coarse, their blood cool; he thought them heavy, spiritless, and unfit for labour. Still he thought that overgrown beasts were not to be compared with the smaller and more compact animals. He had them from Indian and French breeds; from French and Devon, and Zebu and Devon. He assured his friends, that oxen of this breed were as profitable at the plough as the horse: All his animals had fine hair, and produced small offal. He crossed his hogs as much as any man, and preferred the Chinese mixture. He fed them on potatoes first boiled, and then by no means to be eaten till the water was well strained off. The water of the potatoe is proved by chemical analyses to be a slow, deleterious poison.

Mr. Parsons's dairy, cyder-house, cellars, stores, barns, &c. were models of convenience. His fattening stalls were admirably managed for making manure. To guard against rats and mice, all his corn was stacked on caps and pins; and the floor of his barn elevated with room under it for cattle to shelter and feed. Mr. Parsons, who knew more of useful husbandry than all the *titled* sheepfeeders and experimental triflers throughout the country, would never use the threshing machine, which he rejected as much from a conviction of its worthlessness, as from the natural benevolence of his heart, and his truly patriotic sentiments, which always impelled him to cherish, extend, and improve the comforts of those hardy rustic labourers, without whose support, this country will most assuredly perish. With this view, he built twenty comfortable cottages, for his labourers and their families, one of whom, incessantly stocked a field of five acres, let to him by Mr. Parsons, with early potatoes, carrots, parsnips, cabbages, &c. and furnished a decent livelihood for his family.

As to the new systems of farming adopted in this country during the

last 50 years, Mr. Parsons frequently declared he considered them mischievous and ruinous in the highest degree. He repeatedly expressed his opinion, that the lands of England, under a wise system, might produce *ten times the quantity of corn* now grown. He considered the little farmers of former times as being rather slovenly and unskilful in managing their business; but he could not help acknowledging, nevertheless, that they made the land yield a much

greater abundance of all kinds of food, than it does at this time. He thought tythes not only prejudicial to agriculture, but that, making too many of the clergy avaricious; it drew the people from the established church. To remedy these evils, he knew of no method more simple, or likely to be more efficacious, "than that of allowing each rector a portion of land, equal in value to the amount of his income from tythes."

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

FRIDAY, April 21.—*Grieving's a Folly*.—This new piece is said to be the production of a gentleman, named Lee. It relates to a double story of grief, one part imaginary, and the other real. One represents a recluse, mourning the imaginary seduction of a wife, finally restored to him in all her purity. This is the *Stranger* softened down and divested of its immorality. The other character displays the ambition of a *cidévant* tailor, *Sir Oliver Cypress*, who, to obtain the reputation of a sentimental mourner, affects to be half distracted at the loss of his wife, and watches her picture day and night, in a room hung with black. This is a copy of the sorrows of *Lady Kitty Crocodile*. The author has fully availed himself of his reading from Falstaff's dissertation on honour, and the Adventurer's Satire on "Honest Fellow." In short, if Mr. Lee does not rise so nearly to originality as our best writers, he is at a considerable elevation above our worst, by the very absence of their most vulgar faults. Contrast of character is decidedly his best talent; his stile is gentlemanly and unaffected, except in the declamatory parts; and the moral part of the piece was unexceptionable every where but in the *conclusion*, where *Sir Oliver* is laughingly forgiven, and even asked to dinner with the virtuous girl whom he would have seduced; nay, by the very father and mother of the girl, who are represented as

patterns of exalted virtue. This worldly indifference, this gross contradiction which does violence to their nature, and injury to that effect the moral of the piece should produce, ought to be obliterated. *Sir Oliver* should be dismissed with nothing but contempt. This the author should do by a dignified word or two, such as *Begone*, from Lord Mortimer, the father: there is no contrast more beautiful than the complacency with which a father turns to his family after the momentary sternness that drives away their insurer.

The actors in general did credit to the piece. Mr. Siddons, however, was remarkable for nothing but his opera hat. A melancholy recluse walking about a village in an opera hat is as ridiculous as if he had worn that of a quaker! Downton, in *Sir Oliver*, displayed his usual force of painting in expressing natural or affected emotions. His lamentations at the picture of his wife were inimitably gross and theatrical, and he shifted them as occasion served, like the turn of an ancient mask, laughing on one side and weeping on the other. The jaunty and gallant despondency with which he turned on his knees to his wife's picture, when he was detected kneeling to a different object, convulsed the house with laughter.

Mr. Lee it is said has made a present of his piece to the actors, so that it deserves success on every account. Of course it was given out for a second representation with visible marks of applause.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE Duke of York is still the prominent feature in the discussions of the day. The papers have favoured us with the rounds of his dinner parties since the resignation of his office; and, if any thing could soothe fallen greatness, his Royal Highness must be flattered by the particular count now paid to him by many of the great men of the nation. Among those, who must have consoled him very much in his misfortunes, we see the name of Lord Melville, whose escape from punishment and restoration to a seat in the privy council, would form a good contrast to the acquittal of the Royal Duke in the House of Commons and his subsequent resignation.

But, if the higher ranks have been thus tenderly compassionate of the Duke's situation, the middle classes have sympathised in a very different manner. The address of thanks, begun by the city of Canterbury, to Mr. Wardle, has been followed by similar addresses from boroughs, cities, and counties. One and the same spirit breathed through them all; and some expressed their sentiments in very strong language. The unanimity with which these addresses were passed, speak very decisively the opinion of the people of England. There cannot now remain the shadow of a doubt, that the people of England are perfectly satisfied with the decision of the minority of the House of Commons: and they are perfectly satisfied also, that, if the dependents on the crown and the dependents on the possessors of boroughs had left the house to unbiassed and sound judgments, its decision would have been consonant to the feelings of the country. The eyes of the nation have been completely opened by the late transactions; and every day is adding to the detections which are made of the iniquity of the system, under which the accumulation of burdens could not keep pace with the profusion of wasteful and negligent expenditure.

Among the developements of the last month, one has been fatal to Mr. Thellusson, a member of parliament, and in the routine to be an East-India

director. He was recommended by the whole body of directors; but the proprietary could not conceive that it was proper to place a person in the direction, whose writerships had been made an object of bargain and sale; and however guiltless he might have been of the acts, the suspicion was too strong to permit him to occupy a post of so much importance. The majority against him was very considerable; and the example, if it does not put a stop to the practice, will introduce a much greater degree of caution in the disposal of places for the East.— Another developement will not excite much surprise: this is in the commission for the sale of the Dutch prizes, of which Mr. John Bowles is a member. This Mr. John Bowles, it will be recollected, was a very great alarmist, and a strong anti-jacobin, celebrated for his writings, particularly for his attack on the late Duke of Bedford after his death, and a great oppugner of the amusements of the people. The Dutch commission was given to him, it was supposed, as a reward for his labours, by Mr. Pitt; and a good thing it has turned out to be. But, unfortunately for him, the spirit of inquiry is gone forward: a report has been presented on the mode by which the Dutch commissioners have remunerated themselves; and it is strongly recommended, that they should disgorge a small part of their gains. Honest John will, however, have secured to himself a tolerably pretty fortune; and, if released from the care of Dutch prizes, will be more at leisure to attend to the important offices of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

Another developement will be a trial to the House of Commons. In this, one of the ministers is involved, and Lord Castlereagh's own evidence, confirmed by that of a noble Lord, establishes a fact, of which no one at all acquainted with the world had the least doubt; but the proofs had never before been exposed in so convincing a manner to public inspection. It has been long asserted, that seats in parliament have been objects of bargain and sale, and writerships, being of the

same nature, the relative value of each might without great difficulty be ascertained. Lord Castlereagh, connected with the Board of Control, and with the ministry, would naturally be well acquainted with the nature of this market; and it appears, that he had been engaged in a negotiation, of which the object was the exchange of a seat in parliament for a writership. This matter must be brought before the House of Commons, and notice of a motion has been given.—We may predict, that the language of the ministry will a little differ from what it was upon a late occasion. The cry of infamy will not be raised against those who detect abuses; nor will a corrupted faction dare to charge again the kingdom with being in a conspiracy against the family on the throne, because it prays only for the restoration of its rights, the removal of abuses, and the prosperity of the many, in opposition to the jobs and speculation of the few.

Among the places which have distinguished themselves by their resolutions, the three divisions of the metropolis, with the county of Middlesex, justly take the lead. In the city, the Lord Mayor denurred on the calling of a common hall, which he however afterwards summoned, and his conduct was marked by the severest disapprobation of his fellow-citizens, only four hands being lifted up against the vote of censure on him. The hall was very numerous and most respectable; and its thanks were unanimously voted to Mr. Wardle, Sir F. Burdett, Lord Folkstone, and several other members by name: but three of the members of the city were included in a vote of censure. At a subsequent meeting of the common council, the freedom of the city in a gold box was voted to Mr. Wardle; and thanks were voted to him and the members above-mentioned. In Westminster, a very numerous meeting assembled in Westminster-hall, in which very strong and pointed resolutions, moved by Mr. Sturch, and seconded by Mr. Wishart, were unanimously agreed to. Sir F. Burdett and Mr. Whitbread addressed the meeting, and Sir F. was received with unbounded applause. He laid before the meeting, in a clear and judicious manner, the nature of the

proceedings before the house, the necessity of a reform in the House of Commons, and the inconsistency of the ministerial language on a popular cry, which, when for them, they hailed as a decisive argument in their own favour; when against them, they interpreted into a cry of jacobinism. In the county of Middlesex, equally spirited resolutions were unanimously approved of, and the necessity of a parliamentary reform universally acknowledged. Of the two members, one, Mr. Byng, was highly applauded; the other, Mr. Mellish, most justly and generally censured. In the borough of Southwark, the language was as decisive. Mr. Favell brought forward the resolutions. Both the members made their appearance. Mr. Thornton made a weak defence of his conduct, and received its due reward—general censure. Sir T. Turton, who had distinguished himself by a motion on the Duke's business in the house, was received with general marks of approbation.

In Hampshire, a requisition was sent to the sheriff, signed by about 60 or 70 freeholders in the middle walks of life, and the list was headed by Mr. Cobbett, who, in his justly celebrated paper, gave an excellent address to the freeholders in general, preparatory to the meeting. In this he explained the reason of his name being the first; and very properly showed the propriety of a requisition coming from persons who are the greatest sufferers by the burdens of the country, without those compensations which the higher classes secure to themselves. In fact, we cannot conceive any persons so proper to call a meeting. When one is called only by the principal people of a county, it is too often only for party purposes. In this, when the object was national, and had nothing to do with the foolish distinctions of Whig and Tory, who so proper to call the meeting as those who are the most interested in the true honour and welfare of their country?

In Ireland, a similar spirit prevails; and even in Scotland, the people are at last sensible of the necessity of a reform in the House of Commons.—In London, a great dinner was given by the Liverly to Mr. Wardle, which several of the most distinguished

members of the House of Commons attended. Mr. Waithman presided; and, in the choice of such a chairman, the *Livery* cannot be too much commended, for no one has exerted himself more strongly in the favour of the people, in the endeavour to obtain for them their rights, and to correct those abuses which have crept into the most excellent institutions. The dinner was most numerously attended. The first toast was the king; the second the people: and it was with great pleasure that we heard that both toasts were received with enthusiastic applause. In fact, the great question now at issue is, the interest of the king and people against that of corrupted and corrupting borough-holders. Every hand and every head should be exerted to preserve in the minds of every one, that the interest of king and people are one and the same: for no small influence will be employed by corruption to set them at variance. The example of other nations is brought to inspire a dread of the people in the breast of the sovereign: but the fact is, that the sovereigns, who have lost their crowns, have justly lost them, because they had not a due regard for the people, and there was no mean, by legal representatives, of the people's voice approaching the throne.

Mr. Wardle's health was next given, and received with unbounded applause, and all listened with the utmost attention to a speech, in which he rectified some erroneous interpretations of his conduct, disavowing all compliments to the ministers for any thing but conceding to him a little time, when, from fatigue of body and mind, he required it. "Why," said he, "should I compliment those who had treated me as if I was a malevolent jacobin, a vile conspirator, as any thing and every thing but an honourable representative in the Commons House of Parliament. The other representation respects my private character, and I was attacked as having an illicit connection with the principal witness, whom I never saw, till I visited her with a view to avail myself of her testimony to substantiate the charges I brought for the benefit of the country against the Duke of York. For this purpose only I be-

came acquainted with her, and I pledge myself that this was the sole cause of my knowledge of that lady. This explanation, which was required in another place, I most readily give here, though I disdained to reply to base insinuations elsewhere." Mr. Wardle then recommended moderation and firmness, declaring that, with equal temperance and resolution, it was impossible for the corruption of the House of Commons to be any longer maintained and supported.—After some other excellent observations on the necessity of reform, he gave the health of Mr. Waithman, which was drunk, as the rest, with three times three; and Mr. Waithman, after a very judicial address on the necessity of parliamentary reform, gave the health of Sir Francis Burdett, (whose indisposition prevented him from being of the party) with a speedy and radical reform of the representation of the people in parliament. Lord Folkestone, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Alderman Combe, Mr. Quin, and several aldermen and members of parliament, successively addressed the company on their healths being given, and all animadverted on the importance of a reform of parliament.

We are happy in congratulating our readers on the return of these dinners, in which Englishmen may declare their sentiments in the manner which used to be the boast of this country. It was the great aim of Mr. Pitt, an aim in which he was but too successful, to prevent all such meetings, and to substitute in their place an unbounded confidence in his measures. The result has been the corruption and venality which has been discovered, and of which, daily, new discoveries are making. By public meetings the spirit of a people is kept up, and that rancour which is felt in arbitrary governments is not known. If occasionally a little warmth appears, it soon subsides; and the government has an opportunity of knowing completely the sentiments of a country. A dinner is to take place in Westminster of the friends of parliamentary reform; the stewards for it being gentlemen from various parts of England. Sir Francis Burdett is to take the chair. We trust that this spirit will expand itself over the whole

nation, for it is the only method of saving both king and people.

The Duke of York having resigned his place, Sir David Dundas has succeeded to it, and the first notice almost of his appointment brought with it a very good reform in the army, by which six years' service is required before a person can become a field-officer. We wish that a certain age had also been required, and it had been added, that no one should sit upon a court of martial, if he was under twenty-one. But this is a prelude only, we may fairly expect, to much greater reforms, and the army will at last be put on the same footing as the navy, so that it shall cease to be matter of dread and apprehension to the country. The navy affords us continually matter of triumph: it is formidable to our foes, and a safeguard only to our country. All the histories of all times, and all the writers upon history, express the dangers to a country from a standing army. A Board for the army, similar to that of the admiralty, and the retaining of soldiers only in time of war, except what are necessary for our foreign settlements, would make the military on land as respectable as our military on the sea. We should then contemplate with astonishment the immense sums that have been expended upon barracks; for military monasteries now cover the land, as formerly the abodes consecrated to bigotry, superstition, and idleness.

The affairs on the continent increase in importance, and curiosity is the more inflamed by the want of materials to gratify it. Spain, Portugal, Austria, and Sweden, each would in common times engross the whole of public attention; but so momentous are now the agitations of countries, that the human mind is lost in the contemplation of new events which every day brings forth. A war between Austria and France has for a long time been rumoured; armies have been raised on both sides: but as yet the blow has not, to our knowledge, been struck. Probably, before this reaches our readers, hostilities will have commenced, and Austria will have set its fortunes on a chance, whence it cannot withdraw itself till some severe action has either made it

respected by its enemy, or laid it prostrate at his feet.

It was at one time reported that an adjustment had taken place, and that Austria had consented to the most afflicting terms; to give up Trieste, and to withdraw its troops to a certain distance from the Austrian territories. This report seems to be confuted by the address of the Archduke Charles to the troops under his command, which cannot be considered in any other light than as a declaration of war. In this address, dated Vienna, April 6, the Archduke calls upon them to preserve the independence of the country from the insatiable ambition of a foreign conqueror; to defend the liberty of Europe, which has taken refuge under their banners. He calls to their remembrance various fields of action to obliterate the remembrance of Ulm and Marengo, and promises them future triumphs.— Merit is to meet with reward, and offence with animadversion, without distinction of persons or rank. The hopes of foreign succour are held out, and it is said, that they will in strict union attack the common enemy.

If words would avail in this contest, the Archduke comes forward with great force, but time must shew how far his means correspond with the greatness of his intentions. What the foreign succours are, we do not know. The Russians are too far off to be of service, even if they were disposed to assist. Prussia can scarcely venture to come forward, and Great Britain cannot bring any force to bear to any effect against the common enemy. By this time the question has been decided, or Austria has made its peace. We cannot for our own part see the least ground of hope in favour of Austria. Its troops and its Generals are the same that have been repeatedly beat by the French; and we have not heard of any improvement in their tactics. If great reliance is placed on the General, we cannot place him higher than the second rank of the French Generals, and have not forgotten in what manner Massena baffled him and the Russians in Switzerland. Again, what can be expected from Austrians talking of liberty? Does not Europe know full well its regard for liberty in

its government of the Low Countries and the Milanese? Whatever may be the real state of the French government, it cannot be doubted that the great majority of its subjects are in a far better situation than the Austrians, Hungarians, and Bohemians; and wherever the conquering arms of Bonaparte advance, they carry with them a degree of liberty to which those nations have long been strangers. It is in vain to conceal these things from Europe; and if the Austrian cabinet had begun with the necessary reforms in its own country, there might have been some ground to expect other nations to fight under its banners in defence of liberty.

Sweden is in the situation for which our readers have long been prepared. Its king is a prisoner, and his reign is at an end. The Diet will have an arduous task to perform, and the people will probably now regain their ancient rights. At this distance, and with the little information that can be depended upon, the views of the Duke of Sudermania can be matter only of conjecture. The restoration of peace must evidently be the first object, and Russia has consented to an armistice. The removal of the king will render the attainment of one object less difficult, and Russia and France will be contented with the shutting of the ports to England, and the cession of Finland to the former power. In what manner the country will conduct itself towards the king, no one can ascertain in this country. Whether they will attribute his late conduct to a derangement of intellect, and place the government in the hands of a regency, or declare him incapable of reigning, and deserving to be deposed, a very short time will shew. The most humane method is to take the former course, and thus the otherwise unaccountable transaction with the brave General Moore will meet with an easy solution. The Swedes have merited in a great degree the losses they have sustained in the war, and this last catastrophe, from the disregard in which they have held the principles of their free constitution.

The gloom spread over the affairs of Spain is far from being dissipated. The Gallo-Spanish king is at Madrid: the national Junta is at Seville. The

southern provinces are represented to be in spirits, and hopes are entertained of a formidable resistance; but treachery is talked of in their commanders, and the patriotic energy which first blazed forth is almost evaporated. Mr. Frere's letters have thrown great light on the calamitous retreat of General Moore, and from them we augur little good of the joint exertions of his councils and those of the Junta. In the north of Spain, it is said that the spirit of resistance is kept alive, but we can give little credit to the report. The knowledge we have from our own soldiers, of what they met with in their march through so great an extent of country, must weaken the faith of the most sanguine in Spanish exertions. The flame of patriotism may burn in a few places, as at Saragossa, but the evils of the ancient government have been too sensibly felt for a general ardour to be excited, unless those excitements are used, which are calculated to inspire a people with ardour. At the beginning of the contest this was the case, but, by some fatality, it seems that the moment we joined their cause all the topics that were then so well brought forward were laid aside; the exertions of provincial Juntas were damped, and the preservation of the country was to be effected by the emanation of orders in the name of the king and his council.

Portugal is as little likely to preserve its independence as Spain. The French have entered it, and, notwithstanding the boasts of the Portuguese, have, with a very small force, taken the second city of the kingdom. Proclamations are issued in the strongest terms, and we hear of a large body of troops being regimented; but the little resistance made in the north of Portugal, where a considerable degree of spirit first broke out, damps our expectations of any thing effectual to preserve the independence of the country. Indeed, what can be expected from the Portuguese? What inducement can they possibly have to stand forward, when no amelioration of their condition is to be expected by the restoration of their former government, and the French will certainly remove the base shackles of monkish and popish superstition

by which their country has been kept so long depressed? It is presumed, however, that the English forces now in that country, aided by reinforcements, will enable them, if they have any spirit, to prevent the French, at least for some time, from reducing them to subjection. Another month will decide, probably, the fate both of this country and of its neighbour.

In America, the chief feature is the inauguration of a new President in the United States, who has begun his reign with a most admirable speech, expressive of his views and thoughts on taking the reins of government. By this it appears, that he approves the conduct of his predecessor, and is likely to tread closely in his steps. His language is that of an upright, honest, and enlightened mind, of a man deserving to be at the head of a free people. He laments the state of the belligerent powers, and declares his determination to keep up a friendly intercourse with all nations of the same disposition to cherish peace. On two very important subjects, he manifests a decisive superiority over the hereditary sovereigns of the greater part of Europe, declaring that he will strictly avoid every species of interference with the rights of conscience on the functions of religion,—and will keep within requisite limits a salutary army, on which he no less judiciously asserts, that an armed and trained militia is the firmest bulwark of good government; as liberty can never be in danger without standing armies, nor safe with large ones. From such an auspicious beginning we may augur well for the future prosperity of his fellow-citizens, and foreigners will respect his wisdom.

We could have wished that all differences between this country and the United States were done away. But obstacles remain to be removed, and the Americans have opened a way indeed for the removal of them, which is not likely to satisfy either of the belligerent powers. The ports are to be open to that power which first rescinds its orders against their commerce, and all nations in amity with them. In consequence, their ships will be upon the seas; capture seems to be unavoidable; and this will be sufficient

ground for an open rupture. The consequences by sea and land are obvious. By sea, we shall have the pre-eminence, and they will take their revenge in the two Canadas and Nova Scotia: but let us hope that recourse to arms may be avoided by the two nations, whose mutual interest it is to live in peace and friendship with each other. The West Indies have added glory to the British arms; for Martinique was taken after an able resistance. In Jamaica, the differences between the governor and the assembly are settled, and the General is to be removed to England.

Parliamentary Proceedings.

The legislature has not afforded much this month, except in the House of Commons.—In the House of Lords, a motion was made by Lord Grey on the conduct of ministers, respecting the affairs of Spain: it was prefaced by a very long speech, in which he commented on the union of the people of both countries in the object to be obtained, on the power of ministers to give assistance, and the deficiency in every thing which the case required. The points involving their conduct he stated to be the information they did or could possess relative to Spain, and their mode of action in consequence. On the former head, he imputed to them the grossest ignorance; and, on the latter, to have had no plan. On the latter head, he went through the conduct of the campaign of Vimiera, the march into Spain, Sir David Baird and General Moore's calamitous march and unhappy end. One fact he deservedly laid considerable stress on; and this was the communication by letter to General Moore, through a messenger, whom he recommended to be examined by a council of war. This messenger he stated to be, not a man of eminence, not a man distinguished in war,—but one of the most infamous characters in existence:—an assassin from Domingo—a delegate to the convention—a refugee in England; notorious for usury, and whose name is to be found in the list of fraudulent bankrupts. This man carried a letter to Morla, and there is great reason to consider him as a spy for the enemy. His Lordship, after di-

lating on this and various military points, then indulged in a tirade against modern patriotism, and discussed, very seriously, the question—that it was of some importance by what men we are governed. He was astonished at the absurd extravagance of the doctrine into which men of general good sense and good intentions have been recently betrayed upon this subject; professed his friendship to a temperate, intelligible, and definite reform, which was the object, he contended, of himself and his noble friend Lord Grenville: and he concluded by proposing an address, stating their attention to the documents before them on the affairs of Spain and Portugal, evincing want of information and foresight in every part of the conduct of ministers, proving rashness and mismanagement, and showing that the loss we have sustained was owing to their equally ill-timed and misdirected operations.

Lord Liverpool replied, allowing that confidence had been placed in ministers, and asserting that it had not been abused. He vindicated their plan; going over in detail the operations of the army; but he did not vindicate the demand of Mr. Frere, that his messenger should be examined before a council of war.—Earl Moira supported the motion, and contended that there was a simple line to have been pursued, namely, to have landed their troops in the north of Spain, under the Pyrenees, and to have directed the whole attention of the Spaniards to that quarter. He despaired of a glorious termination to the struggles of the Spaniards; but, if they did succeed, ministers had deprived this country of the honour of participating in their triumphs.—Several other lords took part in the debate, which ended with a division, when there appeared

For the Address 92

Against it 145

Majority for ministers. 53

In the Commons, the most important motion was that made by Lord Folkestone, on the 17th of April, for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the existence of corrupt practices in the state, as to the pur-

chase and sale of commissions, and as to the issuing of letters of service; and that such committee should report the result of their proceedings to the house. The necessity of this committee he urged from the discovery of various abuses lately made, which proved that corruption had gone on on a settled system, the whole of which ought to be completely exposed; and proper remedies should be applied to prevent the ruin of the country by the continuation of such abuses.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer saw no necessity for such a committee; for, were it efficient, he would ask, ought the house to inquire into all the abuses which had taken place during the last half century? What effect could such a proceeding possibly have, except to increase the ferment in the public mind? After what had been discovered, parliament had only to look prospectively, and see what description of remedy was necessary. He should object to the motion, because it did not go to punish any particular offender, because no further information was necessary, and because it would not be advisable to proceed on a general surmise, that delinquency does exist.—Lord A. Hamilton was convinced that the most certain way to feed the discontent of the people was to stifle inquiry into those abuses, the existence of which no man now could be obstinate enough to deny.

Lord Folkestone vindicated his motion from the Chancellor's assertion, that a culprit could not be punished under it; for the object was to inquire into abuses, which had been proved to exist, and bring the delinquents to summary and ample punishment. If anyone believed that abuses did not exist, they should support his motion, and thus afford the means of proving the truth of their faith. The house was in duty bound not to shut its eyes to the state of the country: they should respect the impression made on the public; institute an inquiry, and punish offenders, if they were found to exist; if they did not exist, then government would be set right in the popular estimation. The inquiry was absolutely necessary; and, if it was opposed, the opposition ought not to come from him who was the friend and associate of those

culprits, on whom justice should be executed.

Lord H. Petty objected to the extent of the trust to be delegated to the committee, as, such an inquisitorial power should be exercised only by the whole house.—Mr. Whitbread insisted, that, as the existence of abuses was known, the necessity of inquiry must be obvious. A ferment certainly did exist, and an indignant feeling properly pervaded the public on this occasion. It was certainly desirable to know through whose means persons obtained situations in the army, the church, and other public establishments. The powers proposed were not powers of accusation, but of investigation; and this was necessary before the evils could be corrected and remedies applied.—Mr. Tierney was offended that notice had not been given of this motion; and contended that it amounted to an arraignment of the whole of his majesty's government, as guilty of corruption in every one of their various departments. In this manner government was not treated properly. Let the noble Lord distinctly bring forward specific charges, and he should have his support. For himself, he should not be influenced by any feeling out of doors; but he would contend, that the abuses detected were not a sufficient ground to depart from established practice. It might be said, that his vote to-night was corrupt; but no cry should induce him to vote for the present motion.—Mr. Ponsonby objected also to a committee with powers so unlimited, and objects so undefined. The motion went to criminate every department. Out of doors, all were represented to be rogues alike; and parliament so corrupt, that it was of no consequence into whose hands the government was placed. He could not agree to any motion that would sanction

such infamous and impudent calumnies.—Mr. Hutchinson agreed with the motion, as its object was to strike at abuses under whatever government they might exist, or have existed.—Mr. Parnell, so far from objecting to the extent of the motion, would vote for it, if it proposed a more extensive inquiry.—Mr. Wynne objected to the motion, as it would lead to an inquiry into transactions before the union, which might affect the characters of persons now in their graves, Mr. Pitt and Marquis Cornwallis.—Mr. Foley gave the motion his hearty concurrence; asserting that the people had good reason to suspect the government of the country.—Sir J. Anstruther would not consent to the appointment of a committee with unheard-of powers, to do unheard-of and unknown mischiefs.—Mr. Canning expressed a most marked and decided disapprobation of the motion, which he thought could have no other purpose than to keep up a ferment in the public mind. He deprecated the practice of pointing out government as the source of corruption. They were all represented as eagerly struggling for places and power, and as having nothing in view but the emolument of offices. This imputation was of a dangerous tenor, and he could not agree to such a wide wasting motion.—On a division, there were,

For the Question 36
Against it 178

Majority against it. 148

Sir F. Burdett brought before the house a transaction, which he termed a scandalous job, relative to some land contiguous to Chelsea Hospital. The papers moved for will place the whole before the public, and show the nature of a very extraordinary transaction.

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HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

AT his house, in Clipstone-street, after an illness of several months, Thomas Holcroft, Esq. author of "Hugh Trevor," "The Road to Ruin," and a number of other works. He was in his 61st year. Mr. Holcroft's has been a life of literary labour. This extraordinary character was originally a shoemaker in the north. He possessed great natural endowments, and a most burning desire of knowledge. He owed all his attainments to his own thirst of information, and overcame every impediment that suppressed the ardour of his mind. For several years he was a comedian of eminence in several respectable provincial companies, and came to London in the year 1778. From that time till the day of his last illness, he has been indefatigably engaged in almost every department of literature. He acquired, by his own assiduity, such a knowledge of the languages, as to enable him to translate freely, from the French, Italian, and German; and his dramatic piece, as well as novels, entitle him to no ordinary praise as a fruitful and able writer. He has left a wife and six children, the eldest of whom is only nine years of age, totally unprovided for. He has also left two daughters by his first marriage.

Sir Jacob Wolff, bart. Baron of the Holy Roman Empire, and the elder and only brother of Baron Wolff.—Sir Jacob was descended from an ancient and illustrious noble family, who possessed a fief of the Empire in

the Dutchy of Silesia, and were, by the religious troubles, expatriated to Livonia in the time of Charles XI. and XII. of Sweden, where they were admitted into the ancient corps of nobles of Livonia. Sir Jacob, and his brother the Baron, are the only branches who were sent very young to this country, and naturalised. Sir Jacob married the only daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Weston, of Somerby Hall, Lincolnshire, and grand-daughter of Stephen Weston, D.D. late Bishop of Exeter.

At his lodgings, a two pair of stairs room, in Angel Court, Windmill-street, Haymarket, aged 68, Mr. Christopher Bartholomew, formerly proprietor of White Conduit House, which owed its celebrity to the taste he displayed in laying out the gardens and walks, and rendering it the first place of resort in the class of tea-gardens. Possessed of a good fortune from his parents, the gardens, and the Angel Inn at Islington, being his freeholds; renting 2000l. a year in the neighbourhood of Islington and Hol-loway, remarkable for having the greatest quantity of hay-stacks of any grower in the neighbourhood of London; at that time he was worth 50,000l. Not content, he fell a victim to the mania of insuring in the lottery, for which he has paid 1090l. a day. He passed the last 19 years of his life in great poverty, subsisting by the charity of those who knew his better days, and as a jurymen in the Sheriff's Court for the County. In August, 1807, he had a bad share in a 20,000l. prize. By the advice of his friends he

purchased an annuity of 60l. per annum; yet fatally addicted to that pernicious pursuit, insurance, he disposed of it, and lost it all. A few days before he died, he solicited a few shillings to buy him some necessaries.

At her house, in Grosvenor-square, her Grace the Duchess of Bolton, relict of Harry the sixth Duke of Bolton. She was in her 75th year.

At her house, in Park-street, Grosvenor-square, the Hon. Mrs. Grant, third daughter of the late Viscount Folkestone, and aunt to the Earl of Radnor.

At her house, in Upper Wimpole-street, Lady Dorothy Fitzwilliam, sister to Earl Fitzwilliam.

At her house, in Chapel-street, Park-lane, Mrs. Grant, sister to the Hon. Philip Pusey.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

THURSDAY, APRIL 13.

Downing-Street, April 12.

Captain Preedy, aid-du-camp to Lieutenant-General Beckwith, commander of his Majesty's troops in the Leeward Islands, arrived at one o'clock this day, with dispatches from the Lieutenant-General, to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

[Letters from Generals Beckwith and Maitland introductory of the following report from Colonel Barnes.]

St. Pierre, Feb. 8, 1869.

SIR,—In obedience to the orders I had the honour to receive from you, I proceeded with the detachment of the 63d regiment, commanded by Major O'Rourke, on board his Majesty's sloops Pelorus and Cherub, off Corbet, where the troops were disembarked, and marched without delay towards St. Pierre; about a mile from the town I found a body of the militia posted, and immediately sent Major O'Rourke forward with a flag of truce, offering them terms on which their own surrender and that of the town would be accepted, which I have herewith the satisfaction to transmit to your Excellency for the ratification of the commanders in chief by sea and land.

I cannot conclude without acquainting you with the very zealous and active exertions of Major O'Rourke, and the steady and orderly conduct of

the detachment of the 63d regiment, and of availing myself of this opportunity of expressing my thanks to Captains King and Tucker, of the Royal Navy.

I feel much pleasure in bearing testimony to the very active attention of Captain De Courcy, of the Quarter-Master-General and Barrack Department, in taking possession of the barracks, as well as in preparing an inventory of the ordnance stores, &c. Likewise to the conduct of Dr. Burke in taking charge of all concerns relating to the Medical Department, and of Lieutenant Hamilton of the 46th regiment, officiating as Major of Brigade, who on all occasions merits my entire approbation.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) G. BARNES, Lieut. Col.
His Excellency Major-General
Maitland, &c.

[Capitulation of the town of St. Pierre. The troops are prisoners of war; all public property surrendered to the captors.]

Camp la Coste, Feb. 10, six a.m.

SIR,—Lieut.-Col. M'Nair, commanding the 5th brigade, was detached last night at twelve o'clock, with 300 men of the 90th regiment, for the service you had desired relative to the enemy's hospitals.

I had taken the necessary precautions to communicate with Major Henderson, and that no mistakes should happen with our outposts. What was ordered has been well performed. I have, &c.

(Signed) F. MAITLAND, M. G.
Lieut.-Gen. Beckwith, Com.
of the Forces, &c.

Martinico, Feb. 11.

SIR,—Having yesterday evening reconnoitred the enemy's advanced picquet, I decided upon attempting the surprise of it in the course of the night, and gave directions accordingly to Major Pearson commanding the light battalion, a copy of whose report upon this subject I have the honour to inclose for your Excellency's information. I have, &c.

(Signed) G. PREVOST.
To Lieut.-Gen. Beckwith.

February 11.

SIR,—In obedience to your orders of yesterday, I proceeded with the two flank companies of the 25th regiment,

in order, if possible, to surprise the advanced picket of the enemy, which, I am happy to say, was effected after a very intricate and difficult march of two hours. The enemy left five or six killed on the ground, and the rest made a most precipitate retreat to their fort. I beg leave to state, that the officers and men of the 25th regiment behaved in a most steady and gallant manner, and am happy to add, that no casualty occurred on our side.

I have, &c.

(Signed) T. PEARSON,
Maj.-Comm. Light Infantry Batt.
Head-Quarters, Martinique,
Feb. 28.

My LORD,—In my letter of the 25th inst. I had the honour to transmit to your lordship the details of our operations to the 11th preceding; from that period until the 19th we were incessantly employed in the construction of gun and mortar batteries, and in the landing cannon, mortars, and howitzers, with their ammunition and stores, in dragging them to the several points selected by the engineers, and in the completion of the works, and in mounting the ordnance. The exertions of Commodore Cockburn, and other naval officers under his orders upon the left, in forwarding these services, were most conspicuous. The enemy, during the interval, fired upon our encampments with shot and shells, but fortunately with little effect, and his picquets, when pressed, constantly fell back under the protection of his works.

On the 19th, at half past four in the afternoon, we opened from six points upon the enemy's fortress, with fourteen pieces of heavy cannon, and twenty eight mortars and howitzers, and the cannonade and bombardment continued with little remission until noon of the 23d, when the French General sent a trumpet with a letter to our advanced posts, near the Bouille Redoubt, in the front of attack. In this communication General Villaret proposed as the basis of negotiation, that the French troops should be sent to France free from all restriction as to future service; but this being inadmissible, the bombardment recommenced at ten at night, and continued without intermission until nine o'clock of the 24th, when three white flags

were discovered flying in the fortress, in consequence of which, our fire from the batteries immediately ceased.

It is with the most heartfelt satisfaction I have now the honour to report to your lordship, for his Majesty's information, that, supported by the talents of the General Officers, and in particular of Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost, and of Major-Gen. Maitland, the experience and zeal of all the other officers, and the valour and unremitting labour of this army, strengthened by the indefatigable exertions of Rear Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane and the squadron, the campaign, notwithstanding incessant rains, has been brought to a glorious conclusion in the short space of twenty-seven days from our departure from Barbadoes.

The command of such an army will constitute the pride of my future life. To these brave troops, conducted by Generals of experience, and not to me, their king and country owe the sovereignty of this important colony; and I trust that by a comparison of the force which defended it, and the time in which it has fallen, the present reduction of Martinique will not be deemed eclipsed by any former expedition.

I have the honour to inclose the articles of capitulation, as originally produced by the French commissioners, in consequence of General Villaret's application to me for this purpose, during the forenoon of the 24th, and acceded to by Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost, Major-Gen. Maitland, and Commodore Cockburn, appointed by the Rear Admiral and myself to meet them. This capitulation, which was mutually ratified the same night, will, I trust, be honoured with his Majesty's approbation.

I inclose also a return of the French garrison, which it is supposed will be in a state to embark in the course of a few days; from which it will appear that I did not over-rate the original numbers of the enemy.

By the next conveyance, I shall have the honour to submit to your lordship's consideration the various details which are now referred to in general terms, and to report the merits of the several corps; but the science of the officers of the Royal Artillery

has been too conspicuous not to be particularly noticed, the interior of the enemy's fortress being torn to pieces by shells; his works have also been much injured by shot from the gun-batteries, manned by the seamen under the direction of Commodore Cockburn and other naval officers.

After the embarkation of the French troops, I shall have the honour to command the *Eagles* taken from the enemy to be laid at the king's feet.

Captain Preedy of the 90th regiment, one of my aides-du-camp, has the honour to be the bearer of this dispatch. He is an officer of service, and I beg leave to recommend him to his Majesty's favour, and to your lordship's protection.

I annex the following returns—ordnance, ammunition and stores taken from the enemy; provisions in the fortress, with the daily issues; the king's hospitals. I have, &c.

(Signed) GEO. BECKWITH,
Com. Forces.

[Here follow the articles of capitulation, of which the following is the substance:—Gen. Villaret Joyeuse, as a mark of respect, is allowed to proceed to France, free from all restriction, together with his aides-du-camp; the garrison, after grounding their arms, are to be embarked for France, as prisoners of war, to proceed to Quiberon Bay, and there an exchange shall take place between the two nations, rank for rank, under the guard of some English ships of war. The troops retain their private property. The embarkation and voyage to be at the expence of his Britannic Majesty. The persons and property of all the inhabitants to be respected, and none to be molested for their political opinions. The garrison to embark at furthest, within fifteen days.

The return of the French army capable of embarkation, states the number to be 14 superior officers, 141 officers, 1,827 petty officers and soldiers, 242 marines. The artillery and ordnance stores are immense. Amongst the provisions were 1,300 barrels of flour, 300 tierces of salt beef, and 98 barrels of salt pork.

The sick and wounded in the British hospitals are 460.]

Admiralty Office, April 12.

Letter from Rear Admiral Sir A. Cockburne to the Secretary for the Admiralty.

Neptune, Fort Royal, Martinique,
February 25.

SIR,—By my letter of the 18th, a duplicate of which accompanies this, together with one of the 4th, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty will have been informed, that it was intended to open a fire on the enemy from four batteries on the succeeding day, in addition to his own guns, turned upon him from Fort Edward, which was accordingly done at half past four in the afternoon, the time appointed. The enemy at first returned the fire with spirit, but it gradually slackened until the following morning, and then entirely ceased, except at long intervals, which made it evident he was beaten from his guns. While the batteries were kept constantly firing on the enemy from the western side, Captains Barton and Nesham, of the *York* and *Intrepid*, with about four hundred seamen and marines, continued to be employed in getting the heavy cannon, mortars, and howitzers, up to Mount Surirey, from the eastern side of the fort, which was a service of the utmost labour and difficulty, owing to the rains and deepness of the roads; but notwithstanding which, a battery of four twenty-four pounders and four mortars was finished by the 22d, and the guns mounted ready for service. On the following day several more guns were got up, and ready to be placed in an advanced battery, intended to consist of eight twenty-four pounders; a similar battery was preparing to the westward, and the whole would have been in a state to open on the enemy by the 26th, had not a flag of truce been sent from the fort on the 23d, with proposals for a surrender, on the principle of being sent to France on parole; but Lieutenant-General Beckwith, the commander of the forces, and myself, not judging it proper to accede to such terms, the batteries, which had before opened their fire, recommenced the attack at half past eight o'clock in the evening, and continued it without intermission during the night. The next morning, a little past six o'clock, one of the magazines on the fort blew

up with a great explosion, and soon afterwards three flags of truce were hoisted by the enemy, and hostilities ceased on our part.

A letter was then received from the Captain-General Villaret Joyeuse, requesting that commissioners might be appointed on both sides to settle the terms of capitulation, which was agreed to, and Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost and Major-Gen. Maitland were named by the Commander of the Forces, and Commodore Cockburn by me. These officers were met by the General of Artillery Villaret (the Captain-General's brother), and Colonels Montfort and Boyer, in a tent erected for the purpose between the advanced picquets on each side, when the terms were settled and ratified before midnight; a copy of which I have the honour to inclose.—This morning a detachment of troops took possession of the Bouille Redoubt, and the ravelines and gateway of Fort Bourbon on the land side; and the garrison (a return of which, as well as the rest of the prisoners taken since the commencement of the siege, is inclosed) will be embarked in the course of eight days in transports, and his Majesty's ships *Belleisle* and *Ulysses* will proceed with them as a guard to Europe. I now beg leave to congratulate their lordships on the happy termination of a siege, which was, by the uncommon exertions of the army and navy, brought to a close within twenty-eight days from the sailing of the expedition from Barbadoes. The fire that was kept up by the batteries was irresistible, the enemy was driven from his defences, his cannon dismounted, and the whole of the interior of the work ploughed up by the shot and shells, within five days after the batteries opened. Never did more unanimity prevail between the two services than on the present occasion. One sentiment, one wish pervaded the whole; and they looked with confidence to a speedy and glorious termination of their toils. I had on this service the happiness to act with Lieutenant-General Beckwith, an officer I have long been in the habit of intimacy with, from whose zeal I had every thing to expect, and which the recent events have so fully realized. He did me the honour to

consult me on various occasions, and his communications and co-operation were friendly and cordial; which, on all conjunct expeditions, is the surest pledge of success—I have already informed their lordships, that I entrusted the whole of the naval arrangements on shore to Commodore Cockburn. His exertions have been unremitting, and his merit beyond my praise. He speaks in terms of high approbation of the able support and assistance he received from Captains Barton, Nesham, and Brenton, whom I had selected to act with him. To all these officers, and the lieutenants and other officers, petty officers, seamen and marines immediately under their commands, I feel truly obliged for performing the arduous duties imposed upon them. The seven gun battery at Folville was entirely fought by seamen, from which the enemy suffered severely.

I have also the fullest reason to be thankful to the other officers and men of the squadron employed on the blockade and reduction of the island, for their general activity and emulation. I subjoin a list of the several returns and papers which I have been able to collect, and send herewith. For any other information I beg to refer their lordships to Captain Spear, of the *Wolverene*, an old and deserving commander, whom I have entrusted with this dispatch.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) ALEX. COCHRAN

Officers and seamen killed and wounded whilst serving on shore under the orders of Commodore Cockburn.

Total—6 killed; 10 badly, 9 slightly wounded.—No officers killed.

Copy of a Letter from Captain George M'Kinley, of his Majesty's ship Lively, to the Hon. W. W. Pole, dated on board that ship.

Lively, Vigo, March 29, 1807.

SIR,—In consequence of a letter I received at Villagarcia from Captain Crawford, of the *Venus*, off Vigo, informing me that the *Loyal Peasantry* were in considerable force around the castle and town of Vigo, and that the presence of another frigate would very much contribute to the surrender of

that fortress, I joined on the evening of the 23d instant.

The next morning I went to the head-quarters of Don José de Almada de Sauzo e Silva, who commanded the patriots. At the instant a summons was sent to the Governor of Vigo to surrender at discretion, which led to a negotiation between him and the Spaniards, which continued till the 26th, when Don Pablo Murillo, commanding a regular force of 1500 men, composed of retired soldiers in this province, arrived, and sent in a summons to surrender. In consequence of which, on the following day, the proposals (No. 1.) were brought on board by Don Pablo Murillo, accompanied by three French officers. The answers to them (No. 2.) were delivered at five P.M. by Captain Crawford, who concluded the capitulation which I have the honour to inclose; and the whole of the garrison, consisting of a colonel, 45 officers, and about 1300 or 1400 men, were embarked the next morning.

I should be wanting in every feeling of an officer, were I not to acknowledge the liberal attention and zealous services of Captain Crawford.

It also becomes most gratifying that I am enabled to inform you of the spirit and determination of the Spaniards to expel from their country the invaders of all that is dear to a brave and loyal people. No doubt of success could have arisen, had the enemy persisted in holding out, from the able and prompt conduct of Don Pablo Murillo, and the good order of his troops, the strongest proof of his zeal in the just cause of his king and country; and the ardour of the peasantry is beyond all description.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GEORGE M'KINLEY.

The Hon. Vice-Admiral Berkeley, &c.

P. S. I beg to inform as correct a statement of the French force as time would allow me to procure.

GEORGE M'KINLEY.

[The articles Nos. 1. and 2. above referred to, are a discussion of the terms of capitulation, the result of which is, that the garrison, as prisoners of war are to be sent to England, the officers keeping their swords and wearing apparel.]

Statement of the French forces, &c. surrendered by capitulation at Vigo, 27th March, 1809, to his Majesty's ships Lively and Venus, and the forces of his Catholic Majesty, Ferdinand the Seventh.

46 officers; 958 inferior officers and privates fit for duty; 300 sick; total, 1304 men.

447 horses; 68 carriages, covered waggons, and carts; military chest, containing 117,168 francs in French specie.

The returns of the garrison, cannon, field-pieces, muskets, ammunition, ordnance-stores, &c. &c. not yet received; but the whole, together with the horses, carriages, and specie, have been delivered to Don Pedro Murillo, commander in Xété of the forces of his Catholic Majesty Ferdinand the Seventh.

(Signed) GEORGE M'KINLEY.

Copy of another Letter from Captain M'Kinley, of his Majesty's ship Lively, to the Hon. W. W. Pole, dated March 29, 1809.

SIR.—I have the honour to inform you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that, in the act of embarking the French garrison, advice was received of a French force approaching, when Don Pablo Murillo immediately marched, attacked, totally routed them, and made many prisoners, who informed me they were a detachment of 300 men from Fuy, for the relief of Vigo.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GEORGE M'KINLEY.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,
FRIDAY, APRIL 21.

Admiralty-Office, April 21.

Sir Harry Neale, Bart. First Captain to Admiral Lord Gambier, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels employed in the Channel soundings, &c. arrived here this morning, with a dispatch from his lordship to the Honourable William Wellesley Pole, of which the following is a copy:—

Caledonia at anchor in Basque Roads, April 11, 1809.

SIR.—The Almighty's favour to his Majesty and the nation has been strongly marked in the success he has been pleased to give to the operations

of his Majesty's fleet under my command; and I have the satisfaction to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that the four ships of the enemy named in the margin*, have been destroyed at their anchorage, and several others, from getting on shore, if not rendered altogether unserviceable, are at least disabled for a considerable time.

The arrangements of the fire-vessels placed under the direction of Captain the Right Hon. Lord Cochrane, were made as fully as the state of the weather would admit, according to his lordship's plan, on the evening of the 11th inst. and at eight o'clock on the same night they proceeded to the attack, under a favourable strong wind from the northward, and flood tide (preceded by some vessels filled with powder and shells, as proposed by his lordship, with a view to explosion), and led on in the most undaunted and determined manner by Captain Woodriddle, in the Mediator fire-ship, the others following in succession, but owing to the darkness of the night, several mistook their course and failed.

On their approach to the enemy's ships, it was discovered that a boom was placed in front of their line, for a defence. This, however, the weight of the Mediator soon broke, and the usual intrepidity and bravery of British seamen overcame all difficulties. Advancing under a heavy fire from the forts in the Isle of Aix, as well as from the enemy's ships, most of which cut or split their cables, and from the confined anchorage, got on shore, and thus avoided taking fire.

At day-light the following morning, Lord Cochrane communicated to me by telegraph, that seven of the enemy's ships were on shore, and might be destroyed. I immediately made the signal for the fleet to unmoor and weigh, intending to proceed with it to effect their destruction. The wind, however, being fresh from the northward, and the flood tide running, rendered it too hazardous to run into Aix Roads (from its shallow water) I therefore

anchored again, at the distance of about three miles from the forts on the island.

As the tide suited, the enemy evinced great activity in endeavouring to warp their ships (which had grounded) into deep water, and succeeding in getting all but five of the line towards the entrance of the Charante before it became practicable to attack them.

I gave orders to Captain Bligh, of the Valiant, to proceed with that ship, the Revenge, frigates, bombs, and small vessels, named in the margin*, to anchor near the Boyart Shoal, in readiness for the attack. At 20 minutes past two *p.m.* Lord Cochrane advanced in the Imperieuse with his accustomed gallantry and spirit, and opened a well-directed fire upon the Calcutta, which struck her colours to the Imperieuse; the ships and vessels above-mentioned soon after joined in the attack upon the Ville de Varsovie and Aquilon, and obliged them, before five o'clock, after sustaining a heavy cannonade, to strike their colours, when they were taken possession of by the boats of the advanced squadron. As soon as the prisoners were removed, they were set on fire, as was also the Tonnerre, a short time after by the enemy.

I afterwards detached Rear Admiral the Hon. Robert Stopford in the Cæsar with the Theseus, three additional fire ships (which were hastily prepared in the course of the day) and all the boats of the fleet, with Mr. Congreve's rockets, to conduct the further operations of the night against any of the ships which lay exposed to an attack. On the morning of the 19th, the Rear-Admiral reported to me, that as the Cæsar, and other line of battle ships had grounded, and were in a dangerous situation, he thought it advisable to order them all out, particularly the remaining part of the service, to be performed by frigates and small vessels only; and I was happy to find that they were extricated from their perilous situation.

Captain Bligh has since informed me, that it was found impracticable to

* Ville de Varsovie, of 80 guns; Tonnerre, 74 guns; Aquilon, 74 guns; and Calcutta, 56 guns.

* Indefatigable, Aigle, Emerald, Pallas, Beagle, Etna bomb, Insurgent gun brig, Conflict, Encounter, Fer-vent, and Growler.

destroy the three-decked ship, and the others which were lying near the entrance of the Charante, as the former being the outer one, was protected by three lines of boats placed in advance from her.

This ship, and all the others, except four of the line and a frigate, have now moved up the river Charante. If any farther attempt to destroy them is practicable, I shall not fail to use every means in my power to accomplish it.

I have great satisfaction in stating to their lordships how much I feel obliged to the zealous co-operation of Rear-Admiral Stopford, under whose arrangement the boats of the fleet were placed: and I must also express to their lordships the high sense I have of the assistance I received from the abilities and the unremitting attention of Sir Harry Neale, Bart. the Captain of the Fleet, as well as of the animated exertions of the captains, officers, seamen, and marines, under my command, and their forwardness to volunteer upon any service that might be allotted to them; particularly the zeal and activity shewn by the captains of the line-of-battle ships in preparing the fire-ships.

I cannot speak in sufficient terms of admiration and applause of the vigorous and gallant attack made by Lord Cochrane upon the French line of battle ships which were on shore, as well as of his judicious manner of approaching them, and placing his ship in the position most advantageous to annoy the enemy, and preserve his own ship, which could not be exceeded by any feat of valour hitherto achieved by the British Navy.

It is due to Rear-Admiral Stopford and Sir Harry Neale, that I should here take the opportunity of acquainting their lordships of the handsome and earnest manner in which both these meritorious officers had volunteered their services before the arrival of Lord Cochrane, to undertake an attack upon the enemy with fire-ships; and that had not their lordships fixed upon him to conduct the enterprise, I have full confidence that the result of their efforts would have been highly creditable to them.

I should feel that I did not do justice to the services of Captain Godfred of the *Ætna*, in bombarding the enemy's ships on the 12th, and nearly all the day of the 18th, if I did not recommend him to their lordships' notice; and I cannot omit bearing due testimony to the anxious desire expressed by Mr. Congreve to be employed wherever I might conceive his services, in the management of his rockets, would be useful; some of them were placed in the fire-ships with effect, and I have every reason to be satisfied with the artillerymen and others who had the management of them, under Mr. Congreve's direction.

I send herewith, a return of killed, wounded, and missing, of the fleet, which, I am happy to observe, is comparatively small. I have not yet received the returns of the number of prisoners taken, but I conceive they amount to between 4 and 500.

I have charged Sir Harry Neale with this dispatch (by the *Imperieuse*) and I beg leave to refer their lordships to him, as also to Lord Cochrane, for any further particulars of which they may wish to be informed.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) GAMBIER.

April 15.—(P. S.) This morning three of the enemy's line-of-battle ships are observed to be still on shore under Fouras, and one of them is in a dangerous situation. One of their frigates (*L'Indienne*), also on shore, has fallen over, and they are now dismantling her. As the tides will take off in a day or two, there is every probability that she will be destroyed.

Since writing the foregoing I have learnt, that the Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Cochrane (Lord Cochrane's brother) and Lieutenant Bisset, of the navy, were volunteers in the *Imperieuse*, and rendered themselves extremely useful, the former by commanding some of her guns on the main deck, and the latter in conducting one of the explosion vessels.

Return of killed and wounded.

Total—3 officers, 8 men, killed; 9 officers, 26 men, wounded; 1 man missing—47.

LONDON GAZETTE,

Saturday, April 29.

Admiralty Office, April 15.

Copy of a Letter from Captain M. Seymour, of the Amethyst, to Lord Gambier, and transmitted by Admiral Young from Plymouth.

Amethyst, off Ushant, April 12.

MY LORD,—I have very sincere pleasure in acquainting you of the capture of *Le Niemen*, a fine new French frigate of 44 guns, 38 of which are 18-pounders on the main-deck, and 310 men, copper-fastened, two days from Verdun Roads, with six months provisions and naval stores on board, and bound to the Isle of France, commanded by Mons. Dupotet, Capitaine de Fregatte, a distinguished officer, who defended his ship with great ability and resolution.

At eleven in the forenoon of the 5th instant, the wind at east, *Emerald* north, within signal distance, Cordovan bearing E. by N. 42 leagues, a ship was perceived in the E.S.E. coming down, steering to the westward, which hauled to the S.S.E. on making us out. She was immediately chased, but at 20 minutes past seven we lost sight of her and the *Emerald*, and had not gained on the chase.

After dark the *Amethyst's* course was shaped to meet the probable route of an enemy, which, at half past nine, we crossed one, but though within half-gun shot at eleven, from which time till one the bow and stern-chasers were exchanging, her extraordinary sailing prevented our effecting any thing serious. From one till past five A.M. on the 6th, the action was severe, after which the enemy's main and mizen masts fell, his fire became faint, was just silenced, while ours continued as lively as ever, when the *Arethusa* appeared, and on her firing, he immediately made a signal of having surrendered, and proved to be the same frigate recommended to my notice in your lordship's order of the 9th ult. She fell on board us once in the contest; she had 47 men killed and 73 wounded. The main and mizen masts of the *Amethyst* fell at the close of the action, and she had 8 killed and 87 wounded.

To render just praise to the brave and admirable conduct of every officer and man of this ship's company

(of whom 3 officers and 37 men were absent in ~~the~~ *Arethusa*, the prisoners from which, 80, were on board) I am perfectly unequal. The great exertions and experience of the First Lieutenant Mr. William Hill, and Mr. Robert Fair, the master, I am particularly indebted for. Lieutenants Waring and Prytherch, of the Royal Marines, deserve my best thanks.

The prize's foremast fell next day, and I left her in tow of the *Arethusa*, who afforded us, in every instance, the most prompt assistance, and by Captain Mends's desire I write.

In justice to a most vigilant officer, I have to observe, that from the *Emerald's* situation, even Captain Maitland's skill would not avail him in getting up to the enemy, and the darkness and squally weather in the early part of the night, precluded all hope of his keeping sight of the *Amethyst*.

I have the honour to be, &c.

M. SEYMOUR.

Right Hon. Lord Gambier, &c.

Total of seamen and marines killed and wounded—killed 8, wounded 36.

[Admiral Lord Gambier has transmitted to the Hon. W. W. Pole, a letter from Captain Adam, of his Majesty's ship *Resistance*, giving an account of the destruction of a French armed schooner and a *chasse maree*, in the port of Anchove, near Cape Machicaco, on the 8th of March last, by the boats of that ship, under the direction of Lieutenant Corbyn, who had previously carried a battery of four guns, which commanded the harbour.]

The Gazette also contains a long official account of the capture of *Cayenne*, by Captain Yeo, of the *Constance* frigate, with a Portuguese sloop of war, and some smaller vessels, having on board 550 Portuguese troops, under the command of Lieutenant Manuel Marques, of which the following is an abstract:

Captain Yeo, in his letter to Sir Sidney Smith, of the 9th of February last, states, that it being found necessary that the batteries should be reduced, which commanded the approach to *Cayenne*, he detached 250 men to attack Fort Diamant, that commands the mouth of the river Ma-

hurried, and then to proceed to reduce Grand Cane, commanding the great road to Cayenne. This service was performed in the most gallant manner, and with complete success. Captain Yeo at this time being informed that the Governor, General Victor Hugues, was advancing from Cayenne with 1000 troops to dispossess them of these posts, thought it advisable to dismantle Fort Diamant, and assemble at Fort Cane; he then discovered that two batteries, which were higher up the river, must also be reduced. This service was performed with the utmost intrepidity, the men landing amidst a shower of grape and musketry, and driving the enemy before them with the bayonet. At this time a body of French from Cayenne, attacked Colonel Marques at Grand Cane. Captain Yeo immediately embarked his men in the boats, and proceeded to the assistance of Colonel Marques, who had withstood the enemy with his small force; and after a smart action of three hours, they were compelled to retreat to the town. The house of General Hugues yet remained to be taken; it was defended by a field-piece and swivel, with 100 of his best troops. Captain Yeo, from motives of humanity, and a wish to preserve the property of an individual, sent Lieutenant Mulcaster in a flag of truce, to inform the officer that no harm was intended to the habitation of General Hugues; but if a resistance was still made, he should consider the house as a fortress, and level it with the ground. The officer commanding fired twice upon Lieutenant Mulcaster, which determined Captain Yeo to take the place. The men, with three cheers, advanced with pike and bayonet, and drove the enemy into the house, from whence they were also dislodged, and the habitation rased to the ground. Information being received that the enemy intended to occupy a strong post which commands the town, it was thought necessary to be beforehand with them, and the whole force was immediately marched there; the situation was gained on the 9th, and on the 10th Lieutenant Mulcaster was sent into the town with a summons to surrender, which took place on the 14th. The enemy, amounting to 400,

laid down their arms, and were embarked on board the vessels belonging to the expedition; the militia, together with 200 blacks, also laying down their arms.

Captain Yeo mentions with pleasure, the unanimity that prevailed between the Portuguese and British troops during the expedition. To Colonel Marques, Captain Salgado, Lieutenant Schultz, and every individual belonging to the Portuguese squadron, he expresses a high sense of obligation; also Lieutenant Mulcaster and Lieutenant Blyth (though wounded) he mentions in the most flattering manner, as indeed to every one engaged in the expedition.—Here follows the Articles of Capitulation, which are 16 in number. Is stipulated that the Garrison, the Civil and Military Officers, &c. shall be sent to France, and they are not to serve against the Prince Regent, or his allies, for one year.

Killed and Wounded of his Majesty's ship Confiance.

Total—1 killed, 23 wounded.

(Signed) J. L. YEO, Captain.

T. SEVESTRE, Surgeon.

BULLETINS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN SPAIN.

[Continued from p. 280.]

The *Twenty-ninth* Bulletin is dated Valladolid, Jan. 16.—On the 10th of January the head-quarters of General the Duke of Bellune, were at Aranjuez. Here he learned that the remains of the army, which had been beaten at Tudela, were re-united in the neighbourhood of Cuenca, after having been joined by the new levies from Granada, Valencia, and Murcia. The King of Spain conceived the possibility of drawing out the enemy. With this view, he ordered all the posts to fall back; which had advanced to the mountains of Cuenca, beyond Tarrancon and Huete. The Spanish army followed this movement. On the 12th it was stationed at Veles. The Duke of Bellune then took post at Tarrancon and Fuente de Pedrona. On the 13th, the division of Vilatte marched directly against the enemy; while the Duke of Bellune, with the division of Ruffin, took a

circuit by Alcazar. As soon as General Villatte discovered the Spaniards, he advanced to the charge, and put to the route the enemy's twelve or thirteen thousand men, who immediately endeavoured to retire by Cara-cosa-on-Alcazar. The 9th regiment of light infantry, the 24th, and 96th of the line, presented to the enemy a wall of bayonets. The Spaniards threw down their arms. Three hundred officers, two Generals, seven Colonels, twenty Lieutenant-Colonels, and 12,000 men, were made prisoners. Thirty standards, and all the artillery, have been taken. One Penegas, who commanded these troops, has been killed. The whole of the captured army, with its colours, escorted by three battalions, will, to-morrow, (the 17th) make its entrance into Madrid. The young Sopransi, Chef d'Escadron of the 1st Dragoons, threw himself into the midst of the enemy, displaying a singular bravery. He brought six stands of colours to the Duke of Bel-lune.—In Galicia the English still continue to be pursued at the point of the sword. After having been chased from Lugo, three parts of them took the direction to Corunna, the fourth that to Vigo, where they have transports. The Duke of Dalmatia has advanced towards Corunna, and the Duke of Elchingen to Vigo.

The *Thirtieth* is dated Valladolid, Jan. 21. The Duke of Dalmatia left Betanzos on the 12th instant. Having reached the Mero, he found the bridge of Burgos cut. The enemy was dislodged from the village of Burgo. In the meanwhile General Francheschi ascended the river, which he crossed at the bridge of Sela. He made himself master of the high road from Corunna to Santiago, and took 6 officers and 60 soldiers prisoners. On the same day, a body of 30 marines, who were fetching water from the bay near Mero, were taken. From the village of Perillo, the English fleet could be observed in the harbour of Corunna. On the 13th, the enemy caused two powder magazines, situated near the heights of St. Margaret, at half a league from Corunna, to be blown up. The explosion was terrible, and was felt at the distance of three leagues. On the 14th, the bridge at Burgo was repaired, and the

French artillery was able to pass. The enemy had taken a position at two leagues distance, half a league before Corunna. He was seen employed in hastily embarking his sick and wounded, the numbers of whom, according to spies and deserters, amounts to 3000 or 4000 men. The English were in the meanwhile occupied in destroying the batteries on the coast, and laying waste the country on the sea shore. The Commandant of the Fort St. Philip, suspecting the fate intended for his fortification, refused to admit them in it. On the evening of the 14th, we saw a fresh convoy of 160 sail arrive, among which were four ships of the line. On the morning of the 15th, the divisions Merle and Mermet occupied the heights of Villaboa, where the enemy's advanced guard was stationed, which was attacked and destroyed. Our right wing was stationed on the point where the road from Corunna to Lugo, and that from Corunna to Santiago meet. The left was placed behind the village of Elvina. The enemy was stationed behind some beautiful heights.

The rest of the 15th was spent in fixing a battery of 12 pieces of cannon; and it was not till the 16th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, that the Duke of Dalmatia gave orders to attack. The assault was made upon the English by the first brigade of the division Mermet, which overthrew them, and drove them from the village of Elvina. The second regiment of light infantry covered itself with glory. General Jardon, at the head of the Voltigeurs, wrought a terrible carnage. The enemy availed himself of this to embark with precipitation. Only 6000 of our men were engaged, and every arrangement was made for abandoning the positions of the night, and advancing next day to a general attack. The loss of the enemy has been immense. We counted on the field of battle more than 800 of their dead bodies. We have taken 20 officers, 300 men, and 4 pieces of cannon. Our loss amounts to 100 killed and 150 wounded. Thus has terminated the English expedition which was sent into Spain. After having fomented the war in this unhappy country, the English have abandoned it.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BERKSHIRE.

AT a late meeting, held at the Town Hall, Reading, to consider the propriety of forming an establishment in that town and neighbourhood on the plan, and in aid, of the *British and Foreign Bible Society* in London.

Thomas Gleed, Esq. mayor, being called to the chair:

Dr. Valpy said, that, as he had suggested the proposition for the present meeting, it might be expected that he should open the consideration of the subject. He felt the highest gratification at the sight of gentlemen of various religious persuasions, whose differences on some speculative points of doctrine melted before the sacred fire of practical religion, and mingled in one common mass of exertions for the extension of the study of the scriptures, which was the object of the proposed institution. He proved that it was founded on the great principles of the Christian religion, Faith, Hope and Charity. We must all believe the prophecy of divine inspiration, that a time will come, when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea: it was therefore one of the highest privileges, with which we could be blest, to be instruments in thus extending the Kingdom of God. He pointed out the great necessity of giving comfort to the afflicted, and hope to the desponding, in every part of the world, in these times of unexampled calamity. He would leave the task of laying before the meeting, the rise, the progress, and the beneficial effects of the London Society, to two of the secretaries, who attended on the present occasion; a circumstance, which proved how highly they valued the good opinion, and how strongly they relied on the assistance of this town and neighbourhood. In that expectation, he hoped, they would not be disappointed.

The Rev. Mr. Hughes, of Battersea, and the Rev. Mr. Owen, of Fulham, in two successive speeches of great clearness, force, and eloquence, described the circumstances, which had made an irresistible appeal to the humanity and the piety of the founders of the institution. Repeated calls had

been made from Wales, where the want of the book of salvation was universally felt. Applications had been made to the humanity and religious feelings of private individuals. The example had been followed with such a spirit, that the charity, which had begun at home was soon spread to the Continent.

From Iceland to the eastern extremity of Asia, and from Siberia to South America, millions have been taught the knowledge of God and of Christ by the diffusion of the scriptures in every language, which could admit a translation. All sects and casts have forgot their mutual animosities, and have been humanized into the feelings of fraternal affection, and of gratitude to the country, from which they derived those blessings. The spirit of the catholics has assumed a new direction; even their priests have applied in many places for the communication of the scriptures to their congregations. They shewed the universality of that benevolence, which diffused those benefits. At the head of the society was the good and learned Lord Teignmouth, the Bishops of London, Durham, Salisbury, and St. David's, with some distinguished characters of all religious persuasions. They trusted that, from the liberality of this town and neighbourhood, the society would receive the most effectual support.

Mr. Ring, in an impressive speech, mentioned the want of religious knowledge, which it had been, in his professional character, his frequent lot to witness. To those who might plead the weight of taxes as an objection to join in the contribution, he would say, that, if the plan of the society could succeed in its utmost extent, taxes would cease, for all mankind would be so deeply penetrated with brotherly love, that "Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, and good will towards men," would soon be the happy result.

The Rev. Mr. Marsh drew an animated description of the high privileges, which had been conferred on the inhabitants of this country, to whom the oracles of God had been committed; an advantage represented

by St. Paul as the most distinguished in the world. He expressed his hope, that the only object of contention in the present case would be to contribute in the simplest manner to the prosecution of this pious design.

Mr. Archdeacon Nares declared his full assent to the principles which had been this day inculcated, and his intention to lend his assistance in the most effectual manner to the great work of the Society.

The resolutions were then proposed, in which the gentlemen already mentioned were assisted by the zeal and judgment of the Rev. Mr. Douglas, Messrs. Harris, Moock, Vines, and several others.

In the course of the conversation, Mr. Owen was called upon to favour the town with a sermon, in the evening, at the Tuesday lecture in St. Lawrence's church, in explanation and recommendation of the Society. Of this admirable discourse, delivered on so short a notice, we confess our inability to give an adequate description, but we understand that it was resolved at the first meeting of the committee, that a request should be made for its publication.

DEVONSHIRE.

Died.] At Tiverton, her native town, Mrs. Cowley. This lady, whose dramatic and poetical talents have given celebrity to her name, was the daughter of Mr. Parkhouse, of that town, and descended from the family of Gay, the poet. Her first play, *The Runaway*, was brought forward in 1779, under the patronage of Mr. Garrick, and Mrs. Siddons played a character in it, long before her genius burst forth with the lustre that has justly excited universal admiration. Mrs. Cowley wrote several other dramatic pieces, but the comedy of *The Belle's Stratagem*, and the farce of *Who's the Dupe*, are her only productions which are likely to keep possession of the stage.

HAMPSHIRE.

Died.] At his house, in Winchester, James Pyle, Esq. at a very advanced age. He has left very considerable property. The landed part of it, we hear, he has bequeathed to his nephew, the Rev. James Pyle Ashe; and a large part of his personal pro-

perty to distant relations and others. The character of Mr. Pyle has been singular. The property which he inherited from his father was considerable, and during a long life it had been greatly increased by his parsimonious manner of living. In the early part of Mr. Pyle's life, he lost a large sum of money by the failure of a person to whom he had confided it. From that time he became suspicious, and seemed unwilling to entrust his money with any one. Under this feeling, whenever he received his rents, he secreted the money. About a twelvemonth ago Mr. Pyle was attacked by a paralytic affection, and it being known that he was in the habit of hiding his money, it was judged prudent by his friends to search the house; and in one or two rooms, that were visited only by himself for many years, cash and notes were found to the amount of between 6 or 7000*l.* secreted in every kind of way—some tied up in pieces of paper—some put into the seats of chairs—and indeed every expedient was used at concealment. The money thus found was immediately taken to a banker's, on Mr. Pyle's account; but he never forgave this compelled discovery of his treasure. Mr. Pyle, though parsimonious to the extreme, was indulgent to his tenants, to whom he granted long leases without advancing the rent. His character was that of being penurious in trifles, while he suffered his thousands to lie unheeded and unemployed.

At his house, at Stubbington, near Titchfield, Jonathan Faulknor, Esq. rear-admiral of the Red in his Majesty's navy. He was the eldest son of the late Admiral Faulknor, whose family claims a pre-eminence in the naval history of the British isles; for, from the close of the seventeenth century, and even previous to that time, it has uniformly adorned the list of our admiralty. One of Admiral Faulknor's ancestors, Captain William Faulknor, had the honour of receiving the flag of the renowned Czar Peter, when serving under Sir John Norris, in the *Baltic*, in the year 1715. The late Rear-admiral Faulknor was advanced to post-rank in 1782, and was promoted to his flag in 1804. Generous, hospitable, and

benevolent, his name will ever be revered by all who knew him. Rear-admiral Faulknor married the eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Gen. Spry, of the marines, by whom he has left three children: his eldest son, Jonathan, has just commenced his career in the British navy, and is now serving as a midshipman, with Admiral Purvis, in the Mediterranean.

LANCASHIRE.

The new Exchange-Room at Manchester, in point of architectural elegance and convenience, is an ornament to the town, and reflects the highest credit upon Mr. Harrison, of Chester, the architect. This building comprises an exchange-room, dining-room, and drawing-room, ware-rooms, shops, and counting-houses, a suit of rooms for the post-office, with cellaring under the whole, well adapted for the depositing of merchandise. It presents a semicircular front to the market-place, and a straight one to Exchange-street, built of Runcorn free stone, ornamented with half columns of the Grecian Doric order, supporting an appropriate entablature, upon which is placed an attic, divided by a pedestal over each column, and the intermediate spaces are adorned with ornamented pannels.—The exchange-room is in the semicircular part of the edifice, and comprises an area of four thousand superficial feet; it is lighted by eight windows, and a semicircular sky-light in the centre of the dome covering the room, which is forty feet in height: the dome is supported by eight Ionic reeded columns, standing twelve feet from the wall of the room, forming a colonnade; four of which inclose cylindrical tubes of iron, heated by a proper apparatus, affording a regular temperature, aided by three fire places. The dining-room is 66 feet long, and 33 feet wide; the drawing-room is 36 feet long, and 26 feet wide, of a proportionate height, and communicating with each other by means of folding doors; and the approach to these rooms is by a commodious geometrical stone stair, fronting Exchange-street. The site of this building is the property of the Right Hon. Lord Ducie, and is held by the proprietors (who have erected this building by subscription) upon payment of

a yearly chief rent. There are at present 1244 subscribers, producing annually 2870*l*.

Another benevolent Institution has been added to those which are liberally supported in Manchester. It is named, "The Ladies' Society for employing the Female Poor;" and the relief is intended, by giving those who are orderly and industrious, the opportunity, "by their own exertions, to contribute to the necessities of their families." The employment is to consist of making up wearing apparel, and other plain articles of domestic usefulness. Though but just established, there are now upwards of one hundred poor females employed, whose families are rendered comparatively comfortable, by the aid that is afforded them through the medium of this Institution. It is the sincere wish of those who see the great advantages that arise to the poor, from this mode of relieving their distresses, that many more may partake of the benefits of this well-directed charity.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At the parsonage, Wetherden, in the 78th year of his age, after an illness of three days, sincerely regretted and respected by his friends, the Rev. Richard Shepherd, D.D. formerly of Corpus Christi College, in this university, rector of Wetherden and Helmingham, in this county, and archdeacon of Bedford. He was an instance of very considerable erudition, united with rare condescension; and, though he filled an office of dignity in the church, he was not the less attentive to the humbler, but equally important duties of a parish priest.—In him the poor will long deplore the loss of a kind benefactor, and all of a zealous pastor. His publications, which are various, all breathe the spirit of a mild benevolence, and evince the liberal and enlightened divine, added to the pious and rational philosopher.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Died.] In the Bishop's palace, at Litchfield, the celebrated Miss Anne Seward, one among the recent number of females of high intellectual attainments and great natural possessions of mind. This lady was the daughter of the Rev. T. Seward, rec-

tor of Eyam, in Derbyshire, prebendary of Salisbury, and canon residentiary of Litchfield. Miss Seward was his eldest daughter; she had several sisters and one brother, who all died in their infancy, excepting her second sister, who lived till she was nineteen, and then died on the eve of her nuptials. Miss Anna Seward's attachment to poetry was manifest very early in life. Her father in vain attempted to stifle that youthful inclination: music, its sister, she was unacquainted with till she had reached her twenty-third year. Her accidental acquaintance with Lady Miller, of Bath Easton, first induced her to write for the poetic institution of that villa; and early in 1780, her noble *Elegy on Captain Cooke* was published. An *Ode to the Sun*, and a beautiful *Monody on Major André* followed in the ensuing spring; and in the course of 1781, she had to lament the death of Lady Miller in lofty strains.

In 1784, Miss Seward published *Louisa*, a poetical novel, which ran through several editions. In 1787, an *Epic Ode on the Return of General Elliot from Gibraltar* appeared. In March 1790, her aged father died, in his 81st year. In the following spring she published her *Langollen Vale*. One of her latest productions was, "*Memoirs of Dr. Darwin*," her late departed friend, whose admiration she possessed during life. It should be added, that the poems which accompany *Langollen Vale*, are, one written on the coast of Hayle; another describing Wrexham and the inhabitants of its vicinity; the next, a runic poem, built on a terrific and sublime idea from the Norse poetry. The collection is closed by six sonnets, as specimens of a *Centenary of Sonnets*, which appeared afterwards with *Horatian paraphrases* subjoined, in 1798.

Miss Seward, in her youth, was extremely captivating: her eye were of uncommon lustre, expressing at once the power of intellect and sensibility of heart; and her voice, both in speaking and reciting, was richly distinguished by sweetness and energy. She sung with much judgment and feeling; and her manners were at once courteous and commanding: even

in the most advanced period of her life, she bore the marks of a lovely woman. Her mind was not less amiable than her person; and as for envy, or any of the baser passions, it was evident to all who knew her, that not any of those ignoble feelings that degrade a bright character ever found a resting place in the mind of Miss Anna Seward.

Mrs. Seward, her mother, who died at sixty-six, in 1780, united the singular qualities of strong sense and of extreme beauty. She had also a taste for literary pursuits, which she encouraged in her daughters; and the mind of Mr. Seward, her father, long retained rich stores of classic knowledge; though he was often heard to say, "that intimacy with Homer, Virgil, and Horace, never enabled any person to write English verse well; for where nature had sown the germ of poetic genius, it could only be well cultivated in the bowers of the *English Muses*."

We understand that Miss Seward has bequeathed her manuscripts, with a hundred pounds, to Walter Scott, Esq. the author of *Marmion*; and her vast collection of letters from and to the most eminent literary characters of her age, to Mr. Constable, the bookseller, who, we believe, is to select and publish two volumes of them annually. The remainder of her income, with the exception of some handsome legacies, she leaves to her relations by her father's side.

SUFFOLK.

Died.] Lately, aged 65, Mr. Thomas Tripp, of Lowestoft. The estimation in which he was justly held was shewn by the manner in which his funeral was attended. Youth and age—wealth and poverty, each shewed their respect for departed worth.—Above three-fourths of the whole of the population of Lowestoft followed him to his grave. It was not idle curiosity that influenced the multitude: the integrity, the piety, the benevolence of the deceased, were recollected by all: and the widow's tear—the orphan's cry—the indigent deprived of their benefactor—and the pious separated from their associate—gave an interest to the scene which will be long remembered. In the

evening a funeral sermon was preached to his memory in the Methodist chapel, being the founder of that sect in Lowestoft.

In Brook-street, London, the lady of Robert Sparrow, Esq. of Worthingham-hall, near Beccles, in this county.

In the 88d year of his age, Mr. John Frost, a respectable farmer at Monks' Bleigh in this county.

Sincerely lamented and regretted by his friends and acquaintance (especially a numerous list of objects of his charity) Mr. Edward Pugh, a respectable farmer of Hengrave.

WESTMORLAND.

The ladies of Kendal have lately commenced a very praiseworthy and philanthropic institution, for the relief of the sick poor in that town. In John Bull's usual good-humoured careless manner, they do not intrust their money to commissioners and agents, whose interest is too commonly confined to good dinners and dividends; but following the plan of the *Sisters of Charity* in Paris, these English ladies undertake to visit the families in each district, *personally*, and grant them such relief as they stand most in need of. They also pay particular attention to the domestic, moral, and religious conduct of the applicants, and make their reports accordingly.

YORKSHIRE.

The following are the particulars of the execution of Mary Bateman, [*alluded to in p. 283 of our last*] and John Brown:—Mary Bateman, the abandoned creature who was executed, was a follower of the principles of Joanna Southcote—only improving deception into robbery, barbarity, and murder! She affected the visions—the trances—the thumpings—the second sight of that wretched sect: large bodies of whom, from Leeds, attended the execution, on Monday se'nnight; the more simple part of whom imagined that a miracle would be worked in her favour, and that she would be saved by the interposition of Heaven! Notwithstanding all the prayers and exhortations of the clergyman, she obstinately persisted in denying that she had poisoned the woman, for whom

she suffered, and died extremely hardened and unrepenting. Brown, the soldier of the York Rangers, and who was one of the worst-looking fellows ever seen, expired equally unaffected: denying, to the last, the murder he had before confessed, and which was clearly proved on his trial! At eleven o'clock, these two culprits were brought on the scaffold, and after praying a short time with the ordinaty, were conducted to the drop, and were launched, by the instantaneous falling of it, into that state where repentance comes TOO LATE! It is a serious matter to state, that so ingrained and assimilated to her disposition had become Mary Bateman's taste for plunder and witchcraft, that from this poor woman who had attended on herself and child in the prison, she contrived to steal a guinea, by telling the woman's fortune, and making the stars favourable to her in a sweetheart. She carried on this religious mum-mery to the last. It is a dreadful thought, that this wretch, by the same means, and by a complete knowledge of poisons, had before destroyed the lives of two innocent women, whom she robbed of every thing they had; and that had Perigod died as well as his wife, this would have been the *fourth* life a victim to her infernal arts.

The child, which had been sucking for a year past, at her breast, was taken from her some little time before her execution. Strange to tell! she gave it up without a pang—she parted from it without one emotion! Brown was given to be dissected and anatomised at York: and Mary Bateman conveyed in a cart to the Infirmary at Leeds. The road from York to Leeds, on Monday, was thronged the whole of the afternoon with foot passengers, horses, and gigs, returning from the execution; and notwithstanding the lateness of the hour (eleven in the evening) when the cart, with her body, approached the town, it was met by a number of people. On the following day (Tuesday) the body was exhibited in the surgeons' room at the infirmary, at 3d. each person, and an immense number of people were admitted to view her remains; the greater part of whom evinced predominant superstition, b. touching part of the body be-

fore they left the room, to prevent her terrific interference with their nocturnal dreams.

IRELAND.

Died.] At Dublin, John Smith, a self-taught scholar, a private in the 7th Garrison Battalion, formerly a journeyman flax-dresser at Gateshead. He is supposed to have been murdered in crossing the bridge, on his return from the city to the barracks, his body being found in the river, shockingly mangled. He has left a family of six children, whose distresses arising from the difficulty in finding employment five years ago, drove him into the army. As a self-taught scholar, his acquirements in Mathematics, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, were very considerable. He read those languages with facility, and has left a curious and valuable collection of books, the only fund, it is said, from which his widow and children look for subsistence.

DEATH ABROAD.

At Vienna, Count Cobentzel, minister of state, &c. famous, in consequence of the treaties which he has signed, and the important negotiations with which he was charged.

His indifferent health had compelled him, since the month of December, 1805, to retire from public business. M. de Cobentzel died of a dropsy, at the age of 56 years. He was born at Brussels the 21st November, 1758, and commenced, in 1779, his political career under the Minister Count Depersen; two years after he was named Minister Plenipotentiary Extraordinary to the Court of Denmark. In 1777, to that of Prussia.—He was recalled at the epoch of the war of the Bavarian Succession, and was destined to negotiate the Peace of Teschen, but a sickness which he had prevented him.—The same year he was named Minister from Austria to Petersburg. On his return to Vienna, after the signing of the Preliminaries of Leoben, he concluded, 1797, the Treaty of CampoFormio, and in the month of December, in the same year, the Military Convention at Radstock, with the Emperor of France. After the conferences of Selz, he returned to Petersburg. On the 9th February, 1801, he concluded the Peace of Luneville, and filled, in the month of December following, the places of Directory Minister of State and Conferences, and Vice-Chancellor of State for Foreign Affairs.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Life, Liberty, or Love?" by our esteemed Correspondent, came too late for insertion this month. We take this opportunity of informing him also, that there is a packet lying for him at our publishers.

The Communication of "Robert Hone" is inadmissible; not from dement, but the subject is trite.

"Benedict," who wishes to know why *horns* are emblematical of *kuckoldom*, deserves information which it is not in our power to give. Perhaps some of our initiated Correspondents can answer him.

The "Parody on the Converse of Souls" is declined. Other communications from the same pen will be attended to.

Several poetical pieces are omitted this month from want of room.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

MARCH 21, to APRIL 18, 1809, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette.]----The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.

AGG John, Bristol, printer, (Cardale and Co. Gray's-Inn). Austin J. Chester, inn-keeper, (Huxley, Temple). Allen J. Liverpool, oilman, (Bigg, Hatton-garden).

Burwell J. Union Street, near North Shields, upholsterer, (Meggison and Co. Hatton-garden). Bull J. Deptford, victualler, (Drake, Old Fish street). Bailey J. Birmingham, victualler, (Constable, Symond's-Inn). Brothers J. P. and S. R. Birmingham, (Frowd and Co. Temple). Brown J. and Jane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, saddlers, (Flexney, Chancery-lane). Brown J. C. Stafford, hawkers, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Biggs P. Gloucester-terrace, auctioneer, (Smith and Co. Leaman-street). Brothers S. R. Birmingham, gilt toy-maker, (Constable, Symond's-Inn).

Clapson J. Henrietta-street, Hackney-road, carpenter, (Wasbrough, Wamford-court). Colton S. and W. Scawby, merchants, (Leigh and Co. Bridge-street). Croton J. Drury-lane, linen-draper, (Tagg, Spread-eagle-court). Cropton E. Bishop-Wearmouth, milliner, (Wharton and Co. Lamb-buildings). Carter T. Mason-street, Kent-road, dealer, (Walker, Old Jewry). Cunningham E. and J. Davis-street, Hanover square, livery-stable-keepers, (Fielder, Duke-street). Court J. Gloucester, timber-merchant, (James, Colford).

Davis J. Haverfordwest, mercer, (James, Gray's Inn-square). Davenport J. Manchester, baker, (Edmunds, Exchequer-Office of Pleas). Deane E. Liverpool, merchant, (Windle, John-street). Davies T. Birmingham, dealer in coals, (Egerton, Gray's-lan-square). Darnell T. Billingham, Durham, brewer, (Sloper and Co. Montague-street). Dignum W. St. Martin's le Grand, cheesemonger, (Bryant, Cophall-court). Duncilly J. Greek-street, millner, (Cunningham, New North-street). Denny J. Barbican, stationer, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Deare E. Liverpool, merchant, (Windle, John-street).

Egler G. Portsea, miller, (Shelton, Sessions-house, Old Bailey).

Feather L. Nottingham, dealer and chapman, (Blakelock and Co. Elm-court).

Guillod T. Craven-street, wire-merchant, (Dunn and Co. Broad-street).

Haynes M. S. Queenhithe, insurance-broker, Allen, Old Jewry). Hall O. Stafford, banker, (Collins and Co. Stafford). Horton S. Birmingham, draper, (Paron, Hare-court). Hitchcock J. otherwise James D. Wellclose-square, white-lead-merchant, (Pearce and Son, St. Swithin's-lane). Hull T. Bath, carrier, (Sandy's and Co. Crane-court). Harrison S. Kent-road, bricklayer, (Marson, Church-row, Newington). Hunt T. York, money-scrivener, (Morton, Furnival's-Inn). Holland J. Cheapside, haberdasher, (Meadowcroft, Gray's-Inn).

Jenkins E. Twickenham, inn-keeper, (Griffith, Secondaries'-Office).

Leach J. Turnham-green, shop-keeper, (Saunders and Co. Clifford's-Inn). Law D. jun. Manchester, brewer, (Milne and Co. Temple). McLeod W. Upper Crown-str. army agent, (Toulmin, Aldermanbury). Lee Mead F. and Lewis E. Hollis-street, milliners, (Mounsey, Charlotte-street).

Maynd J. H. Coventry, grocer, (Pnuton, Hind court). Mason W. Back-street, victualler, (Hodson, Clement's-Inn). Morris J. W. Dunstable, printer, (Phillips and Co. Howard-street).

Neeve A. Strand, milliner, (Wright, Dowgate-hill). Newton J. J. Gray's Inn-lane, ironmonger, (Freame, Great Queen-street). Norris T. Gosport, corn-merchant, (Bleasdale and Co. New-Inn). Neale J. Chiswell-street, victualler, (Earnshaw, Red-cross street). Norris S. Sheffield, razor-smith, (Sykes and Co. New-Inn). Norris P. Liverpool, iron-merchant, (Manghall, Warwick square).

Orams J. Stowmarket, iron-monger, (Kinderley and Co. Gray's-Inn).

Peat J. Wood-street, hosier, (Adams, Old Jewry). Patten T. H. Drury-lane, victualler, (Jeyes, Charlotte-street). Pyke D. Bishopsgate-street, hatter, (Coote, Austen-Friars).

Royle J. Prestbury, tanner, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Ryland J. Pilkington, cotton manufacturer, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Richardson A. St. Dunstan's-hill, victualler, (Rippon, Bermondsey-street).

Sherwood M. Doncaster, jeweller, (Dixon and Co. Paternoster-row). Slade T. M. Old Bond-street, picture-dealer, (Walls, East-street). Shevill W. Bury-street,

dealer and chapman, (Long and Co. Gray's-Inn). Sayer R. P. Essex-court, Middle-Temple, money-scriver, (Blakelock and Co. Elm-court). Spencer J. Sherrard-street, jeweller, (Smart and Co. Staple-Inn). Swinden B. and Smallwood J. Holywell-street, toyman, (Johnson, Charlotte-street). Sunderland J. Lower Basker, York, corn-dealer, (Swale and Co. Staple-Inn).

Teather L. Nottingham, Dealer, (Blackstock and Co. Temple). Thompson T.

Great Amwell, jobber, (Harding, Primrose-street). Tubb W. and Scott J. II. A. Piplico, (Jones and Co. Covent-garden). Turner J. Blackheath, bricklayer, (Jennings and Co. Great Shute-lane).

Winhall, C. E. Claines, Worcestershire, miller, (Becke, Wardrobe-place). Wrangham W. Seething-lane, money-scriver, (Parfiter and Son, London-street). William W. Pentonville, factor, (Wilde, Warwick-square).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER- WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

April 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 121*l.* per cent.

West-India ditto, 174*l.* ditto.

East-India ditto, 130*l.* ditto.

Commercial ditto, 133*l.* ditto.

Grand Junction Canal Shares, 154*l.* per share.

Grand Surrey ditto, 80*l.* ditto.

Thames and Medway ditto, Old shares — *l.*

—New — *l.* per share premium.

Kennett and Avon ditto, 4*l.* per share premium. [per cent.

Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 117*l.*

Albion ditto, 58*l.* per share

Hope ditto, 6*l.* per share prem.

Eagle ditto, par.

Atlas ditto, par

Imperial Fire Assurance, 65*l.* per share

Kent ditto, 46*l.* per share, prem.

London Assurance Shipping, 21*l.* pr. share

Rock Life Assurance, 4*s.* to 5*s.* per share prem

Commercial Road Stock, 115*l.* per cent.

London Institution, 84*l.* per share

Surrey ditto, par [prem.

South London Water Works, 40*l.* per share

East London ditto, 50*l.* ditto.

West Middlesex ditto, 12*l.* 12*s.* ditto.

Auction Mart, 30*l.* ditto

West Country Fire Office, 3*l.* ditto

Golden Lane Brewery, 77*l.* per share

Lancaster Canal, 17*l.* ditto

L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the late wet weather, the wheat crops and the early sowings seem likely to recover the check they have experienced. The same holds good, in a great measure, in respect to the Barleys, Ryes, Tares, &c. A little fine weather would, however, do great service to the Oats, Spring Wheats, and the great breadths of Potatoes that were set in the early part of last month.

By the bye, the culture of Potatoes deserves more attention than what farmers in general pay to it, not only as being a public benefit (for such the cultivation of them is considered by Arthur Young and others) but very productive to the agriculturist. Mr. W. Lucock, of Grundisburgh, in Suffolk, raised two hundred and fifty sacks of excellent Potatoes (Champions) from one acre and three quarters of land, last autumn.

Though a hundred thousand acres in Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, &c. continue inundated, which were mostly destined for soft corn crops, Hemp has been sown to a large extent in the Fen Counties; and the expected bounty of five shillings per bushel on Flax Seed has already brought in sufficient quantities of it to reduce the price of that article from twenty-five to six guineas per hoghead, and to insure a sufficiency for the demand of Ireland.

In our county (says a Lincolnshire Farmer), I have always found, if we steep the Wheat in sea-water, or fresh water salted to bear an egg, the weak grain floats; it is

then taken off, and dried up with lime; therefore in spring or winter Wheat, we have no smut. On the other hand, when I have neglected to do so, and sowed the Wheat dry, it has frequently had the smut. From this it is considered with us, that the weak grain, which we usually skim off, is the cause of the disease. I have myself had forty years' experience, and have always found the case to be as I have stated.

Lambing has been rather retarded by the cold.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 5s. 6d. to 6s. 4d.;—Mutton, 6s. 4d. to 6s. 8d.;—Lamb, 7s. to 8s. 4d.;—Veal, 5s. 6d. to 6s.;—Pork, 6s. 6d. to 7s.

Middlesex, April 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Apr. 15, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Middsx	94 0	60 9	43 9	37 1
Surrey	96 4	56 0	45 4	42 6
Hertford	89 8	49 0	47 8	36 8
Bedford	91 2	60 8	45 8	38 10
Hunting.	91 8		45 0	35 4
North.	91 4	64 0	46 10	36 2
Rutland	96 6		49 6	35 3
Leicest	93 6	54 7	49 1	35 0
Noaing	97 0	71 6	53 2	36 0
Derby	100 0		54 8	38 0
Stafford	98 9		51 2	36 6
Salop	95 4	67 4	50 4	35 2
Hertfor	88 1	48 0	42 9	34 5
Wor'ist.	89 10		47 2	41 7
Warwic	98 0		53 1	38 8
Wilts	86 4		43 0	40 8
Berks	96		44 8	43 5
Oxford	93 6		42 11	37 11
Bucks	97 8		44 2	41 5
Beecon	89 6	64 0	43 9	26 8
Monrg	93 4		45 0	32 4
Radnor	94 1		41 0	29 7

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Essex	89 8	48 6	44 8	38 2
Kent	84 0	62 0	43 0	36 6
Sussex	80 0		46 0	37 0
Suffolk	87 9	60 0	42 7	34 2
Cambridge	88 4	58 8	40 11	28 4
Norfolk	87 8	58 0	37 9	33 4
Lincoln	91 1	78 9	47 3	31 8
York	88 7		43 9	31 8
Durham	92 11			50 6
Northumberland	81 5	68 0	45 5	38 11
Cumberland	102 5	70 0	48 5	33 0
Westmorland	106 8	72 0	49 7	36 0
Lancaster	99 5		48 3	33 3
Chester	91 3		52 6	29 2
Flint	87 6			
Denbigh	100 8		50 0	36 2
Anglesea			50 0	24 0
Carmarvon	93 4		45 8	29 8
Merioneth	95 0		48 0	30 1
Cardigan	90 5		42 0	24 3
Pembroke	79 1		41 5	25 0
Carmarthen	92 0		47 2	26 4
Glan-gau	91 5		47 10	26 1
Gloucester	98 7		49 6	41 3
Somerset	91 6		41 10	28 4
Monmouth	94 11		47 0	
Devon	90 7		40 3	29 8
Cornwall	91 10		41 9	29 5
Dorset	91 10		43 6	
Hants	87 2		48 5	38 6

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 92s. 4d.; Rye 61s. 8d.; Barley 46s. 2d.; Oats 33s. 10d.; Beans 60s. 9d.; Pease 57s. 11d.; Oatmeal 50s. 9d.

BILL OF MORTALITY, from MARCH 21, to APRIL 18, 1809.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.		Between	
Males	789	Males	707		
Females	806	Females	693		
Whereof have died under two years old		394			
Peck Loaf, 4s. 11d.		4s. 11d.			
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.		4½ per lb.			
				2 and 5 -	155
				5 and 10 -	69
				10 and 20 -	50
				20 and 30 -	112
				30 and 40 -	120
				40 and 50 -	160
				50 and 60 -	119
				60 and 70 -	108
				70 and 80 -	81
				80 and 90 -	28
				90 and 100 -	4

PRICE OF STOCKS, from MARCH 29, 1899, to APRIL 26, 1899, both inclusive.

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30			67 1/2	Do.	Do.	98 1/2		Do.			7 11-16th				9s. pm.	8s. pm	22	46 1/2	
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1			67 1/2	Do.	Do.	98 1/2		Do.			7 11 16th				9s. pm.	8s. pm	22	46 1/2	
2		Sholiday																	
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4		Sholiday																	
5			67 1/2	Do.	Do.	98 1/2		Do.	1 pm	67 1/2					13s pm	10s pm	22	46 1/2	
6		243	67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							13s pm	11s pm	22	46 1/2	
7		243	67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							13s pm	12s pm	22	46 1/2	
8		243	67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							16s pm	16s pm	22	46 1/2	
9		68	67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							15s pm	13s pm	22	46 1/2	
10		68	67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							14s pm	14s pm	22	46 1/2	
11		244	67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							14s pm	14s pm	22	46 1/2	
12		67 1/2	67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							14s pm	14s pm	22	46 1/2	
13		244 1/2	67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							18 1/2	14s pm	13s pm	22	46 1/2
14		245	67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							18 1/2	15s pm	13s pm	22	46 1/2
15		245	67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							14s pm	13s pm	22	46 1/2	
16		245	67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							14s pm	13s pm	22	46 1/2	
17			67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							13s pm	12s pm	22	46 1/2	
18			67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							13s pm	12s pm	22	46 1/2	
19			67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							18 1/2	12s pm	12s pm	22	46 1/2
20		245 1/2	67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							18 1/2	12s pm	12s pm	22	46 1/2
21		244 1/2	67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							18 1/2	12s pm	12s pm	22	46 1/2
22			67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							18 1/2	12s pm	12s pm	22	46 1/2
23			67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							14s pm	14s pm	22	46 1/2	
24			67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2		18 5-16ths							14s pm	14s pm	22	46 1/2	
25		holiday													14s pm	14s pm	22	46 1/2	

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THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Nº LXVI.—VOL. XI.]

For MAY, 1809.

[NEW SERIES.]

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth"—DR. JOHNSON

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ORIGINAL LETTERS of JAMES BOSWELL to WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE. *Never before published.* (Communicated by Mr. SIM.)—Concluded from p. 303.

For the Universal Magazine.

SIR, London, May 5, 1775

YOUR preface to the translation of the *Lusiad* promises to be a valuable work of itself. I hope the book altogether will be of considerable advantage to you. Be assured that any service I can do it shall be cordially tried. I have been rambling into the west of England, which has exhausted a good part of my time. I must set out for Scotland on Wednesday the 17th, or Thursday the 18th, current. If, therefore, we are to meet in London, it must be some time next week, or early in the week after. I lodge at Mr. Goodwin's, Gerrard-street, Soho.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

DEAR SIR, Edinburgh, Sept 26, 1775

UPON receiving your last letter, I called on Mr. Creech, who promised to write to you, and I hope has done it. He told me that he had lost the subscription paper for your *Lusiad*. But that as there were not many names at it, there was no harm done; for he would undertake to sell double the number of copies subscribed for. In my opinion, it is lucky that you have not many subscribers here; because I agree with Dr. Johnson or Mr. Hoole, I am not sure which, that the subscription price is too low; so that, after having as many subscribers as will indemnify you of the first edition, I think the fewer the

better, as you can raise the price to others. I must, however, beg that my name may appear in the list, as I shall be proud to be mentioned among the encouragers of such a work, though indeed I could do it little service.

And now, Sir, having had time, amidst a good deal of business and several avocations, to read your *Lusiad*, in such a manner as to form a judgment of its merit, I have great pleasure in sincerely thinking it a work which will give its readers high satisfaction, and establish your reputation in an eminent degree. I have a few remarks to send to you before a second edition comes out. But, in general, your versification is admirable, and the poem abounds throughout with excellence of various kinds. How much belongs to Camoens I do not know; but I can see that the same epick powers that filled his mind have been imparted to you.—There is a copiousness and choice of expression, particularly in the descriptive scenes, which struck me with wonder. Your notes, too, are valuable, and make me long to see your Preface. Be assured that I am not flattering: on the contrary, I study to be temperate in my praise. So that so far as my warmest approbation can be a reward, you have it. I wish you had been present while I was reading your *Lusiad*, to have witnessed how it affected me. I can have no doubt that the lovers of English literature will gratefully acknowledge their obligations to you for enriching it with this noble Portuguese plant. Fanshawe brought it home all withered and decayed. You let us have it in all its loftiness, luxuriance, and bloom. If you are really

desirous to have the names of Scottish literati prefixed, I shall get you some. I am pretty sure Mr. David Hume was in Creech's list.

I am glad you have a prospect of getting your tragedy on at Covent Garden. I shall heartily rejoice in every kind of success that you have. As we are both lovers of Mary Queen of Scots, I wish, when you are next in London, you would call at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and see an historical picture of her, painted for me by our countryman Mr. Hamilton at Rome.

I am, with real truth,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble servant, &c.

JAMES BOSWELL.

DEAR SIR, Edinburgh, March 12, 1778.

IN consequence of your last letter, I applied to Sir John Dalrymple, who told me that he had heard nothing from Governor Johnstone about your sister. *But he promised to put her on the list of exchequer pensioners in two years.* I understand Sir John is gone to London.—You will, therefore, do well to get the Governor to speak to him. I preserve the certificate.

I shall be glad to see the second edition of your *Lusiad* with the instructive prefatory additions. I hope to be in London next week; and

I remain, dear Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

DEAR SIR, London, Sept. 22, 1785.

I SUPPOSED I should have had the pleasure of meeting you in London this year. As I am now setting out for Scotland, I write this to let you know that I have not neglected the commission you gave me, to procure for you authentic information concerning the alliance of Ramsay of Blackraig with Bruce of Clackmanan. I applied to Mr. Cumyng, secretary to the Antiquaries of Scotland, and keeper of the Records of the Lyon Court or Herald's Office, and he assures me there never was any such alliance. I suppose you have taken your notion from that most erroneous

book, Douglas's *Baronage of Scotland*. I offer my compliments to Mrs. Mickle; and I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

DEAR SIR,

May 10, 1786.

MR. MALONE and I went to Oxford lately; and I was told you were gone to London. Since my return, I have received your obliging letter.

I am at present in a wavering state. I have our worthy friend Hoole's house; but I still remain at General Paoli's, in Portman-square. I long to meet you, and shall tell you what I know about our common ancestor, *Robert the Bruce*.

Your's, very sincerely,

JAMES BOSWELL.

LITERARY SKETCHES.

Sir,

THE following note on the state of the Spanish stage, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, will not fail to remind the reader of the *trunk-maker*, so well known for his interference with the affairs of the English stage at the same period. "There is in Madrid," says the Countess D'Aunoy, "a shoemaker who decides on the merit of every performance, and who hath gained such an absolute authority so to do, that when the poets have written their plays they go to him, and, as it were, sue for his approbation. They read to him their plays; the shoemaker, with grave looks, thereupon utters abundance of nonsense, which, nevertheless, the poor poet is obliged to put up with. After all, if he happens to be at the first acting of it, every body have their eyes upon the behaviour of this pitiful fellow. If he yawn, they yawn; if he laugh, so do they. In a word, sometimes he grows angry or weary, and then takes a little whistle and falls a whistling; at the same time you shall hear a hundred whistles, which make so shrill a noise, that it is enough to confound the heads of the spectators. By this time our poor poet is quite ruined; all his study and pains have

been at the mercy of a blockhead, according as he was in a good or bad humour.

Is what we term genius a natural and peculiar capacity for a determinate species of undertaking, or is it the mere result of strong powers accidentally concentrated?—On both sides of this question so much has been said, and so much more might be advanced, without the hope of any thing resembling logical conviction, that a few desultory ideas will probably be more acceptable than the formal and laboured essay. A mind, naturally great, views, it may be maintained, in its dawn, nature, manners, and the more bold and obvious effects of the passions. It forms a mass of ideas thrillingly original, and it labours to express them. Whether it shall do so through the mean of poetry or painting, remains for the occurrence of circumstance to ascertain. Letters are the more ready channel, inasmuch as no tardy elements interpose a discountenancing impediment. To painting various attainments are inevitably subordinate: letters (as far as regards the facility of communicating sensation or idea by written language) are open to the novice in science or art. Commensuration, perspective, the art of comparison, must be attained before a proficiency in painting can be acquired. To letters, therefore, the feelings of genius usually apply, unless accident bestow a predominant bias on the magic of the pencil.—Astronomy and the sublimer sciences, mechanics and the more useful, partake in the difficulties of communication with painting.

The universe lies open to the ardent gaze of youthful emulation. If the more ostensible objects (i. e. those which may be conveyed to the sympathetic mind through the conveyance of the canvas or the *Belles Lettres*) are set aside by the guiding hand of experienced and peculiar science, the mind concentrates on that particular and abstract point.—The correctness of these observations admitted, genius would appear the mere concentration of strong powers. But, if we refer the question to Dr. Gall, he will decide it in a different way. His system of *Cranio-geny*,

if received with implicit reliance, renders superfluous all doubts as to the native bent and designation of capacity. The skull, he informs us, contains, determinately marked, the *historic organ*; the organ of painting; the numeric (or arithmetical) organ; the musical, the mechanical, the poetical, and the theatrical organs. In short, Garrick, Apelles, and Sir Isaac Newton, were irresistibly propelled towards their respective undertakings by a local peculiarity in the conformation of their skulls!—This is a refinement on natural data that would have afforded much amusement to Laurence Sterne, in whose cranium the organ of ridicule certainly held a distinguished place.*

The chief part of our code of penal laws was devised when the great bulk of the people was in a state of complete ignorance. The penalties apply, therefore, to the person only. Our commonality now is, in points of intelligence, at least equal to the common orders of laity, during the ages in which the chief punishments of English law were promulgated. We evidently, therefore, should alter our code. Applications to the body prove entirely fruitless; and it is the interest of the commonwealth that they should produce so futile an issue. In these troublous times the advantage of every state requires that personal sufferings should be contemplated, by the majority of the people, with Spartan indifference. To promote this essential point, our legisla-

* A discovery of Dr. Gall's is by no means complimentary to the votaries of Parnassus. The young, but learned, Doctor observes, that the *organ of cunning* occupies the lower and anterior part of the *parietalia*. This organ, he says, is much unfolded in all animals remarkable for fraudulent dexterity, as the fox, the polecat, and the domestic cat. It is intimately connected with the *organ of theft*.—In the crania of human beings, Dr. Gall has particularised the development of this organ chiefly among the *Calmic Tartars* (a race proverbially thievish) and—poets of all countries!!!

ture refrains from prohibiting those hardy exercises among the vulgar which familiarize the mind with animal suffering, even with animal death. How preposterously incongruous with this patriotic spirit, and how thoroughly calculated to enervate the temper of a warlike people, are those penal statutes which represent personal torture as the acme of human suffering, and punish the most desperate violations of social order with death—which it should be the object of the government to represent as contemptible in the esteem of the public at large?

That those countries notorious for a severity of penal laws are the districts most infested with breaches of moral rectitude, is a truth that very little labour would be sufficient to ascertain; and this appears an unavoidable result of extreme severity of denunciation. Where few divisions of offences are prescribed, but an indiscriminate fatality of punishment is allotted to the majority of trespasses, humanity—nay, policy steps between the sentence and the execution; so that nine offenders out of ten are exonerated from the nominal consequence of their crimes. But would it not appear, that if a law is made affixing the punishment of death to robbery on the highway, and yet nine highwaymen out of ten escape with the ameliorated penalty of transportation, that the enactors or executors of that law are virtually guilty of the murder of that tenth convict, whom the chance of escape furnished by their own seeming clemency has tempted to a violation of the prohibitory statute? Justice is drawn blind; if her vision have not absolutely failed, her penal decrees prove, at any rate, that she is very shortsighted!

The following verses, in a pageant presented to Queen Elizabeth, show that the marine of this island was then considered only its secondary source of defence. Both characters are introduced speaking:—

SOLDIER.

Armour of safe defence the soldier hath,
So lovely London carefully attends,

To keep her sacred sovereign from skathe,
That all this English land so well defends;

And so far London bids her soldiers goe,
As well may serve to sheeld this land from woe.

SAILOR

The sailor that, in cold and quaking tide,
The wrathful storms of winter's rage doth bide,

With streamers stretcht prepares his merry bark

For countries welth to set his men awark,
That queene and courtly easele may see
The seaman seruis his prince, in his degree

Few pursuits are more gratifying than those which, by analysing art, exhibit the propriety of a constant attention to the simplicity of nature. The slightest examination of architectural subjects is sufficient to convince the reader, that nature was constantly regarded as a model by those early artists, who laid the foundation both of strength and elegance in building. When men quit-
ted the caverns in which they first sought shelter, they looked around and borrowed hints from animal instinct. In the swallow, the rook, and the stork, they beheld systematic operators from whom they might derive much instruction. The first sort of huts, accordingly, consisted of boughs, intermingled in a conical form, and covered with rushes or leaves and clay. By degrees the cone was exchanged for the cube, and the upright trunks which formed the sides gave the first idea of the doric order of column. When men began to construct buildings of stone, they persisted in imitating trees: the varieties of character observable in the different columns is said to have been prescribed in attention to the different degrees of bulk usual to the human form.* The casual circumstance of a nurse placing a basket of trinkets on the tomb of her departed charge, round which the Acanthus wound its

* The Ionic, for instance, first used, according to Vitruvius, at the erection of the temple of Diana, is formed upon the proportions of a female body. The volutes of the capital represent the curls of a woman's hair, and the shafts, when fluted, express the folds of her garments.

long and graceful leaves, is well known to have suggested to *Callimachus* the first idea of the Corinthian capital.

The original of that style of architecture denominated the Gothic is explained, in a pleasing manner, by Bishop Warburton:—"This northern people (the Goths) having been accustomed, during the gloom of paganism, to worship the deity in groves when their new religion required covered edifices, they ingeniously projected to make them resemble groves, as nearly as the distance of architecture would permit; at once indulging their old prejudices, and providing for their present convenience by a cool receptacle in a sultry climate: and with what skill and success they executed their project appears from hence, that no attentive observer ever viewed a regular avenue of well-grown trees intermixing their branches overhead, but it presently put him in mind of the long vista through a Gothic cathedral, or ever entered one of the larger and more elegant edifices of this kind, but it represented to his imagination an avenue of trees."

"On the same principles," he observes, "they formed the spreading ramifications of the stone work in the windows, and the stained glass in the interstices; the one to represent the branches, and the other the leaves, of an opening grove."

ADAMAH, or the CREATION of WOMAN. *Inserted as an Episode in an unfinished oriental Work. Translated from the German of SIEGFRIED.*

THE Almighty power of the Creator had finished. Time began with measure and number. Al Elah rested. The sons ascended on the established heavens, and dispersed evening and morning to the sister stars.

As midnight sleeps on the ocean, so on all the depths of the infinite world rested the adoring silence of the seventh day.

With their wings the cherubim veiled their faces. Al Elah rested. In the angels of his love, he created thoughts and powers to comprehend

the works of Omnipotence. Thus rested Al Elah, the creator of heaven on the seventh day.

In the midst of myriads of stars, floated in the immensity of space the new created world, and from the wandering sun drew the genial heat. From the bosom of the earth the germs of life burst forth; on Amamah, Tabor; and Hermon, sprang from the subterranean night the sacred cedar, and under its shade the beasts of the field reclined. The rivers and the ocean teemed with life. In woods and groves, from feathered throats, the joyous song burst forth. The murmuring bee, on circling wing, sucked the sweets from opening flowers. The lamb around the lion gambolled; the hawk and the dove together nestled. Thus on the plains of Hewila shone the first spring, and in joyous harmony all Nature praised the God, Creator.

But on the banks of the river Pison, in deep reflection, stood Adamah, the first created. His look measured the sunny ether. His thought embraced the circle of creation. He felt the joy of life, and praised the Giver.

Now six moons were passed since the dark birth of Adamah. With rapture undiminished, he surveyed the various forms with which creation teemed. "Whence and whither thou roaring stream? What lifts thy rolling waves? Why so lovely ye flowers of the plains? What dost thou say, murmuring bee? O speak to me, ye creatures who encircle me; tell me your joys, that I may share them with you; let me mount with thee, O hawk, with thee in the beams of the day; let me ascend with thee, O eagle, in the infinite ether, that I may ask the luminary of night what art thou? and whence thy placid beams? that I may watch at the gates of the sun when he comes forth in all his glory, and ask, Whence thy fires? and where the hand which guides thy course?"

But yet a little time, a secret longing filled the heart of Adamah. He felt within himself his being's aim, the nameless feelings of existence. To his heart he pressed the forms of beauty, of the day, and of the night, of the earth, and of the heavens. As yet no tear had dimmed his eye. He

saw the ring-dove nestling with its mate; he saw the lion shake his mane with joy, couched at the feet of the lioness. He sighed, and looked to heaven.

And it happened on the third day of the seventh moon, Adamah arose from sleep. Night hung trembling in the east, and the storm which raged in the night passed with the darkness away. The trees of the wood still bent with the blast. Adamah heard the roar. On the skirts of the clouds in the west he saw the lightnings flash, but in the east the sun in his glory came; the birds welcomed his beams. The hind sprang from the moss of the rock. He came to the plains of Hewila. Behold, before him lay a palm tree, broken by the storm of the night; its foliage withered, no birds for shelter to its branches flew; a solemn shivering seized the first created; a presage of death, of dissolution, like a shade of the night, darkened the light of his soul. How so changed? Adamah in grief began; How so changed since yesterday? The rain of the night drops cold from thy boughs; thou feelest not the breath of heaven! thou raisest no more thine head on high! I knew thee in thy pride; I see thee humbled, fallen in the days of thy youth. Behold, the sun is arisen; the rivers rejoice in their course; with joy the waves left their foamy heads. The grass of the fields, impearled with the glittering drops, its verdure spreads to cheer the roving beasts. But, alas! how dead are the leaves on thy boughs. No sun again will rise for thee; no evening beam thy branches gild. Thus Adamah complained; but yet no tear his eye had dimmed.

Further the mourner wandered. On his way the almond tree greeted him with the murmur of its leaves. A fawning leopard from its cave approached him. Adamah raised his eyes to Heaven. The cedar and the cikada, the bedellion and the myntia, joined in the sighs of his heart.—Mourn with me, he began, mourn with me all created forms; bend thy head, O areka; cikada join in my plaints. In the beams of the moon, O Humai, send forth thy plaintive notes.

A day will come in which ye will be no more; a night will come, when ye who now exist will exist no more. Once only has the Almighty created!

Mourn with me, ye sacred spirits above: once only has the Almighty created! A day will come, when Adamah will be no more; a day will come when the face of this beautiful earth will be desolate. The moon and the stars will view no more the traces of germinating life; in eternal silence they will hear the lonely murmurs of the streams, and the footsteps of men will be swept away. Mourn with me, beings of the earth; thou moon and all ye stars, veil your faces, for once only has the Almighty created.

Throughout heaven the solemnity of the seventh day was over. The Eternal heard the prayer which rose from Adamah's mournful soul; but from the beginning his sacred will had ordained the things on earth.

High above the paths of suns and worlds, above the orbits of the planets, and the angles of the comets, floats, of the purest ether formed, the celestial eden; the abode of the blessed. Self-poised, it hangs on the breath of the Almighty. Ere yet the earth and man were made, ere yet a grave was formed, the angels wandered on this blissful spot, and, guided by the hand of the Almighty, viewed the origin of things. In adoration they entered, and departed from the sanctuary of creation.

The solemn silence of the seventh day was past; and in the shades of Eon wandered Magalon, the chief of angels; the secret of the Godhead stood exposed before him. The fire of life blossomed to his view, nourished by the Almighty's breath. On a sudden the voice of the Lord sounded to Magalon: the Almighty spoke. "Rise, Seraph! Rise Megalon! the hour is come! the thoughts of man, the wishes of his heart are before me. My creatures cry unto me. I hear the desire of the lion in the wilderness. I see the death of the grasshopper, and the trodden grass of the field. The duration of the living is short before me, and from the ashes of death no life rekindles. Then haste, Magalon, and complete the

commandment of creative Omnipotence."

The voice of the Almighty was hushed. In adoration the Seraph bent; and like the flame of the storm, on his wings he rose to execute the orders of his God.

On Hewila and the mountains of the earthly paradise, day declined. Adamah wandered in the dark, dewy vales. The branches of the palms of Tabor and of Hermon still threw their shades on the earth.

[*To be continued.*]

On the supposed ERROR in MILTON.

SIR,

SINCE I communicated to you my observations on the supposed "Error in Milton," I have, with much satisfaction, discovered that, at the beginning of the book from which the quotation is made by A.B. the author himself makes use of the expression, "*a hell within*;" which warrants me still farther in my construction of the passage alluded to, and makes it appear very obvious (at least to my conception) that Milton meant to convey the idea that, however "deep" the local hell might be, to which Satan was consigned, yet that a still "deeper" hell existed in his own mind: the compliment of "ingenuity," therefore, does not belong to me, but to our immortal bard; and I have no farther remarks to make on the present subject, than those contained in my last communication.

To your numerous and intelligent readers I leave the result of the investigation; and am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

Woburn.

P.

LIFE, LIBERTY, or LOVE?

SIR,

ONCE heard a question discussed in one of the spouting rooms in town, which had for its object to ascertain, whether the conduct of man was principally influenced by the love of life, the love of liberty, or the love of woman.

Now, Mr. Editor, though the ora-

torical display which this question drew forth, from the enlightened geniuses who officiated at its discussion, afforded me no novel elucidation of the springs of human action; nor, indeed, any matter which could guide me to find a just and decisive answer to the question, yet I could not but think the question was ingeniously put, and that in able hands it might afford ample room both for cool disquisition and animated eloquence.

The question, however, before it can be properly discussed, ought to be more clearly defined. Is it meant to ask which of the three given impulses has gone the farthest in affecting the conduct of man: or, by which of them the conduct of man is (as the question *primâ facie* imports) chiefly influenced in comparison with the other two? My reason for making this distinction is, that the question may not be affected by the introduction of mere examples from recorded facts. For instance, the love of liberty and the love of woman have operated on different persons with influence so violent, that it would be impossible to decide the question upon the ground of their known effects on different temperaments in solitary instances. Cato preferred liberty to life, or, what is the same thing, death to life in chains: Marc Anthony preferred love to liberty; and numerous instances might be cited where life has been preferred to liberty or to love, and where love has been preferred to liberty and even to life. But, as in these cases, two only of the three given causes are seen acting in opposition to one another, it is impossible to say how the third cause, had it come in contact with the others, would have influenced the determination of the individual. Besides, *extreme* cases (which, it must be admitted, would produce widely different conduct in different temperaments) cannot illustrate the question of *general* conduct.

I would have the question philosophically examined, and a decision formed from what is observable in the feelings and actions of men, from the cradle to the grave. And though history, it cannot be denied, is philosophy teaching by example, yet it has

been frequently observed that it presents us with nothing but details of the conduct of men when their passions are vehemently roused and ready to overflow their banks; it is through the "cool and sequestered vale of life" that we must trace the peaceful windings of the stream.

I have another objection to the question as it now stands,

The love of life ought to be omitted. Liberty and love are dependent on life, and there is no doubt that the attachment which is inherent in man to his existence is paramount to any feelings which depend on *his* existence for *theirs*.

The love of life is an instinct even in infancy; it becomes a principle as the reasoning powers unfold, and its hold on the mind is observed to increase, in proportion as we approach the period when we know, from calculation, that life itself must end.

The love of liberty and the love of woman are passions which depend on and add to the pleasures of life, and they are incapable of being contemplated apart from it. They act only *occasionally* on the mind, which, with or without their immediate presence, is ever actively engaged in preserving its own existence, both as the inseparable medium of enjoying either liberty or love, and as a great and invaluable good in itself.

Having stated thus much, I will, with your permission, without giving you at present my opinion on the subject, put the question, for discussion by your correspondents, in the following form:—

By which feeling, in comparison with the other, is the conduct of man more influenced,—the love of liberty or the love of woman?

This will leave the question open as to any cause which I may hereafter shew to have an equal, if not a greater, influence on the conduct of man than either of the above. This, however, with my own ideas upon liberty and love, I shall withhold till some of your correspondents have entered the field, where so many swords and so many sights have been drawn.

Yours, &c.

April 20, 1809.

H. P.

CHARACTERS, in IMITATION of BISHOP EARLE'S MICRO-COSMOGRAPHY.

Sir,

THAT valuable little work, first printed in 1628, with the name of Edward Blount appended, under the title of "Micro-Cosmography, or a Piece of the World characterized," can be read without gratification by those only whose unseemly portraits stand there delineated in the full, vivid colours of satirical reprehension. But the characters truly copied from habit in 1628 lose much of their effect to the general reader in 1809; since, though nature is evidently invariable and uniform, fashion must materially alter her appearance as far as regards common observation. Instigated by this conviction, permit me to *attempt* a delineation of some characters of our own time, in the style of the "micro-cosmography;" which, allow me to add, is now generally supposed to be the work of John Earle, formerly Bishop of Sarum, who was translated to that see from Worcester in 1603, and who died at Oxford in 1665.

The modern Surveyor of Taxes.

He is always transplanted from some barren soil that would starve a very Scot; for none would accept an office, in which he lives by vexing others, except the man who was too decided a blockhead to maintain himself decently by any regular profession. If he fail to eat and drink himself to death (at the expense of others) in the first years of his servitude, he grows quite as fat as a commissioner, and of ten times more self-consequence. He now endeavours to hide his ignorance beneath the "wise saws and modern instances" quoted on the bench; which he repeats to the wondering club of a country inn with an action so inflated, that it reminds the spectator of the fable of the frog, which endeavoured to distend its little form to the bulk of a neighbouring ox; but the frog burst in the attempt.

If admitted to the society of wiser men than himself, a thing like this will pass more readily than any per-

son present, though all his humour lies in schedules A and B, and his wit is confined to a surcharge.

He is the true representative of the publican (that is tax-gatherer) mentioned in sacred writ, with whom decent men held it a vice to sit, and into whose company none would willingly enter, unless as a lesson of humility. Would you have his portrait in brief,—refer to that page of Shakspeare which contains these words:—

“You have seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar; and the beggar run away from the cur: that is the image of authority;—a dog's obeyed in office.”

A Fashionable Lecturer

is one who has taken to religion, because he deemed it the best trade that offered. The most valuable consideration he brings into the concern is his conscience; large portion of which he is ready to hazard on any speculation that promises benefit for the firm. He clubs the evangelists into his service, as connections the most likely to aid his preferment, and is a rigid stickler for the merits of that text, which says, “Be all things unto all men.” He uses much action in his oratory, in order to show, with advantage, his diamond ring; and upholds, with amazing verbosity, of argument, either this doctrine or that, as he considers it the most marketable commodity. His church he looks on as his theatre, and has many clap-traps in his discourse as the mimic of Covent Garden.

If he hit the taste of the town, all his uncertainties of opinion shall become settled by the possession of an archdeaconry; but if he continue to play his cards well, and attain a bishopric, a thousand new arguments occur in support of strict orthodoxy, which he defends as the title-deed of his dignities and revenue. He now quits the active department of the concern, and is considered to retire in the character of *sleeping partner*.

But if, *per contra*, all his speculations fail, he degenerates into the mere fourth hand man of a whist party at my lady's country seat. Here he smiles at the scandal whispered by

his patroness, and studies deafness when Sir John sports a sceptical interrogation. In time he becomes the associate of the family spaniel, who will go on any errand so he is allowed a place by the parlour fire.

A Farmer of the Nineteenth-Century resembles harlequin in the pantomime, who, by some strange magic, shifts in an instant his peasant's dress for a party coloured garb, and stands wondering at his own transformation.—Like a field overrated with manure, his temperament is rank, and produces more weeds than grain.

His habitation has experienced as surprising a fortune as that of Baucis and Philemon, excepting that it has not aspired to the height of a church, all analogy to which puts him in a beat on account of the tythes. The butter-churn has dilated to the amplitude of a harpsichord or forte-piano; and Cicely, his daughter; (now called Miss Cecilia) thrums over the notes during the hours she was accustomed to handle the churn-stick.

From sympathy he much delights in the contemplation of hogs, while they have the capacity of grumbling; but the sight of a flitch in his sitting room would be too much for his *nerves*—which word he frequently uses, but alters the *e* to an *a*, and firmly believes they are some new discovered part of the human frame. His dinner is served late, because he thinks early hours a proof of ill breeding; but he carefully conceals from the guest, that he had a rasher and eggs at the time to which his former habits have familiarized his appetite.

Ask him the price of corn? he will refer you to his stud; though he is so avaricious of grain that he distrusts it from his own manger. His shoes are made thin, and befitting a drawing room; but he forgets that they are not cloubted with hobnails, and still, in walking, lifts up his feet with labour. He sits up late because it is the mode, and rises early because he cannot rest of a morning; so that he is generally seen three parts asleep during the whole of the day, and regularly takes a nap over the tea table. Thus is he the very counter-

part of a plough horse decked in the trappings of an Arabian, which can never pass for a racer, because his paces betray his want of blood.

The Common Councilman

of our days is a man who holds the destruction of Temple Bar the greatest improvement the town could undergo, because the division produced by that building entails on him the name of cit. His conversation savours more of whipt syllabus than turtle-soup, but his words and his appetite are at continual variance. With the velvet coat and Sunday dagger of his precursors, he has thrown aside the civic simplicity of their notions, and thinks more of the interests of continental states than the well ordering of the different city wards. He practises speeches in his counting-house, and amazes his customers with the outlines of an intended oration while measuring a yard of quality binding.

He plays at politics as children build houses with cards; the constructions of both want foundation, and are blown down in an instant by the breath of power. Grammar he disdains, and deduces his logic from the laws of the rule of three. He measures out a speech as he is wont to do bales of linen, and accounts in both instances that to be the best which runs to the greatest extension. Deeming the world comprised in a common-hall, he believes himself a public character; and, in truth, by perseverance (which he has, haply, learned from the morals of his alderman) he may be called to exercise his oratorical talents in a higher sphere. Should that be the case, the notions of purchase and sale, which he has imbibed in the warehouse, may prove articles of danger to the well being of his constituents.

The simple Village Pastor

is a sweetener of the draught of life, thrown in by the hand of pity to render it palatable. Though he lives not so long as the ancient patriarch whom he copies; his family is as numerous—for he regards every parishioner as the child of his tenderness. The merit of orthodoxy he

places in purity of morals, and talks of mystery only to mend the heart. He will not deem his stipend deficient, while he has a mite for the houseless; and envies a bishop his lawn sleeves, only because they invest him with an amplitude of power to relieve the unfortunate.

The mildness of his aspect, and reverend dignity of his grey hairs, go more to awe the infidel than the strength of his arguments; and those who cannot agree with his opinions, sigh for the possession of a belief that lends so sweet a smile to the countenance.

He contends with the sectary, only as to the manner of living uprightly; and triumphs in the prosecution of a dispute by which both parties are gainers. He censures not the innocent recreations of the gay, and protests that he would join them in their pursuits—only life is so short that he has not time. He rejoices in the humiliation of the church of Rome, chiefly because it affords the protestant an opportunity of exhibiting his precedence in the walk of christian mercy, by opening his arms to the degraded.

Die when he will he has lived long enough for the purpose of virtue; but whenever his last day comes, it is too soon in the esteem of those around him; and the seeds of goodness he has spread shall flourish, when the stone that covers his remains is decayed and forgotten.

[*To be continued.*]

On the LITERARY PRETENSIONS of
MRS. BENNETT, ANN RADCLIFFE,
and CHARLOTTE SMITH.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great caution of parents, guardians, and other sage persons entrusted with the superintendence of his Majesty's youthful subjects, and in spite of all the arguments of philosophers, and all the declamation of moralists, novels continue to be purchased with avidity and read with delight. Since such must inevitably be the case, in contempt of all the efforts of age and discretion, it is a serious benefit to society, when writers of capacity and judgment relax from their more severe studies to

attain a facility in this species of composition. Nor need they disdain the task, since it requires the exertion of some of the noblest faculties of the human mind. The unprejudiced will not hesitate to allow that the writer of a good novel is entitled to an equal portion of praise with the author of a regular epic, except on that point which regards harmonious modifications of language.

Since the scene of the familiar *epopee* has shifted from the tilt-yard to the drawing-room, and the characters have dropped their armour and assumed the costume of St. James's, it has become fashionable for females to undertake this department of literature; and the performances of several have obtained considerable celebrity. As three of these voluminous contributors to the Belles Lettres of the country have entered that vale where partiality ceases, unless solid merit excite favourable sentiments, it may not be displeasing to take a cursory review of their respective pretensions, and form something like an estimate of the character they are likely to sustain in an after period.

Few writers of her class have attracted more public notice than Mrs. Bennett, and it does not occur that many have presented a greater number of volumes to the world of novelists. She was a fashionable writer, and, as such, holds but a very precarious claim on the approbation of posterity. Mrs. Bennett's chief work is her *Beggar Girl*, and this is, in every respect, a fair specimen of the whole of her productions. Her want of education is apparent. Her style is often inelegant, and sometimes ungrammatical. She does not appear to have had the least knowledge of any language except her own. Still her writings interest, by means of bustle and a ceaseless variety of incidents. She neglects to compose a regular fable; her events rise, the one out of the other, with no predetermined order. She wins the fashionable by a familiarity with life, though a knowledge of the dissipated world constitutes the bulk of her information, and it is vivacity alone that imparts to this knowledge a charm. But Mrs. Bennett's vivacity knows no bounds; she seems to write with

a post-haste species of expedition, so that the reader is in perpetual apprehension of her pen running away with her.

Her descriptions of intrigue, and her portraits of fashionable profligacy, are to the last degree dangerous. It is true she stigmatises vice with occasional rebuke; but the vicious, in all attitudes, are so perpetually introduced on her canvas, that the mind becomes familiar with crime, and learns to consider that offence in a venial light which it regarded as heinous before it attained so much knowledge. Her *Beggar Girl* is a sort of scandalous chronicle, over which the cynical may smile, but which the innocent cannot peruse without detriment. Fielding was blamed for introducing the character of Lady Bellaston; but Mrs. Bennett ushers the reader to several large parties in which Lady Bellaston would have been perfectly at home.

Although her compositions are pointedly defective in regard to systematic fable, some of her characters possess much judicious strength of colouring. Colonel Buhanan, in the *Beggar Girl*, is a meritorious picture of the irritable valetudinarian. His stage-stricken attendant, with a quotation from Shakspeare ready for every possible occasion, is a pleasing companion; and the heroine is drawn with considerable skill, though perhaps she is introduced under circumstances rather too coarse for the fair subject of a poetical legend.

It would appear that humour is a rare quality among female writers. Mrs. Bennett, however, has something very nearly approximating to it. Her descriptions contain very little of the picturesque. With nature, indeed, she has not much to do: all her transcripts are from the annals of art. We would not wish to deny that Mrs. Bennett, though not an original, is always an entertaining writer, but confess that we cannot believe the manners of the world likely to be, in any respect, improved by her productions.

Anne Radcliffe boasts the peculiar merit of leading the novel reader through new fields of enchantment—among scenes familiar with nature, yet first developed by her own pow-

erful pencil. When Mrs. Radcliffe commenced authoress, a terrific rhode of writing prevailed, introduced by Lord Orford, and enforced by the wild genius of the German school. With great accuracy of judgment she perceived that terror (the ultimate object of the prevalent, incongruous phantasies) might be created by means less offensive to nature than the assumed *reality* of visionary appearances. On this conception she acted with admirable talent; and contrived to preserve the alarm, while she gradually disclosed the gew-gaw attributes of the circumstances by which she confounded the understanding.

The exquisite skill with which she depicts majestic scenery, and watches the vicissitudes of nature through the horrors of the storm, and the beauties of sun-rise, and serene eve, is universally admitted in this age, and must command admiration while nature herself is capable of creating an enthusiast. Her descriptions, indeed, form one great gallery of Italian pictures, from which a Louthborough might not disdain to borrow hints.

While we award her unrestrained praise on the subject of the picturesque, we cannot admit that she had equal felicity in drawing character. Her *Dramatis Personæ* are of a common place sort, rendered important chiefly by situation. From this censure, however, several exceptions might be made, among which Emily of Udolpho is conspicuous, whose bosom, adorned by simplicity and vibrating to the most minute charm of nature, possesses a series of practical virtues happily held out to imitation.

It may be objected that, in general, few morals of importance are inculcated by Mrs. Radcliffe's writings. At any rate they possess negative qualities of great account in appreciating the merit of this species of work. They contain no fallacious refinements of moral doctrine to mislead the judgment while they occupy the imagination; and present no intriguing machinations that can possibly debase the purity of the most inexperienced reader. Through the medium of that spirit of simplicity which they encourage, by lifting the

attention to the grandest works of nature, they may also achieve benefits of no insignificant a character.

Charlotte Smith, alike amiable and unfortunate, all pity as a woman, and few regard with indifference as a writer. A refined delicacy of taste is perceptible through the whole of her productions; nor was correct taste a solitary excellence of mind possessed by Mrs. Smith. On examination, we shall find her to have evinced many of the chief points of talent requisite in a novelist.

Her fables are uniformly drawn from the occurrences of middle-life—a judicious custom, considering that all strength of character and the greatest probability of various fortune, are circumstances naturally connected with a mediocrity of rank. She has more of regularity and system in her stories than either of the preceding fabulists. In the major part of her works she displays great fertility of imagination, and shows that she is by no means a stranger to the effect of contrast. The light and shade of her poetical pictures are judiciously disposed, and the *grouping* is sometimes particularly felicitous.

After a Fielding has exhibited the properties of wit, and a Smollet those of humour; while the writings of Burney remain as records of the style in which all the varieties of the fashionable “Cynthia” should be depicted, and a Radcliffe occupies the post of descriptive excellence; the work must possess very potent delineations of real genius that succeeds in gaining the notice of posterity, as a combination too valuable to be left among the wrecks of time.

Charlotte Smith's hopes of lasting reputation are founded on a chaste elegance of manner; a vein of satirical talent calculated for an instructive display of the ridiculous in human character; and an exalted range of poetical observation. In all her various productions we believe there is not one line which “dying she could wish to blot.” Those dangerous mixtures of folly and vice, which call a smile to one side of the face and a frown to the other, she exhibits with a skill inferior to that of no contemporary. She likewise may assume the credit of some portion of humour,

on account of the sketches she has made of those "strongly-marked characters in low life, where cunning is seen blended with simplicity." Many of her touches, when painting the more romantic appearances of nature, are extremely delicate. The pensive tenderness with which she contemplates the retired walks of rural scenery is conveyed to the reader through so poetical a medium, that it transports his fancy to the very spot, and places his understanding completely at the novelist's mercy.

If Mrs. Smith's writings are likely to prove in any shape injurious, it is in regard to the effeminate sensibility by which she frequently characterises her heroes. Still, all her *Dramatis Personæ* are decidedly "people of the world," and the most romantic of their undertakings are not sufficiently fantastic to deserve the imputation of tender Quixotism.

By way of corollary let us observe that Mrs. Bennett, from a want of originality, and from the evanescent nature of the fashionable materials she was accustomed to use, is very unlikely to survive the modish peculiarities she delineated; that Mrs. Radcliffe's designs, bold, new, and founded on the principles of nature, will probably exist while the spirit that glows with admiration over the works of *Salvator* continues active in the human bosom; and that Charlotte Smith, elegant, persuasive, and interesting, will hold, with security, that place among novelists that Shensstone occupies amid poets;—condemned by none, and read much more frequently than works which would claim a precedence if the judgment alone were consulted.

THE "LONDON REVIEW."

Sir,

UNEXPECTED circumstances will prevent me from being able to continue, this month, my remarks upon the "London Review;" but lest it should be thought by your readers, or yourself, that I intend to relinquish the further consideration of this *nominal* review, I beg the favour of your inserting the present note; and I assure you, that I will not fail, in your ensuing number, to

pursue those observations which will, I hope, convince the public of the imbecility of talent that distinguishes this work, and of the absurdity of the principle upon which it is conducted.

I remain, &c.

ARISTARCHUS.

Oxford, May 7, 1809.

FURTHER PARTICULARS relative to the AUTHOR of the "BEGGAR'S PETITION."

To the Editor of the *Universal Magazine*,
SIR,

I FEEL considerable pleasure in being able to satisfy, although in a partial manner, the enquiries of your London Correspondent, relative to the author of that beautiful little piece, entitled, "The Beggar's Petition." This popular composition has been positively ascribed both to the pens of Doctor Webster, and the Rev. Mr. Moss. The following communications, which are relevant to the subject of your correspondent's letter, are extracted from "The Gentleman's Magazine," in which publication they obtained insertion, the one, at the close of the year 1799, and the other, at the commencement of the ensuing year. I shall therefore submit them to the perusal of your readers, in the identical words which were made use of by their respective authors.

I shall, in the first place, transcribe that which imputes the lines in question to Doctor Webster.

(COPY.)

"MR. URBAN, *Chelsea, Oct. 24th.*

"I do myself a pleasure in sending you some account of a well-known and much-admired poem, entitled, "The Beggar's Petition."

"This very pleasing and pathetic poem is the production of Dr. Joshua Webster, (M.D.); and was written at St. Alban's, in the year 1764. It refers to an aged mendicant, named Kinderley, or Kinder, who had once lived on his little paternal estate near Potter's Cross, between St. Alban's and Barkinghamstead, Hertfordshire, and was for many years a farmer in decent circumstances. His ruin was occasioned by the artifices of what Pope calls a "vile attorney;" yet, at the time of the above

elegant composition; he had dragged on a sorrowful existence to the great age of eighty-three; and he continued to live some years after. The ingenious author of the stanzas is now (in 1799) resident in Chelsea, and, like his subject, far advanced in years.

"Dr. Webster has a drawing of Kinderley in water colours, representing him as begging at the door of a cottage or farm-house, designed by the Doctor himself, and to which he has affixed the beautiful lines in M.S.

"Your's, &c."

I shall now proceed to lay before your readers another communication on the same subject, which contains a refutation of the erroneous statements made in the preceding quotation.

(COPY.)

"MR. URBAN, Jan. 12th, 1800.

"In vol. lxi. p. 1014, I find it positively asserted, by an anonymous writer, in a letter dated from Chelsea, that Dr. Joshua Webster, is the author of the poem, though not at its first publication, entitled "The Beggar's Petition;" and so circumstantial is the account which he gives, both in regard to time, to places, and to names, that his opinion, as a *prima facie* evidence, would almost induce an uninformed person to believe it authentic and decisive. But if we examine the letter of this writer a little more minutely, it will appear that the only reason on which he grounds his assertion is, that Dr. Webster has in his possession a drawing, in water colours, of an aged mendicant, with the said poem affixed to it in manuscript; which, it must be confessed, is a very curious reason for a very curious assertion, because, for the very same reason, the tendency of his letter would have been as applicable to *twenty* other persons as to Dr. Webster. But the truth is, that Dr. Webster had not the *least* concern in the composition of that little poem; and, whatever may be its merits, or whatever honour may on that account attach to the *real* author of it, I can confidently affirm, that it is the entire production of the Rev. Thomas Moss, minister of Brierly-hill, and of Trentham, in Staffordshire; and I have his authority further to say, that he wrote it at about the age of

twenty-three; that he sold the manuscript of it, and of several others, to Mr. Smart, printer, in Wolverhampton, who, from the dread which Mr. Moss had of criticism, was to publish them, on this condition, that only *twenty* copies should have his name annexed to them; that these copies should be presented to his relations and friends; and that they may *now*, if thought necessary, be seen at *any time*.

"Your's, &c."

I should therefore suppose that these poems, the MSS. of which this Mr. Smart purchased, are those which constitute the volume alluded to by your correspondent; but I am sorry it is not in my power to give him any information as to the *time* when they were published, or where they *now* may be had. However, it is evident, from what I have been enabled to adduce on this subject, that they were in existence at the commencement of this century; and the reluctance which their author displayed towards their publicity, may operate as a very probable reason for their present obscurity.

I remain, your's sincerely,

J. S. HARDY.

Leicester, May 6, 1800.

On an ERROR in our LITURGY.

SIR,

THERE appears to me to be a palpable error in the system which is adopted by the ministry of the established church. It will be remembered, at the time the French coast assumed a more than ordinary hostile appearance, and Bonaparte threatened us with invasion, that a prayer was ordered to be offered up, every Sabbath day, for the safety of the country, imploring the Almighty to avert the storm, and to screen us from those calamities and dangers to which we were then exposed. What appears to me to be absurd is, that this prayer should still continue to be used, not only in the country, but in almost every church in the metropolis, when no immediate necessity requires it, as it is well known the fear of invasion, for the present, is completely annihilated. It is a *absolute* mockery

to call upon God, imploring him to rescue us from evils that do not exist, and to save us from that which we do not fear. How much more consistent with reason would it be to substitute in its stead a prayer of thanksgiving; how much more acceptable to the Supreme Being to praise him for his merciful interposition. Here it may be argued, that the idea of invasion is not relinquished, but delayed, and that the intent is still in the heart of the enemy; but this is weak sophistry: it is time for us to renew our entreaties, and to offer up supplications when real danger exists, and not for that which is at best only imaginary.

Should these hints be deemed of sufficient importance, the prompt insertion of them in your intelligent Magazine would be gratifying to,

Your's, &c.

WM. DURRANT.

FURTHER OBSERVATIONS on the WORD "THAT."

SIR,

IF, through the medium of your very valuable Magazine, I am allowed to offer the following remarks upon some Observations on Grammar, signed "Wm. Tase," and published in a former number, I shall feel myself,

Your's, much obliged,

C. L.

Though I admire the ingenuousness, and doubt not the grammatical knowledge of your correspondent, I cannot concur with him in his opinions respecting the word "that."—As I do not suppose he means to say that it may not be taken as a pronoun relative, I shall not create imaginary difficulties, but shall proceed to examine what he has advanced; and though I now consider them erroneous, I am not blind to argument.

I shall pass over the beginning of his observations, as upon them there cannot exist a single doubt; but shall inquire into how far his conclusions agree or disagree with the principles. Though in the sentence "Give me *that* book," I cannot consider *that* an article: I do not mean to assert it is a pronoun, like *I, thou, he*, &c. but it

is; I should imagine, a pronominal adjective, like *my, thy, his*; for, as I consider *my* the pronominal adjective of the pronoun substantive *I*, so I consider *that* the pronominal adjective of the pronoun relative *that*, without changing its termination. If we consider it as an article, it will not only create a new one, but render the word of four different parts of speech. Now then to proceed: as *my* or *thy* merely shews the person that occupies the book, so does *that* distinguish the place. It does not therefore, seem evident to me, that the words *that* and *the* are at all synonymous terms; for, in the line—

"That, more than heaven pursue,"

I do not conceive it can be taken otherwise than it is used in the sentence "Give me *that* book:" for, what are we told to pursue?—What conscience dictates. Here the word *that* evidently stands alone, as it might in the sentence "Give me *that*," pointing to the object. Upon these grounds your correspondent must either consider *that* with the word *book* understood as a different part of speech, to *that* with the word *book* expressed, or he must consider it as a different part of speech to the article *the*. With respect to the Greek article *ἐ*, I wish him to state a passage as a proof of his assertion, which will then open a subject for future inquiry into the exceptionable part of our English language.

C. I.

Bury St. Edmunds,

May 12, 1809.

On the PREJUDICES of LITERARY MEN for CERTAIN AUTHORS.

[Continued from p. 397.]

IT is, however, necessary to remark, that in matters of faith, it is by no means an error to ascertain the belief of St. Augustin, or of any other of the fathers, on any particular point, nor even to ascertain if the belief of St. Augustin coincided with the belief of his predecessors; because matters of faith are only learnt by tradition, and reason strives in vain to discover them. The most ancient belief was the most true; and it is therefore

proper to ascertain what that belief was, and this can only be effected by examining the opinion of several persons who flourished in different ages. But matters which depend on reason are, in their nature, wholly opposite; and we should not trouble ourselves to ascertain the belief of the ancients on those points, in order to ascertain what our belief ought to be.

—In theological matters, antiquity should ever be respected, because truth always demands our love; and it is in antiquity that truth is found: but in philosophical points, antiquity has no claims to our respect, from the same cause that truth alone is our object; and the ancients certainly cannot rank with the moderns in their successful attempts to attain it. If Aristotle and Plato were to be considered as infallible, then every exertion should be made fully to comprehend their works; but reason denies them to be infallible: on the contrary, it teaches us to decry them as more ignorant than the modern philosophers; for, in the age in which we live, the world is older by two thousand years, and, consequently, an additional store of experience is amassed than in the time of Aristotle or Plato; and the moderns are in possession of not only all the truths with which the ancients were acquainted, but have themselves been indefatigable in the search of them, and their efforts have been crowned with success. But still, reason does not sanction us to attach implicit belief to the moderns no more than to the ancients: on the contrary, it demands us to examine their opinions with attention, and to believe that only in which direct evidence is given, without entertaining a ridiculous prejudice in favour of their high-stilted science, nor of the pre-eminent qualities of their mind.

This excess of prejudice appears more strange in those who offer to us their comments on a newly-created philosophy; because those who undertake this work, and which is perhaps unworthy of a man of genius, imagine that their originals merit universal admiration. They regard themselves also as forming one of the sect; and here self-love steps in to play its part in the farce: they lavish

their encomiums with profusion and dexterity on their originals; they envelope them in a blaze of light and perspicuity; they surround them with glory, knowing that this glory will reflect upon themselves. This idea of grandeur does not only elevate Aristotle or Plato in the minds of the generality of men, but it also reflects no inconsiderable degree of respect on their commentators; and a certain Edinburgh Professor would never have furnished us with his comments on the Huttonian Theory of the Earth, nor assisted at the apotheosis of his author, if he did not imagine himself enveloped in the same glory.

I do not pretend to aver that all commentators lavish their encomiums on their authors with the hope of meeting with a return; many would entertain a just detestation of it, were they to reflect on the subject; they praise them truly and faithfully, but they do not perceive that self-love is the moving principle of their actions. Men do not feel the heat which is in the heart, although it gives life and motion to the other parts of the body: it is requisite that some proofs must be given them; they must employ the sense of feeling, because the heat is natural. Vanity is constituted the same; it is so natural to man, that he does not perceive it; and although, metaphorically speaking, it may be said to give life and motion to the majority of his thoughts and designs, yet it is often performed in a manner imperceptible to him. It is not sufficiently known that it is vanity which give the impetus to the majority of actions.

A commentator, being in some relation or connexion with the author on whose works he comments, his self-love inspires and furnishes him with an abundance of encomiums, which the author by no means merits; and it is done in a manner so dextrous and delicate, that it is not perceived. But this is not the place to discover the pliancy and complaisance of self-love.

The commentators not only praise the authors, because they are prejudiced in favour of them, and that in praising them, they confer a degree of honour on themselves; but they are in a great degree governed by

custom, although they forget that profuse commendation is by far an easier task than just and liberal censure. It is from this cause, that almost all prefaces are neither conformable to truth nor to good sense. Thus Aristotle is always called the genius of nature, and Plato the divine Plato. The works of these men are not examined impartially. They are stiled the works of men divine, of men who were the admiration of their age, and who received from God more than human powers. But to substantiate this charge, I will bring two proofs. The first is of Averroes, speaking of Aristotle, he says in his preface, on the physics of that philosopher, that he was the inventor of logic, of ethics, and metaphysics, and that he has advanced them to complete perfection. —“Complevit,” he says, “quia nullus eorum, qui secuti sunt eum usque ad hoc tempus quod est mille et quingentorum annorum, quidquam addidit, nec invenies in ejus verbis errorem alicujus quantitatis, et talem esse virtutem in indivisio uno miraculosum, et extraneum existit, et hæc dispositio cum in uno homine reperitur, dignus est esse divinus magis quam humanus.” In other places he makes use of more pompous epithets; for instance:—“De generatione animalium, laudamus Deum qui separavit hunc virum ab aliis in perfectione, appropriavit ei ultimam dignitatem, humanam quam non omnis homo potest in quacumque ætate attingere.” He also says, l. 1, Destruc. Disp. 3. Aristoteles doctrina est summa veritas, quoniam ejus intellectus fuit finis humani intellectus quare bene dicitur ab illo, quod ipse fuit creatus et datus nobis divina providentia, ut non ignoremus possibilia sciri.”

Indeed, the man who could write in this manner must be a few degrees removed from a fool; and must not his prejudices in favour of Aristotle have degenerated into extravagance and folly? He says, in another place, “Aristoteles fuit princeps, per quem, perficiuntur omnes sapientes qui fuerunt postquam; licet differant inter se in intelligendi verba ejus et in eo quod sequitur ex eis.” This extravagant and injudicious eulogium, the works of this commentator spread themselves over all Eu-

rope, and even in countries at a distance from it: they were translated from the Arabic into Hebrew, from Hebrew into Latin, and perhaps in many other languages, which manifestly shew the esteem in which it was held by the Savans; and a more striking proof cannot be given of the prejudices of literary men, for it proves that they are not only themselves prejudiced in favour of an author, but that they communicate their prejudice to others, in proportion as they are esteemed in the world; and thus the false eulogiums which the commentators bestow on certain authors, are the cause of persons less enlightened, and who are addicted to reading, being equally prejudiced, and immersed in the most dangerous and irremediable errors.

In my next, Mr. Editor, I shall adduce the second proof; and which, I am sorry to say, attaches to the greatest ornament of the English nation.

R. H.

[To be continued.]

A QUESTION FOR DISCUSSION.

Sir,

SHOULD any of the numerous readers of your valuable publication think the following subject worthy of notice, their opinions upon it will be very acceptable to,

M. N.

WHICH is most likely to become a learned man; one of moderate abilities, who has had the benefit of tuition under the best masters; or one of great talents, whose own efforts are his only means of acquiring knowledge?

MILTON VINDICATED by the AUTHORITY of ST. PAUL.

Sir,

ALTHOUGH I am far from being qualified for entering the lists of argumentative disputation with Correspondent A. B. yet I cannot bear expressing my astonishment at his conception of the passage in dispute. It seems, he thinks it inadmissible for a poet (to whom a more than ordinary licence is generally

allowed) to depart from strict adherence to grammatical precision; and will not allow that so scientific and elegant a writer as Milton is allowed to be, a classic of the first order, and a true standard of style, was aware of the manner in which he should convey his original and sublime ideas: for surely common experience must long ago have taught us, that poets, in works of superior erudition, are above being fettered by that servile subserviency to the tyranny of grammar to which a school-boy is obliged strictly to adhere in his thesis, or we should not have seen our immortal Milton arraigned for something worse than barbarism; that of making his comparative of greater relative importance than his superlative degree. But we must indeed shut our eyes to the obvious meaning of our author, and deny him the just meed of our approval and admiration, if we refuse to follow him to that "lower deep" which his profound invention has imagined. And here let your correspondent A. B. permit me to assure him that the example he instances of—"at the furthest extremity of such a road there is a further extremity," does not (with deference to his superior judgment) apply in this case; and evidently proves that he not only thoroughly misconceives his author, but refuses to enter into the just explanation of him by your correspondent P. who is as yet unanswered, and indeed unanswerable.

That further extremity is of the same nature with the furthest; it is, as the latter, perceptible to all our senses, in the common acceptation of nouns substantive: but the "lower deep" of Milton is of a nature widely different from the lowest, the latter being a substantive of the common class, local and material; but the former, that sort of substantive descriptive of the faculties intellectual, and describes that inward sense of guilt and remorse experienced by Satan as being deeper in his soul than the material depth of hell, and which P. has so accurately and beautifully explained. But this deviation from the religious observance of grammatical rule is to be met with in another writer of the first order,

who, although of more ancient, yet is a no less classical authority than our immortal bard. We find the apostle Paul (a perfectly scholastic genius, and the translation of whose writings was performed by the first Latinists of our own country) in the modest description of the conscious humility of his soul, declare himself to be "*less* than the *least* of all the apostles." This, now, is an instance parallel to the disputed passage, as far as relates to the adjective in its relative degrees, and is a sufficient proof that it is most strictly proper, independent of that negative, yet striking circumstance of its being unnoticed by any commentator, an assertion which makes so little in favour of the acuteness of your correspondent A. B. that I am at a loss to think how he could hazard such an adventurous criticism.

I fear I have trespassed too much on your indulgence, and lament, that in my eagerness to attempt the redemption of a writer in whose cause a blockhead would turn author, I could not confine myself more laconically to my text. I remain, Sir, with all due respect,

Your's, &c.

JOSEPHUS.

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS and CUSTOMS.

[Concluded from p. 396, of vol. X.]

Translated from the Low Dutch of an enlightened Hollander, who accompanied William the Third to this country.

Memorable Affairs.

JAMES II. of England, being alarmed at the warlike preparations making in Holland, on the 18th of September sent the Marquis of Abbeville as envoy to the States General to demand their object.—Two days after, the French envoy, Count D'Avaux, made the same demand on the part of his sovereign.

On the 20th September, James II. issued a proclamation or declaration, full of fair promises. On the 25th he sent the order of the garter to the Duke of Ormond. He restored the Duke of Somerset to favour, who had been some time in disgrace for refusing to accompany the Pope's Nuncio: he recalled the seven bishops,

and sent Hugh Peters and other Popish officers away from his person: he put some Protestants into office, and promised to restore the Test Act: in a word, he lowered all his pretensions, and acted an assumed character; still he was only laughed at by the people. Tyrconnel, in Ireland, imitated him, in some measure, and so far became the object of derision.

On the 2d of October, King James sent for the Lord Mayor of London, and promised to restore to the city Magna Charta, with other rights and privileges. On the same day, he issued a proclamation, ordering all beasts of burden to be driven to the distance of twenty miles from the sea-coast. On the 5th, he dissolved the House of Convocation, and soon after reopened Magdalen College at Oxford, which he had caused to be shut up; and, in the next place, issued his royal letters patent for restoring the charters and other privileges to several towns which had been deprived of them.

On the 23d of October, James, being exceedingly alarmed in consequence of its being known that the Prince of Orange would be very soon at sea, caused a new weathercock to be put up within sight of an apartment in Whitehall to which he was partial; and this was done, as he said, "to know when the wind was *Protestant or Papist*." At this time it was quite common, both at court and in the city, to call the east wind the *Protestant*, and the west the *Popish* wind; and this lofty weathercock is still to be seen (viz. in 1699) upon one of the extremities of the front of the Banqueting-House, Whitehall.

On the 26th, he issued a proclamation to prevent the dissemination of false news; but he might as well have endeavoured to stop the course of the Thames; especially as he was no longer feared. At this time, besides the London Newspaper called the *Courant*, a new one started up, entitled *The Orange Courant*, supposed to belong to the Orange party: another called *Common Sense*—*The English Courant*—*The Observer*—*The London Mercury*, &c.

On the 30th October, King James received a letter from Nieuport, which contained an exaggerated account of

damages that the Prince of Orange's fleet had been said to have met with, to such a degree, that the King and the Papists at Whitehall could scarcely contain themselves. The following particulars were given by an eye witness:—"I was present when King James received this intelligence. During the whole of the dinner-time, the King could make use of one hand only, because he could not divest the other of the letter from Nieuport, which contained this great and extraordinary good news. Among other things, he said to M. Barillon, the French ambassador,—"See here, Sir, the wind has now declared itself on the side of the Pope." Then assuming more of his usual tranquillity, and softening his voice, he added,—"I knew, three days ago, that I should have the Host publicly exposed." However on the very same evening the King received another letter from Nieuport, that reduced his mountain to a mole-hill: and converted all the joy of Whitehall into sorrow and dejection.

On the 3d of November, 1688, the Prince of Orange's fleet, consisting of nearly five hundred sail of vessels, shewed itself between Dover and Calais, and almost occupied the whole sea-room between France and England. On the 5th, the fleet arrived at Torbay, when Marshal Schomberg and about thirteen thousand troops were disembarked.

On the 3d of December, the common people at Gloucester destroyed two chapels and some houses belonging to Catholics. The populace at the same time made very free with the name of King James everywhere, and his government, and with Father Peters his confessor; these were the subjects of numerous printed papers. Soon after the house of Sir Edward Hales, near Canterbury, was plundered by the populace.

On the 11th of December, King James resolved to leave London with the Duke of Berwick, Lord Dumbarton, and others. Father Peters left London on the 10th, with the Pope's Nuncio, Count Lauzun and Madame L'Abbaye, and went down the Thames. The Jesuits, that resided in the Savoy, withdrew in the night between the 10th and 11th, "but without sounding any trumpet."

On the 11th, before the rumour of the King's flight had spread far, the populace, with more zeal than ever, made their appearance with Orange coloured ribbands, &c. and arming themselves with sticks ferrelled and unferrelled, went to St. John's Convent near Smithfield, and to two Popish chapels, one near Lincoln's-Inn Fields; and the other in Lime-street, which they demolished. They also did considerable damage to the houses of the Spanish, the Venetian, and Tuscan ambassadors, as well as to the printing-house at Hendrick-Hill, generally distinguished by the name of 'The Popish Printing-house;' besides plundering the houses of several individuals. The house of M. Barillon, the French ambassador, was saved by a guard of Militia that was placed round it; all the foreign ministers were richly rewarded and quite satisfied for the losses they had sustained by the temporary indignation of the common people.

On the 23d of December, King James left Rochester, took shipping, and publicly announced his abdication of the crown and government of England.

Whipping.

The whipping of malefactors by the common hangman in the public streets of London, is a punishment inflicted upon persons who have stolen property not exceeding twelve stivers. At present this punishment is frequently changed into that of transportation to the Indies (or America), on account of the want of men in the new plantations.

Drinking Healths.

This custom, which is almost entirely left off in France, as a ceremony both troublesome and ridiculous, continues to be observed in England with as much formality as ever. To drink at table, and not to drink to any particular person, or to drink as if were in secret, would be deemed a very gross piece of incivility. There are two whimsical particulars here, which are observed by persons of all ranks and descriptions; that is to say, when any person's health is drank by another, no matter what his situation may be, either higher, equal, or inferior to the other, he must remain

as still and as motionless as a stock or stone. It signifies nothing, if at that very moment you should be in the very act of cutting, or even putting your meat upon the end of your fork; desist you must; lay down your knife, fork, or spoon, and quietly wait till the other has pledged you in due and lawful form. In the next place, from that inclination of the body necessary on these occasions, it is a thousand to one but you dip the point of your perruque in the gravy. How ridiculous must this custom appear to a stranger! To see a person busy in masticating what he may happen to have in his mouth, cutting his bread, helping himself or others; to see such a person abruptly, in a moment, called off to do something else; or rather to assume one of the gravest appearances imaginable, cannot be viewed with indifference. For if a person of any note drinks to him; you might think an accident had all at once deprived him of the use of his limbs: his eyes are then immediately fixed upon the person pledging him; and if you knew no better, you might think he had suddenly become paralytic, or, as it is commonly termed, had been thunderstruck. Besides, the same rules of civility which require this observance on the part of the patient, demand no small share of vigilance on the part of the agent. If, for instance, the latter wishes to drink to another person, he should by all means watch the proper moment, to give the former time to swallow his mouthful; and thus, if possible, prevent him from being under the disagreeable necessity of stopping his grinders all at once. The pledger should by all means make it as convenient as possible for the other to get rid of his mouthful, which commonly appears on one side swelling his cheek like an egg, or a kind of wen, and sometimes overrunning with fat, even disgusting. The common course of health drinking in London is for the men to drink to the women, and the women to the men; and if even a young man should single out any young woman to drink to in particular, his ill manners would be severely noticed. Sometimes, on certain occasions, the company drink round alternately.

Horns.

I have met with a woman at the head of a large party sometimes in the streets of London, carrying a large pageant, representing a man with a swinging pair of horns on his head. The chief woman in this procession has a drum beating before her, and is followed by a great number of low or ragged females hallowing, shouting, and beating warming-pans, pots, and kettles, for the sake of the noise. Upon asking the occasion of all this, I was told that some man had unfairly accused his wife of making him a cuckold; and that the good woman, assisted on these occasions by her kind neighbours, had beaten him soundly; and that this ceremony was generally chosen to finish the business.

Some PARTICULARS relative to the CONQUEST AND POSSESSION of BRAZIL by the DUTCH, in the Seventeenth Century.

[Continued from p. 316.]

THE captainship of *Siara* contains about ten thousand inhabitants, and carries on very little trade. The principal town, which bears the same name, has a harbour which can only be entered by small vessels. It has an insignificant fortress.

The next captainship is that of *Rio Grande*. The capital of this province is *Natalia*, and is defended by a citadel called *Dos Santos Reyes*, which is one of the strongest fortresses in Brazil. The river upon which the capital is situated flows out of a lake, thirty miles in circumference, whence very fine pearls are obtained. There are two other towns of some consideration in this province. *Cuhuna*, a place of some strength, and *Parantiba*, which is well fortified and garrisoned, to keep the Indians in check, who are very numerous in its vicinity. The population of *Rio Grande* is estimated at twelve thousand inhabitants.

The captainship of *Paraiba* has for its capital *Nuestra Señora de la Nevas*, which stands near the river *Paraiba*, at the mouth of which is the harbour. It has a large and handsome custom-house, and a pentagonal fort called *St. Catherine*, which defends the entrance of the harbour. Seven or eight

ships of about 250 tons burthen, annually enter this port from Portugal, laden with various articles for the use of the colony. They take chiefly sugar and cotton in return, more of which is raised in the northern captainships than in those of the south, especially since the discovery of the gold mines, which have rendered the inhabitants of the latter less eager in the improvement of their plantations. There are twenty-one sugar-houses in this province, and the sugar manufactured in them is said to be superior to any other in Brazil. Besides sugar and cotton, they also export dying woods, several sorts of drugs, and other valuable commodities. The capital is computed to contain nearly four thousand inhabitants, and the province about twenty thousand.

The captainship of *Tamaraca* consists of the island of that name, and about twenty miles of coast. The capital, called *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion*, is built on the side of a hill near the middle of the island. In this island, which is formed by the river *St. Francis*, there are several sugar-houses. The sugar-cane flourishes with great luxuriance in the well watered and rich plains of *Tamaraca*. The coast is covered with cotton plantations, and the mountains abound with horned cattle, great numbers of which are slaughtered for the sake of the hides. On the main land, near the coast, lies *Goyara*, a thriving town. The population of this province is reckoned at ten thousand.

The province of *Pernambuco* comprehends a line of coast of nearly two hundred miles. *Olanda*, which lost the distinction of capital of the province whilst the Dutch were in possession, regained it upon their expulsion. It occupies a commanding situation, being built on the side of a hill near the sea; but, from the nature of the ground, the streets are uneven, and particularly inconvenient. Some of the houses are elegant, and the city is ornamented by several handsome fountains. It contains about twelve thousand inhabitants. The harbour admits of large vessels, and is defended by several fortresses. *Mauriceburgh* is now a dependence upon *Olanda*. *Pernambuco* is a fertile province, but has greatly declined

from its former state of prosperity. It used to yield annually more than 15,000 chests of sugar, but at present it usually furnishes 4000. On the other hand; however, cotton plantations have been greatly multiplied, and the average importation into Portugal of cotton from Pernambucco, which however includes the cotton from Tamaraca and from Paraiba, is 29,000 bags. The population of this province was estimated, several years ago, at ninety thousand, including negroes, people of colour, and Indians; but it is said that many families have emigrated since that period to Paraguay, Peru, and Chili. Besides the capital, it contains the towns of *Igaracu*, *Serinham*, *Porto Calvo*, *Alagoas del Norte*, *San Antonio de Rio Grande*, *Alagoas del Sud*, and *Penedo de Rio Francisco*, which bounds the province to the south. The island of *Fernando Noronha*, which lies at the distance of fifty leagues from the coast, is included under the jurisdiction of this captainship. The Portuguese, after having for many years deserted this island, returned to it in 1738, and erected seven strong forts for its defence. These forts are garrisoned with regular troops, who are relieved every six months. Besides the garrison, a few exiles, some indigent people of colour, and Indians employed on the public works, compose the whole of the inhabitants of the island. No plantations have ever succeeded in it, though the soil is good, owing to the dryness of the climate: whole years frequently elapsing without any rain. From December till April, turtles constitute the only food of the inhabitants; after that time, the turtles disappear, and provisions from the continent are then the only dependence of the islanders. There are two good harbours, where ships of any size may ride in safety, except during the prevalence of north-west winds.

To return now to the historical part of this narrative.—It was not long after the departure of Count Maurice that the affairs of the Dutch in Brazil fell into a state of progressive decay; which, though apparently ascribable to a change of men and of measures, originated perhaps in the want of the fundamental conciliating and consoli-

dating policy which would have reconciled the Portuguese colonists and the native inhabitants to the dominion of a foreign and heretic power.

For some time before the departure of that nobleman, rumours were spread of intended conspiracies amongst the Portuguese; and, though they were not traced to any authentic source, or were confirmed by any overt acts, it was deemed necessary to disarm the Portuguese colonists by making them deposit all their weapons in the arsenals.

To Count Maurice succeeded in the government of Dutch Brazil, three commissioners:—*Van Humel*, a merchant, of Amsterdam; *Busses*, a goldsmith, of Haarlem; and *Van Bullestraat*, a carpenter, of Middleburgh;—who, though men of integrity, were possessed of narrow minds, and were inadequate to the government of an extensive colonial empire, more founded upon conquest and policy, than upon commerce or cultivation. Although under their administration commerce appeared to be animated with new vigour, and larger returns were made to Europe in the following year than had ever before been received, yet this was but an ephemeral semblance of prosperity. The produce of the lands which had been assigned by their illustrious predecessor for the support of the fortifications, formed part of their shipments. The fortresses were consequently suffered to fall into ruin. They even sold the arms and ammunition to swell the amount of their remittances; and compelled the Portuguese colonists to pay up at once all arrears of debts to the company, by which many became insolvent, and all ripe for revolt.

The public strength having been thus weakened, if not annihilated, the discontented Portuguese conceived hopes of throwing off the Dutch yoke. *Cameron*, a native Brazilian, had assembled a body of his countrymen beyond the river *Francisco*, where he neither acknowledged nor rejected the Portuguese dominion, whilst he wholly disowned that of the Dutch. To him the discontented looked for aid, and a conspiracy was formed in 1645, at the head of which was *Juan Fernandez River*, a Portuguese Jew of

obscure birth, but then an opulent merchant at Olinda. His honourable dealings and princely munificence had gained him much popularity, and his subsequent prudence, perseverance, and bravery, has entitled him to a distinguished place in the history of Brazil.

In the month of April of that year, intelligence was received by the Dutch government that *Cameron* had marched with his Brazilians to attack the Dutch in *Rio Grande*. In the mean time it was the intention of *Vieira* and his associates to put their designs in execution in the midst of the capital of Pernambuco, at an entertainment to be given at *Vieira's* house, in honour of his marriage with a daughter of *Antonio Cavalcante*, another of the conspirators. To this festival were invited most of the officers and principal people in the service of the company, whom the conspirators intended to seize. The plot was discovered at the moment of its execution; but *Vieira* and his associates succeeded in escaping to the woods, where they formed themselves into a body, and soon drew together a number of Brazilian and Portuguese soldiers, and even some discontented Dutch settlers.

In the mean time, *Cameron* had advanced with his Brazilians to *Pojuga*, a town between *Olinda* and *Cape St. Augustine*, where the first hostilities were commenced by the defeat of about thirty Dutch soldiers who were an garrison at the place. Alarmed at their hostile proceedings, the council issued a proclamation, offering a pardon to all who returned to their duty, excepting *Vieira*, *Cavalcante*, and another. They sent a reinforcement to the island of *Tamaraca*, which was considered of great importance, and the garrison of which, as was indeed the case every where, was very weak. They assembled the few ill-appointed troops that could be spared, and gave the command of them, with the title of General, to Captain *Haus*, whose first expedition, was against *Pojuga*, which place he regained, driving the Brazilians before him and releasing forty prisoners.

Vieira now assumed the character of general and commander in chief; and the popularity of his name and

cause soon created him an army, which was joined by Colonel *Henrico Dias* with a few Portuguese troops. With these he commenced the war in the heart of the Dutch dominions, and, assisted by *Cameron*, defeated General *Haus*, and compelled him to retreat from *Pojuga*, with the loss of one hundred men.

Intelligence was shortly after received that a Portuguese fleet from *Bahia* was expected with a reinforcement of troops to assist the malcontents. In this emergency, not only were succours earnestly entreated from Holland; but two deputies were dispatched to the Portuguese viceroy at *Bahia*, to remonstrate against the conduct of both *Cameron* and *Henrico Dias*, officers supposed to be acting under his authority, and having hostilely attacked the Dutch territories in Brazil, contrary to the treaties existing between the King of Portugal and the States General. The viceroy received these envoys with great courtesy; but stated, in reply, that he had no certain or official intelligence of the hostilities they alluded to; that if they had broken the truce, he would give the Dutch every satisfaction they could reasonably desire; but, if the Portuguese who were settled in the Dutch territories had been induced, by oppression, or any other cause, to take up arms, he could not be amenable for their conduct; and he had besides various complaints to make against some of the Dutch, who had by no means, he said, conducted themselves in conformity with the existing treaties.— There is little doubt, however, that the viceroy clandestinely encouraged those who had begun hostilities, and that even on this very occasion he concerted with *Hongstraaten*, one of the gentlemen charged with this negotiation, the treachery by which he in the sequel delivered up to the Portuguese the important post of *St. Augustine*, of which he was governor.

In the mean time the revolt extended to *St. Antonio*; and letters arrived from *Serinham* that the insurgents had got possession of the mouth of the river, and had taken or sunk the vessels that lay there. Admiral *Salvador Correa de Bonavides* appeared with a formidable Portuguese fleet of thirty

ships, and cast anchor before the *Recife*. Although it was pretended that, so far from entertaining any hostile intention, the Portuguese admiral only meant to assist the Dutch in quelling the revolt, and for that purpose offered to land his troops; the council declined the insidious proposal, and the Portuguese, finding themselves too weak to attempt any thing by open force against the capital, sailed away.

A short time after, intelligence came from *De linge*, governor of fort *Margareta* in *Rio Grande*, of the arrival of the Portuguese fleet in the bay of *Tranquona*, where they were landing troops with the avowed purpose of assisting the insurgents. Orders were now dispatched to Admiral *Lichthart*, who commanded the Dutch naval force on that station, and which consisted of no more than five ships, to attack the Portuguese vessels wherever he could find them; and, in consequence of these orders, he had soon an opportunity of exhibiting a fresh proof of his skill and courage, for with his small force he attacked the Portuguese fleet, consisting of seventeen sail, in the bay of *Tamandare*, captured three of the largest ships, and burnt or sunk most of the rest.

This naval victory was soon overbalanced by the reverses which the Dutch sustained on shore. *Serinhaim*, which had been long blockaded, was reduced by famine to surrender; and information was received that *Hoogstraaten* had yielded up the port of *St. Augustine*. He shortly after appeared in arms at the head of a corps of 600 Brazilians, with whom he joined *Vieira*, and continued to act against his countrymen till they were finally expelled from Brazil. General *Haus* too was surrounded by the insurgents, and taken prisoner, together with the greatest part of his little army.

In a short time, the Portuguese made themselves masters of all the strong places in *Pernambuco*, and at length blockaded *Recife*, the only strong hold remaining to the Dutch; who however retained possession also of the valuable island of *Tamarica*.

As soon as the news of these transactions reached Holland, the Dutch

government fitted out a fleet of fifty-two sail, under the command of Admiral *Blankert*, whom they appointed Admiral of Brazil, Guinea, and Angola. He was accompanied in the expedition by Colonels *Schuppen* and *Henderson*, who had acquired much reputation under Count *Maurice*; and thus an open rupture commenced between Holland and Portugal.

The delays and disasters encountered by this fleet on its passage were so great, that it did not arrive at the *Recife*, till the garrison, reduced to the utmost extremity, were on the point of surrendering. About this time the gallant Admiral *Lichthart* died. The reinforcements brought by this fleet enabled the Dutch to protract the war, and even to obtain some trifling advantages; but, in the commencement of 1647, the Portuguese again blockaded the *Recife*, where the whole Dutch force was concentrated. They made a gallant defence; but at length, sallying out to attack the enemy in the field, they were defeated with the loss of eleven hundred, most of their officers, and all their artillery. Discord arose amongst the chiefs.—The civil governors, a new set having arrived with Admiral *Blankert*, sent home complaints against the military commanders, whilst the latter recriminated with acrimony. In the course of the protracted blockade of the *Recife*, Admiral *Blankert* was recalled; and though occasional succours were sent from time to time, they were only such as enabled the place to sustain an intermitted investment, sometimes closely blockaded, and at others with scarcely a Portuguese soldier in its neighbourhood, for upwards of six years.

At length, towards the end of 1653, the Portuguese government, who now openly assisted *Vieira*, sent a fleet of sixteen large men of war to attack the *Recife* by sea, which effectually dismayed the garrison, who had then long been closely blockaded, and apparently abandoned to their fate; and the few remains of the Dutch forces, in number between six and seven hundred, who had escaped from famine and the sword, evacuated Brazil in consequence of a capitulation, which was signed on the 28th of

January, 1654; whilst, by a treaty of peace, concluded in 1661, between Portugal and Holland, the integrity of Brazil was secured to the crown of Portugal, in consideration of four millions of florins (about 363,363 l. sterling), which that power agreed to pay to the States General in behalf of the Dutch West India company.

ON MARINE VEGETABLES, and the ICY CRUST formed on GLASS WINDOWS in a SEVERE FROST. By Mr. JAMES GRAHAM, of Berwick upon Tweed.

THE latter phenomenon, he observes, is so common, "that I believe there are few who have not taken some notice of it: however, with the great bulk of mankind, it excites not the least surprise. Such seems to be the general weakness of the human intellect. Some have supposed these icy figures to have been formed by chance; but on a closer observation this will not be found the case; for, when strictly examined, every figure is as regularly formed, as if drawn by the hand of a skilful artist, and the whole exhibits as it were a *beautiful delineation of various marine or sea plants!* Sometimes there is an exact representation of the plant from which that species of ashes, or alkali, commonly called *kelp*, is made. On the other parts of the glass a perfect likeness of some of the smaller vegetables appear, which from a small root branch out into an astonishing number of fine fibres, joined together in such curious workmanship, as far to excel any land production, at least that I have observed. Indeed, no description which I can give without a drawing can convey any idea either of the beauty or curiosity of these icy arborifications. What is the natural cause of this effect? A large fire, or the increase of company in a room, will sometimes change these figures, and partly melt the crust on the glass; but where nature is left to operate without interruption, the effect is generally the same.

"The first sight of the sea, to a person who has lived to maturity without

seeing it, is the greatest object which nature presents to the mind on this terraqueous globe. If the survey is made on a calm summer's day, the clear, smooth, and extended surface, bounded only by the horizon, fills the mind with the most pleasing wonder and surprise. If the survey is made in winter, during a storm, what a grand and awful spectacle is presented, particularly to a person not accustomed to the scene! The deep and hollow sound of contending waves catches the ear at a great distance; but when the billows dash with such impetuous force on the shore, as to threaten destruction to the very rocks and banks which nature has placed as a barrier to the ocean's almost irresistible fury, the mind is filled with amazement.

"But the object to which I would direct the attention of the inquisitive mind, is the vast quantity of marine plants, which are to be found on the shore, and among the rocks, during the ebb tide. These are often thrown up in such promiscuous heaps on the beach, that superficial observers pay them no attention. They would not easily believe that the mind of the traveller is, not less astonished, when he first visits the torrid zone and finds every tree, every shrub and plant different from any thing he had seen in the more temperate climates. I shall not attempt to give any delineation of this vegetable kingdom; even if my abilities were equal to the task, it would far exceed the limits of a short essay: but I will again assure all who have not made the experiment, that their pains and trouble will be amply gratified, and their curiosity fully repaid in so doing. I cannot, however, conclude without one more observation, viz.—During the ebb-tide, if the shore is rocky, a number of small pools of clear water are left, in which will be found many of the smaller plants adhering to the stones of rock, which, if carefully removed, and before they are too dry are spread on white paper, will exhibit a most pleasing and beautiful variety without the trouble of drawing."

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam".

AN UNPREJUDICED ILLUSTRATION of some of the most important **TEXTS of the BIBLE; or a polemical, critical, and theological Reply to a public Letter, by Lord Crawford; addressed to the Hebrew Nation. Written without Prejudice by SOLOMON BENNETT, Native of Poland, &c.** 8vo. pages 237.

THIS Israelite author is a native of a foreign country and of a foreign school; he is also somewhat foreign in his opinions and assertions. His language, though in part constituting the merit of every author, we shall not attempt to criticise, as he has already made a very suitable and sufficient apology for himself, by informing us of his short residence in our country. We shall therefore only take into consideration the more intrinsic merits of his work, in which we have discovered many ingenious arguments and demonstrations, grounded on philosophical principles; together with many judicious comments on the former translations of certain portions of the psalms and the prophets Isaiah and Daniel, which appear more appropriate than those we have hitherto been accustomed to meet. Neither does his opinions coincide with many of the comments hitherto made by the Hebrew Rabbis.

The method this author has observed in the management of his translations, is carefully to explain all those passages which appear in the course of the foregoing treatise, and to point out in a clear and explicit manner those orations and panegyrics that only related to the temporal occurrences of those times with respect to Israel.

We also observe that this writer very tenaciously adheres to the grammatical and etymological rules of the Hebrew language, which, as an Israelite, he professes most perfectly to understand. Nor is he in any ways biassed to the mystical and sophistical explanations usually given, but combats with much energy those dogmas and opinions so generally received.

We therefore deem it highly incumbent on our impartiality and conscientious duty to do that justice to his unprejudiced endeavours evinced in his several translations, (however much they differ from those generally exhibited) to speak with candour on those points that tend more particularly to strengthen and increase moral, social, and political virtue. The abstruseness of the Hebrew language having in a great degree rendered many of its poetical and fundamental qualities almost a total mystery to our church and its ministers, we are therefore prevented from entering into all the details of this author's explanation at present, and which we shall reserve for some future opportunity more largely to expatiate on, in the hopes that in the mean time our attempts therein will be aided and assisted by such of our learned ministers and reviewers as may feel themselves qualified for that task, without substituting ridicule for argument.

Although we have declined to meddle with his explanations on the original Hebrew texts, we will here give the following extracts from the work itself, that our readers may form some opinion of its merit. In page 73, his reasonings are thus:—

"The whole contents of those chapters (meaning the 47th and 49th chapters of Isaiah) with those annexed, speak in plain language, not only of a glorious restoration peculiar to Israel, but moreover for a covenant to all nations, and for a light to the Gentiles, &c. This 42d poetical chapter of Isaiah exhibits to us something more sublime than that of a triumphant Messiah, or of a restoration to the holy land. He said in the 8th verse, 'I am Jehovah; my name and my glory I will not refer to another; neither my praise to images; behold the former are come to pass,' &c.

"It is sudacious to observe, (says he) that a triumphant Messiah, or principal leader, proves always the deficiency of that generation, but by a general glory and completeness of a generation, a chief leader and ruler

can be entirely spared. It is then evident, that in this chapter of Isaiah, the vision alludes to a general glory and completeness, to an extensive knowledge of God in all parts of the globe, and accordingly a Messiah or chief ruler can be entirely spared.

"Besides, we may observe that one ruler cannot survey all the surface at once, who is therefore also useless. As for a suffering Messiah it is still more incomprehensible. 1st, Why should the innocent suffer for the guilty? 2dly, Why should the culprit and guilty be free from punishment and expiation? 3dly, If repentance and atonement are salutary remedies for sin, then a suffering Messiah can a so be spared. In short, all depends on our own application and the general completeness foretold in that chapter of Isaiah."

The author then proceeds, with many other arguments, to shew that the general doctrine of a Messiah is a mere traditional dogma, and no way supported on the authority of the Bible itself, and which he affirms is a creed wholly at variance and inconsistent with the principles of Judaism, as he has endeavoured to shew in p. 229. The object of all his arguments tends to disapprove the generally received doctrine of either a suffering or a triumphant Messiah.

In the Appendix we have noticed with much satisfaction the elucidation he has given of the various sacred names and attributes mentioned in the original Hebrew Bible, together with an historic account of the Jewish dispersion, which he is so far from considering as a punishment inflicted on them for the persecution and rejection of Christ, as has been vainly imagined by many Christians,—that he dates its commencement long antecedent to even the birth of Christ, placing it as far back as the reign of King Solomon. He therefore views the present scattered state of the Jews as the final accomplishment of God's promise to Abraham. In thy seed all the nations of the earth shall be blessed.

Notwithstanding this work has several defects in respect to the correctness and to the beauties of the English language; and notwithstand-

ing it may moreover contain some doctrines somewhat repugnant to the orthodox principles of both the Jew and Christian religion, in regard to a Messiah; we still deem it of no little interest to the unbiassed, unprejudiced, and unsophisticated mind.

The RISE and FALL of STATES and EMPIRES; or the Antiquities of Nations, more particularly of the Celtic or Gauls: containing a great Variety of historical, chronological, and etymological Discoveries, many of them unknown both to the Greeks and Romans. By M. PEZRON. To which is prefixed a Sketch of the Life of the Author. 1 vol 8vo. pp. 372. 1803.

WE strongly approve of the reprinting of valuable works which cease to be popular because scarce. Every man is not a diligent hunter of bookstalls, but there are many who would gladly arrive at knowledge by a shorter road. To such, it is of great advantage the republication of ancient works.

This volume by the learned Pezron is well known to the learned world as an acute and ingenious explication of the fabulous eras of ancient history, and a plausible examination of the origin of the Greek and Roman mythology. It displays no ordinary research; and its conviction do not always follow the labours of Pezron, it must, at least, be confessed, that he deserves the praise of superior diligence and accuracy. He traces, with much ingenuity, the etymology of several words through the Greek, Latin, and Teutonic languages. The work is neatly printed, and a short life of the author is prefixed.

The HOPE of the RIGHTEOUS in DEATH: illustrated in a Funeral Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of Horningsham. By the Rev. FRANCIS SKURRAY, A. M. Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. pp. 31.

A FUNERAL sermon, preached in commemoration of the death of a private individual, can possess little scope for observation. Mr. Skurray has acquitted himself with

that blameless mediocrity, which is negative praise. In our next we shall pay attention to a volume of poems from the same pen.

MEMOIRS of WILLIAM PALEY, D.D.
By G. W. MEADLEY. To which
is added an Appendix. 1 vol. 1809.

THOUGH a biographical sketch of the life and writings of Archdeacon Paley in the xxiii. Number, Vol. IV. of our New Series, and the anecdotes in our succeeding numbers, brought much of the Archdeacon's private life down to the year 1790, the writer of the present Memoirs, though he has made a very copious collection of the more recent circumstances, is not equally happy in his conception of the early eccentricities of the Archdeacon's character, particularly when he was at Cambridge, perhaps indeed none but an academic or a Cambridge man could have done this completely. To G. W. Meadley, though he has deserved well of the literary world for what he has done, perhaps it might be said as upon a former occasion, "You should have seen him, Sir, as I did, when he stepped out of his little study into the lecture room, rolled from the door into his arm-chair, turned his old scratch over his left ear, and his left leg over his right, buttoned up his waistcoat, pulled up a stocking, and fixed a dirty covered, torn, ragged Locke upon his left knee, moistened his thumb with his lip, and then turned over the ragged leaves of his books, dog-eared and scrowled all over, with the utmost rapidity. All this was done in much less time than you have read the description of it."

Mr. Meadley, notwithstanding, to use his own words, has informed his readers that Mr. Paley "being generally careless about his dress, and sometimes even remarkably inattentive to it, attracted more than common notice, when he appeared in the public schools to keep his first act, with his hair full dressed, and in a deep ruffled shirt, and new silk stockings, which, aided by his gestures, his action, and his whole manner,

when earnestly engaged in the debate, excited no small mirth in the spectators. This was his first appearance before the University as a disputant, and he acquitted himself with such unwonted ability, that the schools were afterwards invariably crowded whenever he was expected to dispute.

"Nor did Mr. Paley disappoint the general expectation of the University when he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in May 1767, he was senior wrangler of the year. In the senate house as in the schools, Mr. Freie was his most formidable competitor, and gained the second honours. Mr. Paley was probably more indebted for the first, to the clearness and strength of his conceptions, and to a promptitude of delivery, in which he always excelled, rather than to the superior extent of his mathematical acquirements.

"Soon after taking his Bachelor's degree, Mr. Paley was engaged, on the recommendation of Mr. Sneyd, as second assistant in a great academy at Greenwich, kept by Mr. Bracken, and chiefly resorted to by young men intended for the army and navy, where his department of teaching was the Latin language. His classical were indeed inferior to his mathematical attainments, but with his strong talents, it may be readily supposed, that, when daily employed in reading and teaching the best authors, he soon supplied any former deficiency. His leisure hours were frequently employed in rambling about the metropolis, where a variety of new and interesting objects engaged his notice, and gave full scope of observation to his active mind.

"On him nothing was lost; and as he was equally ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, or of recreation, his residence at Greenwich at this important period of life, must have been highly advantageous to him. He certainly enjoyed a good play very much and used frequently to attend the theatres, particularly Drury Lane when Mr. Garrick, returning from the continent, reappeared upon the stage. He generally went into the pit, and seated himself as near to the orchestra as he could. But his chief amuse-

ment in London seemed to arise from attending the different courts of justice, the Old Bailey in particular; and there, from his frequent attendance and sagacity of observation, he acquired a clear and accurate knowledge of the criminal law. It is interesting at all times to trace the progress of a favourite inclination in youth, when leading to any laudable pursuit. The proceedings in the courts at Lancaster had made a forcible impression on his mind; and the trial of Eugene Aron, no doubt, added strength to a propensity in which his frequent visits to the metropolis at this time enabled him to indulge. In the midst of all this he was perfectly satisfied with his lot, and found himself so happy in his situation at Greenwich, that he has been often heard to say, 'the rank of first assistant in the academy was then the highest object of his ambition.'

With respect to Mr. Paley being satisfied with his first "small earnest of patronage," Mr. Meadley mentions that 'Mr. Paley frequently observed, that at Musgrove he had passed some of the happiest days of his life. Satisfied with what he had then received no cares about his future prospects disturbed the serenity of his mind. The situation of this pleasant village, on the banks of the river Eden, allowed him to indulge himself frequently in angling, the favourite amusement of his youth. So partial was he to a sport, which, notwithstanding the opinion of honest Walton, can scarcely be reconciled to either reason or humanity, that he at one time kept a journal of his exploits, and had afterwards his portrait taken with his rod and line. Alluding to his success in trouting for pike, he used to say, that the fish when not hungry would sometimes nibble without swallowing the bait, in which case he found it necessary to stimulate its appetite by manœuvring; 'for,' added he, 'the pike reasons thus,—though I am not hungry now, I may be tomorrow, and therefore must not lose so tempting a prize.'

As we have no room for a longer extract, we must now close our review with the pleasing observation, that the parents of Archdeacon Paley

both lived to witness his high reputation and success in life. His mother died in March 1796; his father, whose prophetic anticipations respecting his son had been so fully confirmed, died in 1799, having taught the school at Giggleswick more than half a century. He had been vicar of Helpeston sixty-four years, which induced his son to suppose him the oldest beneficed clergyman in the kingdom.

On the sudden elevation of Bonaparte to the supreme direction of affairs in the French republic, Dr. Paley observed to a party of gentlemen, who dined with him at Bishop Wearmouth:—

"The French are rapidly approaching to absolute monarchy again; the conventional government was established on a very broad basis, which has been narrowed on every subsequent alteration, and is progressively tending to a point. In similar convulsions, none can ultimately succeed in bearing sway but men of great intrepidity, great ability, and great roguery. Without great intrepidity, no man will intentionally venture upon so hazardous a career; without great ability, and without great roguery, no man can bring his designs to a successful close."

In reference to the discussions which took place in 1799 and 1800, about the Cold Bath, Fields prison, Dr. Paley once explicitly declared,— "That the magistrates of Hicks's Hall were by no means proper persons to be intrusted with the exclusive power of examining into, and controuling the conduct of Governor Aris; since they were salaried officers like himself; that the inquiry moved for was, in his opinion, no party question, but one which deserved to be very seriously considered; and that, for his part, he had always thought Sir Francis Burdett right in persevering to agitate the subject; for, by such continued exertions, he must ultimately succeed in correcting the abuse."

Dr. Paley is said to have left a very competent fortune among his family; for though he never levied the utmost value upon his preferments, and

always lived in a style suitable to his station, he had been through life an *economist upon a plan*.

But it may be said with propriety of these Memoirs by G. W. Meadley, that although the matter is really valuable, and the diversity most copious, yet an imposing arrangement, and an advantageous disposal of the strong lights and shades in the moral painting, seem not to have been studied.

Some idea of the mighty mind that once actuated Archdeacon Paley's mortal part may be formed from the following catalogue of his works, and the manner in which they have generally been received by an enlightened public, during a long succession of years:—

1. A Defence of the Considerations on the Propriety of requiring a Subscription to Articles of Faith, in reply to a late Answer from the Clarendon Press. 8vo. London. 1774.

2. Observations upon the Character and Example of Christ, and an Appendix on the Morality of the Gospel, annexed to Bishop Law's Reflections on the Life and Character of Christ. 8vo. Cambridge. 1776.

3. Caution recommended in the Use and Application of Scripture Language. A Sermon preached July 15, 1777, in the Cathedral Church of Carlisle, at the Visitation of the Right Rev. Edmund Lord Bishop of Carlisle. 4to. London. 1777. reprinted in 8vo. 1782.

4. The Clergyman's Companion in visiting the Sick. Small 8vo. 10th edition. 178--.

5. Advice addressed to the Young Clergy of the Diocese of Carlisle, in a Sermon preached at a General Ordination, holden at Rose Castle, on Sunday, July 29, 1781. 4to. rep. in 8vo. 1783.

6. A Distinction of Orders in the Church defended upon the Principles of public Utility, in a Sermon preached in the Castle-Chapel, Dublin, at the Consecration of John Law, D.D. Lord Bishop of Clonfert and Kilmacduagh, Sept. 21, 1782. 4to. rep. in 8vo. 1783.

7. Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy. 4to. rep. 2 vols. 8vo. 15th edition. 1785.

8. The Young Christian instructed in Reading and in the Principles of Religion; compiled for the use of the Sunday Schools in Carlisle. 16mo. Carlisle. 2d edit. 178--.

9. *Horæ Paulinæ*; or, The Truth of the Scripture History of St. Paul evinced, by a Comparison of the Epistles which bear his name with the Acts of the Apostles, and with one another. 8vo. 4th edition. 1790.

10. The Use and Propriety of local and occasional Preaching: a Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Carlisle, in the year 1790. 4to.

11. An Essay upon the British Constitution, being the VIth Chapter of the VIth Book of the Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy. 8vo. 1792.

12. Reasons for Contentment, addressed to the labouring Part of the British Public. Carlisle. 12mo. 1792. rep. 8vo. 1793.

13. A short Memoir of the Life of Edmund Law, D.D. Bishop of Carlisle, inserted in Hutchin-son's History of Cumberland, and in the Encyclopædia Britannica, 1794, and rep. with Notes, 1800.

14. A View of the Evidences of Christianity. 3 vols. 12mo. 1794; rep. 2 vols. 8vo. 9th edition.

15. Dangers incidental to the clerical Character stated, in a Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, at Great St. Mary's Church, on Sunday, July 5, 1795, being Commencement Sunday. 4to.

16. A Sermon preached at the Assizes at Durham, July 29, 1795, and published at the request of the Lord Bishop, the Honourable the Judges of the Assize, and the Grand Jury. 4to. 1795.

17. Natural Theology; or, Evidences of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity, collected from the Appearances of Nature. 8vo. 1802. 8th edition.

18. Sermons on several Subjects, Distributed gratis amongst the Inhabitants of Bishop-Wearmouth, in compliance with a codicil to the author's will, 1806; they have been since published.

19. Sermons and Tracts, containing Nos. 1; 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 16.-- 1809.

REPORT of the TRIAL in an ACTION for a LIBEL contained in a REVIEW of 'The Portraiture of Methodism,' at Guildhall, before the Right Hon. Lord Ellenborough and a Special Jury, Saturday, March 11, 1809.

THIS trial, *Nightingale versus Stockdale*, has, in a great measure, grown out of the same source which lately produced those excellent volumes, by a Barrister, entitled "Hints to the Public, and the Legislature, on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching;" the first part of which we reviewed in page 218 of vol. ix, when it was justly remarked, "that these evangelical *anti-moralists* (for a species of whom Mr. Stockdale, it is presumed, inadvertently became the publisher) swarm in every town in the kingdom, and turn their disciples to a systematic contempt of the moral law, and withdraw them from all dependence on the practice of their duty as men and christians." The same species have also erected themselves into a kind of popedom, claiming a spiritual or indefinite authority over churches, consciences, and even the persons of men. These are facts proved by legal evidence.

The Evangelical Magazine, and the Eclectic Review, have long been in the habit of signaling themselves, not only in condemning the principles of those who do not subscribe to every tittle of their creeds, but in doing every thing in their power to stir up the minds of men and magistrates against the persons of those who reason against their discordant opinions.

Unhappily for the 'New Annual Register, for 1807,' the reviewer of Mr. *Nightingale's Portraiture of Methodism* thought proper to adopt some of that highly seasoned detraction, which the so-called evangelical hawkers of literature had so long dealt in exclusively. But, as new converts are frequently led so far by a blind zeal as to hurt the cause for which they contend, so the anonymous reviewer, who probably presumed he was covered by his friends and his publisher, seemed to endeavour at rivalling his predecessors; for, concluding his remarks on the

publication just mentioned, he turns from the *work to the author*, and, with a mixture of the dictator and the dogmatist; asserted, "*There is a depravity indeed in this man's heart (if we may reason from the publication before us), that unqualifies him for giving evidence in any court. The Methodists may be fools, but their present historian is obviously a knave.*"

Upon this particular point, Mr. Sedgwick, who was one of the counsel for the plaintiff, very judiciously observed,—

"If any writer publish a work injurious in its tendency to the morals of the community, he cannot be too severely reprobated or too pointedly exposed: the interests of the individual and of the public demand this. So if any one send forth a literary work that is feeble in the composition, or faulty in the style, or defective in the arrangement, for all this he is open to criticism, and his reputation as a writer must run the gauntlet. His arguments may be refuted, his assertions may be disproved, his principles may be condemned, his ignorance may be ridiculed.—The reviewer may, if he will, exhaust all the resources of eloquence, and reasoning, and irony, and wit, in exposing the emptiness of an author's pretensions to public fame. But it is to his merit or demerit as an author that the critic must confine his strictures; to go out of the way, and with unprovoked intemperance to attack his character as a man—to blacken him with reproach—to brand him with ignominy.—Ought this to be suffered? Is this to be endured? No. When courts of criticism thus abuse their jurisdiction, it is time that a court of justice should interfere, not merely to regulate their judgment, but to redress the injury sustained by their sentence.

"The present libel, Gentlemen, is rendered perhaps more important and impressive by the nature of the publication that excited it. Before I proceed further, I will say a word or two upon the subject. My client, Mr. *Nightingale*, was seduced, as too many have been, into the magic circle of

Methodism; it was at a time of life when his judgment was not sufficiently ripe, nor the faculties of his mind sufficiently exercised to secure him against the delusions of enthusiasm. The doctrines which he had been taught, he,—as is but too common in the first fervors of zeal,—became anxious to teach to others in his turn. As the dibel states, and states very truly, he became a preacher. But when he had thus appointed himself to this most awful and responsible situation, he felt it incumbent upon him to examine into the truth of those doctrines which he had hitherto received upon trust. He did so. And being a man of liberal inquiry, and anxious only for truth, he compared the faith taught by the leaders of his sect, with the faith taught in the Christian Scriptures; and the result was, what every rational man might expect it would be, he became a convert from Methodism to Christianity. As an honest and conscientious man, he now felt it his duty to forsake that connexion into which he found he had too precipitately entered, and he accordingly retired from it. This secession drew down upon him great reproach and abuse; it excited burning enmity, and hot indignation.—While my client continued a member of the sect, so long as he promulgated their doctrines and promoted their views, no praise was withheld from him, they applauded his preaching to the skies, their chorus was, 'Hark the lark at Heaven's gate sings;' but when they found he had forsaken the nest, they changed their note. He was no longer the lark to whose celestial song the saints might listen with delight. No. They discovered on a sudden that he was a bird of a different wing. It was 'the *Nightingale*, and not the Lark, grating harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.'

"But what became of my client after his departure from this sect? Gentlemen, I will tell you. Heat that time resided at Macclesfield, and so highly had these people conceived of his abilities, that his school (for he then kept a school) was filled with the children of persons of the Methodist persuasion; he had upwards of ninety under his tuition; but after his change of sen-

timent was known, his pupils were nearly all taken from him, and by means of the underhanded machinations of one zealot and another, his scholars dwindled down to eight. In short, he was reduced by the malice of these unchristian bigots to a state of utter indigence, and was compelled to walk forth anew into the world to seek his bread. Thus situated, he left Macclesfield, and came up to London, under the patronage of a gentleman of distinguished reputation and character, who never would have patronised any man whose worth and virtues were not such as to deserve it. I allude to Mr. Smyth, Professor of Modern History at the University of Cambridge; by the aid of his introduction, and the recommendations which his own excellent character procured him, he was enabled by his literary exertions to maintain himself in a state of humble, but honest, and therefore honourable, independence. For such a man as this, who has always endeavoured to deserve well of society, and who looks to his reputation in society for support, what must be his feelings to find himself posted about the world as a renegade and a knave; so abandoned to corruption, so depraved of heart as to be unworthy of all confidence and credit with his fellow-men. I do not hesitate to say, and I am sure your feelings will go along with me when I say it, that the language of this libeller is as unmanly as it is infamous, and as cruel as it is base! Who shall remove from my client the stigma thus cast upon him? This record of his depravity is received every where, and how shall he erase it? Who shall redress an injury the extent and consequence of which to him, and situated as he is, it is difficult to calculate? Gentlemen, when I ask these questions, I look to you for an answer. It is your judgment as well as to your justice that I appeal. Your estimate of the value of moral character—I would fain pause over this consideration, and I would conjure you to pause over it—your estimate of the value of moral character, and the rate at which you appreciate the loss of it, will we estimated to-day by your verdict."

Which verdict, we may add, was

given in favour of Mr. Nightingale; the jury, having retired for about half an hour, awarded him two hundred pounds damages.

The Attorney General, who was counsel for the defendant, with Mr. Garrow, in defence of Mr. Stockdale as publisher of the libel, endeavoured to retort the charge of a libeller upon Mr. Nightingale, in asserting that he had libelled Mr. Adam Clarke.—With this view, he quoted a passage from the *Portraiture of Methodism*, which Mr. Sedgwick observed was misapplied by the Attorney General; when the Lord Chief Justice interfered, and said,—“It does not appear here to refer to Adam Clarke; but if it did, what then? Let Adam Clarke, if he thinks proper, bring his own action.”

As we may take another opportunity for selecting some of the highly picturesque descriptions of Methodistical practices detailed in Mr. N.'s

Portraiture, we shall close this review with an extract from the admirable and judicious charge addressed to the jury on this occasion.

“The work in question,” his Lordship observed, “certainly professes to exhibit a variety of indecencies and enormities which the author states to be prevalent among the persons with whom he was connected at the time he was a member of that sect. He states these things, and he states them with freedom, and very strongly; and certainly, if his statements are true, they do excite very serious feelings in the mind of every well disposed christian. He has pourtrayed a very shocking scene of immorality and licentiousness, that must be subversive of all real religion; and connected with it certainly there are observations upon the characters of some preachers, which do them but little honour. Mr. Adam Clarke he has noticed in one place in terms of reproof, but I find, a few lines on, he mentions him as a person of great learning and piety, and he gives credit to many of that sect, for being religious and pious characters, and very efficient in their profession.

“The question for your consideration is this:—Whether these sym-

tures which are complained of, be a fair criticism on a literary work, written in the spirit, and for the purpose of a fair and candid discussion, of the work so criticised? Or whether, under the pretence of such criticism, it is a malicious slander of the person and private character of the author? That, I take it, is the fair question to be left for your consideration; for, as to the work itself, there can be no doubt but that in the fullest manner, it is fair in any person to criticise upon that work, and to go fully into the character of it. And this could not be done, in many cases, without in some respects commenting upon the person of the author; as far as he exhibits himself in this work he is fairly the subject of criticism. But if the critic travels into collateral matter, not pertinent to the subject of the book, and chooses to deal in any collateral slander; if he introduces any facts not stated in the work, and makes injurious comments upon them, in that respect he is a slanderer, and liable to an action. It is therefore material for you to collate this criticism with which Mr. Stockdale is here charged, with the *Portraiture of Methodism* as it has been read to you, and to see whether all the observations made by Mr. Stockdale—and when I say Mr. Stockdale, I would always be understood to mean the author of this writing—are borne out by the work, or whether there are not matters suggested collateral to the work, and for which there is no foundation in the work itself.

“Gentlemen, the writer begins,—‘We have also received a thick octavo volume upon this same subject, entitled *A Portraiture of Methodism*,’ and so forth, going through the title. ‘This, we understand, to be the work of a Mr. Nightingale;’ and they are borne out so far in that, that Mr. Nightingale’s name is prefixed to it; ‘who after having run through half the signs of the religious zodiac’—Now, gentlemen, I do not find anything in the work, from which it can be shewn that this gentleman, the plaintiff, had ‘run through half the signs of the religious zodiac,’ by which it is no doubt meant to be intimated, that he had gone through a

variety of professions of faith, before he had embraced that of Methodism. But what antecedent faith, or what number of faiths, there seems to be no foundation to assert from the work, that I can find. Then it goes on to say, he 'at length entered into that of Wesleyan Methodism, was a zealous preacher in its cause, sedulously attended the monthly love meetings.' From what I find in the work, there does not seem to me to be any particular foundation for saying, that he was a *sedulous* attendant on the love-meetings, or was a participator in the practices of those meetings.—'And at length left this cause for some other, but, if we be rightly informed, not for a better.' Now what faith he left it for, does not appear on the face of this publication; from the Portraiture of Methodism, it does not appear to what cause he had gone over; and we are now considering the facts as they appear on the face of the work itself; and whether he had taken up with a better or a worse, the commenting upon his book does not authorise this man, the author of the libel, in saying that he had not gone over to a better faith. Then he goes on;—'and now, in a paroxysm of spite, foams forth all the absurdities and trash which he has ever beheld among this extraordinary sect. But to us he foams in vain; the evidence of a renegade shall never be admitted in our court.' Now this does seem to result from the work; as by *renegade* is usually meant, in an offensive sense, a person who has left the faith he once professed. 'There is a depravity in this man's heart that unqualifies him for giving evidence in any court.' These words are certainly very offensive; but then the writer of them refers himself to the book as the foundation of that inference; he says, 'if we may reason from his publication before us;' and certainly in the course of criticism, it is allowable for him to infer a depravity in the author's mind, supposing the work fairly supports that inference; that is always a question for your consideration, whether the work maintains the inference, or whether the inference be a mere pretext to cover the writer's malice. The Methodists may be fools, but their present his-

torian is obviously a knave.' If he founds himself upon the work, the person who wrote this might argue, that from what the author had exhibited of himself in his book, he could do no other than draw that conclusion; and I cannot say, if this were done in fairly commenting upon that work, and upon the author as connected with that work, that it would be absolutely a slander; but when it is said, 'the Methodists may be fools, but their present historian is obviously a knave;' if this embraces a larger field, if it comprehends the *private* and *domestic*, as well as the literary, character of the plaintiff, then, to be sure, he steps beyond the province of a critic, and his criticism becomes a libel.

"Gentlemen, it is for you to say, whether there be any slander collateral to this publication, and collateral to a fair criticism upon it, and whether the work remarked on is used only as a medium to convey slanderous imputations; or whether it is the fair result of a just critique—as you understand it in one sense or the other, you will find your verdict. If you are of opinion that although part of the observations might be borne out by fair criticism, yet if the writer has gone beyond them, if he has libelled the plaintiff for the faith which he has now embraced; if he has represented him as a man of a perpetual change of faith, when it only appears from his book, that he had once erroneous opinions concerning Christianity—it is for you to say, whether you think that will fairly warrant the assertion that, before he became a Methodist, he had 'run through half the signs of the religious zodiac.'

"I shall not trouble you with reading the passages from the book, which you have already heard—they are in your memory. If the things stated in this book are true, they are matter of very serious consideration to every one who wishes well to the interests of religion, and of society at large.—If the defendant has gone beyond fair observations, your verdict will be for the plaintiff."

The result of the Jury's verdict, as we have before stated, was in favour of Mr. Nightingale.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES,

ON A MOON-LIGHT EVENING.

HOW Luna spreads on every side
Her silv'ry veil of light so pale!
How swift her am'rous beams do glide,
To kiss each flow'et in the vale.

Glow-worms, now, their light are shed-
ding,
Gilding cowslips with their ray;
Around their lucid charms they're spread-
ing,
To light the beetle on his way.

Ah! gently tread the humid ground,
Where'er the dewy drops are seen!
Ah! spare the Gems which, glitt'ring
round,
Bedeck each trembling leaf so green.

T. P.

Higher Ardwick, near Manchester.

TO A THORN IN BLOOM.

HAIL, thou fair offspring of the beau-
teous hour,
When clad in blooming robes all nature
reigns!

O let me cull one blossom from thy bow'r,
To show the world that Spring the victo-
ry gains

O'er Winter stern, and thee, her meed,
obtains;

Whom now, exulting in the tyrant's woe,
She waves triumphant o'er her veteran foe.

Emblem of victory! it checks my joy
To think how soon thy honour must
decline!

When the bright sun shall be no longer coy,
But boldly ride through Cancer's sultry
sign,

To urge his flaming progress through
the line,

A champion fierce, that travels in his car,
Shall with the victress wage unequal war.

Who is this champion? who shall dare
contest

For valour's meed, on Spring's dissuading
ground?

Usurping Summer, plum'd with burning
crest,

With thunder arm'd, and with the dog-
star crown'd!

In him the dreadful pow'rs of war abound:
He thy fair posies from her grasp shall wring,
And pluck the trophies from the brow of
Spring!

No longer then thy boughs, ill-fated Thorn!
With spotless white, and blooming green
shall glow;

No more the grove, the copse, or fence
adorn,

No more embalm the zephyrs as they
blow;

Nor yet to me their fragrant sweets be-
stow:

For then may I to woods and groves repair,
And pluck thy blooms incomparably fair?

No; the rude tyrant on the throne of Spring,
Shall plant his standard on the plain a-
round;

And in each vale, with proud disdain, shall
fling

Thy tarnish'd honours on the sun-burnt
ground,

Where all the pomp of Spring did erst
abound:

Yes! thy fair flow'rs shall fall beneath his
breath,

And every blossom wear the hue of death!

With drooping heart, and sympathetic eye,
While I behold them, blasted in their
prime,

Softly I'll chaunt their death-song with a
sigh,

In words of woe and eloquence sublime:
Heav'n shall inspire me at the solemn
time!

Then all thy warbling guests the knell shall
ring,

And thy departed charms be sepulchred
with Spring.

WILLIAM TUCKER.

*Tilshead, Wiltshire Downs,
April 2d, 1809*

L I N E S.

HAIL to that holy Seer, or studious
Youth,

Whose thirst for knowledge, or whose zeal
for truth,

First taught them to expand th' historie
page,

And cull the flowers of each preceding age;
Thence shewing, by judicious mixture, how

To twine the wreath around the classic brow.

'Tis their's to tell you, and they'll tell
you true,

When the great leader of th' oppressed crew
That groan'd in Egypt under Pharaoh's rod,
Brought forth his people with the hand of
God;

Me, ha! less me, in Egypt left behind,
Ages roll'd on, and saw me yet confin'd,

For 'twas my lot, tho' I their bondage shar'd,
Join'd in their songs, and in their darings
dar'd,

When laden with the spoils, they sought
the coast,

And fled before the death-devoted host,
That never in the desert I should mourn,
Or in the Land of Promise should sojourn.

But when, in future times, the Dardan
Boy

Brought back Achaia's pride, the scourge
of Troy,

Disdaining slothful ease, and languid peace,
I stood the foremost in the ranks of Greece:

But such thy fate, Pelides, and my own,
Never to enter Troy's ill-fated town;

But when Troy fell, and War's alarms were
o'er,

And great Eneas sought the Punic shore,
Me, when Love's ardent flames began to
glow,

He saw in Carthage, and forgot the foe.
But when to Latium he had steer'd his
flight,

And Rome arose to his prophetic sight,
His eye far piercing, and his judgment clear,

Knew I should never find a station there.
Such was my lot, but when great Cæsar
shone,

And bade Rome call the conquer'd world
her own,

I in the Gaulish legions took my stand,
Nor fear'd the haughty tyrant's stern com-
mand.

I own in council he unequal'd sat,
And I ne'er boasted talents in debate;

But Cæsar, nor the world's united might,
Could ever drive me from the midst of
fight.

Me, when Timos thunder'd as a god,
And Persia trembled as the tyrant trod,

The heaven-wrapt Bramin on the sacred
shore

Of Ganges, saw me twice, but saw no more.

Of Ganges, saw me twice, but saw no more.

In later times, should curious eyes per-
vade,

And wish to draw me from the silent shade,
I still stand forth obtrusive to the view,

By others challeng'd, as I challenge you.
Go then;—but seek me not in modern
France,

Nor with the beaux esprit, nor in the dance,
Nor in the strains of Italy to join,

Nor in the rites of Venus, nor the wine:
But would you place me, all my cares be-
guiling,

And view me, where you'll ever see me
smiling—

Seek me where GEORGE and ENGLAND
shine to view,

And where they flourish—there I flourish
too.

THE ADMONITION.

PAUSE, Wanderer pause! ere thou pre-
sum'st to move,

With lawless feet, along these flowery
ways!

For here, at eve, Opheliâ's spirit strays,
To hear the moanings of the turtle dove!

Calmly reflect that these sequester'd walks
Will then re-echo, with unseemly sound,

That here Octavian takes his lonely
round,

Communing with the spirit as it stalks!

But if thy bosom ever felt the glow
By which the soul in tenderness dis-
solves—

Go onward, Wand'rer! to the house of
woe,

Where Death enthron'd mysterious Na-
ture solves!

Pursue this path! 'twill lead thee to the
shade

Where lie the relics of th' immortal Maid!

Grafton-Street, May 1809. J. G.

E L F G Y.

"If ever Chance two wand'ring loves
should bring

"To yonder tomb, where simple roses
spring,

"O'er the pale marble shall they join their
heads,

"And drink the falling tears each other
sheds;

"Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"O may we never love as these have lov'd."

GENIUS at length has given me a crown
Of various flowers to adorn my head;

But ah! 'twas given when my love had
flown,

When all her charms were shrouded with
the dead.

Yet will I cherish the delusive art,
And still at eve my favorite vigil keep;

For since the Gay no pleasure can impart,
'Tis holy joy with Sympathy to weep.

How blest are they who never, heard the
strain

That Fancy warbles thro' the mournful
grove!

Who ne'er were taught of Fortune to
complain,

Or feel the pangs of disappointed love!

Let them be blest! and whatso'er my lot,
I'll brave Misfortune with a brow serene;

Save, when I muse on some deserted spot,
Where oft our walks of innocence have
been.

To mark the brook wind carelessly along,
To view the herd across the meadows
stray,
And list to rueful Philomela's song,
May smooth Octavian's ever-upland way!

Oft will I wander to the mould'ring stone,
That bears the traces of Ophelia's name;
Oft thro' the woodland-solitudes, alone,
Will to the moon my wretchedness proclaim.

How oft together, ere the sun withdrew,
We lay enamour'd near yon awful grot!
How oft we ponder'd on the distant view,
The winding river and the rural cot!

But there no more Ophelia shall resort,
To shun the summer's penetrating heat;
No more thro' yonder valley shall she
sport,
Or in the woods her lov'd Octavian meet!

Low under ground those virtuous cheeks
decay,
Where once the hues of roseate health
appear'd!

Dim are those eyes that once eclips'd the
day,
By Friend-ship honor'd, and by Love
rever'd.

Yet 'tis sublime, with an unruffled eye,
To muse upon the features of the past;
To hear the voice of Virtue from on high,
Proclaim our lives eternally shall last!

OCTAVIAN

Kensington, May, 1899.

QUATORZAIN.

HUSH'D is the mournful blast! and
thro' the skies

The rolling planets urge their devious
ways;

No vagrant zephyr thro' the valley
sighs,

And not an insect in the welkin plays:

'Tis a religious truce that few enjoy,
For Somnus now, enthron'd on yonder
tower,

Does half the nations of the world annoy
With the rank poison of the midnight
hour!

I'll seek the margent of some limpid
stream,

With contemplation renovate my soul,
Where I may view, sublim'd in awful
dream,

The constellations circle round the pole;

Or roam with Newton thro' the vaulted air,
Far from the haunts of Wretchedness and
Care!

Grafton-street, May 1899.

J. G.

RHAPSODY, on reading the Poetical
Works of JOHN SCOTT.

SCOTT lov'd the soft elegiac song,
That mourn'd for charms untimely fled;
He loath'd the trifler's empty strain,
Where feign'd—imaginary pain,
And emblems of a sickly head,
Were seen the puny lines among!

He lov'd to hear the Muse rehearse
Some genuine woe in genuine verse;
He sought the soul-dissolving rhyme,
Energie — pure — devout — sublime;
For ah! his heart was taught to know
The summus of superior woe;
To feel the loss of one it lov'd,
By all the smiles of Heaven approv'd!

So I delight the song to hear,
(Replete with unaffected woe)
That's form'd to charm the dullest ear,
And make the coldest bosom glow!
But hence! with all those flowery strains,
The offspring of romantic brains!
Avaunt! with all those lays of "fire,"
Where Love's succeeded by "Desire!"
And all those Della Cruscan rhymes;
That please the ear to spoil the times!
O! leave us the impressive song
That flows devoid of studied art;
Where reason charms, and numbers strong,
Melt into love the critic's heart!
Give thou the lays of Shenstone sweet,
Where *sense — affection — learning meet;*
Or plaintive Pope's emphatic lyre,
Whose mellow sounds can never tire!

O! how delightful 'tis to be,
When Midnight rides on her raven plumes,
Sublim'd in mournful reverie,
Amid the ivy-circled tombs!
To ponder there, by man unseen,
On Nature's swift decay;
And every hollow blast between,
Save when the loud lapwing intervenes,
To pour the requiem-lay.

Though from me Death has snatch'd my
Love,

Has hurl'd her to the lonely tomb,—
Th' eternal Essence lives above,
Scorning the grave's ungenial gloom:
Yet every year that steals along
Shall prompt at least one simple song;
While Recollection brings to light
The charms that Heaven beheld unite,
And in one frame preside;

Then Cynthia, by whose argent beam
We rambled near the brawling stream,
So oft at even tide,

Shall watch the place where Virtue sleeps,
Where meek-eyed Contemplation weeps,
Shall lure my wistful eyes from earth,
Unfolding the joys of the Second Birth;
Then looking to the lowly tomb,
I'll think of happier days to come!

Grafton-street, May 1899.

J. G.

THE NEW PATENTS.

MR. EDWARD STRACEY'S, of Westminster, for an improved Method of hanging the Bodies, and of constructing the Perches of four wheeled Carriages, by which such Carriages are rendered less liable to be overturned; and of constructing Perch-bolts and Collar Braces.

THIS invention embraces four objects, and is described as follows.—First. The constructing of the perch of a four wheeled carriage in such a manner that either of the axletrees may have a vertical motion independent of the other, so that one axletree may remain parallel to the plain of the horizon, whilst the other is perpendicular to it, or, in other words, that the axletrees may be in different planes at the same time.

Second. The hanging of the body on the springs of such a carriage, in such manner as will tend not only to diminish the liability of its being overturned, but add also to the ease of its motion.

Third. The forming of a collar brace, which shall almost immediately bring the body to an equilibrium, should the centre of gravity be moved.

Fourth. The forming of a perch-bolt; by the use of which the carriage may be more easily turned to the right or left, and the friction that now takes place by the use of the common perch-bolts, between the wheel plates, the transom bed, and the fore-axletree bed, reduced almost to nothing.

Carriages constructed on Mr. S's principle, differ but little in appearance from other four wheeled carriages; the chief distinction lying in the construction of the perch, and its having a revolving motion, and in the hanging of the body on the springs.

The perch of this invention is formed of any tough wood or iron, and may be of the same length and diameter as others; its size being proportioned to the strength required. The fore part of this perch is fixed to the transom bed in front, as usual, and the after part is so contrived that the perch has the power of a revolving motion in it, being connected to this axletree bed by a cylindrical box of

metal, through which the perch passes at the junction of the perch wings, and then enters in the cylindrical metal box fastened in the hind axletree bed itself; in both of which the perch is allowed to turn freely, being guarded with a collar of brass to reduce the friction; and that part of it which works in the box in the hind axletree bed, being a cylindrical axis made of iron or other hard metal, fixed at the end of the perch, and secured by a strong nut, screwed on to the end of the axis. The diameter of this axis may be from one to two inches, or more, as necessary.

The mode of hanging the body on the springs, is thus described:—The principal variation from the common method of hanging the body on its springs, consists in the body loops, which must be so extended that the ends of them may come nearly under the shackles of their respective springs, and each of them so formed as to end in a cylindrical axis of one or two inches or more in length, and sufficiently strong to support the body; and on each a shackle for the reception of one of the main braces, should be fitted, ending in a cylindrical box or socket, made so as to work and turn on the axis of the body loop, and secured to it by a nut and pin; which shackles should be of such a length as to work entirely clear of their respective body loops; the body is then to be hung by the main braces attached to these shackles on the springs in the same manner as other carriage bodies are usually hung.—When the body is thus hung the action is as follows:—should either of the hind or fore wheels descend into a low spot in the road, or ascend a raised surface, the boxes or sockets on the body loops will turn on their axes nearly the tenth of a circle, and to that inclination will the body, with the co-operation of the collar braces, hereinafter described, be enabled to preserve its equilibrium sufficiently, so as not to be overturned.

The collar brace is thus formed:—a roller made of metal, wood, or other substance sufficiently strong, about two inches and a half in diameter, and about three inches and a half long,

has an axis of iron, or other suitable metal, passed through and fixed firm in its centre, and projecting about half an inch at each end of the roller, the axis being supported at each end by an upright piece of metal or wood, (being standards for the roller) fastened on the press at the place where collar brace rings are usually fixed, on which standards the axis is allowed to turn round freely, being always kept well greased, and then over or underneath this roller, when thus fastened on the perch, a proper strap for a collar brace is conducted from a collar brace ring, fixed opposite to the roller, under the right hand, or off side of the body; which strap is drawn tight, and screwed on the opposite side of the roller; and then over or underneath the roller a similar strap is conducted from a collar brace ring, fixed opposite to the roller under the left hand, or near side of the body, which strap must be drawn tight and screwed on the opposite side of the roller.

The perch-bolt is made of iron or other tough metal, two or three inches shorter than the common perch bolts, and the diameter proportioned to the strength required; a collar of iron projects round the centre, a quarter of an inch or more from the surface, and about an eighth of an inch thick; and on the upper side of this collar or projection to the upper extremity of the bolt is formed a right hand male screw, the threads of which may be from an eighth to a quarter of an inch apart, and on the lower side of this collar, to the lower extremity of the bolt, in like manner, is formed a left hand male screw, the threads of which may be from an eighth to a quarter of an inch apart, care being taken to proportion the strength of the threads of both screws to the weight they have to carry. To this perch-bolt are to be adapted two female screws or taps of iron, or other hard metal, one for the right hand male screw, and the other for the left hand one. The flanches of these female screws are then to be sunk and bolted, one into the under part of the transom bed; and the other into the upper part of the fore axletree bed; the perch-bolt is then to be screwed, each male screw into its proper female screw, and the

bolt turned round until screwed perfectly tight, and the fore-axletree bed brought parallel to the hind axletree bed.

Mr. EDWARD STEER'S, of the Inner Temple, for a new Method, directed by Machinery, of using the Screw, by which its mechanical Power, or its Motion is increased.

THE new method of applying the mechanical power of the screw is, in the first place, by the screw and nut being made to revolve together, either in the same, or in a contrary direction, the one somewhat faster than the other. If they turn in the same direction, the one somewhat faster than the other, an increase of power is obtained; if in a contrary direction, there is an increase of motion produced. In the second place, the new method is by two screws, placed opposite to each other, revolving together in the same circular direction, or in a contrary direction, their nuts being fixed; or in the third place, by their nuts revolving together, the screws being fixed.

The machinery necessary to direct the operation of this new method, must be such as will turn the screw and nut, or the two screws and their nuts, one quicker than the other, in the same direction, or such as will turn them in a contrary direction. There are various modes of producing these effects, which an ordinary knowledge of mechanics will suggest. A drawing represents the wheels A and B, fixed upon the nut A, and the screw B, are of the same diameter, but the wheel A, has one tooth more than the wheel B; they are turned by the same pinion C. Now suppose the wheel A to have 101 teeth, and the wheel B 100 teeth, then, when the wheel A, has made one revolution, the wheel B, will have made one revolution, and the one hundredth part of another; consequently, the screw will have risen one hundredth part of the distance between two of its threads, and the increase of power obtained by this new method will be in proportion of 100 to 1. Now suppose there be another screw D, and nut E, revolving round a pin in the centre of the upper part of the screw B, and sup-

pose the nut E to be fixed to a wheel, having 102 teeth, and to the screw D, a wheel having 101 teeth, then when they are turned round by the same pinion, as soon as the nut E, has made one revolution, the screw D, will have made one, and the one hundred and first part of another, by which operation the nut E, will be lowered the one hundred and first part of the distance between two of the threads of the screw. The turning of the two first mentioned wheels, then, has the effect of raising the nut E, the one hundredth part, and the turning of the two last mentioned wheels, the effect of lowering the nut E, the one hundred and first part of the distance between two of the threads of the screw; consequently, when the wheels are turned all together once round by the same pinion, the effect will be that of raising the end F, the ten thousand one hundredth part of the distance between two of the threads

of the screw, and the increase of power obtained by this new method, will be in proportion of ten thousand one hundred to one! The two wheels in the small frame G, which is attached to the large one by hinges, are to be used when it is required to produce an increase of velocity, by raising the pinion C upon its axis, so as to be disengaged by the wheel A. A fourth figure represents two screws with their nuts placed opposite to each other; these being turned by machinery similar to that already described, their nuts being fixed, then supposing them turned in the same circular direction, one screw will advance and the other recede; or, if the screws be fixed, and the machinery applied to the nuts, then one nut will advance and the other recede; but as the motion of the one will be quicker than the other, they will gradually approach, and there will be an increase of power procured.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

A PAPER, by the Rev. Mr. M'Gregor, on native arseniate of copper, was read. The existence of this substance in nature has been held problematical, and its discovery in a mine between fifty and sixty fathoms below the surface of the earth, in Cornwall, is an additional stimulus to pursue our researches. This mineral is of a pale yellow colour; two specimens of it were analyzed by Mr. M'Gregor, one of which contained 60—of arsenic acid, and 26—copper, the other 72—acid, and 28—copper. Some muriate of iron and silica were also found, but they are deemed not essential to the mineral.

Dr. Chisholme has laid before the society some particulars respecting a race of pygmies, said to exist as a nation in the centre of the island of Madagascar. M. Baudin, who had visited that island, and spent fifty days among them, and who was in the French West Indies, had one of these beings preserved; it was a man about 33 years of age, measuring only thirty-two inches, but perfectly proportionable in all his parts. A child

of a year old was preserved in spirits, and measured one foot. These people are represented as being much fairer than the other natives, and of a bright copper colour; they are also said to be very ingenious, expert with bows and arrows, or javelins; and hospitable, humane, and generous. One account states them to have long hair, and another short and woolly. They are also very numerous, M. Baudin having seen above 8000 in one town. The women are said to have little breasts and almost no milk, so that the children are fed with that of cows. Dr. Chisholme, who personally inspected and measured these preserved bodies, concludes, that a pygmy race should no longer be considered as fabulous, and that such has now been discovered in Madagascar. Some other French voyagers have likewise mentioned the existence of these singular people.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE are glad to find that the Royal Academy have relinquished the annual dinner at Somerset House, and apply the money to the

relief of decayed artists and their widows. The dinner, it was true, was well attended by the nobility and others, who were gratified with being considered patrons of the arts, but who never purchased a picture, and who know not the difference between a Rembrandt and a Titian. The annual dinner never could be considered, from the heterogeneous assembly that was invited, as "the feast of reason, or the flow of soul." It was nothing more than, an ostentatious banquet, given to flatter persons who had no zest for the arts, and had not the tythe of the merit of those whom they thought honoured by their company. The folly of this annual dinner was, that when any person could make interest with the council to be invited, he was afterwards sent a card every year, sometimes whether dead or alive, no matter how stupid he may be as a companion, or repulsive as a guest. The colour of the port occupied more of the conversation, generally, after dinner, than the colouring of the artists.

This year's exhibition has evinced that the artists are not merely maintaining their reputation, but advancing it. The present will be found an improved exhibition. The ardour of emulation is visible in the exertions that the Academicians have made, and the young men have caught the flame which so honourably animates their predecessors.

The venerable president does not seem to feel the hand of time. Of three pieces his *Bard* is the best.

Mr. Hoppner has six beautiful portraits painted with his usual taste. They hold the first distinction in the rooms in this branch of the art. They are three whole-lengths and three heads—*Lady Essex*, which is in the centre of the Great Room, is a most striking figure, and combines with the most perfect resemblance, force and delicacy. *Lord Essex*, and *Lord St. Vincent*, are also whole-lengths, and very fine. *Earl Spencer*, *Sir George Beaumont*, and a *Lady* are half-lengths.

Sir William Beachey has eight pictures, of which his *Mrs.* and *Miss Wetherell* is the best. It is a very beautiful picture.

Mr. Shee has only two, *Colonel*

Sheldon and *Lord Kensington*. They are both excellent portraits.

Mr. Calcott is this year at the head of the landscape painters. *The Watering-place* is exquisitely beautiful.

Mr. Owen advances year by year in the art, with a rapidity the most promising. He has eight pictures. *Lady Beaumont* occupies the same place in the room as his best portrait did last year, and it is worthy to fill the place.

Mr. Phillips has made great improvement this year. He has a large portrait of the *Prince of Wales*, which, however, is not his best either in point of likeness or of composition; for his *Sir Joseph Banks* is an incomparable picture, and will establish his reputation in the art. *Mrs. Whitmore* is also a beautiful portrait.

Mr. Woodforde has five pictures; and so has Mr. Thompson, of which the *Distressed Family* is the most interesting. The *Dead Robin* has also great simplicity.

Mr. Wilkie has two little pieces in his own style, of which the *Rent Day* possesses all his usual truth of delineation, force, and nature. A young artist, of the name of Bird, has produced a piece in the same style, which follows Mr. Wilkie close at the heel.

Mr. Westall has his full number of eight pictures, of which two are historicals. *Vocumrus* and *Pompa* is delicate.

Mr. Stothard has one picture entitled *Peace*, and Mr. Drummond has also the *Soldier in Peace*, which deserves to have had a better place.

Mr. Howard has his full number, of which one is a history, *Christ blessing young Children*.

Mr. Northcote has six pictures, all strong likenesses.

Mr. G. Dawe, a young artist, has a very fine portrait of a *Lady* in the anti-room.

Mr. J. M. W. Turner has a very clever view of *Fabley*, the seat of Sir F. Leicester, and also a good *Sea-Piece*.

Mr. Fuseli has two pictures from *Reneo and Juliet*, in his usual style.

Mr. Flaxman has three pieces of sculpture—his *Resignation*, a statue on marble, for the Baring Family, will highly add to his reputation—it is admirable.

Mr. Nollekens has nothing—nor has

Mr. Lawrence. Mr. Conley has only the portrait of *Lord Sedmouth*.

Mr. Pope has eight miniatures, in his style of peculiar delicacy, and Mr. Edridge has seven, of which *Miss C. Long* and the *Bishop of Durham* are the most striking from the manger. And Mr. Bone has three fine enamels.

455—*The County Chronicle*.—A drawing of a village club, with the barber of the parish reciting, from the above named newspaper, the politics, &c. of the week to his neighbours.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS ON GLASS

IS now opened in Lower Brook-street, Bond-street. This is an art, which, though acknowledged as being far from the maturity desired, the proprietors of the exhibition still hope, through the patronage of the public, they shall be able to obtain, as the object of their ambition. The specimens here submitted to critical inspection, were not produced without great attention and study: the proprietors feel that many errors may be discovered, yet they trust every allowance will be made for their first efforts in an arduous undertaking: should they meet with encouragement, their intention is, to exhibit annually, on a much more extensive scale.

The following is a list of the subjects in the present exhibition.

1, Landscape, after Patel.

2, Landscape, Design.

3, Phæton, after Wilson.

4, Alope, after Romney.

5, From the original by Francesco Mola.

6, St. John, after Titian.

7, The three Mariæ, after Annibal Carracci.

The following description of the original picture, in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle, is copied from the catalogue of that nobleman's collection at Castle Howard. If there ever was a picture that united all the excellences of painting, this seems to be that wonderful effort of the art. The drawing, colouring, and composition, cannot be surpassed; and the deep tragedy which it exhibits, to use the words of a great author, Dr.

Johnson, "storms the human heart."

The expression of grief of Mary Magdalen is carried to the extremest point of agonizing woe, and most astonishing is it, that such fixed despair, and sense of excruciating misery, should be described on the human countenance, without verging to grimace or distortion. The fainting figure of the mother of Jesus is a masterly contrast to the dead body of the son; and the terror expressed by the elder Mary, at viewing her daughter apparently lifeless, gives room to describe distress of a more varied kind, than that of the Mary Magdalen. The size of the canvass, and on which the whole of the subject can be embraced at once, much enhances the value of this picture, as it prevents a painful operation of the mind, which the spectator is called upon to exert, in order to unite the extended parts of a large subject.

8, Fruit and Flowers, Design.

9, Landscape after Gaspar Poussin,

10, Maid arise: from the original picture painted by H. Tresham, R.A. for the church of St. Mary, Radcliff, Bristol.

11, Landscape, from an original Sketch.

12, Flowers, Design.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MR. CURWEN, vice-president, in the chair, when the gold medal was ballotted for, and confirmed to Mr. Miller, of Bedford, for a diagraph to raise bodies sunk under water, an invention very ingenious, and which has been found fully to answer the purpose for which it was intended.

The silver medal and fifteen guineas were voted to Mr. Baugh, for his map of Shropshire, a work which reflects the greatest credit on the proprietor.

The gold medal was ballotted for, and confirmed to Mr. Hubbard, of Picket-street, Temple-bar, who has at a very considerable expence brought to a state of perfection, as yet unrivalled, the *British Marble*. The Society, in their list of premiums, have, for the last five years, invited any person, proprietor of a quarry, to send specimens of British marble, and the gentleman who was awarded this

evening their greatest bounty, in consequence of such notice, in a most handsome manner presented the institution with fifty superb specimens, cut to a particular size, and which are immediately to be placed on the surbase of their great room.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

An Account of the Method of cultivating the American Cranberry, by the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks.

THE American Cranberry, *Vaccinium monacarpum*, has succeeded remarkably well, at Spring Grove, under the management of Sir J. Banks.

It is cultivated on an artificial island in a basin, and on the banks of a pond at Spring Grove, which are supplied by a spring that rises in a small grove on the grounds, from which the place probably derives its name: to this constant supply of fresh water, though it is but small, the great luxuriancy with which water plants of all kinds, suitable to the climate, succeed in the pond, is to be in a great degree attributed.

In the middle of the basin, a small island has been formed, by supporting a box of oak upon posts driven into the bottom; this box is 22 feet in diameter; and 18 inches deep; the bottom lies 5 inches under the surface of the water, and is bored through with many holes; on this a layer of stones and rubbish was first placed, and upon that a covering of bog earth from Hounslow Heath, which, together, are at the bottom, 5 inches under the surface of the water, and 7 inches above it at the top: in this bed of black mould, a variety of curious bog plants were placed about 7 years ago, which flourished in an unusual degree, among those was the *Vaccinium*, which flowered and ripened its fruit the first year. In the autumn of the second year, it again produced a plentiful crop, and soon after began

to send out runners, somewhat resembling those of a strawberry; but longer, and rather less inclined to take root while young; they die, however, take root in the winter, and threw out upright branches, ten inches and a foot long, on which the flowers and fruit were chiefly placed; the produce was this year gathered, and found to be highly flavoured berries, very superior to those imported, which have in general been gathered unripe, and have become vapid and almost tasteless, by long soaking in the water in which they are packed for carriage. It was now determined to give up the whole of the island to the Cranberry, which in a few years entirely covered it by its runners, without any fresh plants being added, and this bed, with the addition of some hanging boxes receding from the centre to the sides, produced in 1806, 23 bottles of very fine Cranberries.

In 1806, a bed was made on the side of the pond, 20 feet long and 5½ wide, by a few stakes driven into the bottom parallel to the sides, and lined with old boards; the bottom of this was filled with stones and rubbish, and on these a bed of black mould was laid, extending 3 inches above, and 7 inches beneath the usual surface of the water; this was planted with Cranberry plants, from a hot bed, where many of them rooted and thrived most vigorously. In the autumn of 1807, this bed produced a crop, which, added to that of the island, afforded 5 dozen bottles of Cranberries, besides a small basket for present use. The total contents of the two Cranberry beds, are 326 square feet; the quantity of land employed for raising strawberries at Spring Grove is, after deducting the divisions between the beds, 5645 feet: the beds necessary to give a sufficient supply of Cranberries for Sir Joseph's family, did not, therefore, occupy quite an eighth of the space allotted to the strawberries.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

THE Rev. James Ormsby, A. M. An Account of the Operations of the Chaplain on the Staff of the British Army, and of the State and Sentiments of the People of Portugal

and Spain, during the Campaigns of 1808 and 1809, in a series of Letters. This work contains some very curious and interesting extracts from authentic papers not yet published.

Dr. Adam Neale, Physician to the Forces, and F.R.S. intends to publish a series of Letters, containing a full Account of the Operations of the British Armies under Sir A. Wellesley and Sir J. Moore, from the day preceding the Battle of Vimera to the Battle and Embarkation at Corunna; and an interesting Detail of the memorable Retreat from Sahagun.—Twelve engravings are to accompany the work, by Mr. Heath, from drawings made by the author on the spot, illustrative of the campaign.

An elementary Treatise on Geology, containing an Examination of some modern Geological Systems, and particularly of the Huttonian Theory of the Earth, will shortly appear, from the pen of M. De Luc, translated from the French manuscript of M. De Luc, by the Rev. Henry de la Fite, M.A. of Trinity College, Oxford, in one volume 8vo.

New Editions, with considerable and important additions, of Mr. Lawrence's Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses, and of his general Treatise on Cattle, the Ox, the Sheep, and the Swine, are in their course through the press.

Mr. Pratt is preparing, and is about to publish, some Specimens of Poetry, by Joseph Blackett, a youth of extraordinary poetical promise, who, from an undistinguished situation, by no means favourable to mental exertion, has just started up amongst us.

A new work on Astronomy, upon an original plan, is announced by Mr. Greig, of Chelsea, the object of which is to simplify and facilitate that science. The chief constellations are to be exhibited, similar to geography, on separate maps, with their etymology and boundary, and the stars to the fourth magnitude introduced; the declination, right ascension, culminating, &c. of the principal star in each specified, with remarks, &c.

Dr. Edward Popham, of Chilton, Wilts. has in the press, Remarks on various Texts of Scripture, in one volume 8vo.

Mr. Weston will shortly gratify the curious with a Translation of one of the Imperial Poems of Kjen Lung, mentioned by Voltaire, and found on a China vase in Mr. W.'s collection. An engraving of the vase is to embellish the work.

The Travels of Lycurgus, the son of Polydectes, into Greece, Crete, and Egypt, in search of knowledge, is in the press.

Mr. Gatt is preparing a work, illustrative of the Life of Cardinal Wolsey, and those Corruptions in the Church which led to the Reformation; with the general change which the political system of Europe underwent at that period.

Mr. Thelwall is preparing for publication, An Essay on the Causes and probable Consequences of the Decline of popular Talent; containing critical delineations of the characters, talents, eloquence, &c. of Messrs. Pitt, Burke, and Fox. Mr. T. has also a plan of his institution for the cure of impediments, cultivation of oratory, &c. and proposals for the extension of his system.

The so long announced Fifty-two Lectures on the Church-Catechism, by the Rev. Sir Adam Gordon, Bart. Prebendary of Bristol, and Rector of West Tilbury, will be published this month, in 2 vols. 8vo.

The Author of All the Talents and The Comet has announced a Poem, entitled The Statesman, which will contain biographical sketches of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Lord Nelson, &c.

Dr. Mavor, whose numerous books on education have contributed so much to the edification of youth, as well as to the facility of teaching, is about to produce a work, on which he has long been engaged.—A Series of Catechisms on Popular Subjects.—The Mother's Catechism, a Catechism of Health, and another on General Knowledge, will appear in a few days, and be followed in rapid succession by others on English History, Universal History, Geography, animated Nature, Botany, the Laws and Constitution of England, the Bible, &c.—They are intended to sell separately, or to form, when collected, two very neat pocket volumes.

Miss A. M. Porter has a new novel in the press, entitled Don Sebastian,

or the House of Braganza. It will extend to four volumes.

The Natural and Civil History of Chili, by the Abbe Molina, will shortly be published, with Notes, by an English Editor.

F. Hardy, Esq. is printing a Life of the Earl of Clermont, comprising a View of the Affairs of Ireland, during an interesting and important period.

The Ionic Lexicon of Emilius Portus, as a companion to Mr. Cook's edition of Herodotus, is in the Clarendon press.

Dr. Serny intends to publish a Treatise on Local Inflammation, more particularly applicable to the eye.—An improved treatment is recommended, founded on numerous cases within the author's knowledge.

Mr. Yorick Wilson, Veterinary Surgeon, of Lemington, near Warwick, has in the press an improved practical Treatise on Farriery, entitled "The Gentleman's Veterinary Monitor."—It is the result of his own experience in the various diseases of horses, and prescribes humane and rational methods of cure, without the assistance of a farrier. It likewise treats on breeding, training, purchasing, riding, management on a journey, in the stable, &c. The work is just ready.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

Mr. Sheldrake has invented an article of female dress, which he calls The invisible Grecian Zone, for preserving the shapes of children, or young persons who are approaching to mature age.

The Governors of Christ's Hospital, London, have received such additions to the fund left by the Rev. W. Hetherington in 1774, for paying annuities of 10*l.* each to 50 blind persons, as to enable them to extend this annuity to 400 other persons. From the 15th of October to November 3d, every year, petitions, filled up, are to be issued from their counting-house in the Cloisters. The petitioners must be born in England, to the exclusion of Wales and Berwick-upon-Tweed, aged 80 or upwards; who have resided three years or more in their present abode; who have been totally blind during that period, nor ever begged or received alms, nor have

been deemed objects of parochial relief; but persons reputably brought up, who only want some addition to what they have, to make them comfortable.

A series of political characters are now engraving upon gems, by Mr. Brown, gem-sculptor to the late Catherine II, and Paul of Russia. This artist has commenced this interesting collection with the portraits of Colonel Wardle and Mr. Whitbread. The public, it is said, are to be furnished with impressions by means of Mr. Tassie's curious imitations of cameos, and intaglios in enamel, paste, &c.

Visconti, one of the Directors of the *Musée Imperial des Arts*, in a late report on the state of that celebrated repository, records 350 paintings, 242 rare and precious MSS. many of them oriental, 50 statues, 80 busts, 192 articles of bronze, armour, &c. collected during the last campaign in the North!

Recipe for curing Butter.—Take one half ounce of common salt, one-fourth of an ounce of moist sugar, and use them in the proportion of one ounce to the pound of butter. On trial, it will be found that butter thus prepared will keep any length of time, and have a much finer flavour than butter salted in the usual manner.

A patent has been taken out for making iron casks or tanks, as substitutes for the wooden casks used on shipboard. The advantages are said to be these:—The iron tanks being made either square or octangular, will occupy one-third less stowage, and are five times as durable as the wooden vessels now in use. They will prevent all leaking, as well as all damage from rats and insects. We understand that a trial is about to be made, on a large scale, in some vessels now going to the South-sea Fishery. The present high price of staves is greatly in favour of this speculation.

Mr. William Cook, of Birmingham, has proposed substituting iron for mahogany, and other costly woods, used for furniture and finishing of houses. In bedsteads, for instance, the posts as well as the frame, might be cast hollow; the former, he observes, might be beautifully wreathed with flowers, festoons, or clusters of

fruit, or embossed with numberless fanciful ornaments. The painter might even colour them to give them a more handsome and elegant appearance. Chests of drawers, book-cases, and bureaux, might all be made of sheet iron. Such articles might be made at a considerably less price than mahogany; it would not be heavier than wood; it would be more beautiful, and easier to remove, as it might be taken to pieces, and all the parts screwed up again without injury; besides being a great security against fire.

Dr. William Richardson has communicated to the public, the valuable qualities of Fiorin grass, long known to Irish farmers, though it has hitherto escaped the notice of scientific agriculturists in England. Some of his experiments prove, that cold, sour bottomis may, at a very small expense, be converted into valuable pasture or meadow, by the fiorin grass. It thrives on a dry soil as well as a wet one. This quality renders it peculiarly applicable to the improvement of vast tracts of thin elevated soil in the West of England, particularly the forests of Dartmoor and Exmoor. In Scotland, it appears, the fiorin grass might be introduced with still greater advantage. No specific mention has yet been made of the fiorin grass by any writer before Dr. Richardson, though he thinks it was first alluded to by Mr. Ray in the celebrated Orcheston meadow, near Salisbury, who says its shoots were twenty-four feet long; and which many botanists have visited since Mr. Ray's time, without making any attempt to cultivate it.

Holland.

M. Delhy, a chemist, of Amsterdam, has discovered a composition, which he conceived from its superior strength, would supersede the use of gunpowder. While lately employed in some experiments, a large paper exploded, and tore off his left arm, also most of the fingers of his right hand, and otherwise wounded him so severely, that his life is despaired of.

Notwithstanding the strict blockade of the British squadrons, 361 ships arrived at Amsterdam during the year 1808. The number of the poor there,

is said to increase daily, though the physicians that attend them, originally four, are only twelve in number.

In addition to the affecting circumstances attending the inundations in Holland, mentioned in page 249, we have now to add, that, at Westerwood, a miller, whose house was surrounded by the floods, after the greatest exertions, succeeded in placing his wife and four children in a tree; he had also placed another child in a tub, when the tree was suddenly carried away, and his wife and children precipitated into the foaming waves. His repeated efforts to save them were fruitless. The poor man sunk lifeless under his misfortune. The child in the tub was the only one saved.

West Indies.

Colonel Browne, of St. Vincent's, has represented to government, that a quantity of hemp, pitch and tar, and turpentine, may be manufactured in the Bahama islands, equal to the consumption of all the navy and merchantmen in Great Britain.

Two substitutes have been found in the West Indies, for the American white oak puncheon, much wanted in consequence of the late embargo. The first, the wood *Maho*, which splits and works easily; the next, the *Santa Maria*, that not only makes puncheons to preserve the rum in its pure state, but is also less subject to leakage than the American.

Jerusalem.

Some of the bigotted catholics of the old school, in *this country*, have published an account of the burning of the church of the holy sepulchre, at Jerusalem, translated from a German journal, with some circumstances attending it, apparently of a *miraculous complexion*. It was in the night, between the 11th and 12th of October last, when the wooden altar in that church, with the wooden cells of the Armenian Ecclesiastics, situated over the columbus of the gallery, were discovered in flames, which gradually extended to the cupola, which, at six the next morning, with all the melting and boiling lead, fell in. The marble columns, and the marble floor of the church, images in bas relief, &c. burst with excessive heat.—Though the whole of the walls at length fell down, fortunately no lives

were lost, and only a few persons age, almost emaciated with infirmity. But it is most remarkable, that the interior of the chapel, containing the holy sepulchre, where service is performed, is not the least injured, though in the midst of the cupola, and under the flames. Even the silk hangings after the fire was over, and the splendid painting representing the resurrection, upon the altar at the entrance of the sepulchre, had not sustained the least injury."

Russia.

Manners of the Nobles.—While most of the newspapers are frequently assuring us that the Russian nobles are all *merchants*, and are often on the point of *insurrection*, being clamorous for a peace with England! Mr. Ker Porter, in his splendid work, the "Travelling Sketches," assures us, "that the manners of the Russian nobility, who are not constantly appended to the court, have still something of their original character. The nobles deem no profession *honourable* but *arms*. The study of the arts and sciences is left to slaves, or at best to slaves made free. The Russian nobility are characterized by a noble frankness which reminds one of the ancient barons of Europe. They want nothing of the more substantial social qualities; they are hospitable to a proverb: but it cannot be said of them without adulation, that they have that grace of manners, that elegance of personal address, which in other nations of Europe, is supposed, generally, inseparable from rank and fortune."

Count Schremer, one of the richest subjects in Russia, has lately paid the debt of nature, in the 59th year of his age, dying of a Rheumatic fever, and leaving behind him property almost to the amount of two millions. His only son is a boy, only six years of

Tartary.
The missionaries at Karass, have printed several small tracts, exposing the absurdities of the Koran, and forcibly inculcating the duties and doctrines of the gospel, which have produced a great sensation among the inhabitants. The violent prejudices against christianity are greatly abated. An effendi, it is said, whose name is Schelling, has frankly acknowledged his inability to defend the tenets of Mahomet against the new doctrines. A Mr. Brunton has ransomed several young natives from slavery, who are all converts; some of them can already read the bible. Several were baptized last year, and among them Katagerry, called the young Sultan, he being lineally descended from the Khans of the Crimea. It is now two years since he renounced Mahometanism. He labours to propagate christianity, not only among the common people, but among the mollahs and the effendis. At his own request, he was publicly baptized; and though a century or more had elapsed since the Abazas, the Kabardians, and other Circassian tribes, were forced at the point of the sword to become Mahometans, some of the tribes in the mountains, it is said, still profess to be christians. It is also reported that some of their old churches are standing, and that these people possess books which none of them understand. The Sonna is one of the most powerful of the tribes; of these the missionaries have received many interesting accounts.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

SIR,

I OBSERVE that no memoir of the late Rev. Theophilus Lindsey has appeared in your instructive miscellany, since that very brief one in your Historical Chronicle for November last.

Other monthly publications have given his history more at length. It may meet the wishes of your numerous readers, into whose hands they do not fall, to receive a fuller account of him; and, in my opinion, it will be creditable to your magazine, not merely to preserve the name of so excellent a

character in your obituary, but to diffuse a more detailed review of it in the extensive circle, through which your repository of literature, it is understood, circulates. Especially as Mr. Lindsey's conduct and sentiments have had, and it may be expected, will yet have, a considerable influence on the public opinion, with respect to one important point of religious doctrine and worship. With these views, and to express the high and grateful sentiments of the writer for a most valued friend, the enclosed paper, though an imperfect tribute of respect, is offered for a place in your miscellany. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOSHUA TOULMIN.

Birmingham, May 13, 1809.

A MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. THEOPHILUS LINDSEY, A.M.

THE Rev. Theophilus Lindsey was born at Middlewich, in Cheshire, June 20, 1723, O.S. He was descended from a family which espoused what have been called high-church principles; but, more than once, I have heard him declare, that from an early period of life he had great respect for the dissenters, as a body of christians, amongst whom he saw a distinguished sobriety of manners and a spirit of piety. He himself was impressed, from early youth, with a love of truth and virtue, "a fear of God, and a desire to approve himself to him." These dispositions were predominant in him through all the stages of a life, lengthened out to nearly eighty-six years. He was destined, when very young, for the ministry; and, "after the usual time spent at school and in the University of Cambridge," he entered into the ministry of the gospel. He has told us, "out of a free and deliberate choice with a full persuasion, that it was the best way, in which he could serve God and be useful to man, and with an earnest desire to promote the great end of it." A short time after his ordination, he was presented by Sir George Wheeler, of Otterden, in Kent, with the chapel, in Spital-square, London. His settle-

ment, as a resident clergyman, was on the valuable living of Kirby-Wisp, in Yorkshire, presented to him by the Duke of Northumberland.* From this he removed, at the request of the Huntingdon family, who were desirous of monopolizing the honour of providing for Mr. Lindsey, to Piddie Town, in Dorsetshire, a valuable living in the gift of that noble family; which, after seven years, he exchanged, without any lucrative views, to answer some calls of friendship, and of relative attachment, for that of Catterick, in Yorkshire.

This situation no preferment would have tempted him to relinquish. As a parish priest he was exemplary, faithful, and affectionate; not making a gain of his flock, not seeking to enrich himself by them, as he could appeal to themselves, but freely expending what was over and above the supply of necessary wants in the various ways in which it was thought might be most useful for their present benefit and future happiness; and in his works of beneficence, he had the cheerful aid of his worthy consort. It was the tenor and aim of his discourses from the pulpit to "teach the truth which Christ our Lord taught, as far as he was able to learn it by an impartial and diligent search of the holy scriptures: often reminding his hearers not to believe any thing, because spoken by him, but to examine and compare, how far it was agreeable to the holy scriptures, our only rule and guide; continually pointing out to them, that religion lays not in outward forms and ordinances, even of God's own appointment, but in an entire conversion and devotedness of the heart to God, influencing to sobriety, chastity, brotherly love, kindness, integrity, in all their conversation; doing every thing out of a sense of duty to God ever present with and supporting us in life, and chiefly for his infinite love to us in Christ Jesus our Lord, by whom he has called us

* At St. John's College, of which, after taking his degrees with high reputation, he was elected a Fellow.

* Mr. Lindsey had accompanied the grandson of the Duke, only nine years of age, as a tutor and guardian, in an absence of two years, when the faculty directed that, for the benefit of his health, he should go to the continent.

to his eternal glory; often, however, pressing upon them the duty of family religion, and inculcating the necessity of keeping the Lord's day holy." His discourses, for some years, previously to his leaving Catterick, were altogether expositions of large portions of the New Testament, with such inferences as naturally and pleasingly flowed from them: that it might be seen, "that it was the word of God which was endeavoured to be spoken, and not the word of men."^{*}

In this situation, Mr. Lindsey continued, living on the best terms with his parishioners, aiming diligently and sincerely to promote their edification, seeking no other, but thinking quietly to have ended his days amongst them, till the year 1773: when upon "the most calm and serious deliberation, weighing every circumstance, he felt himself obliged, on the principles of integrity and from a regard to the pure worship of the ONE GOD and FATHER of all, to give up his benefice, whatever he might suffer by it, unless he would lose all inward peace and hope of God's favour and acceptance in the end."[†]

On the resignation of his living, Mr. Lindsey went to London; when, beyond his expectations, and from a quarter very different from his former connections in the metropolis, a prospect offered of raising a congregation, "which," according to his devout wishes, "should hold forth the worship of the only true God, the Father, the omnipotent Parent, and Creator of the Universe, to the exclusion of all other persons and objects of worship:" and which was disposed with this view to adopt "the liturgy of the church of England, as reformed by Dr. Clarke." A temporary place of worship was first provided, and opened April 17, 1774. In the latter end of the year 1777, a purchase being made of the premises called "Essex House," the present chapel was erected, which was opened for public worship March 28, 1778.

In this connection Mr. Lindsey continued twenty years, in no small degree, esteemed and beloved by a

* Farewell Address, p. 14, &c.
† Apology, on resigning the vicarage of Catterick, p. 229, 4th Ed.
UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XI,

very respectable and attentive audience, and by numerous friends of the first rank and character; then in his 70th year, anticipating the infirmities of age, he resigned his pastoral office, and withdrew into the retirement of a private station. On this step he expressed himself, that, "If I may not be wholly useless therein, it will complete the innumerable blessings with which my life hath been crowned; of which the greatest of all is a capacity and opportunity of being serviceable to others, and especially, in promoting the cause of truth and virtue."

His life did not close within so few years as he seems to have calculated upon, but was protracted through a dignified retirement of fifteen years: the greatest part of which was enjoyed with great degrees of vigor and health. Towards the close, infirmities and debility oppressed him; but, scarcely to the last, was he incapable of enjoying the company and conversation of friends, who visited him from all parts of the kingdom; and who went away admiring the composure and tranquillity of his mind, expressive of the strength of his religious principles and irradiating his countenance. His mind was always patient and serene; capable of being entertained by literary subjects, ever alive to whatever concerned the cause of human happiness, or of religious truth, revived by learned reading; but particularly by reading or hearing read to him, near the last portions of the New Testament, from the improved version. He never lost sight of the benevolence of the divine government: which delightful subject was the last on which he employed his pen: his sentiments of which, we are told, were emphatically expressed in the closing scene of existence; saying, when utterance was failing and breath nearly departing, "GOD'S WILL IS BEST."

In connection with these last words of Mr. Lindsey, I am induced to quote from him a paragraph, more fully illustrating the delightful sentiment, and with an instructive and grateful spirit of piety applying it to his own case and experience; written twenty years before his death.

* A discourse of resigning the pastoral office, p. 1.

"Far, very far is it from being a miserable world that we now live in, but very much the contrary; nor I apprehend, has there ever been any the least reason to call it so in general, however, some individuals may have suffered much in it. But it is a misfortune to write of things from theory, to form a judgment of all mankind from temporary or local circumstances, from looking only into hospitals, dungeons, or upon the objects that present themselves to the eyes in the streets of great cities; and not attending to the whole of the case, and counting the millions unseen that are employed and happy. It should be taken also into the account, that pain and suffering are salutary and useful, tending to preserve health and life, and to rectify the moral frame, and lead to virtue; and virtue is happiness here and hereafter.

"Should there be found any, whose sufferings far outweigh their enjoyments, you must not therefore arraign the goodness of their Creator, or censure his government; but consider that all does not end here. These cases, however, are very few; as there are compensations found in all conditions, which are unknown to the bystanders and spectator. We can be certain of no one's case but our own. And yet even here, we are far from being fair calculators: for with ourselves, a very short lived fit of pain will make whole years of pleasure forgotten.

"For my own part, I am bound to say, that my conduct has been most happy, from the beginning of my existence to the present day. Happily preserved from great calamities, I have not been exempt from hardships, reverses, and sickness; but the kind hand of providence has been discernible in them all, leading to good by them. I have most particular cause to speak well of those of my fellow beings, whom I have been acquainted with, or among whom my lot has been cast, and I would desire no better company for ever, than those I have known, and loved, and esteemed, and heard, and read of; especially, when divested more of all selfishness, and ~~terrible~~ *concretions*, as Edward Search calls them, which we expect, nay rather are persuaded, will take

place in our future progressive state. Indeed, was there to be no fresh state, and all was to end here, though so dark and abrupt a conclusion of the fair, promising scene, is not so credible, and would be wholly unaccountable, I must for my part take my leave, and depart a well satisfied guest, *satur et conviva recedere*; thankful that I had passed so many happy days, and lived, and seen, and experienced so much of the goodness of my Creator, and been favoured with the knowledge of so many amiable and valuable characters among my species, though concerned to take a farewell for ever of the one and the other, and to know nothing any more."

These outlines of his sentiments, life, and character, cannot fail to afford even personal strangers to Mr. Lindsey some just ideas of his goodness and worth. To him with great propriety and truth, might be applied, under necessary allowances, the character ascribed to Barnabas. "He was a good man and full of the holy spirit and of faith." The venerable Lindsey, indeed, was not replenished with miraculous gifts, as was that apostolic man; but he was furnished with those principles of sacred knowledge, which are derived from the discourses of the inspired teachers of christianity and of its heavenly author, in a singular degree. His writings, especially his "Sequel to the Apology," and his critical disquisitions in different publications, remain as valuable and instructive monuments, not of the assiduity only, with which he studied the sacred scriptures, but of his clear insight into their meaning, of that extensive acquaintance with their idioms and phraseology, of his accurate investigation, of their sense, and of his reverence for their authority.

On them his faith rested, with a firm conviction of their truth, and with an admiring persuasion of their excellence. His faith was a steady and elevating principle of conduct. It governed his studies, and it overcame the world. It is a convincing evidence of the sincerity and efficacy

of his belief in divine revelation, that when, from different causes and at different times, doubts concerning the doctrine of the Trinity, had sprung up in his mind, he did not withstand those secret admonitions to enquire into its truth, but applied himself to a closer study of the scriptures. "The more he searched, the more he saw the little foundation there was for the doctrine commonly received, and interwoven with all the public devotions of the church; and was disturbed at a discovery so ill suited to his situation." He felt, and he yielded to the authority of divine revelation, by engaging with the associated clergy to procure the removal of subscription to formularies of human faith and doctrine, drawn up by fallible men. When this attempt failed, and nothing turned out favourable from it, with regard to the great object of worship and a scriptural reform of the liturgy, his faith bore him superior to all pleas for continuing in the church, and determined him to relinquish a situation which was not very supportable to him. The prospect before him was dark. "He was to leave a station of ease and affluence: he was to combat with various straits and hardships in an uncertain world."* It was dubious, I speak on information, whether the plan of worship, on which his own wishes were much set, would be patronised and adopted. He proposed it, "when alone and destitute of all means to execute it." It was certain, that he must forego all the prospects he had of high preferment in the church of England or Ireland,†

* Farewell Address, p. 12.

† When the Duchess of Northumberland, on the Duke's appointment to the Viceroyship of Ireland, offered him, with much importunity, the post of being first chaplain to the Duke, the certain prelude to a bishoprick, his refusal was firm and decisive, though very handsomely and gratefully expressed: for he had, then, formed the resolution; should the clerical petition, at that time before parliament, be rejected; to relinquish the church altogether. Nay, so far did he act on the true principles of patriotic and disinterested integrity, that with equal firmness he declined

which the regards and influence of noble friends encouraged him almost to realize; and he would probably incur, and actually did draw down on himself, the warm displeasure of some near, respected, and opulent connections. But when the strong convictions of truth, and the authority of God's word impressed his mind, he "consulted not with flesh and blood." "We must willingly," he said, "submit to a hard lot, when it is not to be avoided without deserting our duty to God and his truth. It is of small concern, in what outward circumstances we pass over the short term of life, if we can but obtain the blessed approbation in the end,—'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"[†] Here he verified the apostle's declaration,— "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Mr. Lindsey was the "good man." With strength of religious principle was united gentleness of temper: an happy, but too rare union! Though he scrupulously adhered to the dictates of his own conscience, he did not consider his conduct as a rule for others. "I did not know or believe," said he, "that any one had such cogent motives to leave his station and ministry in the church as I had."† His heart was kind and candid.—His deportment and manners were most unassuming and humble.—His modesty, humility, and sweetness of temper, endeared him to the noble families, in which as a friend and chaplain, he spent some of his early years.‡ He had drank deep into the spirit of the beloved disciple, and had imbibed a large share of the meekness and gentleness of Christ. Of this the manner

an offer from the Duchess of a pension on the Irish establishment, saying,— "What benefit had he, or Mrs. Lindsey, ever conferred on the Irish; that should entitle them to such a remuneration?"—*Mrs. Cappe's Memoir in the Monthly Repository for December, 1808, p. 640.*

* Farewell Address, p. 12, 13.

† The same Apology, p. 239.

‡ Of Algernon Duke of Somerset. See Hull's Select Letters, in 2 vols. 8vo. 1778.

and spirit with which, in his "Historical View of the State of the Unitarian Doctrines and Worship from the Reformation to our own Times," he remarked on the charge of Bishop Newton, which was an angry and bitter invective against him, is an amiable specimen. All his writings, indeed, breath candour, love of truth, and calmness of mind, and show at once a firm and placid spirit. There is a strong mixture in them of the *suaviter in modo cum fortiter in re*. His actions were marked by benevolence and generosity. The fortune, which, by the death of a friend, fell to him, after his secession, was liberally employed to promote literature, to relieve distress, to patronise merit, to testify friendship, to serve the cause of religion, and to advance all good undertakings. There was a magnificence in his deeds of piety and benevolence. They were continually and cheerfully renewed, as by one who was never weary in well-doing. "It is scarcely possible," said Mr. Wakefield, "for man to live a more pure, liberal, and conscientious life than he did." Others, who knew him most intimately, have borne a like testimony to his excellencies of character, speaking of it as "near to perfection, as it is conceived, any human being could attain."

Mr. Lindsey is to be regarded, especially by those who enter into the truth and importance of his views on the doctrine of the divine Unity, as an eminent instrument of providence, in awakening, by his example and his writings, the attention of men to that greatly obscured, if not long lost truth. Assisted by a number of serious and generous friends, he led the way in an explicit and open avowal of the unrivalled supremacy of the one God and Father of all. His example of zeal both kindled the sacred flame in other breasts: his pattern of integrity both invited and stimulated others to separate themselves from the communion of a church, in which they could not remain with a quiet mind. Among these, particularly in this connection, ought to be mentioned his "much loved, valuable friend," some years his "worthy colleague," and afterwards his immediate successor, the

Rev. Dr. Disney,* a name which literature enrolls with honour among her sons, and which religious liberty claims as one of her ablest and most liberal advocates. Mr. Lindsey's lengthened years, as they were crowned with the glory of an untarnished and high reputation, were also cheered and gladdened by seeing the progress of those sentiments, and of that worship, in a conscientious adherence to which he had relinquished his station in the church, its emoluments, and prospects. The savour of his name, the influence of his character now he is deposited in the silent grave, will very long remain. He died November 13, 1808.

To exhibit such a character to the notice of mankind is to exhibit religion in its fairest form. It is to display the power of godliness, its dignity and charms. Such characters convince us, that there is a reality in religion; that it is not a name, a form or ceremony, but a principle of divine truth, expanding the soul with benevolence, furnishing fixed rules of conduct, and giving to it an elevation of views, that raiseth it above the frowns and the smiles of the world.

Mr. Lindsey, during his residence at Kirby-Wisk, was introduced to the family of the celebrated Archdeacon Blackburn, the learned and judicious author of the "Confessional" and, September 20, 1760, he married Miss Hannah Elsworth, his step-daughter, a lady, in whom were united, with a superior strength of intellect, an enlarged benevolence of mind and a sacred fortitude, that qualified and disposed her to enter into his views of divine truth, and cheerfully to take her part in his sacrifices at its altar, as well as in all his purposes of kindness, generosity, and zeal. By her tender assiduities were the wants and infirmities of a very advanced age most carefully watched, and instantly met with assistance. "His latest articulation was an acknowledgment of her kind attention to him; "a sen-

* See Dr. Disney's "Reasons for resigning the rectory of Pantón and the vicarage of Swindesby;" and also Lindsey's Historical View, Chapter vii. Sections iii. & iii.

timent," says Mr. Belsham, "which his looks continued to express when the organs of speech refused their office."

Mr. Lindsey's principal publications were, *An Apology on resigning the Vicarage of Catterick*.—a Sequel to the Apology; a work full of valuable Scriptural and Critical Disquisition.—Two Dissertations: first, on the Preface to St. John's Gospel; secondly, on Praying to Christ.—The Catechist, or an Inquiry concerning the only True God and Object of Worship.—An Historical View of the State of the Unitarian Doctrine and Worship.—*Vindiciæ Priestlianae*.—An Address to the Students of Oxford and Cambridge: a second Address to the same.—An Examination of Mr. Robinson's Plea for the Divinity of Christ.—A List of False Readings and Mistranslations of the Scriptures.—Considerations on the Expediency of revising the Liturgy, by a Consistent Protestant.—Conversations on Christian Idolatry.—Conversations on the Divine Government, showing that every thing is from God and for God to all, 1802. To these may be added, a Farewell Address to the parishioners of Catterick.—The Book of Common Prayer Reformed, for the use of the chapel in Essex-street, with hymns.—Several single sermons and some papers or Critical Essays, in "the Theological epository"—in "Commentaries and Essays."

Dr. BEILBY PORTEUS, Lord Bishop of London.

THE death of this excellent prelate, at his Palace at Fulham, on Saturday, the 13th instant, was announced to the metropolis on Sunday, by the tolling of the great bell at St. Paul's Cathedral; an event which has not taken place since the death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester.

His lordship was born in 1731, of respectable parents in the north. He was entered in the university of Cambridge; and, in 1754, appointed one of the Esquire Bachelors, which he resigned in 1755. This year he took his degree of M.A. and was soon after elected Fellow of his College, and one

of the preachers of Whitehall Chapel. In 1759, his poem on Death obtained him the Seatonian prize: this poem evinces a great compass of imagination; but, excepting some couplets on the death of George II. it is the only known production of his lordship in poetry.

In 1760, Mr. Peter Annet, a deistical writer, published his *History of the Man after God's own Heart*. Among other divines, who undertook to vindicate the scriptures on this occasion, the Bishop of London published a sermon, preached Nov. 29, 1761, before the university of Cambridge, entitled, "The Character of David, King of Israel, impartially stated." This discourse is said to have first recommended him to the patronage of Dr. Secker, then Archbishop of Canterbury, who afterwards made him one of his chaplains; and in 1762 presented him to the rectory of Wittenham, in Kent. The same prelate afterwards gave him the rectory of Bucking, in the same county, and a prebendal stall in the cathedral of Peterborough.

In May 1765, the Rev. Mr. Porteus was married to Miss Hodgson, of Parliament-street, and soon after obtained the valuable living of Hunton, near Maidstone; where, he passed a great part of his time in pleasing retirement. He took the degree of Doctor in Divinity, in July 1767, and in the following month his patron bestowed on him the rectory of Lambeth, vacant by the death of Dr. Denne.

Archbishop Secker dying in 1768, Drs. Porteus and Stinton were appointed to revise his Lectures on the Church Catechism, and his Sermons; and to these Sermons, published in 1770, Dr. Porteus prefixed an elegant Memoir, which was reprinted in a separate form 1793, and was a piece of biography which obtained the approbation of Dr. Johnson.

In the year 1777, Dr. Porteus was elevated to the diocese of Chester, rendered vacant by the translation of Dr. Markham from that see to York. This promotion was generally ascribed to the queen, to whom the Doctor had been a private chaplain. In 1787, on the death of Bishop Lowth, Dr.

Porteus was translated to the see of London.

In 1792, his lordship was the means of founding a Society for the Conversion of Negro Slaves in the West Indies, which is said to have been very successful; and it is to be remarked, that against the inhuman traffic of the slave trade, his lordship was always a powerful pleader in parliament.

During Lent, 1798, his lordship, to counteract the growing spirit of infidelity, commenced a series of Lectures on the Truth of the Gospel History and the Divinity of Christ's Mission; which he preached at St. James's church, in Piccadilly; and these were so numerously attended, particularly by persons of rank and quality, that an entrance was very difficult to be obtained. These Lectures were continued every season till 1801, and were afterwards published in two vols. 8vo.

The figure which his lordship exhibited as an author was by no means inconsiderable. In 1776, in order to inculcate a more solemn commemoration of Good Friday, he printed "An Earnest Exhortation to the religious Observance of Good Friday, in a letter to the Inhabitants of Lambeth." To this address, that ingenious dissenter, the late Mr. Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, published a sarcastic pamphlet in reply under the title of "The History and Mystery of Good Friday."

Soon after Dr. Porteus's elevation to the Bench, he published a volume of sermons, which were generally read and admired. he afterwards added a second volume, which, equally with the first, had an extensive sale. He also published a Brief Confutation of the Errors of the Church of Rome, in 1781, extracted from Archbishop Secker's five Lessons against Popery.

But of all his lordship's productions, his poem on Death, which has run through numerous editions, is the greatest favourite with the public. The peculiar circumstances of late years render the truth and beauty of the following quotation familiar almost to every person of sense and feeling:—

One murder makes a villain;
Millions a hero!!! Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime!!

Ah! why will Kings forget that they are men?

And men that they are brethren? Why delight

In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together

In one soft band of amity and love?
Yet, still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly, ingenious to find out
New pains for life—new horrors for the grave.

Artificers of death! Still monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin—Blast the design
Great God of hosts! nor let thy creatures fall

Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!

With respect to infidelity, the many opportunities which the Bishop of London had of being acquainted with its professors, during his life time, seem not to be sufficiently known. The first occurred in the case of Peter Annett, formerly a schoolmaster by profession; but being of a speculative turn of mind, and having imbibed the spirit of *Bolingbroke*, *Morgan*, *Tindal*, *Collins*, and other writers of that cast, after publishing his doubts as to the mission of Moses, the Truth of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, &c. as we have before observed, he added to the rest, a sarcastic history of David, under the title of the *History of the Man after God's own Heart*. This brought on a prosecution by the Spiritual Court. To the charges then preferred, the friends of Annett, in order to obtain a mitigated sentence, advised him to throw himself upon their mercy and plead guilty: he did so; but, nevertheless, was sentenced to the pillory and a twelvemonth's imprisonment.—A circumstance then occurred not deemed *accidental*, but, by Annett's friends, attributed to *design*, and which they insist was intended as an addition to his punishment, viz. that he was exposed upon the pillory in company with a person accused of a detestable crime.

However this may be, it is certain that the sufferings of Mr. Peter Annett, who was then nearly 70 years of age, weighed so much upon the generous and truly christian feelings of the ever memorable Dr. Thomas Secker, then Archbishop of Canterbury, that he commissioned Dr. Porteus, at that time one of his lordship's

chaplains, to go to Annett, while in confinement in Newgate; to learn the nature of his pecuniary affairs, and to offer assistance, if necessary, in the name of the Archbishop! As Annett was then in some measure provided for by the weekly contribution of about twenty persons, he was probably induced to spurn the offer made by a clergyman, whom he urged had been the most accessory to his ruin: being assured that Archbishop Seeker was always averse to any persecution even of free-thinkers for conscience sake, he accepted of the Archbishop's bounty, but he did not live to enjoy it. It is most probably to this circumstance that Dr. Porteus alluded in his Memoir, added by him, to the Archbishop's sermons, published in 1790. Incredible as it may appear, the friends of Annett, after this circumstance made no scruple in ascribing the odium of his persecution to that elegant scholar Dr. Lowth, then Bishop of London! But though Dr. Porteus eventually succeeded Bishop Lowth in the see of London, not a particle of the persecuting spirit as far as we can learn ever rested upon him. This Bishop of London's attachment to free enquiry and candid discussion in the cause of christianity appears in the approbation which he bestowed on Dr. Beattie, though a dissenter, relative to his *Essay on Truth*, which was justly considered as an attack upon the famous David Hume. The following sentiments in Dr. Porteus's first letter to Dr. Beattie, written about the year 1771, must have been highly gratifying:—"Whatever unjust aspersion may be thrown upon you by your own countrymen, let this be your consolation (if you need any) that in England your book has been received with universal applause. In the range of my acquaintance, which is pretty extensive, both among the clergy and the laity, I have never yet met a single person of true taste and judgment, who did not speak of your *Essay* in the warmest terms of approbation: In this they have always had my most hearty concurrence; and I was glad of an opportunity of giving some public testimony of my great esteem for your writings; as you will see I have done in a note, which

honestly expresses my real sentiments, and says nothing more than is justly your due."

But we are further informed, that when the rage of infidelity had been excited afresh, under the auspices of Paine's disciples, one of the Bishop's charges to his clergy induced Mr. Hamilton Reid, the author of *The Rise and Dissolution of the Infidel Societies in this Metropolis*, to submit his MSS. to his lordship's consideration. This work, literally revised under the episcopal inspection, was afterwards published according to his lordship's advice; notwithstanding which, this was a circumstance which the publisher only, did not think proper to be mentioned, or even alluded to, in the author's preface! Unfortunately for the author, his bookseller, a very reputable man, was more attached to the so called evangelical party than to the church; therefore, as a man of business, and willing to please both, though to please the Bishop he was bound to publish; to please the others, as the *Rise and Dissolution of Infidel Societies* contained some severe strictures upon the holdings forth of the low, illiterate, lay preachers among the methodists, the publisher was not bound to promote the sale of it. Probably on this account he did not advertise it in the blank leaves of the many works he was in the habit of sending into the world; though he employed an ample space in the blank leaves of Mr. Hamilton Reid's book to announce the rest of his recent publications. Comparing little things with greater, from some certain circumstances that attended the work in question, it must be admitted, that there is sometimes a party within the state, in some instances stronger than the state itself.

Previously to the publication of the work in question, the MSS. had been shewn to one of the administrators, who most obligingly testified his satisfaction both of the work and the author, but left the publication to the latter. Upon this, his lordship, the Bishop of London, was applied to, and the work submitted to his inspection. In the course of some days, Mr. Reid received a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

" Sir,

" Gerard-street, Soho,
March 27, 1800.

" The Bishop of London being at this time very much engaged in business, has directed me to answer your letter, and to return your manuscript. His lordship has not had leisure to read more than the preface, and one chapter in the book. But he put it into the hands of a judicious friend, who had read it over with some care, and sent a few remarks upon it. If those remarks are properly attended to, and the whole revised and corrected carefully: if the fact can be well authenticated, and the author's name prefixed to the book, the gentleman who read it thinks it might engage the attention of the public.

" I am, Sir,

" Your obedient servant,

" THOMAS PORTEUS, Secretary."

The corrections being generally adopted by the author, he again transferred his MSS. to St. James's-square, from whence they were a second time returned with the following letter:—

" Gerard-street, Soho,
April 8, 1800.

" Sir,

" I am directed by the Bishop of London to return your manuscript, and to say that, his friend is not at leisure to peruse it again; but as you say it is now properly corrected, you must exercise your own judgment, and that of your friends, as to the publication of it. The proper way of authenticating the facts, seems to be to put your name to the book, and to say that you are ready to prove every thing you have stated, if called upon.

" I am, Sir,

" Your obedient servant.

" THOMAS PORTEUS "

" The corrections suggested by his lordship's friend were upon the whole judicious, and the result of close reasoning, and a knowledge of the art of literary composition. Some, however, were problematical. This gentleman thought the remarks in the chapter containing general observations, and the postscript too general. " In the former," he observed, " is your allegorical application of the fall as related by Moses." And, with respect to the postscript, he went on,—" I should say, that the observations on monopoly and the pressure of taxes on particular descriptions of people are rather irrelevant to your original design, &c." However, this latter passage, when in the hands of one of the present ministers, was so

objection, though it seems a minister of the church thought otherwise

But to return to the evangelical bookseller. After the MSS. had been shewn to him, with the letters from the worthy prelate, and other particulars communicated; not satisfied with them, as a prudent man, he waited upon the Bishop at his residence in St. James's-square. The satisfaction he obtained from this interview could only be the subject of conjecture; though when the author again attended the bookseller, the latter was so anxious for the publication of the work, that, rather than the author should take it home to make a few trifling alterations, he was requested to stay in Piccadilly, and, during the correction, partake of any accommodation the house could afford.

Though Mr. Reid's emolument from the Rise and Dissolution of the Infidel Societies, was to be regulated by the sale, this he esteemed as a mere trifle compared with the promising patronage of the Bishop of London, and the approbation of a literary gentleman high in office. These were objects capable of dazzling any young writer with notions of future fame and its attendants. The day of publication, under these circumstances, must have been waited for with some anxiety. When it arrived, Mr. Reid, being induced to send several copies of his work to the Reverend Bench and others, had the mortification to find that only one of them possessed sufficient candour to acknowledge the present. This was his lordship, the Bishop of Durham, who had the condescension to write Mr. Reid the following handsome epistle:

" Mongewell, May 24, 1800

" Sir,

" I should sooner have thanked you for your literary present, but for my removal from London. I think it calculated to do good. It states some curious facts relative to the Infidel Societies in this metropolis.

" I am, with much respect,

" Your humble servant,

" S. DUNHAM."

Some men derive consolation from causes that are purely ideal. Mr. Reid is said to have been better pleased with this polite notice from the Bishop of Durham than with the two letters, corrections, &c. from his lordship of

London, merely from this circumstance.—“The Bishop of Durham,” he observed, “of a noble family and born a peer, had written to him *with his own hand*. The Bishop of London, risen from obscurity, had employed the hand of his *secretary* on both occasions.” It was still the wish of Mr. Reid to serve the church, having himself escaped from the extravagant absurdities of the modern Painites. He soon after became the editor of the *Orthodox or Churchman's Magazine*, having, but a short time previous to that, been appointed editor of a daily paper, in consequence of the proprietor's accidentally reading the *Rise and Dissolution of the Infidel Societies*. The recommendation of the Bishop of London he considered was undoubtedly the original cause of this publication; and, independently of the bookseller's deficiency, his lordship's name, and the influence of it, were of considerable use to the author, who has frequently related the following singular circumstance with uncommon satisfaction.

A near relative of Mr. R.'s, one of the younger branches of his family, had very imprudently engaged on board an armed vessel. This vessel, going as convoy to the Baltic, took a clergyman and his pupil as passengers to Gottingen. This gentleman, observing something above the appearance of a common sailor in the young man alluded to, asked him several questions, and, identifying his consanguinity with the author of the *Rise and Dissolution of the Infidel Societies*, it induced the latter to write a hasty letter to town, which then appeared improbable and even *romantic*. Some person, he said, on board, an utter stranger, had offered to find a substitute for him, in order that he might come home! “He did not know what to make of such a proposal! Parsons, he seemed to think, were not much in the habit of doing such acts of disinterestedness as that!” However, the second letter cleared up the difficulty. The parson in question was a relative to the Bishop of London, a respectable tutor accompanying his pupil to Gottingen. He well knew the part his lordship had taken in the *Rise and Dissolution of the Infidel Societies*, and of course was able to confirm what was probably

repeated to him, concerning the authority that this gentleman, principally on the author's account, had offered the commander of the vessel a check upon his banker for a sum adequate to provide a substitute for the young man on his return to England. The generosity of the Reverend gentleman, however, was anticipated. Mr. Reid had made previous application by letter to a person high in office. But though an answer to this request followed immediately without any positive promise, yet the moment the ship came into port, as Mr. Reid's wishes were realized to the utmost extent, he always ascribed to that honourable gentleman's interference, who had *apparently* declined it. But a circumstance truly eccentric was this:—Some time before the young man's liberation took place, Mr. H. Reid returned a letter to the honourable gentleman for his condescending answer; in which Mr. Reid stated, “that if any thing could surpass the *value* of the favour requested, it was the *manner* in which it had been declined: he therefore hoped that, *amidst the impending ruin of empires and kingdoms*, individual honour and generosity would always find refuge.”

Mr. Reid, though partial to the relation of every circumstance connected with the Bishop of London, and the *Rise and Dissolution of Infidel Societies*, never informed his friends whether he ventured this death denouncing prediction upon the strength of the *second sight* derived from his ancestors; or from reading and commenting upon the revelation of St. John, to which he has been long addicted.

The operations of episcopal influence in some measure still continued to remunerate Mr. Hamilton Reid for the opposition of the evangelical party to the sale of his book, and to his employment as a literary man. About the conclusion of 1804, a way was opened for his ordination in the church of England, by the promise of a title to a *cure*; but whether he thought that, as his patron was far advanced in years, he might be sent into the country to starve upon a cure; or, whether, as it has been stated, his opinion similar to that of Bishop Watson, respecting an assent or subscription to the Athanasian Creed, opened

rated most upon his mind, is uncertain. Upon mature deliberation he declined it. Perhaps, as Mr. H. Reid could not entertain the most distant expectation of a translation in the church, he chose rather to continue his confidence in translations out of it.

The *political consequences* which followed the exposure of the Infidel and Democratical Societies, by Mr. W. H. Reid, would be too copious to detail here. These were among the results of that publication, as was also a very handsome acknowledgment from the Literary Fund, to an application some time after from Mr. R. seconded by the benevolent Mr. J. Nichols, their registrar, and a very worthy clergyman of the established church at Chelsea.

We have now therefore to return to his lordship of London, who, when his name and authority were not abused, was never, as it has been reported, any favourer of *evangelical* methodism. Of this, his appointment of the Rev. Gerard Andrews, late preacher at the Magdalen, is a sufficient proof. To his known qualifications as a preacher and a scholar, may be added his benevolence. His lordship, only a few years since, had assigned, by his will, the sum of 6000*l.* to the Institution for the Benefit of the decayed Clergy; but, afterwards persuaded that it would be more useful to the fund during his life, he sent for the treasurer to Fulham, and presented him with a check upon his banker for the amount of the legacy, saying,—"This sum I lately bequeathed to that charitable Institution; but as the interest and principal will, in some degree, become beneficial to the fund, I think it will be much better to receive it now, than to wait my death."

His lordship transferred 1200*l.* stock to the Master and Fellows of Christ college, about two years ago, and directed the interest of it to be laid out annually, in the purchase of three gold medals, to be contended for by the students of that society; one prize of fifteen guineas, for the best Latin dissertation on some evidence of christianity; another of the same value for the best English composition on some moral precept of the gospel; and one of ten guineas, to the most distinct and graceful reader in, and regular attendant at, chapel; the surplus, if

any, for the purchase of books, to be distributed by the master.

To such acts of mercy, those of justice will not be passed over by his biographers. Among these are his lordship's letter to the Duke of Portland, respecting the shameful transactions of a Rev. Mr. Bazeley, and his trafficking for places in the church with Mrs. Clarke and her agents.

"MY LORD, Fulham, Jan. 5, 1809.

"It is impossible for me to express the astonishment and indignation which were excited in my mind by the perusal of the letter which your Grace has done me the honour of inclosing: a mark of your attention for which I must beg you to accept my best thanks.

"It is but too true, that this wretched creature, Bazeley, has one, if not two, chapels in my diocese. I have long known him to be a very weak man; but, till this unsufferable insult upon your Grace, I did not know he was so completely wicked, and so totally void of all principle. And as your Grace is in possession of the most incontestible proofs of his guilt, you will, I trust, inflict upon him the disgrace and punishment he so richly deserves.

"I have the honour to be, My Lord,

"Your Grace's most obedient
and humble servant,

Indorsed Bishop of London "B. LONDON."

The reader should recollect here, that this Mr. Bazeley had offered the Dyke three thousand pounds for Salisbury or some other Deanery, and, for fear of a discovery, advised the Duke to burn the letter!!

The Bishop also obliged the Rev. G. H. Glasce, rector of Hanwell, near London, to resign a lucrative office, as secretary to a religious society, for intriguing with the celebrated Mrs. Clarke, for a little more of the good things of this world. The said gentleman was also a magistrate, a very grave personage, and heretofore connected with the administration of a very severe discipline upon *naughty women*, and others, confined in the prison of Cold Bath Fields!

His lordship's influence in the pulpit was considerable; but it was solely the result of his warm and impressive manner; his plain, but forcible language; his clear and convincing arguments, forming upon the whole a captivating eloquence. And to these, if we add the goodness of his heart, and the unimpeachable integrity of

his character, no other reasons need of the gospel unbounded benevolence to be assigned. and love!"

The last work of his lordship's, viz. "The Beneficial Effects of Christianity on the Temporal Concerns of Mankind, proved from History and Facts," underwent a second edition in 1806. In this work, his lordship considered "christianity as extinguished in France, and philosophy substituted in its room." He concludes with directing the eye of the reader to *France and England*; and after contemplating both, he adds, "let us then say, whether the fruit of *philosophy* is not now what it has always been, and the fruit

The remains of Dr. Porteus are to be interred in a vault at Sunbridge chapel, in Kent, built by himself for that purpose. This chapel was also built by him, and he has, we understand, bequeathed 250*l.* a year to the minister, who is to be appointed by the Bishop of London for the time being. The Bishop preached the first sermon in it. He was partial to that place, it being the first living he was appointed to. He built a small house there, and always spent part of the summer there.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

MONDAY, May 1.—A farce, called *Temper*, or the *Domestic Tyrant*, and translated from the French by Mr. Lewis, was produced for the first time this evening. It relates the vagaries of an old Spanish physician, whose bad temper is the disgust and torment of all about him. The doctor is in love with a young girl, who is related to a sort of Spanish *Jerry Sneak*, and to this booby he is determined to give his own daughter in return, in spite of the remonstrances of all his friends. Against a temper, which conspires against every body, it is natural every body should conspire. The object of his affections has a proper contempt for him, and being a lively girl, employs his discharged valet, by the help of others in his household, to play him a number of what are called plaguy tricks. The valet accordingly makes his appearance before his old master as one Monsieur *Rigadoon*, a famous opera-dancer, and professes to be sent by the fair lady in order to give her future husband a few lessons in dancing. Such a proposal of course shocks the gravity of the Spanish physician, who bursts into one of his usual fits of anger; when the dancer, with great non-chalance, draws his rapier and protests he has particular orders, if necessary, to give the gentleman a lesson by compulsion: this at first only redoubles the patient's rage and obstinacy, till a *passado* within an inch of his breast convinces him, and

in a sort of palsy arising from terror he accompanies his tormentor in a fandango. After a heat, like that of the gouty invalid, who was tricked into exercise by means of a hot metal floor, the doctor grows worse and worse, and therefore a tenfold horror is prepared for him under the pretence of kidnapping him for a physician to a new settlement in a distant and deadly climate. His little son, who ran away on account of ill-treatment, is reported to have already taken his departure; in order to increase the rising colony, and the valet suddenly re-appears before the old man as Serjeant *Slash-and-Slaughter*, one of the recruiting officers to the expedition. The presence of the soldiery, the alleged orders of government, the description of the colony with all its barbarous customs, the loss of his son, and the horror of his own prospects, at last flames the wretched old man; it is then hinted to him that the bestowal of his daughter on the Colonel Commandant may procure his release; he catches instantly at the idea, and just as the marriage contract is finished, discovers the whole plot, when the curtain falls in the midst of his redoubled rage. This last scene was infinitely too long, and almost lost the favour of the auditors, who should never be suffered to *think* much upon a scene of broad farce: the grosser the humour, the quicker should be its changes: to shift and surprise is the business of every species of slight hand, and there is just as much difference between gross farce and the

finer drama, as between the conjurer who confuses your faculties, and the anatomical lecturer who discloses the wonders of the human system.

Temper therefore forms very little of the author's production, which chiefly consists of tricks that might have been practised on any other obnoxious individual, and punishes bad temper by means of others rather than of itself. The first two scenes are the best: in the former the Doctor flies into a rage with his servant, orders him to shut the door, then to leave it open, then to do neither, and at last fairly turns him away for no other reason but the want of a reason:—in the latter, his little son comes to him with a theme which his master has praised, and after many pshaw and rebuffs prevails on his father to hear it read; unfortunately, the philosophical nature of the subject rouses the Doctor's conscience, and he interrupts the gay-hearted little scribe, in the midst of his declamation, by a sound box on the ear. What is the consequence? The child passes in an instant from respect to recrimination, he becomes wrong-headed, violent, and malicious, and worse than all, he feels that he is on the *right side against his father*. This is an excellent moral.

Dowton's performance of the physician was in his usual admirable style of impatient feeling. He is the only living actor who can work himself up into a *natural* frenzy of passion: the others express the *hostility* of rage; but Dowton in the midst of all his turbulence, when his very head and limbs seem to be *coming at you*, has the art of expressing the *suffering* also. Bannister's versatility was seen to great advantage in his metamorphosis into *M. Rigadoon*; his imitation of the foppish voice, that ineffable mixture of mincing, gaping, and drawl-

ing, might have been heard to advantage by the most accomplished student in Bond-street; and he had quite enough general grace for an opera dancer. Dancing no more makes a graceful walker, than singing an emphatic speaker.

The subject of temper is worthy of much higher species of writing. There is no vice in the whole compass of human error so familiar in its instances, so ludicrous in its causes, and so instructive in its effects, as a bad temper; and for these reasons there is no subject perhaps so precisely adapted to the nature of genuine comedy, the object of which is to amuse and amend us by domestic satire. A good familiar treatise upon it is a desideratum among the lighter ethicæ. Dr. Franklin's economical maxims, from *Poor Richard's Almanack*, which are hung up over the mantle-pieces of the Americans, are said to have contributed more than any thing else to the prudent spirit of their mercantile class, though for *prudent* I think we ought to read *petty*. A paper on the same lively plan, in which the writer would make a social and unaffected appeal to our common sense respecting the charities of domestic intercourse, would be a paper quite as ornamental to the room, and a thousand times more useful to the house. Then perhaps we should not see so many sensible fathers become less than their children; so many good meals eaten as if all the family were sick; so many good intentions tortured by a pin, or strangled by a ribband, or drowned in a plate of soup: in short, so much real misery dealt through the house from master to servant, and from parent to child, and all perhaps on account of a word, or a look, or any other excuse for *restless selfishness*.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE blow has been struck, and a very decisive one it appears to have been; yet hopes are entertained in England, that Austria does not lie entirely at the mercy of the great conqueror of Europe. The Archduke Charles, on issuing his proclamation, and publishing a long-winded mani-

festo, drawn up by a Dr. Gents, which no one wastefully will give himself the trouble to read, marched his troops into Bavaria: There was nothing to oppose him for a considerable time. The King of Bavaria left his capital, and the Austrians moved on with sanguine hopes of success. At the same

time a considerable army marched into Italy, and another towards Warsaw. In the mean time, Bonaparte was by no means idle. He seems to have determined in his own mind the precise time, when, and the place where a decisive battle should be fought. His troops were marching in various directions to the appointed spot, and the contingents of the Rhine were prepared to assist. The Austrians had advanced as far as Ratisbon, and taken that city; and their troops covered the country between that place and Landshut. Bonaparte had left Paris, and now headed his armies: every thing was ready for him; and he, who had conquered at the head of French armies, now shewed that he could lead on to victory the troops of Wirtemberg and Bavaria.

The shock was terrible, but, if we may believe the French accounts, decisive. After several days hard fighting, the Austrians were completely routed. Many escaped over the Danube by Ratisbon, and escaped with the Archduke Charles into Bohemia. Others fell back into Austria or the Tyrol, but in such confusion, that they seemed not likely to meet in any rallying point, so as to oppose the advancing enemy. All the country to the south of the Danube, as far as Vienna, seemed to lie open to Bonaparte's arms, and he advanced immediately to the frontiers of Austria. The details of the battles are not sufficiently known for us to form a decisive opinion of them; nor to determine by what skillful manœuvre, assisted by the bravery and skill of his troops, Bonaparte obtained his usual triumphs. The advantages doubtless were from the beginning in his favour. The whole direction of the campaign was entirely in his own breast: and he had under him several skillful Generals, of whom the lowest far surpassed in energy and military tactics the leader of the opposite army. His soldiers had fought under him in various battles. They had risen by their merits to various posts, and every one knew that no effort of valour or skill would be disregarded. As far as military honour, glory, and reward, could stimulate troops to great actions, the French went into

the field with the most sanguine hopes of success: whilst the Austrians were led on, a mere mercenary army, discouraged by the recollection of former defeats, and without any thing to call forth superior energy. Both sides had at the heads of corps heroes of title; but on the one side the titles were hereditary, on the other they were acquired by distinguished actions on the field of battle.

The Prussian kingdom was overthrown in one battle, and after one defeat every place surrendered. The Austrians have been routed in the beginning of the campaign, but the defeat is not so complete. Bohemia and Hungary afford rallying points, and much blood may still flow before the contest is settled. They have taken Warsaw; and the army employed on that insignificant attack will fill up the deficiencies in the Archduke's army. They had in another quarter marched as far as Padua and Vicenza. Here, however, they have been defeated; and the French are marching down from Italy to meet the other conquering army on the banks of the Danube. When those two bodies are united, the sovereign will, at their head, annihilate the Austrian force in Bohemia, and begin to erect new kingdoms. Scarcely can it be expected, that he should allow his brother emperor an opportunity of creating farther annoyance. After having been thrice obliged to French generosity for the restoration or preservation of his capital, the Austrian emperor cannot expect to retain dominions, capable of making him an object of jealousy.

It does not appear from what quarter the Archduke expected assistance. If he had hopes or assurances from any of the kings in Germany, this defeat has completely put an end to them. With the account almost of the opening of the campaign arrived an ambassador from Austria to this country, and news that the emperor had issued an edict, declaring that the usual ties of friendship and alliance were renewed between him and the British government. The arrival of the Austrian ambassador naturally suggested an idea of a subsidy; and it is probable, that a very large one will be granted, unless late events should

show that no subsidy can be of further avail than to enable the Austrians to pay their tribute to Bonaparte. By the blow having been struck before the appearance of the ambassador, it might seem that the whole was concerted without any intelligence with our court: yet this is scarcely probable, though it might be politic that no open connection should previously take place that might excite the jealousy of the French. If the foreign assistance, expected by the Archduke Charles, related to us, he is a most unfortunate prince: for we can give him nothing but money; and though this metal has been teimed the sinews of war, it is of little avail against the iron and men of Bonaparte.

After the great battles, fought between Ratisbon and Landshut, a respite of a few days was to be expected: yet the energy of Bonaparte would not permit it to be longer than necessity required. This gave time for the circulation of reports in favour of Austria, which the next movements of the French army completely refuted. In this war both sides have published bulletins, the Austrian being a most miserable imitation of the French; and from the former we learn enough of the positions of the flying army. The great army of the Austrians, after the decisive battles, fled to the northern side of the Danube, and fixed itself on the frontiers of Bohemia, their bulletin informing us that they marched through Bruch and Cham without molestation; and behind the river Pagan, the Archduke gave repose to his fatigued troops, and deliberated on the measures to be taken. This army may then, for the present, be considered to be *hors du combat*; the Danube is between it and Bonaparte, who is decided upon his measures, and taking steps to destroy the forces to the south of the Danube. The point he aims at is Vienna, and on the 4th of May we find him at Ens. In his way to this place an army of thirty-five thousand Austrians is said to have been beaten by seven thousand Frenchmen.

It is difficult to discover the exact track in military manœuvres. Bonaparte's army would march forward with confidence; the Austrians on the retreat would have little relief for

fighting. They must be conscious, that whatever force attacked them in the onset, it would be invigorated by supplies, and broken, as they were, they could not make efficacious resistance. Hence we are not surprised, that defeat continued to accompany the Austrians. There is no security for them from the Inn to Vienna.— On the numbers killed and taken prisoners there may be a variation in the accounts; yet, as we have no doubt, that the sixth bulletin of the French states accurately that Bonaparte was at St. Polten on the eighth, we cannot hesitate to believe, that all the country, for fifty or sixty miles south of the Danube and to the west of St. Polten, is so far cleared of Austrian troops, that none remain in arms except those stragglers who have evaded the search of the pursuers. Bonaparte has also detached an army to Innsprach to awe the Tyrol; and hence he may be considered to have decided the fate of the country, unless the Archduke Charles can collect sufficient troops around him to try the issue of another battle.

From St. Polten to Vienna is a short distance. In his way to the former place the French emperor has given audience to the Austrian deputies, and, long before this has reached our readers, he has dictated to them the law in their capital. Indeed it is reported, that a telegraph had announced at Strasburgh the capture of Vienna; and a flag on the top of the cathedral of Strasburgh repeated the intelligence through the whole extent of Alsace. In this situation then the French emperor, secure of the south of the Danube, will lose no time in destroying his enemy on the north: and the Archduke Charles must either march to give him battle, or find some defensive post in Bohemia. In either situation his danger is extreme. If he remains in any strong position, the whole force of Bonaparte will march towards him by Vienna and Ratisbon: if he marches towards Vienna, he will have in his rear the French army from Ratisbon, and will be compelled to fight at a great disadvantage. One resource remains for him, namely, to flee into Hungary, where he may maintain the combat for a short time, or probably make his escape on the

surrender of all the possessions of Austria, except Hungary.

Thus the dynasty of Hapsburg, like that of Bourbon, seems to be nearly at its end, and the time will soon arrive for Europe to put on its new form; to see at its head a new race of princes; and to be governed by different maxims. Whether the new princes will be better than the old, time will discover. They are placed in very different circumstances from the ancient conquerors of Europe, and the principles of government are much better understood than formerly. But the law of force must still be the prevailing feature; and the military, forming the government as they did on the destruction of the Roman empire, cannot be expected to entertain the best views of civil policy. It must be observed, however, that the new dukes, princes, and sovereigns will not suffer at all in the comparison with the ancient conquerors of Europe. On the contrary, though they have risen many of them from the ranks, they have had the advantage of more civilization and a greater diffusion of knowledge. Many prejudices, formed in the times of ignorance, have been subdued; and when the ardour of conquest has subsided, the interest of the public may be consulted. Still it is melancholy to think, that man, boasting of being a reasonable being, continues to decide a controversy by an appeal to murder, instead of justice and principle.

Times of confusion will give rise to new adventures, and adventurers will appear to take advantage of circumstances. Whilst in the south of Germany two emperors are murdering the species, and covering its plains with blood, a military personage, whom Bonaparte in his bulletin chooses to term a sort of robber, is signaling himself, and endeavouring to have a share in the general plunder. This is a Colonel Schill, who had a regiment in the Prussian service; and it appears that he has deserted with his whole corps, and made an irroad on the Saxon frontiers. Similar adventures have in India raised themselves to very high station, and the appearance of this warrior has created confusion in West-

creasing his troops from the peasantry and the deserters, which are to be met with in Germany, he may maintain himself for some time in a threatening aspect: but the probability is, that the dread of Bonaparte's arms will prevent any considerable force from joining him, and it will be the interest of the Confederacy of the Rhine to prevent him from intruding into their concerns. We cannot suppose that the court of Prussia could have connived at this measure, which would bring down inevitable ruin on its interests.

Switzerland is permitted to remain neutral in this contest, and this by the wise policy of the French; as thus it was a complete barrier against the Austrians, if they had succeeded in their inroads into Italy. The Landamman, it seems, was to concert measures for the preservation of the neutrality, and this could evidently be only by having a body of troops on its frontiers to resist invasion.—The astonishing success of the French in the plains of Bavaria renders this measure of less importance; but it serves to shew the deep policy of Bonaparte—a policy which is evident indeed in all his actions. The enmity of the Swiss to the Austrians is well known; and if they had been successful in Italy, they would have found no inconsiderable inconvenience from this neutrality.

Whilst the fate of the House of Hapsbourg seems to depend on the will only of the new moderator of Europe, another king is at the mercy of his subjects, and a scene of a different kind is opened to us in Sweden. The legislative power of this country is vested in a king and diet; the latter body being composed of four orders—the nobility, the clergy, the burghers, and the peasantry. By this mode of representation, it was supposed that the interests of the great body at large would be best consulted. Their head, the king, is alive, but he is in confinement; and the legislature is in that situation, that it must take to itself the exercise of supreme functions; and it is understood that it will most probably exercise its rights in a manner, of which England and France have afforded example to the world, and bring the sovereign to answer at

for his real or pretended crimes. He was deposed by the Duke of Sudermania, and it is reported that he is to be the new king, to the exclusion not only of the present king, but of all his family. It was said that Russia would support the Count of Oldenburg; but as the Swedes have already experienced the powers of the Duke of Sudermania as regent, and he is also of the blood royal, it is natural to imagine that the diet would fix its choice on him rather than a stranger. The Duke has explained, in a concise manner, the necessity of the deposition, which arose from the absolute ruin attending the measures of the late king, which required the raising of money far beyond the resources of the kingdom. Expostulation had been used to no purpose; and the only step to prevent a convulsion, already on the point of breaking out by the march of troops towards the capital, was to secure his person. —The subsidies from England were far from sufficient for the king's measures, and the differences between him and this court are alluded to. We may expect to hear, in the course of the debates, the last matter explained; and it probably will appear that the unfortunate sovereign has afforded numerous proofs of his incapacity to hold the reins of government. The measures to be pursued towards him are not sufficiently developed; but it is evident that, through his misfortunes or his faults, Sweden has received such a blow, that will depress it for many years to come. If she is led to correct the errors in her constitution, and to take care that her future sovereigns should be under the proper control of the diet, it is not impossible that her limited territories may enjoy a degree of liberty and happiness, from which, from various causes, they have for a long time been deprived. The Swedish language is remarkably well calculated for eloquence, and their diet will probably vie with our parliament in strains of oratory; unfortunately, it is little known in our country, and the details of the proceedings will necessarily be very incorrect.

The part that Denmark will act in these transactions is unknown. Russia will play an active part, and Sweden

will evidently be drawn from its connection with Great Britain. The Russian troops have marched, it seems, towards Serbia; though this is most probably with a view towards the meditated attack on the Turkish empire. As to any assistance to be given to the Austrians, as was at one time expected, their ill success renders it impossible: the alliance between Russia and France will be more strongly consolidated; and they will pursue, with greater energy, the plans laid down at the congress at Erfurt.

From the east, intelligence of some importance has reached this country; and it is said, that the influence of the French in the court of Persia is on the wane; that our ambassador has been favourably received, and the project of the French embodying the Persians under European tactics, to attack our East-India settlements, is likely to be frustrated. How far this is true, time will discover.

Spain and Portugal naturally are objects of the greatest solicitude. We cannot venture, from the accounts that reach us, to entertain great hopes of the former country, and the proclamation of the Junta speaks more clearly than all the rumour of successful battles. It addresses the nation on the probability of its removal from Seville, and deprecates diffidence on such an account. But why should such a proclamation have been issued, unless it was really apprehensive of danger from the French armies? If it removes from Seville, Cadiz is the only point of security, and it will leave the French masters of Andalusia. From that place also its orders will not meet with ready obedience, as it will be presumed that the Junta has taken measures for its own safety by flight, either to England or America. Portugal is in a different state; though the French took possession of Oporto, and in it have committed, it is said, dreadful cruelties. The Portuguese has a considerable body of troops, and they are assisted by great reinforcements from England, under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, who has succeeded in retaking Oporto, though the French army has made its escape. With so vigorous a commander at their head, it is not probable

that the English will retrieve the credit they lost in their retreat to Corruna, and enable the Spaniards in the north of Spain to retrieve their affairs. At last, also, the Junta has resolved to call together the Cortez; a measure which ought to have been adopted in the beginning of the war: but, unfortunately, the leaders were fearful of two enemies, the French and the people. They could not call together the Cortez, without restoring to the people their ancient rights; and they could not drive out the French without the assistance of the people.

The correspondence between the United States of America and this country, on the subject of our orders in council and their embargo, has been published. By this it appears that the Americans have completely carried their point; and we have agreed to rescind our articles in their favour, and they have done the same with respect to the embargo. The King has also promised to make ample compensation for the outrages committed by our cruizers on their coasts. This is a remarkable feature in the history of the present times. — Whilst the European nations are carrying on the old trade of war and bloodshed, tearing themselves to pieces for they know not what, and making brutal force the great arbiter of all disputes, the Americans have displayed a policy which will ever do them honour; and if they persist in this course, the annals of this happy country will not, like those of most other nations, be stained with blood. The soldier will not be separated from the citizen, and true glory will be acquired in the acts that contribute to man's happiness.

A melancholy piece of intelligence has reached us from Jamaica, which proves that the island is not free from the alarm which the number of black inhabitants, and the example of Domingo must excite. It appears that a spirit of insurrection is among them; that they have been preparing themselves for revolt, have assembled in secret places to exercise with arms, and have chosen leaders to execute their purposes. Fortunately for them, and for their white brethren, the conspiracy has been discovered, and its

heads have been brought to trial and to punishment. The scenes enacted in Domingo fill us with horror, and a revolt in Jamaica would necessarily produce immense devastation in whatever way the contest was terminated. It is here that the policy of those men who introduced slavery into the West Indies shews itself in its true colours; and great exertions will be necessary to prevent the fatal consequences of their crimes and wickedness. The Jamaicans have always been jealous of black regiments; yet, perhaps, they will be the great means not only of civilizing the negro that is enlisted, but of keeping in order his brethren on the plantations.

In the Brazil, the prince regent is completely settled, and has negotiated a subsidy with us, whether for the improvement of his present dominions, or the recovery of those he has lost in Europe, time will discover.

At home, cities, and towns, and boroughs, and counties, have been meeting to return thanks to Mr. Wardle for his important services, and to express their sentiments on the necessity of parliamentary reform. — In Hampshire, Mr. Cobbett took the lead, and the county, with the exception, of four hands, agreed with him in his most excellent resolutions. Even Huntingdonshire had a meeting, and was unanimous in its resolutions; and the decision of this county may be a criterion of the general sense of the people. Cornwall also has had a meeting, a county the most notorious for its boroughs and borough mongering jobbing. But this county had the sense to see that the rotten boroughs were no more beneficial to it than to the country at large; and it has expressed its sense of the necessity of parliamentary reform in a very strong resolution. Can it be expected that this resolution should carry the unanimous voice of the county? Will the proprietors of boroughs see the necessity of reform in the same light? Undoubtedly not: but the only thing that surprises us is, that they should be at the trouble of informing the nation that they disapprove of measures which are calculated for the good of the people at large, by cutting up by the roots their destructive influence. A protest was signed by several

gentlemen and gentlemen, whose act and manner completely justify the resolution of the country on parliamentary reform. We wish that in the same manner all the borough-mongers and their friends would sign their names, that it might be seen how small a part it is which opposes the nation's wishes, and to what men, through the pernicious system of borough-mongers, so great a portion of legislative influence is confided.

In London, the dinner for parliamentary reform was more numerously attended than any dinner ever given in that city upon any occasion. The Crown and Anchor was literally full from top to bottom, and many hundreds went away from the inability of the house to accommodate them. Sir F. Burdett took the chair, and was ably supported by Mr. Wardle, Lord Cochrane, Mr. Maddocks, Major Cartwright, and a number of country gentlemen from all parts of England. A series of resolutions was passed with the greatest unanimity. They were drawn up with great judgment, and contain, in a short compass, the whole of the argument; stating the constitutional rights of the subject, the actual state of the country, and the mode of redressing the grievance. The measure suggested on the latter head is by petition to parliament, from corporate bodies and counties, to take the state of representation into consideration, and to make those alterations which the nature of the case require. It is presumed, that when parliament is made acquainted with the general sense of the people, the evil must be rectified. The nation has a hard battle to fight:—The borough-mongers are a compact body, with whom the good of the country and general and just reasoning will have no avail. Time will discover whether they will succeed in maintaining their ground, and building their own interest upon the ruin of every thing dear to an Englishman. For, if they succeed in this conflict, corruption will increase in a far greater proportion than before; and our country will be gradually reduced to the abject situation of Spain and Portugal. This generation will not see it, but such is the nature of corruption, and its baneful consequences, be pre-

vented but by striking at the root of the evil.

It was a pleasure to see, at this meeting, a gallant hero, just landed from performing a noble exploit, bearing testimony to his country of the necessity of reform. Immediately on his landing he accepted the office of steward of the meeting—went to court to receive the star and ribbon for his naval services—went to the house of commons and voted against the ministers on their seat-jobbing question—and at the Crown and Anchor stated a most satisfactory reason for reform in parliament, that ministers might have leisure to attend to the business of the nation, and not be employed the whole day in arranging their speeches and their voters for an evening's debate.

The anniversary dinner of Sir Francis Burdett's election gave occasion for much important matter from him, Mr. Wardle, Mr. Maddocks, and others. Sir Francis noticed the twelfth of May, as a memorable era in this country, from the circumstance of its being unblushingly avowed and defended in the house of commons that ministers might tamper in the election for members of parliament.—Mr. Wardle noticed the union of the two factions, the No Popery faction and All the Talents, in support of the ministerial abuses; and stated distinctly his opinion, that a parliamentary reform would secure economy in the public expenditure, and remove the burden of the income tax.—Mr. Maddocks pointed out the strange absurdities in the representation of the people, by which members were sent to parliament without any legitimate constituents; as in one case, where the property of the borough was vested in a peer, a woman, and an exciseman. He noticed also the care the legislature took of the mercantile interest in case of breaches of trust; and, however inimical he might be to the extension of the penal laws, he could not but wish that proper punishment were assigned to those who were guilty of such frauds on the public.—The chair was left about ten in the evening, and the party retired with the satisfaction of having passed a most pleasant day with their worthy representative.

Parliamentary Proceedings.

The House of Commons has been distinguished by some strong attacks on the ministers, in which they have at times been beaten; though in one important question, by a union with the opponents of the late ministry, they carried their point with a very great majority. On the 25th, Mr. Palmer, the benefactor to the English nation, brought forward his claims to the payment of the agreement made with him, which, in a very extraordinary manner, has been so long delayed. The motion was introduced by Major Palmer, who stated the point at issue clearly, moving, that the claims of John Palmer, Esq. on an agreement made between him and the post-office be investigated by a jury, and that his majesty would be pleased to order that the Receiver General of the post-office should defend the same, so as to bring the matter fairly to an issue. This was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Stephens. Sir T. Turton supported it, reprobating the conduct of ministers, and asserting that if this adherence to form, under which they sheltered themselves, was rigidly exacted, he would sooner take the note of the commonest swindler in the street than of his majesty's servants. There was nothing, he added, that called more loudly for reform than the abuses in the expenditure of the public money, except that of the maintenance of public faith. The Solicitor General combated on the ministerial side; but was opposed by Sir Samuel Romilly; and Mr. Palmer, at the close of the debate, animadverted very strongly on the conduct of Mr. Rose in the course of this business, contrasting his merits with those of Mr. Palmer; the one having done an essential service to the public, the other having pocketed so many treasury places, and commanded such extensive patronage. On a division, there appeared

In favour of the motion—127

Against it—100

Majority for Mr. Palmer 27

We hope that the motion will be of use to Mr. Palmer, to whom, if

some of the places and pensions held on by Mr. Rose had been granted, the nation would have greatly rejoiced; and every honest man must regret, when he reflects on the fate of Mr. Palmer, and considers the sums expended on Mr. Rose and his friends, that a list is not annually made out of those who are rewarded by, and those who deserve rewards from, the public.

On the 24th, also, ministers were in a minority on a very important question, relative to the breach of the regulations on the service of the army. The motion was brought forward by Colonel Shipley, who stated, that a regulation had been made that no one should be a field officer till he had served six years, nor a lieutenant-colonel till two years after he was made a major. In defiance of this regulation Lord Burghersh had, on the 4th of May, been made a major, and a few days after a lieutenant-colonel; thus passing over by his last appointment six hundred officers, many of whom had been in the army before his lordship was born. The country must feel with indignation that this was the son of a cabinet minister, a minister whose great care it ought to be to preserve, not to break through the regulations. Colonel Shipley therefore moved, that a copy of these regulations should be laid before the House, and a copy also of the commission of Lord Burghersh.—This was opposed by Lord Castlereagh, who contended that the House could not interfere with the improvement of the army; that the king might alter regulations when he pleased; and that when a young man of high rank and fortune devoted himself to the army, his zeal and activity ought to be particularly rewarded.—Lord Temple was not to be persuaded by these arguments, but contended that the House ought not to rest till it had discovered the adviser of this flagrant act of injustice.—In this he was supported by Mr. Hutchinson, and Lord Newark, though in the habit of voting with ministers, esteemed the promotion as tending to create great dissatisfaction in the service.—Several other members properly resented this injury to the service, and sang out shewn to a cabinet minister, who was defended strenuously by the Chancellor

of the Exchequer; and on a division there were

For the motion 72
Against it 67

Thus the ministers were in a minority again; but we fear that they will be too powerful when the papers are brought into the House.

The ministers were victorious, however, when a more flagrant case was brought before the House by Mr. Madocks, who, May 11, stated that he had no personal enmity against the gentlemen whom he was about to accuse of a high breach of the constitution, and he would willingly overlook the mob, if he could expose and reform the system, which had too many advocates. It was said boldly by these advocates, that corruption was necessary for the support and existence of the British constitution; yet one minister declared, that there was now less corruption than ever, and that we ought to hunt out instances of corruption and abuse, and bring the offenders to public punishment. Various abuses had indeed been discovered; but the greatest of them all, in his opinion, was the influence of the ministers in returning members to the House of Commons. This influence branched out various ways, but one practice demanded most serious investigation, namely, the giving of sinecures to individuals, who nominated members for corrupt boroughs. Here the worthy member enumerated several instances, and then stated, that in the last election a sum was paid through the agency of Lord Castlereagh to Mr. Henry Wellesley, as the agent of the treasury, by Mr. Quintin Dick, who then obtained the borough of Cashel.—To this transaction the Chancellor of the Exchequer was privy; and on Mr. Dick's resolution to vote against the Duke of York, Lord Castlereagh, after a consultation with Mr. Perceval, did suggest to Mr. Dick the propriety of relinquishing his seat rather than give that vote.

A debate now took place on the motion, proceeding in this question, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer put in his plea of not guilty, and made some reflections on these iniquitorial proceedings, highly dangerous, as he termed it, to all confidence in public

and private life. After this he withdrew, and was followed by Lord Castlereagh, who could not in the present stage of the business enter into any explanation of his conduct.—When the aggrieved parties had withdrawn, Mr. Madocks moved, that the House do on Wednesday next resolve itself into a committee to examine into the nature of the charge; and after some debate on precedents, and whether the question should be put in form, Mr. Madocks moved, that the matter of the charge be heard at the bar:—this motion was seconded by Sir F. Burdett, when Mr. Cartwright opposed it, by entering into a long tirade against parliamentary reform and reformers, asserting that they would pull down, but were incapable of erecting any thing in the place of the present institutions.—Lord Milton urged, that the circumstances of the case before them, the palpable interference of government with the votes of individual members, demanded parliamentary inquiry. He differed in opinion, however, on the proofs, and moved that the charge be referred to a committee above stairs.

Sir Charles Morgan negatived the motion, because it was the duty of every man to make a stand, and to prevent public men employed in government from being vilified and calumniated.—Sir John Anstruther opposed the motion, on the same grounds, thinking that it would promote the views of a party, whose object it was to level every thing that was above themselves.—Mr. Curwen lamented the situation in which he was placed, either to vote for the motion or to do nothing; and being convinced that the charge was of a very serious and important nature, involving the reputation of the House and the principles of the constitution, he should vote for the motion.—Mr. Biddulph supported the motion, not believing that all men were corrupt, but convinced that it was necessary to inquire whether the corruption existed as stated in the charge.—Sir Francis Burdett vindicated the proceeding of Mr. Madocks, and insisted upon it, that the people of England did not ask for insurrection, but claimed their rights. He was not surprised that they, who called for accusation in a tangible shape, per-

ceived the folly of that conduct, and shrank from investigation. It was impossible that the constitution could exist, if its vitals were to be palsied by corruption. The accusation was evidently not agreeable to the feelings of the House, but it was strictly parliamentary. An honourable member had informed the House of facts, and offered to bring proofs to support them. This was the whole extent of the motion, and by the decision of the House would be seen what value it set upon the future opinions of the country.

Mr. Giddy was against the motion, stating, at the same time, that where a case of flagrant corruption was well made out, no man would be readier to pursue it to, condemnation.—Mr. Tierney opposed the motion, and protested against those exhibitions of what Mr Burke called the shameful parts of the constitution. Mr. Whitbread supported the motion, reproaching the outcry against reform, which he was convinced must take place; and declaring, that the want of timely reform had been the cause of the ruin of France.—Mr. Bathurst was against the motion, as it would give additional food and fuel to popular clamour.—Mr. Ponsonby opposed the motion, because he could not reconcile it to himself to condemn a political antagonist for a measure which had been universally practised. Lord Folkestone supported the motion; not allowing, that, because abuses had been known to exist, they were not to be punished. When he asserted that they did exist, he was the object of ridicule; the case was now altered, and it was thought politic to allow what had formerly been denied.—Mr. Windham opposed the motion; because there was a general agreement

between the parties, which, notwithstanding the new morality, he would not call corrupt.—Lord A. Hamilton was for the motion, and trembled for the estimation in which the House would be held, if the charge was overlooked.—Mr. Willerforce thought that the dignity of the House required that the motion should be supported.—Mr. Canning resisted the motion; and conjured the House to consider that this immolation of two members of one party would lead to a similar immolation of members on the other side.

Mr. Madocks concluded the debate by stating, that he had brought forward his charge from a conscientious view of his duty. That the crime was a disgrace to the House, and ought to be investigated, and prevented in future. He could not deny that corruption was common;—it stalked abroad at noon-day,

Ingredditusque solo et caput inter nubila condit.

A division took place, when there appeared—For the motion. 85
Against it 320

Majority in favour of the accused minister. 235

Thus, in a very full house, an investigation into a most shameful transaction has been set aside. If the charge is true, the ministers ought to be dismissed from the cabinet with infamy. If the charge cannot be maintained, it is to be lamented that any persons in the confidence of the crown should not have been cleared from the suspicion which must attach, in the present state of the question, to their characters.

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ADDITIONS TO, AND CORRECTIONS IN, FORMER OBITUARIES.

MRS. HANNAH COWLEY, whose death we mentioned in p. 376 of our last, died in the 66th year of her age. The next play she produced, after the "Runaway," was the tragedy of "Albina," which was brought out by Mr. Colman, at his summer theatre in the Haymarket, on the 30th of July, 1779. The farce of "Who's the Dupe?" was performed at Drury-lane, in the month of April preceding, and it was received with that applause which, whenever performed, it now never fails to obtain.

The "Belle's Stratagem" came out at Covent-garden, in Feb. 1780; and it was received with such loud and boundless acclamation, that it had the honour of being patronised by the queen, before whom it was performed once every season for twenty years after its first appearance. This play, when published, was by express permission dedicated to her majesty.

Stimulated by her favourable reception with the public, Mrs. Cowley continued to cultivate her acquaintance with the dramatic muses, and the "Belle's Stratagem" was successively followed by the comedies of "Which is the Man?" "A Bold Stroke for a Husband," &c.

Her poems abound with beautiful and glowing imagery; but in critical justice it must here be admitted, that amidst the most luxuriant descriptions, and the most smooth and elegant numbers, we find inequalities, which prove that our fair authoress had been more intent upon seizing the pictures of those images, which in the enthusiasm of genius crowded upon her mind, than in polishing what she had written. Still those passages which abound in animated and impressive imagery, throw into stronger contrast the few lines which appear inharmonious and prosaic.

In all the walks of the legitimate drama, Mrs. Cowley has left ample specimens to entitle her to rank with the first dramatic authors of the day. Seeking to attain ephemeral fame, to administer to the perverted taste of the times, to court the acclamations of the galleries, and implore the aid of the painter or the machinist, Mrs.

Cowley, like the veteran Cumberland, has never deserted those banners of legitimate comedy, under which she first enlisted.

Doiley, in the farce of "Who's the Dupe," is perhaps unrivalled on the stage; whilst Gradus, Doricourt, Flutter, Hardy, Lord Sparkle, and the Pendrags, are all distinct and highly coloured portraits. We must also here, in justice to departed merit, notice her peculiar excellence in colouring the female character; for proof of this we can safely rest our appeal to her Miss Hardy, in the Belle's Stratagem, and Olivia, in the Bold Stroke for a Husband.

The last hurried effort of this lady's pen was in unison with the excellence of her heart: it was a little poem in aid of benevolence—an act of charity to one who moved in the humble sphere of sexton of the parish, and whose little property had been swallowed up by the late floods. This little poem gives a pathetic picture of the poor man's efforts whilst his cottage was overwhelmed; describes his losses; and delicately claims attention towards one, whose pride was in conflict with his poverty; one whose situation claimed that assistance, which he could not bring himself directly to beg.

From her habits, Mrs. Cowley might truly be termed a most disinterested votary of the muses; her pen was not guided by mercenary views; she wrote merely for the pleasure she felt in writing. The poem of the Siege of Acre was given to a respectable bookseller, who asked for it. She reserved none of her manuscripts, nor did she wait to correct them: thus her newspaper poetry was written and sent off, frequently within four-and-twenty hours after the event which had given birth to it. She wrote among the Della Cruscan School, some of the poetry published in "The World" newspaper; where we find her occasionally using a fictitious signature, and answering or addressing some love-sick youth, or despairing maid, whose existence to her was merely ideal.

In this lady's conversation there was nothing of that proud superiority which persons, possibly of more learning, but less genius, sometimes assume to awe and intimidate: easy and affable in her manners, it was ever Mrs. Cowley's endeavour to raise to a level with herself, those whose timidity would have placed below it. Sometimes, indeed, she would enliven the topic under discussion with some sprightly sallies; but these were bright without being dazzling, the spontaneous effusions of genius, emanating from an excellent heart, and corrected by a well regulated mind.

Mrs. Cowley was married, at a very early period, to a gentleman who died in India, a captain in the Company's service, and brother to Mr. Cowley, an eminent merchant of Cateaton-street. She has left a son now at the bar, and a daughter married in India to the Rev Dr. Brown, provost of the magnificent college of Calcutta.

The following is a list of her principal known publications:—

Epic Poems—The Maid of Arragon; Scottish Village; and Siege of Acre.

Tragedies—Albina; Fate of Sparta.

Comedies—The Rupaway; Belle's Stratagem; Which is the Man? A Bold Stroke for a Husband; More Ways than One; A Day in Turkey; Both Ends of the Town; Second Thoughts are Best; with the farce of Who's the Dupe?

These, as they have individually passed the ordeal of criticism, and would be an acquisition to the library, we hope to see republished in a collective shape.

MR. HOLCROFT (see page 364 of our last) was born in Orange-court, Leicester-fields, Dec. 22, 1744. His father was a shoe-maker, a calling for which his son always retained a peculiar respect. The former was of an unsettled temper, seldom dwelling long in one place; and the son accompanied him in all his peregrinations. When Mr. Holcroft was in his teens, he was a servant to the Hon. Mr. Vernon, and his chief employment was to ride his master's race-horses, which were in training to run at Newmarket. He was afterwards much devoted to the art of horseman-

ship. He was also considerably attached to the study of music; and sometime after applied much of his attention to connoisseurship in painting. Mr. Holcroft had an active mind, and was no sooner aware of any path that led to improvement and excellence, than he was anxious to enter that path. Notwithstanding this, he persevered to the age of 25 years, with some little interruption, in his father's trade of a shoe-maker.

About the period of life above alluded to, Mr. Holcroft conceived a passion for the stage, and offered his services at the same time to Mr. Chas. Macklin and Mr. Samuel Foote. Foote encouraged him; but Macklin talked to him in so specious a style, and held out to him so many temptations and prospects which were never realized, that he was induced to decide for Macklin and Ireland, a decision which he continued long to repent.

In the profession of a player, Mr. Holcroft continued, not with the most flattering success, till after the production of his first play of "Duplicity" in 1781. Immediately on the exhibition of this comedy, he withdrew from the stage as an actor, and for several years devoted his attention principally to dramatic composition. His writings of this kind were as follows:—2, The Noble Peasant, an opera. 3, The Cholerick Fathers, an opera. 4, The Polities of a Day, a comedy, translated from the French of Beaumarchais. 5, Seduction, a comedy, 1786. 6, The German Hotel, a drama, translation, 1790. 7, The School for Arrogance, a comedy, partly from the French of Destouches, 1792. 8, The Road to Ruin, and the best of his dramatic writings, 1792. 9, Love's Frailties, a comedy, 1794. 10, The Deserted Daughter, a comedy, 1795. 11, The Man of Ten Thousand, a comedy, 1796. 12, The Force of Ridicule, a comedy, 1796. 13, He is Much to Blame, a comedy, very successful, 1798. 14, Have or Not, a comedy, 1798. 15, Deaf and Dumb, a comedy, from the French, very successful, 1801. 16, The Tale of Mystery, an after-piece, from the French, 1802. 17, Hear both Sides, a comedy, 1803. 18, The Vindictive Man, a comedy, 1806.

Mr. Holcroft also exercised his talent with advantage to his reputation in the novels of *Anna St. Ives*, published 1792, and *Hugh Trevor*, published 1794. He also published a third novel, entitled *Brian Perdue*, in the year 1807. The public are further indebted to the pen of Mr. Holcroft, for many translations.—1, *The Private Life of Voltaire*, 12mo. 2, *Memoirs of Baron Trenck*, 3 vols. 12mo. 3, *The Secret History of the Court of Berlin*, by the Count de Mirabeau, 2 vols. 8vo. 4, *Tales of the Castle*, by Madame de Genlis, 5 vols. 12mo. 5, *The Posthumous Works of Frederick II. King of Prussia*, 13 vols. 8vo. 6, *An abridged Display of the Physiognomy of Lavater*, 3 large vols. 8vo.

The great action of the life of Mr. Holcroft was undoubtedly his voluntary surrender to the indictment for high treason, preferred against him in the autumn of 1791. Few persons can now doubt, that if Mr. Pitt's administration had succeeded, at that time, in bringing to capital punishment the twelve persons, many of them not personally known to each other, who were then wantonly and

wickedly included in one indictment, the constitution and liberties of England would have been destroyed; and, as few persons will refuse to confess that the voluntary surrender of one of the parties, after the grand jury had decided that they should be tried for their lives, was a great and impressive demonstration of conscious innocence, and was the first event which, concurring with many fortunate circumstances, after the two houses of parliament had voted that there was a conspiracy, and had thus prejudged the accused, saved our country from destruction of the worst sort, on that memorable occasion.

Mr. Holcroft spent the principal part of the years 1799, 1800, and 1801, in Germany and France; and the observations collected by him, in his travels, were afterwards published by him in 2 vols. 4to.

The surviving wife of Mr. Holcroft is the niece of the celebrated Mercier, author of the *Tableau de Paris*, and a member of the French legislature.—A subscription has been set on foot to enable the family to open a school for the support of the younger branches.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

DREADFUL FIRE.—A fire as fierce and destructive as any that has, for a long series of years, spread terror and dismay throughout the metropolis, broke out on Sunday night, May 14, on board a vessel alongside the quay adjoining Billingsgate Dock, at a very short distance from the water edge. It was first discovered a few minutes before ten o'clock; but although every possible effort was made for its extinction, it spread so rapidly, and gained so complete an ascendancy, as to baffle all exertion. The flames extended themselves almost instantaneously to the other shipping, and from them again to the line of warehouses running from the dock along Dice's Quay, &c. Notwithstanding the prompt assistance in a very short period from the commencement of the fire, such was its rapidity and violence, that the

water seemed merely to give fresh strength to the flames. The range of warehouses, filled with sugars, tar, oil, hemp, turpentine, tallow, &c. &c. were all successively consumed; and the volumes of fire, though, generally speaking, almost uniformly thrown up, were rendered more furious and horrible, every ten or fifteen minutes, by some new combustible matter which they caught.

The fire communicated in a gradual but rapid manner to the vessels next the shore, and it began with a-sailing the masts, sails, and rigging of those in the immediate tiers. The sight from London and Blackfriars bridges was awfully affecting, and it was at one period apprehended that it would be impossible to preserve the whole of the shipping in that part of the river from absolute ruin. Fortunately the tide favouring, about eleven o'clock, the efforts which were made for the preservation of the vessels in the dock, several were towed out, al-

though with extreme difficulty. Four were completely burnt, and about the same number damaged. A floating engine, which was worked with great skill, was of considerable service in preventing the extension of the flames along the river. The vessel on board of which the fire broke out had nearly the whole of her cargo in, which was destroyed. The flames first broke out near that part of the quay where the Margate and Ramsgate hoys usually lie for the reception of passengers. Of the damage occasioned by this afflicting catastrophe, it is at present impossible to form any estimate.—The loss, however, must have been immense, as it is ascertained that the warehouses contained considerable quantities of valuable stores and merchandise.

We cannot speak too highly of the exertions and perseverance displayed by the firemen belonging to the different offices; and to the prompt and spirited interference and protection afforded by the officers and privates of the volunteer corps, the public are most materially indebted.

At one o'clock, *p.m.* on Monday, the fire was not completely extinguished. The entire stack of warehouses at Ralph's Quay, extending up to Thames-street, was destroyed. They were chiefly filled with bacon, butter, tallow, hides, salt-petre, &c.

LONDON GAZETTE

Admiralty-Office, May 23.

Copy of a Letter from Rear-Admiral the Honourable Sir Alexander Cochrane, K.B. commander in chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels at the Leeward Islands, to the Honourable W. W. Pole, dated on board the Neptune, off the Mona Passage, the 17th of April, 1800.

SIR,—Having in my letter, (No. 637) dated the 7th instant, informed the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty of the arrangements that had been made between Lieut.-General Beckwith and me for the reduction of the Saints, and, if possible to secure the French squadron of three ships of the line and two frigates, then at anchor there, which it is ascertained were sent to this country expressly for the relief of Martinique; I have

now the honour to acquaint you, for their lordships' information, with our subsequent proceedings, which have been attended with the capture of Le D'Hautpoul, a fine new ship, of 74 guns, of the largest class.

The troops, under the command of Major-General Maitland, arrived at the Saints on the 13th instant, and were landed the following day with little loss; the direction of all naval operations connected with the army having been left entirely with Captain Beaver, of the *Acasta*, who conducted that service with all the correctness and celerity which I expected of him.

On the afternoon of the same day two howitzers and mortars began to play upon the enemy's ships; and I received information that one of the line had weighed one of her anchors, but that the others did not appear to be preparing for sea.

I must here call their lordships' attention to the situation of the Saints, which have three passages the enemy could escape through, and these being situated in different directions made it particularly difficult to guard by five ships of the line, so as to bring an equal force to meet the enemy at either point.

At half-past nine in the evening, the concerted signal was made for the enemy's ships having put to sea; but the signals were for their having gone both to windward and to leeward of the islands, which was literally the case, as I am informed the two frigates proceeded one way, and the three line of battle ships the other.

The *Neptune* being at the time off the south-west passage, made sail to join the *Pompée* stationed under the west end, which ship I found had closed with, and in chase of three ships, apparently standing to the W.S.W. but from their appearance in the dark, I did not suppose them to be of the line.

At this time I was particularly at a loss how to act, for if those ships should be the enemy's small men of war, and the line of battle ships, reported to be preparing for sea, should remain behind, the withdrawing of the squadron from the Saints would have been fatal to the troops landed the preceding day. The night was very dark, and it was not possible to

determine whether the whole of the ships making off were of the line or not, although we crossed so near the sternmost, that her shot struck the Neptune, and killed one man and wounded four. When daylight approached they were clearly discovered, and every endeavour used to come up with them, the Pompée being the only line of battle ship in company, and the frigates not joining until the following day. Some ships were seen from the masthead, to whom I sent to signify, by a sloop of war, the course we were steering.

The superiority of the enemy's sailing left little chance for the Neptune getting up, unless some of the ships were disabled, and if any accident had happened to the Pompée masts, they must inevitably have all escaped; I therefore directed Captain Fabie to endeavour to cripple the sternmost ship without bringing on the collected fire of the three, then in line abreast. In this attempt he was most gallantly supported by Captain Napier, of his Majesty's sloop Recruit, who kept close up, although fired at from all their stern chase guns, and did every thing that was possible to be done to cut away the enemy's masts and rigging, and continued on this service during the whole chase, which lasted until this morning at half-past three, when Le D'Hautpout was brought to action by the Pompée and Castor, as will more fully appear by Captain Fabie's letter, here inclosed.

I should not render justice to that excellent officer, was I to withhold the praise due to him for his unremitting attention during so long and arduous a pursuit, and his taking such advantages of the enemy's situation as they occasionally occurred.

I have much to regret in the loss of those that have fallen and suffered on the occasion, a list of whom is inclosed.

As the other two ships of the enemy separated on the morning of the 17th, at two o'clock, their route cannot be well ascertained, I suppose they made sail to the southward, and will pass through the Sambreto Passage. They had outailed this ship so much as to be at too great a distance to be observed when they parted; we, of course, followed the Pompée's lights.

I am now waiting until the Pompée and the prize are refitted, to proceed to the windward; and I have detached the York and Captain, with two frigates and a sloop of war, to the northward to try to intercept the enemy's two ships that have escaped.

Until their lordships' pleasure is known, I have commissioned the prize, and appointed Captain Napier to the command of her, as a reward for his spirited conduct during the chase.

I have the honour to be, &c.

ALEX. COCHRANE.

*His Majesty's ship Pompée, April 17, 1869,
Cape Looe, Porto Rico, N. E. by N. seven
or eight leagues.*

SIR,—Having, in obedience to your orders, communicated to me by telegraph at five p.m. on the 14th instant, proceeded under the the Lower Saint for the purpose of watching the enemy's motions should they attempt to escape from thence to the northward, I observed soon after nine o'clock, the signal from the small ships and brigs more in shore, under the orders of Captain Cameron, of his Majesty's sloop the Hazard, that the enemy had put to sea, those signals were repeated to you; and at forty minutes after nine o'clock, the Lower Saint bearing east, about a mile and-a-half, I distinctly saw three large ships coming down under all sail, and followed closely by the Hazard and several others of the inshore squadron, with the signal for their being the enemy. At ten o'clock I closed up with the sternmost ship, and endeavoured to stop her, by the discharge of two broadsides; but being under a press of sail, and a strong breeze steering away W.S.W. she succeeded in crossing us, without returning our fire. At this moment the Neptune was seen in the S.W. standing towards us with all sail, and as you hailed me soon after and joined in the pursuit, it is unnecessary for me to touch on any of the occurrences on board this ship from that period till five o'clock, p.m. of the 15th instant, at which hour we entirely lost sight of the Neptune from the mast head; the Latona and Castor then in company, and one of the enemy's ships about three miles ahead, steering away N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.

Our exertions to close her continued unremitting. Just before sunset the high land of Porto Rico was seen bearing N. N. E. about nine leagues. The night shut in extremely dark, and as we drew in with the land, we were baffled with light and variable winds from the northward and westward, but fortunately never for a moment lost sight of the enemy. At half-past three, *a. m.* the *Castor* succeeded in getting within gun shot of him, and soon after begun a smart cannonade, which was immediately returned by the enemy, who, in yawing to bring his guns to bear, gave me an opportunity of ranging up abreast of him. At four o'clock I brought him to close action, and continued hotly engaged with, and constantly near him, until a quarter-past five, when both ships being complete wrecks in their rigging and sails, and within their own lengths of each other, the *Pompée* nearly unmanageable, and the enemy entirely so, she surrendered.

I must here, Sir, express my obligations to Captains Pigot and Roberts, of his Majesty's ships *Latona* and *Castor*, for their attention during the chase, and their spirited efforts to afford me their support in battle. The latter, as I have already stated, had a partial opportunity of doing so; and I am assured that the want of opportunity alone prevented my receiving it equally from the former.

And it may not be improper here, Sir, to go back to the occurrences of the 15th instant, in order to express my admiration of the gallant conduct of Captain Napier, of his Majesty's brig the *Recruit*, in keeping within the fire of the stern chasers of three sail of the line throughout that day, and constantly annoying them with his.

To the officers and crew of his Majesty's ship under my command, my warmest thanks are due, for their unabated and cheerful exertions throughout so long and anxious a chase, and for their steady and gallant conduct during the action; to Mr. William Bone, the first lieutenant, I must particularly offer them.

The captured ship is the *D'Hautpout*, of 74 guns, commanded by Captain Armand Le Duc, Chevalier

of the Legion of Honour, with a crew of six hundred and eighty men; between eighty and ninety of whom were killed and wounded, including several officers. She is a perfectly new ship, never at sea until she quitted L'Orient in February last.

I have, &c.

(Signed) W. C. FAHIE.

To Rear-Admiral the Hon. Sir
Alex. Cochrane, &c.

Total killed and wounded.

Pompée, 9 killed, 30 wounded.

Neptune, 1 killed, 4 wounded.

Castor, 1 killed, 6 wounded.

Recruit, serjeant of Marines wounded.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

THURSDAY, MAY 25.

Downing-Street, May 24.

A dispatch, of which the following is a copy, was received this evening from Lieutenant-General the Right Honourable Sir Arthur Wellesley, by Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.

Oporto, May 12, 1809.

MY LORD,—I had the honour to apprise your lordship, on the 7th inst. that I intended that the army should march on the 9th from Coimbra to dispossess the enemy of Oporto.

The advanced guard and the cavalry had marched on the 7th, and the whole halted on the 8th to afford time for Marshal Beresford with his corps to arrive upon the Upper Douro.

The infantry of the army was formed into three divisions for this expedition; of which two, the advanced guard, consisting of the Hanoverian Legion and Brigadier-Gen. R. Stewart's brigade, with a brigade of six-pounders, and a brigade of three-pounders under Lieutenant-General Paget, and the cavalry under Lieutenant-General Payne, and the brigade of guards; Brigadier-General Campbell's and Brigadier-General brigades of infantry, with a brigade of six-pounders, under Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke, moved by the high road from Coimbra to Oporto, and one composed of Major-General Hill's and Brigadier-General Cameron's brigades of infantry, and a brigade of six-pounders, under the com-

mand of Major-General Hill, by the road from Coimbra to Aveiro.

On the 10th in the morning, before daylight, the cavalry and advanced guard crossed the Vonga with the intention to surprize and cut off four regiments of French cavalry, and a battalion of infantry and artillery, cantoned in Albergaria Nova and the neighbouring villages, about eight miles from that river, in the last of which we failed; but the superiority of the British cavalry was evident throughout the day; we took some prisoners and their cannon from them; and the advanced guard took up the position of Oliviera.

On the same day Major-General Hill, who had embarked at Aveiro on the evening of the 9th, arrived at Ovar, in the rear of the enemy's right; and the head of Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke's division passed the Vonga on the same evening.

On the 11th, the advanced guard and cavalry continued to move on the high road towards Oporto, with Major-General Hill's division to a parallel road, which leads to Oporto from Ovar.

On the arrival of the advanced guard at Vendras Novas, between Somo Radonde and Grijon, they fell in with the outposts of the enemy's advanced guard, consisting of about four thousand infantry, and some squadrons of cavalry, strongly posted on the heights above Grijon, their front being covered by woods and broken ground. The enemy's left flank was turned by a movement well executed by Major-General Murray, with Brigadier-General Langworth's brigade of the Hanoverian Legion; while the 16th Portuguese regiment of Brigadier-General Richard Stewart's brigade attacked their right, and the riflemen of the 95th, and the flank companies of the 99th, 43d, and 52d of the same brigade under Major Way, attacked the infantry in the woods and village in their center.

These attacks soon obliged the enemy to give way; and the Honourable Brigadier-General Charles Stewart led two squadrons of the 16th and 90th dragons, under the command of Major Blake, in pursuit of the enemy, and destroyed many and took many prisoners.

On the night of the 11th the enemy crossed the Douro, and destroyed the bridge over that river.

It was important, with a view to the operations of Marshal Beresford, that I should cross the Douro immediately; and I had sent Major-General Murray in the morning with a battalion of the Hanoverian Legion, a squadron of cavalry, and two six-pounders, to endeavour to collect boats, and, if possible, to cross the river at Ovinas, about four miles above Oporto; and I had as many boats as could be collected brought to the ferry, immediately above the towns of Oporto and Villa Nova.

The ground on the right bank of the river at this ferry is protected and commanded by the fire of cannon, placed on the height of the Sierra Convent at Villa Nova, and there appeared to be a good position for our troops on the opposite side of the river, till they should be collected in sufficient numbers.

The enemy took no notice of our collection of boats, or of the embarkation of the troops, till after the first battalion (the Buffs) were landed, and had taken up their position under the command of Lieut.-Gen. Paget on the opposite side of the river. They then commenced an attack upon them, with a large body of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, under the command of Marshal Soult, which that corps most gallantly sustained, till supported, successively by the 48th and 26th regiments, belonging to Major-General Hill's brigade, and a Portuguese battalion, and afterwards by the first battalion of detachments belonging to Brigadier-General Richard Stewart's brigade.

Lieutenant-General Paget was unfortunately wounded soon after the attack commenced, when the command of these gallant troops devolved upon Major-General Hill.

Although the French made repeated attacks upon them, they made no impression, and at last Major-General Murray having appeared on the enemy's left flank on his march from Ovintra, where he had crossed, and Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke, who by this time had availed himself of the enemy's weakness in the town of Oporto, and had crossed the Douro

at the ferry, between the towns of Villa Nova and Oporto, having appeared upon the right with the brigade of Guards, and the 29th regiment, the whole retired in the utmost confusion towards Amarante, leaving behind them five pieces of cannon, eight ammunition tumbrils, and many prisoners. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded in this action has been very large, and they have left behind them in Oporto 700 sick and wounded.

Brigadier-General the Honourable Charles Stewart then directed a charge by a squadron of the 14th dragoons, under the command of Major Hervey, who made a successful attack on the enemy's rear guard.

In the different actions with the enemy, of which I have above given your lordship an account, we have lost some, and the immediate services of other valuable officers and soldiers. In Lieutenant-General Paget, among the latter, I have lost the assistance of a friend, who had been most useful to me in the few days which had elapsed since he had joined the army. He had rendered a most important service at the moment he received his wound, in taking up the position which the troops afterwards maintained, and in bearing the first brunt of the enemy's attack.

Major Hervey also distinguished himself at the moment he received his wound in the charge of the cavalry on this day.

I cannot say too much in favour of the officers and troops.—They have marched in four days over eighty miles of most difficult country, have gained many important positions, and have engaged and defeated three different bodies of the enemy's troops.

I beg particularly to draw your lordship's attention to the conduct of Lieutenant-General Paget, Major-General Murray, Major-General Hill, Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke, Brigadier-General the Hon. Charles Stewart, Lieut.-Colonel Delancey, Deputy Quarter-Master-General, and Captain Mellish, Assistant Adjutant-General, for the assistance they respectively rendered General Stewart in the charge of the cavalry this day and on the 11th, Major Colin Campbell, Assistant Adjutant-General, for the assistance he rendered Major-General

Hill in the defence of his post, and Brigadier-General Stewart; in the charge of the cavalry this day, and Brigade-Major Fordyce, Capt. Corry and Captain Hill, for the assistance they rendered General Hill.

I have also to request your lordship's attention to the conduct of the riflemen, and of the flank companies of the 20th, 43d, and 52d regiments, under the command of Major Way of the 29th, and that of the 16th Portuguese regiment, commanded by Colonel Machado, of which Lieutenant-Colonel Doyle is Lieutenant-Colonel, and that of the brigade of the Hanoverian Legion, under the command of Brigadier-General Langworth, and that of the two squadrons of the 16th and 20th light dragoons, under the command of Major Blake of the 20th, in the action of the 11th; and the conduct of the Buffs, commanded by Lieutenant-Col. Drummond; the 48th, commanded by Col. Duckworth, and 66th, commanded by Major Murray, who was wounded, and of the squadron of the 14th dragoons, under the command of Major Hervey, in the action of this day.

I have received the greatest assistance from the adjutant-general and quarter-master-general (Col. Murray), and from all the officers belonging to those departments respectively throughout the service, as well as from Lieutenant-Colonel Bathurst and the officers of my personal staff; and I have every reason to be satisfied with the artillery and officers of Engineers.

I send this dispatch by Captain Stanhope, whom I beg to recommend to your lordship's protection: his brother the Honourable Major Stanhope was unfortunately wounded by a sabre whilst leading a charge of the 10th Light Dragoons on the 10th instant.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) A. WELLESLEY.

Abstract of killed, wounded, and missing, in action with the advanced posts of the French army at Albergaria Nova, the 10th of May, 1809.

None killed; 1 Major, 2 Rank and File, wounded; 1 Rank and File, missing.—Total 4.

In the action on the Heights of Grijon, on the 11th of May, 1809.

19 killed, 63 wounded, 14 missing.
—Total 96.

In the action with the French army, under the command of Marshal Soult, in the Passage of the Duero, on the 12th of May, 1809.

23 rank and file, killed; 2 General and staff officers, 3 majors, 2 captains, 3 lieutenants, 1 serjeant, 85 rank and file, wounded; 2 rank and file missing.

Total—23 killed, 96 wounded, 2 missing.—121

FOREIGN EVENTS.

SWEDEN.

Abdication of the King.

Stockholm, May 11.—The members having produced their credentials from their constituents, and the Diet being duly constituted, the States proceeded in a body, on the 6th inst. to pay their respects to his Royal Highness the Regent, and to express their most grateful acknowledgements for the zeal, activity, and patriotism he had evinced, in relinquishing the comforts and tranquillity of a private station, and convoking the Grand Constitutional Assembly of the Nation, as the only means of saving the country from impending destruction.

The Diet then unanimously passed a vote of thanks to his Excellency Count Klingspor, Major-General Adlercreutz, and Lieutenant-Colonel Adelsparre, as also to the subordinate officers, for their spirited and patriotic conduct, at a season of peculiar danger and difficulty. The Marshal of the Nobles was invited to communicate these resolutions to the House of Nobles, which he did, in the presence of Deputations from all the States.

On Tuesday, the 9th, his Royal Highness the Regent opened the Diet with a speech addressed to the States, in which the Lord Chancellor (Lagerbjelke), of the Court-Baron, read, in an audible voice, a detailed account of the events and circumstances which had rendered the convocation of the States indispensably necessary for the salvation of the country. The

Marshal of the Diet, and the respective speakers of the clergy, burghers, and peasants addressed his Royal Highness in appropriate speeches.

On Wednesday, the 10th, all the members of the States met at an early hour in one assembly, which will ever be remarkable in the annals of Sweden. His Royal Highness having ordered the Lord Chancellor to read aloud the act of abdication, voluntarily made by the king on the 29th day of March, Baron Mannenheim rose and addressed the assembly. The Baron, in a speech of considerable length, drew a most affecting picture of the situation to which Sweden was reduced, by the king's irresistible passion for war, renounced all allegiance and obedience to the person and authority of Gustavus IV, and declared him and his issue, now and for ever, deprived of the crown and government of Sweden. The Baron, with much firmness and animation, then asked whether this act, this solemn resolution of his, in which his heart and tongue concurred, met with the approbation of the members composing that august assembly? Long and reiterated exclamations of *Yes! yes!—All! all!* resounded from all parts; and Baron Mannenheim's declaration was adopted by the constitutional representatives of the Swedish nation, without a single dissentient voice.

His Royal Highness was then conducted to the chair, from which he addressed the assembly. He proceeded to remark upon the state of the nation, noticed the abuses which had crept into every department of the state, and lamented the inadequacy of the laws to restrain or suppress those abuses. It therefore became, in his opinion, indispensably necessary to new model the constitution, and enact such laws as should secure the country from a recurrence of the evils which had brought it to the brink of ruin. The execution of this object, so important to the vital interests of Sweden, he confided to the united wisdom and counsels of the States, and hoped they would discharge their duty with credit to themselves and advantage to their country. In the meantime he would take upon himself, and execute to the best of his ability, the management of public affairs in

the capacity of Regent, and wished that nothing should be resolved upon respecting himself until the new constitution should be drawn up and presented for adoption.

His Royal Highness retired from the assembly amid loud and reiterated acclamations.

To-morrow a committee for drawing up the new constitution will be chosen, and when they shall have terminated their labours, it is supposed that the States will declare themselves in favour of his Royal Highness; and indeed it would appear to be the general wish of the nation to see the crown upon the head, and the sceptre in the hand, of a man of such consummate wisdom and tried patriotism.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

His Majesty's late ship Bounty.—As the fate of Christian and his companions was never ascertained, we are glad of the opportunity of presenting to our readers the following interesting article on that subject.

Extract from the log-book of Captain Folger, of the American ship Topaz, of Boston:

(Copy.)

"*Valparaiso, Oct. 10, 1808.*

"Captain Folger relates, upon landing upon Pitcairn's Island, (or Incarnation of Quiros, in lat. 25 deg. 2 min.—long. 130 deg. by lunar observation) he found there an Englishman by the name of Alexander Smith, the only person remaining of nine that escaped in his Majesty's late ship *Bounty*, Capt. W. Bligh.

Smith relates, that after putting Captain Bligh in the boat, Christian, the leader of the mutiny, took the command of the ship, and went to Otaheite, where great part of the crew left the ship, except himself, Smith, and seven others, who each took wives, and six Otaheitan men as servants; and shortly arrived at this island, where they ran the ship on shore, and broke her up. This event took place in the year 1790. About four years after their arrival, (a great jealousy existing) the Otaheitans secretly revolted, and killed every Englishman except himself, whom they severely wounded in the neck with a pistol ball. The same night the widows of the deceased Englishmen rose, and

put to death the whole of the Otaheitans, leaving Smith, the only man alive upon the island, with eight or nine women, and several small children. He, when he recovered, applied himself to tilling the ground; so that it now produces plenty of yams, coconuts, bapana, and plantains, hogs and poultry in abundance.

"There are now some grown-up men and women, children of the mutineers, on this island, the whole population amounting to thirty-five, who acknowledge Smith as father and commander of them all. They all speak English, and have been educated by him, Captain Folger represents, in a religious and moral way.

"The second mate of the *Topaz* asserts, that Christian, the ringleader, became insane shortly after their arrival on the island, and threw himself off the rocks into the sea; another died of a fever before the massacre took place.

"The island is badly supplied with water, sufficient only for the present inhabitants, and no anchorage. Smith gave to Capt. Folger a chronometer, made by Kendall, which was taken from him by the Governor of Juan Fernandez.

"WM. FITZMAURICE,
"Lieutenant."

Extracted Sept. 29, 1808.

BULLETINS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN SPAIN.

[Continued from p. 374.]

The Thirty first.—The English regiments bearing numbers 42, 50, and 52, have been entirely destroyed in the battle of the 16th, near Corunna. Not sixty men of each of these corps embarked. The General in Chief, Moore, has been killed in attempting to charge at the head of this brigade, with the view of restoring the fortune of the day. Fruitless efforts! This troop was dispersed, and its General slain in the midst of it. General Baird had been already wounded. He passed through Corunna to go on board his ship, and did not get his wound dressed till he got on board. After the battle of the 16th, a dreadful night passed at Corunna. The English entered in confusion and consternation. The English army had landed more than 80 pieces of cannon;

only twelve were reembarked; the remainder has been taken or lost; and by a return made, we find ourselves in possession of 60 pieces of English cannon. Independent of two millions of treasure, more considerable has been cast away among the rocks and precipices which border the road from Astorga to Corunna. The peasants and the soldiers have collected a great quantity of silver among the rocks. In the engagements which took place during the retreat, and prior to the battle of Corunna, two English Generals were killed, and three wounded. General Crawford is named among the last. The English have lost every thing that constitutes an army—Generals, artillery, horses, baggage, ammunition, magazines.

On the 17th, at day-break, we were masters of the heights that command the road to Corunna, and the batteries were playing upon the English convoy. The result was, that many of the ships were unable to get out, and were taken at the capitulation of Corunna. Five hundred horses were also taken still alive, sixteen thousand muskets, and a great deal of battering cannon, abandoned by the enemy. A great number of magazines are full of preserved provisions, (*munition confectionnées*) which the English wished to carry off, but were obliged to leave behind. A powder magazine, containing 200,000 lbs. weight of powder, has also fallen into our hands.

The English, surprised by the issue of the battle of the 16th, have not even had time to destroy their magazines. There were even 300 sick in the hospital. We found in the port seven English ships—three were loaded with horses, and four with troops. They could not get out.

The fortress of Corunna is of an extent which secures it from a *coup de main*. It was, therefore, impossible to enter it before the 20th, in virtue of the capitulation. In Corunna we found above 200 pieces of Spanish cannon. The French Consul Extraordinary, the General Quinzel and his staff, M. Bougare, officer of ordnance; M. Talonreau, auditor, and 350 French soldiers or seamen, who had been made prisoners either in Portugal, or on-board the ship *Atlas*, have been delivered up. They express

great satisfaction at the conduct of the officers of the Spanish navy. The English will have gained by their expedition the hatred of the Spaniards, shame, and dishonour. The flower of their army, composed of Scotchmen, had been either wounded, killed, or taken. General Franceschi has entered St. Jago de Compostella, where he found some magazines and an English guard which he took. He marched immediately upon Vigo. Romana appeared to have taken this route with 2500 men, all that he could rally. The division of Mermet marched on Ferrol. The air about Corunna is infected by the carcasses of 1200 horses, whom the English killed in the streets. The first care of the Duke of Dalmatia has been to provide for the restoration of salubrity, equally important to the soldiers and the inhabitants. General Acevedo, Governor of Corunna, appears to have taken part with the insurgents only from the constraint of force. He took the oath of fidelity to King Joseph Napoleon with enthusiasm. The people manifest the joy they feel at being delivered from the English.

The *Thirty-second*.—The Duke of Dalmatia, being arrived before Ferrol, caused the place to be invested. Negotiations were begun. The civil authorities and the military and naval officers manifested a disposition to surrender; but the people, fomented by the spies whom the English had left, resisted. On the 24th, the Duke of Dalmatia received two messengers, one sent by Admiral Melgarejo, commander of the Spanish squadron, and the other, who came across the mountains, sent by the military commanders. These couriers were both sent without the knowledge of the people. They stated that the authorities were under the yoke of a furious populace, excited and paid by the agents of England, and that 8000 men belonging to the city and its environs were in arms.

The Duke of Dalmatia had to resolve upon opening the trenches; but from the 24th to the 26th, various movements were manifest in the town. The 17th regiment of light infantry had repaired to Murgardas; the 31st regiment of light infantry were at the

forts of La Palma and St. Martin, and at Lagana; and as they blockaded the fort St. Philip, the people began to fear the consequences of an assault, and to listen to men of sense. On the 26th, three flags of truce, furnished with authority, arrived at the head quarters, and signed the surrender of the place.

On the 27th, at seven o'clock in the morning, the town was occupied by the division Mesmet, and by a brigade of dragoons. On the same day the garrison was disarmed; the disarming also produced 5000 muskets. The people who do not belong to Ferrol have been remanded to their villages. The men who had stained themselves with blood during the insurrection have been arrested. Admiral Obregon, whom the people had arrested during the insurrection, has been put at the head of the arsenal. There have been found in the port three vessels of 112 guns, two of 88, one of 74, two of 64, three frigates, and a considerable number of corvettes, brigs, and unarmed vessels, more than 1500 pieces of cannon of every size, and ammunition of all kinds.

It is probable that, but for the precipitate retreat of the English, and the affair of the 16th, they would have occupied Ferrol, and seized this beautiful squadron. The military and naval officers have taken the oath to King Joseph with the greatest enthusiasm. What they relate of their sufferings, from the lowest classes of the people and the English, is inconceivable. Order reigns in Galicia; and the authority of the king is re-established in this province, one of the most considerable of the Spanish monarchy.

General Laborde has found at Corunna, on the sea shore, seven pieces of cannon, which the English had buried on the 10th, not being able to take them away. La Romana, abandoned by the English and his own troops, has fled with 500 men, in order to throw himself into Andalusia. There remained at Lisbon only about four or five thousand Englishmen. All the hospitals and all the magazines were embarked, and the garrison were preparing to abandon this station, as indignantly at the perfidy of the English, as they are disgusted by the dif-

ference of manners and religion, by the continual and brutal intemperance of the English troops, and that arrogance and ill-founded pride which renders this nation odious to the continent.

The *Thirty-third*, dated Paris, March 9, states the surrender of Saragossa.*—It is observed, that the calamities which have befallen this unhappy town are a terrifying example to the people. The peace which has been restored in Saragossa extends to the whole of Arragon; and the two armies, which were around the town, have been set at liberty. Saragossa was the centre of the insurrection of Spain: it was in this town that the party was formed which wished to call in a Prince of the House of Austria to reign on the Tagus. The individuals of this party had partly inherited these notions, which are irrevocably destroyed, from their ancestors, during the war of the Succession.

The battle of Tudela was won on the 23d of Nov.; and after the 27th, the French army was encamped at a small distance from Saragossa. The people of this town were armed. The peasants of Arragon had repaired thither, and Saragossa contained 50,000 men, formed into regiments of 1000 men, and companies of 100. The General officers and subalterns consisted of monks. A body of 10,000 men, who had escaped from Tudela, had thrown themselves into the town, which was furnished with provisions, heaped up in innumerable magazines, and defended by 200 pieces of cannon. The image of Our Lady of Pilar wrought miracles at the head of the monks, who, by such means, animated the zeal, and preserved the confidence of the multitude. In the field these 50,000 men would not have withstood three regiments; but shut up in their town, and wrought upon by the leaders of parties, how could they escape the miseries which ignorance and fanaticism heap upon the heads of so many wretches! Every thing possible was done to enlighten them, and bring them to reason. Immediately

* See a narrative of the siege, in the number for March, page 216.

after the battle of Tudela, the belief entertained at Saragossa that Madrid held out, and that they might be relieved; and that the armies at Somosierra, Guadarama, Estremadura, Leon, and Catalonia, might furnish a pretext for the chiefs of the Insurgents to keep alive the fanaticism of the inhabitants; it was resolved not to surround the town, but to permit it to maintain a communication with all Spain, in order that they might be informed of the annihilation of the Spanish armies, and of the circumstances which attended the entrance of the French army into Madrid; but all this intelligence came to the ears of the ringleaders alone, and was unknown by the body of the people. The truth was not only concealed from them, but their courage was kept up by lies: at one time the French had lost 40,000 men before Madrid, at another time Romana had entered France, and the French eagles were compelled to fly before the terrible leopard. This period, sacrificed to political objects, in order to allow a multitude to come to reason, who were infatuated by fanaticism, and a terror inspired by their enraged leaders, was not lost to the French army.

On the 26th of January, the town was seriously attacked, and the batteries were unmasked, and at noon, on the 27th, the breach was practicable in several places; the troops were lodged in the monastery of San In-Gracia. The division of Grandjean entered above thirty houses. On the 30th, the monasteries of the Monique and the Greek Augustines were occupied. Sixty houses were possessed by undermining. The miners of the 14th regiment distinguished themselves. The enemy defended every house. Three attacks were made by mines, and every day several houses were blown up, and afforded the troops an opportunity of stationing themselves in other houses.

Thus we proceeded to the Cossa, (a great street in Saragossa) where we made ourselves masters of the buildings of the public school and university. The enemy endeavoured to oppose miners to miners; but less used to this sort of operation, their miners were every day discovered and suffocated. This mode of besieging

rendered our progress slow, but sure, and less destructive to the army.—While three companies of miners and eight companies of sappers carried on this subterranean war, the consequences of which were so dreadful, the fire on the town was kept up by mortars. Ten days after the attack had begun, the surrender of the town was anticipated. The army had possessed itself of one-third of the houses, and fortified itself in them. The church which contained the image of Our Lady of Pilar, which by so many miracles had promised to defend the town, was battered down by bombs, and no longer inhabitable.

The Duke of Montebello deemed it necessary to take possession of the left bank of the river, in order that his fire might reach the middle of the town. The General of division, Gazan, made himself master of the bridge by a sudden and impetuous attack, on the morning of the 17th of February. A battery of fifty pieces was played off at three at the afternoon. A battalion of the 28th regiment attacked and took possession of a very large monastery, the walls of which were of brick, and from three to four feet thick. General Gazan then repaired with rapidity to the bridge, over which the insurgents made their retreat to the town: he killed a vast number, made 400 prisoners, amongst whom were two Generals, twelve colonels, nineteen lieutenant-colonels, and 230 officers. He took thirty pieces of artillery.—Nearly all the troops of the town had beset this important post, which had been threatened since the 10th. At the same moment the Duke of Abrantes entered the Cossa through several covered ways, and by means of two mines blew up the extensive buildings of the Schaa's.

After these events terror was spread throughout the town. The Junta, in order to procure delay, and obtain time to abate the terror of the inhabitants, sought a parley; but their bad faith was known, and this artifice was useless. Thirty other houses were possessed by undermining, or by mines.

At length, on the 21st of February, the whole town was possessed by our troops: 15,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry laid down their arms at the gate

of the Portilla, and 40 flags and 160 pieces of cannon were delivered up. The insurgents lost 20,000 men during the siege; 13,000 were found in the hospitals; 500 died daily.

The Duke of Montebello would allow no capitulation to the town of Saragossa. He only published the following provisions, which were agreed upon.—

“The garrison shall, at noon, on the 21st, lay down their arms at the gate of the Portilla, where they shall

remain prisoners of war. Those of the troops of the line, who are willing to take the oath to King Joseph, may be allowed to enter into his service. In case this entrance shall not be permitted by the minister of war to the King of Spain, they shall be prisoners of war, and sent to France. The worship of God shall be revered. All the artillery and ammunition of every kind shall be delivered up. All the arms shall be deposited at the doors of the different houses, and collected by the respective alcades.”

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

HAMPSHIRE.

THE following inscription is copied verbatim from a headstone, which was placed and suffered to remain some time in the churchyard of Newchurch, in the Isle of Wight.—

SACRED.

Frances Chaernon, dying a young woman, in 1786,

happily escap'd the accumulated ills which embitter'd

the latter days of her surviving Husband; who, in confidence of his country's

Constitution, cheerfully paid the demands of Government,

enjoying the tranquil felicity resulting from the cares of a numerous offspring;

but his soul being at length seized upon, and doomed to slavery, his felicity became annihilated,

and the demands of Government became intolerable:

He died an old man early in the 19th century.

Exult over me ye few who are above the reach of Tyranny; ye millions who are not, weep not for me, but yourselves and children.

Above all, weep for that Constitution, which was once

the boast of Englishmen; now grossly violated, wretchedly impaired, and desperately sick.

This singular production attracted the notice of the inhabitants, and, among others, the clergyman of the parish, who called on the author, and remonstrated with him on the impropriety of recording the inscription. After repeated applications to erase the lines, or take down the stone, and

being assured by the old man that he would rather lose his life than consent to do so, this clergyman applied to the Bishop of the diocese, who gave peremptory orders for the removal or demolition of the stone. The party was again applied to, and still persisting in his refusal, the stone was in consequence broke to shivers in the night. The interposition of authority has not, as may be supposed, diminished the old man's antipathy to government, which he considers as the source of all his grievances. He accordingly goes about, in the intervals of business, deprecating the harsh treatment he has experienced; and while hearing the children who attend his little school their Catechism, at that place where they are enjoined “to honour the king, and all that are put in authority under him,” he instructs them to add, “*except the press-gang.*”

LEICESTERSHIRE AND RUTLAND.

A meeting of the Agricultural Societies of these counties, was lately held at the Three Crowns, Leicester, to adjudge the prize offered at the last general meeting for the best cart stallion, and for other purposes.—There were three horses exhibited, and the committee decided in favour of Mr. Berridge's, of Frisby.—The committee, we understand, are directing their attention towards establishing a communication with the principal agriculturists throughout the kingdom; their proceedings will be submitted for approval to the general meeting in October next. Mr.

Hose, of Melton, intimated his intention of laying before the meeting the result of some experiment towards improving the growth of wool, by a cross of Merino with the Dishley breed. The meeting voted thanks to their chairman, Colonel Noel, of Exton Park, Rutland, for his exertions and pointed attention to the interests of the Society.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

The following excellent patriotic resolutions, lately passed at a numerous meeting of the electors of the borough of Stamford, do honour to them as a public body, and are particularly at the present time, most worthy the example of every friend to the country, and every upright and independent corporation in the kingdom.

Richard Clay, Esq. in the chair.

Resolved unannously, That the freedom of election, established by the ancient laws and statutes of the realm, and demanded by the Bill of Rights, which recognises the fundamental principles of the constitution of this country, has been grossly and scandalously violated by the agents of the House of Burghley, in the election of a burgess to represent the borough of Stamford in parliament.

Resolved, That at the last election for the borough of Stamford, 189 votes tendered to the returning officer on the part of Mr. Oddy, by voters, being inhabitants rateable, were rejected, under the pretence that the persons so-tendered were not rated; whereas no person whose vote was accepted had ever been legally rated to the maintenance of the poor in any of the parishes of the borough of Stamford; and that, by such rejection of legal votes the freedom of election was violated.

Resolved, That to make the assessment to, or payment of poor-rates, which had no existence until the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the sole criterion of a person's paying scot and doing lot, whilst the duties of scot and lot are known to be of immemorial existence, is to violate the true principle of the elective franchise in boroughs, where scot and lot are the criterions of the right of voting; and that whether this corruption in the mode of ascertaining the

validity of votes has originated in ignorance, or been resorted to for mercenary and interested purposes, it ought to be resisted.

Resolved, That a personal application has been made to the Mayor of Stamford, since the last election, by a known agent of the House of Burghley, to prevail with the Mayor to refuse to sign a rate for the poor, which rate was legally formed to require and demand his signature and sanction; and that such application was made for the unjust purpose of depriving divers persons of their elective franchise.

Resolved, That the undue influence which has been exercised for nearly a century in the elections at Stamford, by the House of Burghley, and its mercenary instruments, with the assistance of a preponderating weight of local property, has of late been improperly increased by the private sale of property belonging to the corporation, to the House of Burghley, for less than its real value, without any chance being given for a competition of purchasers; so that the property given to the public by our forefathers, for patriotic and laudable purposes, has been diverted from the real designs of the donors, to increase the power and influence of the House of Burghley.

Resolved, That various public trusts of the town of Stamford are grossly and scandalously abused by the application of the influence vested in their trustees, in subversion to the purposes of the House of Burghley; and that weighty contracts entered into by the House of Burghley, concerning trust estates, are delayed in the performance, to the public prejudice, without any redress being sought by the trustees.

Resolved, That in particular, a charity in this town called the Blue Coat School, chiefly founded out of monies contributed by the gentry of the neighbourhood, has been, and continues to be, grossly and scandalously misused. That persons of the corporation, having no pretensions either legal or equitable to manage the trust, have intruded themselves into the possession of the estates of the trust, and into the receipt of the trust monies; and that the title deeds of the foundation and estates are either lost

by carelessness or concealed for fraud.

Resolved, That the public school of Radcliffe's foundation in this town is so nearly reduced to a sinecure, that less than one-tenth of its revenue (which are now on the eve of being considerably increased) would more than remunerate an able master for the education of the scholars now instructed there, either in that line of instruction which is now pursued in it, or in such as, consistently with the spirit and intention of the founder, would be more advantageous to the public, according to the habits and manners of the present age.

Resolved, That monies left by divers charitable and well-disposed persons to the corporation, to be placed out at interest for the benefit of the poor, have been applied by the corporation to its own use, whilst the estates of the corporation are gradually diminishing in substantial responsibility by sales, so that the monies given for such charitable purposes are in danger of being ultimately embezzled and lost.

Resolved, That all these acts of mismanagement have, from the established connection of the House of Burghley with the corporation and others, a direct tendency to increase, and have actually increased, the corrupt influence of the House of Burghley, in elections of members to represent the borough of Stamford in parliament.

Resolved, That a full, fair, and free representation of the commons of England in parliament, is the most likely means of redressing every species of public grievance.

Resolved, That the late glorious, though hitherto unsuccessful effort made by the electors of Stamford, to recover their rights as Englishmen, and their franchises as electors, owes much of its force and vigour to the manly and spirited exertions of Joshua Jepson Oddy, Esq. one of the candidates for our suffrages at the late election.

Resolved, That a firm continuance of our exertions must ultimately prevail over the enemies to the freedom of election at Stamford, &c. &c.

NORFOLK.

At a general meeting of the Norfolk Agricultural Society, at Lynn, T. W. Coke, Esq. president, the following premiums were adjudged:—

For the best crop of lucerne growing in the year 1868, to Mr. Clarke, of Bergh Apton.

Labourers and dairy maids:—To John Graver, 73 years old, a labourer upon the farm of Mr. Savory, of Syderstone, for his meritorious behaviour as to sobriety, honesty, and industry; and to Samuel Goodman, 77 years of age, of Whissonset, for the same, each two pounds.—To Sarah Upcott, dairy maid to Mr. Parke, of Attleburgh, and to Emma Secker, dairy maid to Mr. Clarke, of Bectley, for their care of cows and good management of butter and cheese, each two pounds.

Ten pounds, or twenty if the funds of the society will allow it, were ordered to be paid to the fund for opposing the drawback claimed by the purchasers of corn in Norwich market.

The following premiums were ordered to be offered:—

Ten pounds, for the best practical method of destroying, without poison, the greatest number of wood pigeons.

Twenty pounds, for feeding, for one year, at least eight horses used in husbandry, in Norfolk, in the best and cheapest manner, so as to produce a saving worthy the attention, and susceptible of the imitation, of the public in general.

For the best 1-year-old rams of the Leicester, Southdown, or Norfolk breeds, for each of the respective breeds, being the best in competition (or deemed meritorious without competition) a piece of plate of five pounds value; and for each second best, a piece of plate of three pounds value.

For the best pens of ewes, 1-year-old, consisting of three each, of the Leicester, Southdown, or Norfolk breeds, for each pen of the respective breeds, being the best in competition (or deemed meritorious without competition) a piece of plate of five pounds value; and for each second best, a piece of plate of three pounds value.—The fleeces of the rams and ewes must be produced.

For the best bull, not 4 years old, a piece of plate of five pounds value.

For the best bear, not more than 2 years old, without respect to breed, a piece of plate of two pounds value.

For the best stallion for the purpose of breeding horses to be used in husbandry, and having been used this

season generally in Norfolk, a piece of plate of five pounds value.

To those shepherds who shall have been found to have, upon any day in May, the greatest number of lambs in proportion to their number of ewes, premiums of two, three, four, five, and six pounds.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At his house in Cavendish-square, London, aged 73, George Simon Harcourt, Earl Harcourt, and Viscount Nuneham, of Nuneham-Courtney, in this county. His lordship's family is one of the most ancient and illustrious in England, tracing itself from Bernard, a nobleman of the blood-royal of Saxony, whose descendant, Robert de Harcourt, came over with the conqueror. The first of the family who obtained the rank of nobility in this country was Simon, afterwards Lord Chancellor Harcourt, who was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, created *Baron Harcourt* in 1712, and *Viscount Harcourt* in 1721. This nobleman's son* dying during his father's life, he was succeeded by his grandson, who was created *Earl*

Harcourt in 1749, and who being accidentally drowned in his park at Nuneham in 1777, was succeeded in his titles and estate by his son the late and second Earl. The late Earl Harcourt was born August 1, 1736, and at the general election in 1701, was returned one of the members of parliament for the borough of St. Alban's: in 1786 he was created doctor of civil law in this university, and in 1790 was appointed master of the horse to her Majesty, in which office he continued to his decease. His lordship was a great admirer of the arts, in which he was well skilled, and to the professors of which he was a liberal patron and protector: he was of polished manners, and possessed an amiable disposition; fond of literature, and much respected among the refined circles of life. Partial to retirement, he spent as much of his time as possible at Nuneham, where his kind attention to his tenants was extreme, and his generosity to the poor unbounded. He married in 1765, Elizabeth, daughter of G. Venables Vernon, Lord Vernon, by whom he has left no issue.

SHROPSHIRE.

* The Hon. Simon Harcourt died in 1720, and was buried at Stanton Harcourt, in this county, where a monument is erected to his memory, with the following epitaph by Pope. Dr. Johnson admires the "artful introduction of the name, which," continues he, "is inserted with a peculiar felicity." Pope's *vanity* is well known, and we have here a specimen of the "peculiar felicity" with which this *vanity* is indulged, since he has taken care that the *name* of the poet and "*lov'd friend*," shall be equally conspicuous with that of the noble personage. *Those virtues he endeavours to perpetuate.*

"Thy sad shrine, whos'er thou art!
draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son
most dear:
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might
divide,
Or gave his father grief, but when he dy'd.
How vain his reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot
speak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy
stone,
And with a father's sorrow mix his own!"

Agricultural expedition and skill.—Late Mr. Edmunds, of the Buildings, near Oswestry, in his 53d year, undertook to sow eight bushels of barley (464 quarts) in one hour; a task which was performed by him with ease in 58 minutes and a half, in presence of many respectable neighbours. This quantity he threw over 2A. 2R. 26P. of land: a correspondent writes "I can say, that I never saw grain sowed with greater nicety in my life, it really is as regular as if it had been pricked." If, then, a person at such an age can scatter that quantity of seed, in so short a time, over so large a surface, how much more ought to be performed by the rustic in the prime of life.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The execution of Mary Bateman, a disciple of Joanna Southcott, at Leeds, and the late pretended prediction which induced a number of persons to leave Bath on Good Friday last, has absolutely drawn forth a serious apology for Joanna Southcott, from a respectable clergyman of the church of England, a known disciple of hers, who acknowledges that the

late infamous Mary Bateman "happened to have a seal."

"It is true," he says, "Mary Bateman had a seal, but her wicked and diabolical conduct can no more in justice be ascribed to Joanna Southcott, than the wicked and diabolical conduct of Judas could in justice be ascribed to our blessed Lord, because he was one of his disciples; and this the wise will understand, though the wicked will not.

"Having thus," he says, "cleared up the charges against Joanna Southcott, I shall give a short sketch of her divine mission, which is to warn the world of the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ to destroy Satan's kingdom of misery, evil, and woe, and to establish his own glorious kingdom of love and peace upon earth for 1000 years, as promised Rev. xx. when HE will reign IN SPIRIT among the children of men, during that period before the General Judgment.

"Her writings only lead those who will follow their directions to the Scriptures of Truth, and point out HOW the promises and prophecies of that golden book, the Bible, will be fulfilled and accomplished, and demonstrate irresistibly that the kingdoms of this world will soon become the kingdom of the living God, and HE will reign for ever and ever! Illustrious era! thine it is to close the long series of preparation which Providence has been carrying on from the first of time! Thine to fulfil the wishes of the worthy and devout of every age and every clime! Thine to recover man from depredations and dishonour! Thine to consummate the mission, and to adorn with its brightest honours, the crown of the Saviour of the world! Thine to vindicate the government, glorify the perfections, and illustrate the all-bounteous character of the God of Love! Thy approach, glad period, will be hailed by myriads of intelligent beings, who, animated by thee with a celestial glow of devotion, will give expression to their raptures in the long suspended song of angels,—'Glory to God in the highest—on earth, peace—Good-will towards men.'

"THOMAS PHILIP FOLEY,
"Rector of Oldswinford."

"Worcestershire, April 1809."

On Tuesday, May 16, between 7 and 8 o'clock, a well-dressed man, apparently labouring under a severe paroxysm of the tooth-ache, knocked at the door of Mr. Massey, dentist, on Redcliff-hill, Bristol, and asked if he was at-home? On being answered in the negative by his daughter, a young woman about 18, he enquired if there was any other person at home who could take out his tooth? She told him there was not a soul in the house but herself. "That is exactly as I wished," said the villain; and locking the door, insisted upon her shewing where her father's money was kept; at the same time threatening her with instant murder if she made the least noise or resistance. Trembling with apprehension, she shewed him a bureau, the lock of which he picked, and took from it about 40*l*. He then pocketed all the silver spoons, &c. he could meet with; but either not satisfied with his plunder, or to prevent detection, he knocked the poor girl down, and beat her so unmercifully as almost to deprive her of life. He afterwards effected his escape.

SUFFOLK.

The following is the manner of preparing the Swedish turnip for cows, lately practised to great advantage in this county.

We consider that much merit is due, in bringing forward, thus publicly, an article so essentially necessary to human subsistence, since it serves to establish more generally, as a matter of fact, what many had before considered as doubtful—it has given us a convincing proof, that turnips, of *all* descriptions, do not universally, in a greater or less degree, injure the flavour of our milk and butter; for to this assertion the Swedish turnip is an exception, in a most decided point of view, and not only so, but we much doubt whether any other vegetable we cultivate possesses the quality of contributing to those necessities of life, in the same season, and for so great a length of time, so much excellence:

It appears that the management of these cows is most simple and easy—they are fed on hay, good oat straw, and Swedish turnips; but, it ought to be observed, that a degree of care and

neatness is necessary in preparing those turnips for them.

In the first place, they are drawn about the end of February, or beginning of March, laid in ridges or heaps of one or two loads each, and left on the land for two or three weeks; they are then carted away to some convenient place, their tops and tails cut off clean, and piled on a heap, where they are kept as free from soil or dust as possible. It is advisable also, that the operation of topping and tailing be done in a yard apart from that where the cows are fed, for should they eat any of the tops, this excellence of flavour in the milk and butter will be deteriorated considerably. The mode of thus preparing these turnips deserves particular attention. The drawing them from the land at the time they are in their most compact state, thence depriving them of the absorption, if it may be so called, the new or vernal sap of the soil, a diminution of that important matter does not take place, as from an opposite course of management would be the result, to the no small injury of the crop. In this state, too, they keep much longer, and moreover, which is of no less importance, the turnips are in themselves more nutritive, as would appear from the superior quality of the butter produced, for by being thus exposed to the air, and detached from the soil, a considerable portion of aqueous moisture is carried off by natural evaporation, which would otherwise add to the quantity of our dairies, but not the quality, as we find to be the case in feeding cows with those which have been recently drawn.

Two very curious young rooks are now in full feather in Ickworth Park, which have white heads and beaks, white wings, and also white legs.

On Saturday, May 13, about 12 o'clock, a fire broke out upon the premises of Mr. Isaac Norris, of Wimbish Green, about four miles from Thaxted, which consumed the dwelling-house, brewhouse, barn, stables, and other outhouses. The fire communicated to a cottage belonging to Mrs. Reddington, of Chiswell, full 30 rods off, which was also completely destroyed.

SURREY.

The meeting of the Surrey Agricultural Society, on the 1st instant, drew to Guildford a very respectable assemblage of the nobility, gentry, and farmers of the county; and from Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, and various other parts of the kingdom. The show of cattle, though not large, was sufficient to evince a high spirit of improvement, particularly in the Merino breed and its crosses. The prizes were adjudged as follows:—

To Mr. Coles for the best South-down ram, five guineas.

To Mr. Ryde, for the three best Southdown ewes, five guineas.

To Mr. Sumner, for the best Merino Down ram, five guineas.

To Mr. John Smallpiece, for the best cart stallion, five guineas.

To Mr. Goldhawk, for the best pig, five guineas.

Also to Mr. Bennet, of Farnham, for his machine for sowing grain broadcast, ten guineas.

And to the same person, for his machine for sowing turnips or grass seeds broadcast, ten guineas.

The ploughing match produced an interesting and instructive competition between ploughs of various descriptions; and afforded some of the ploughmen the opportunity of exhibiting considerable adroitness.—Seventeen started for the prizes.

The first, of ten guineas, was adjudged to Mr. Woods, of Aldworth, Sussex; and the same gentleman, being also the inventor of the successful implement, was entitled to the additional premium of five guineas.

His ploughman also received three guineas.

Mr. R. Boughton gained the prize of five guineas.

And his ploughman, two guineas.

Sir Mark Wood also received for his oxen exhibited in the ploughing match, five guineas.

At four o'clock, about one hundred sat down to an excellent plain dinner, at the White Hart; where the company was again reminded of the Anglo Merino breed of sheep, by a number of excellent specimens of the mutton. The members of the county headed the two tables, and the day closed, as it was spent, to general satisfaction.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Died.] At Birmingham, in the 62d year of his age, George Croft, D.D. formerly Fellow of University College, Oxford, Preacher of the Bampton Lectures in 1786, Vicar of Arncliffe, and Rector of Thwing, in the county of York, late Head Master of Brewood School, Staffordshire, and for the last 18 years Lecturer of St Martin's, Birmingham.—To great classical learning he added a considerable knowledge of the Hebrew, the Syriac, and some modern languages, and an extensive acquaintance with ecclesiastical law. He made himself known in the literary world by several publications on theology, politics, and ethics. By all who knew him in private life, he was highly esteemed for his integrity, his hospitality, his constancy and ardour as a friend, his kind and anxious attention as a counsellor of the poor, and his most amiable disposition as a father and a husband. He was a man of decided character, and firmly attached to *the cant of Church and King*; he viewed, with a jealous eye, any dissent from principles which he considered to be those of the British Constitution, and his zeal prompted him to a rigidity in church discipline, of which there are but few examples, and which men of moderate sentiments censured as bordering on illiberality. He was, however, universally allowed to be sincere in his professions, and the suavity of his manners conciliated

the affections of those who could not subscribe to his creed, and were not convinced by his arguments. His remains were interred in a vault, in St. Martin's church, in this town, and a considerable concourse of his parishioners witnessed the funeral service, which was performed by the Rev. Mr. Curtis.

WALES.

The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, have adjudged to Dr. Thackeray, of Chester, their gold medal, for having planted upwards of 200 acres of land, with about 1,300,000 trees of different sorts, in the counties of Denbigh and Merioneth.

Longevity.—In the retired parish of Llanbeck, in the Isle of Anglesea, there is now living a woman of the name of Winifred Rees, who has attained the patriarchal age of 119 years and nearly seven months; she enjoys the undisturbed lease of a cottage, in which she has resided 105 years.—She is blessed with the perfect use of all her mental faculties; her eyes being as good as they were when she was in her 50th year; and strange as it may seem, has scarcely a grey hair on her head.—On the 27th of March, she walked the distance of eight miles and back, to a relative's cottage, bringing home with her a parcel which weighed upwards of 22lbs.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

: APRIL 19, to MAY 23, 1869, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette.]—The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.

A DAMS T. High-street, Southwark, innholder, (Williams, Curator str.). Ayres J. Stratford, coal-merchant, (Robinson, Lincoln's Inn). Ashton T. Stamford, linen-draper, (Jackson and Co. Stamford). Andrews J. Manchester, inn-keeper, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). Alger S. G. Gracechurch-street, porkman, (Oldman, St. Swinith's-lane).

Bayley J. High-street, Shadwell, ship-breaker, (Chapman, St. Mildred's-cour). Barber S. Stapenhill, Derby, tanner, (Cooper and Co. Chancery-lane). Booth

W. Carlisle, grocer, (Hodgson, Clement's Inn). Bright T. Westbury-upon-Seven, corn-dealer, (Chilton, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's Inn). Bowes W. Newport, Isle of Wight, ironmonger, (Worsley, Newport). Broad J. Vine-street, Pedlar's-acre, dealer and chapman, (Rogers and Son, Manchester-buildings). Homer F. H. Fleet-street, stationer, (Young and Co. Essex-street). Bolton R. and G. Wigan, Lancaster, spirit-merchants, (Gaskell, Wigan). Balls J. Great Yarmouth, draper, (Hauroist and Co. Lincoln's Inn). Brain W. Sutton-street, plane-maker, (Allen, Car-

lisle-street). Barton J. Stockport, cotton-spinner, (Willis, Warrford-court). Benton G. and J. Birmingham, jewellers, (Devon and Co. Gray's-Inn-square). Blundell J. Lloyd's Coffee-house, Insurance-broker, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-court). Bamher J. Ormskirk, Lancaster, wine-merchant, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Barton J. West Cowes, Isle of Wight, brewer, (Drake, Old Fish-street). Bannister W. Romford, baker, (Butting, Bartlett's-buildings). Bryan J. Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorgan, brewer, (Bleasdale and Co. New Inn). Begg J. Mansfield, innkeeper, (Bovill, New-Bridge-street). Berry C. sen. and Rochester R. Norwich, booksellers, (Windus and Co. Chancery-lane).

Coldwell T. Wakefield, dealer and chapman, (Evens, Hatten-garden). Cox T. Great Yarmouth, corn and coal-merchant, (Peacock, Lincoln's-Inn-fields.). Capes G. Gainsburgh, wharfinger, (Exley and Co. Furnival's-Inn). Cooper J. Iiams o'th' Eight, Lancaster, victualler, (Foulkes and Co. Gray's-Inn). Cock J. D. and Pitchers J. Norwich, liquor-merchants, (Windus and Co. Chancery-lane). Colekin W. and J. Coventry, grocers, (Fielder, Duke-street). Clarke R. Whitechapel, (Tyler, Bedford-street). Carter J. C. Clapham, mason, (Marson, Church-row). Chapman E. Tunbridge Wells, carpenter, (Cunningham, New-North-street). Charlton C. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant, (Bacon, Southampton-street). Collison T. Southampton-row, cabinet-maker, (Vincent, Bedford-street). Chenu D. Great Queen-street, French stove-manufacturer, (A'Beckett, Broad-street). Clay M. South Shields, linen-draper, (Ross and Co. New Boswell-court). Charlton W. J. Molyneux-street, Edgware-road, (Gale and Son, Bedford-street). Clarke R. Tooley-street, cheesemonger, (Wileton, Furnival's-Inn). Chiffence E. Sarum, Wilts, musical-instrument-seller, (Luxmore, Red-Lion-square).

Dalkin R. South Shields, merchant, (Bland, Racquet-court). Danson R. Golegate in Ellal, Lancashire, coat-merchant, (Bleasdale and Co. New-Inn). Dyke S. J. Percival-street, grocer, (Pringle, Greville-street). Dent J. Shelton, money-scrivener, (Wilson, King's-Bench-walks). Danson W. Lancaster, woollen-draper, (Blake-lock and Co. Elm-court). Davidson J. East-India-Chambers, merchant, (Wille, jun. Castle-street).

Empson E. Bowling-street, victualler, (Shepherd, Hyde-street). Edney J. High Holborn, cheesemonger, (Bryant, Copthall-court). Earle W. Edmond-street, St. Pancras, (Eves, Chapel-Street, Bedford-row). Eaton J. Godstone, farmer, (Dyne, Sergeant's-Inn).

Fleet J. St. Peter's Cheeseshill, Southampton, miller, (Bacon, Southampton-street). Fowler W. Distaff-lane, wine-merchant, (Warrand, Castle-court).

Greenway O., J. T., and F. H. Bristol, stone-masons, (Evans, Hatton-garden). Gillespie W. Basinghall-street, tailor, (Vandercom and Co. Bush-lane). Gorton J. Manchester, merchant, (Milne and Co. Temple). Giles W. Southampton-street, (Brace, New-Boswell-court). Gamble W. Liverpool, linen-merchant, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court).

Hankin J. Holloway, builder, (Abbott, Spa fields). Hughes D. Bangor, Carnarvon, druggist, (Edmunds, Exchequer-Office). Hart A. H. Houndsditch, broker, (Henson, Dorset-street). Heath R. Warrford-court, merchant, (Adams, Old Jewry). Hart G. Stamford-street, horse-dealer, (Epsom, Lambeth-road). Henshall S. Newman-street, shop-keeper, (Stokes, Golden square). Halliday J. Bath-street, St. Luke, coal-merchant, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-court). Hawkins T. Bristol, grocer, (James, Gray's-Inn).

Jones W. Woolwich, tailor, (Moore, Woolwich). Jackson P. Manchester, smallware-manufacturer, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). Jones M. otherwise Jones M. Levy, Swansea, grocer, (James, Gray's-Inn-square). Jacobs J. Wentworth-street, glass-cutter, (Harris and Son, Castle-street). Jackson E. and S. Bilston, Stafford, japanners, (Hunt, Surrey-street).

Kitton S. R. Holt, Norfolk, printer, (Taylor, Norwich). Knight G. Holloway, Middlesex, builder, (Kibblewhite and Co. Gray's Inn-place).

Lea T. Walsham-le-Willows, Suffolk, inn-holder, (Giles, Great Shire-lane). Lewis A. Banbury, mercer, (Harvey, Cursitor-street). Lewis G. White-Lion-street, victualler, (Mawley, Dorset-street). Lobban J. Great Wild-street, coach-plate-founder, (Sloper and Co. Montagu-street). Lowe A. Hoxton, builder, (Burn, Coleman-street). Loison A. Great Castle-st. wine-merchant, (Wadson and Co. Austin Friars). Lewis J. Upper East Smithfield, needle-maker, (Hall, Coleman-street).

Marshall W. Paternoster-row, Spitalfields, cheesemonger, (Michell, Union-court). Moggridge H. Fleet-street, boot-maker, (Higden and Co. Curriers-hall). Mordue J. Wall's-end, Northumberland, ship-owner, (Meggison, Hatton-garden). Melson J. Spitalfields, furniture-broker, (Eyles, St. George's-court, John-street). Munt W. Portsea, plasterer, (Shelton, Sessions-house, Old Bailey).

Newcomb O. Holles-street, upholsterer, (Allen, Carlisle-street).

Patterson G. Hertford, merchant, (Edge, Essex-street). Paty T. Lime-street, merchant, (Mason, St. Michael's Church-yard). Pinney J. Bury-street, tailor, (Freame, Great Queen street). Pawlett W. Great-Windmill-street, victualler, (Crosse, New-Inn). Pratt G. Manchester, hatter, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street). Price W. Cardiff, Glamorganshire, shop-keeper, (Sweet, King's Bench-walks). Parsons J. sen. and Parsons J. jun. Ludgate-hill, booksellers, (Glenn, Garlick-hill).

Riddiough R. Liverpool, inn-keeper, (Manley and Co. Temple). Rowland J. Greystock-place, Fetter-lane, carpenter, (Allan, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry). Read J. Beckington, clothier, (Ellis, Hatton-garden). Ratcliffe J. Manchester, baker, (Edmunds, Exchequer Office of Pleas).

Slater W. Westgate-Moor, Wakefield, corn-factor, (Batty, Chancery lane). Sarqui A. J. Bury-street, merchant, (Pearce and Son, St. Swithin's-lane). Skilbeck J. Huddersfield, merchant, (Sykes and Co. New-Inn). Sullings S. Little Coggeshall, Essex, maltster, (Warne, Broad-street). Scott J. North Shields, grocer, (Meggison, Hatton-garden). Spring R. Caistor, Lincoln, mercer, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-street). Seager S. P. Maidstone, dealer and chapman, (Debary and Co. Temple). Smith T. Brandon, Suffolk, wine-merchant, (Ayres, Gray's-Inn). Spencer J. High-street, Mile End, victualler, (Davies, Lothbury). Stuart P. Fleet-street, printer, (Dixon and Co. Paternoster-row).

Taylor J. Brown's-lane, Spitalfields, baker, (Palmer, Allsop's building). Towell J. Tetney, victualler, (Tucker, Bartlett's-buildings). Tharme S. Stone, Stafford, corn-dealer, (Barbor, Fetter-lane). Tuthill C. Norwich, merchant, (Windus and Co. Chancery-lane).

Webb T. Hereford, flax-dresser, (Edis, Abchurch-lane). West T. Charter-house-street, money-scrivener, (Pullen, Fore-str.). Wetherby T. Great St. Thomas Apostle, ironmonger, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-court). Wilkinson T. and Wighton J. Cateaton-street, woollen-draper, (Adams, Old Jewry). Watts W. Compton Bishop, Somerset, inn-keeper, (Blakes, Cook's-court, Carey-street). Wight W. Great Barr, Stafford, dealer and chapman, (Egerton, Gray's-Inn-square). Weidon I. Copthall-court, packer, (Bryant, Copthall-court). Wheeler T. St. Andrew's-hill, glass-cutter, (Gregson and Co. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street). Wall C. Friar-street, man's-mercier, (Hodgson, Clement's-Inn). Wilson J. Beak-street, man's-mercier, (Dixon, Nassau-street). Wyatt D. Snow-hill, shoe-maker, (Mawley, Dorset-street). Woollen M. Sheffield, butcher, (Blagrove and Co. Symond's-Inn). Ward T. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant, (Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings). Wilt T. Shaft's-court, chapman. Walker J. East Ardsley, York, maltster, (Smith, Pump-court). Walton T. Sheffield, linen-draper, (Batty, Chancery-lane). Weaver W. and Holt J. Spring-gardens, patent musical instrument makers, (Vincent, Bedford-street).

Yates W. Sherrard-street, army-accountant-maker, (Kirkman, Cloak-lane). Young A. Stamford, brewer, (Harvey, Lamb's-Conduit-place).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER- WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

May 20, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 131*l*. per cent.
West-India ditto, 175*l*. ditto.
East-India ditto, 129*l*. ditto.
Commercial ditto, 133*l*. ditto.
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 165*l*. per share.
Grand Surrey ditto, 80*l*. ditto.
Kennett and Avon ditto, 2*l*. ditto.
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 118*l*.
Athlon ditto, 58*l*. per share.
Hope ditto, 6*l*. per share prem.
Eagle ditto, par.
Atlas ditto, par.
Imperial Fire Assurance, 69*l*. per share.
Kent ditto, 60*l*. per share.

London Assurance Shipping, 21*l*. pr. share.
Rock Life Assurance, 4*l*. to 5*l*. per share prem.
Commercial Road Stock, 120*l*. per cent.
London Institution, 84*l*. per share.
Surrey ditto, par. [prem.]
South London Water Works, —*l* per share.
East London ditto, 58*l*. ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 121*l*. 12*l*. ditto.
Golden Lane Brewery, 77*l*. per share.
British Ale Brewery, 4*l*. per share prem.
Constitutional Ale Brewery, par.
Kent Water-Works, 12*l*. per share prem.
Taystock Mining Canal, 130*l*. per share.
South Lushington Mine, 180*l*. ditto.

L. Wolfe and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE Wheats that had been materially checked by the frosts and the cold and constant rains, have been considerably advanced by the late fine weather.—Barley seed has drawn to a close, after a most tedious interruption, occasioned by continued storms in April, particularly in Norfolk and Suffolk.—The sowing of spring grain being finished, promises to turn out well; together with carrots and turnips. The old stock of the latter being consumed, very little fat stock remains upon the hands of the graziers; hence the high price of beasts.—The lambing season, generally speaking, has been most favourable and prolific.—Wool continues to look upwards.—The cultivation of lucerne is rapidly extending in Norfolk, and in some parts of Suffolk, has lately been moved to great advantage.

The great utility of Swedish turnips in feeding of milch cows was pointed out and strongly recommended by Mr. Lindley, in a paper published four years ago, and had that been followed up by the exertions of the owners of dairies in general, we hesitate not to say, we might have had a rich supply of butter, equal in quality to any. However, several specimens of the Swedish turnip butter, from the dairy of Mr. Ives, of Catton, in Norfolk, have lately been exhibited at the dinner-tables of the principal inns in the city of Norwich, &c.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 6d.;—Mutton, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.;—Lamb, 6s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.;—Veal, 4s. 8d. to 6s.;—Pork, 4s. 8d. to 6s.

Middlesex, May 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs.

Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended May 13, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat				Rye				Barley				Oats.				
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	
Midd-x.	96	7	57	9	45	2	37	4	Essex	86	8	48	0	45	6	36	4
Surrey	93	4	56	0	46	6	41	4	Kent	84	0	62	0	44	6	37	3
Hertford	86	4	49	0	48	4	35	8	Sus ex	84	0			44	6	36	9
Bedford	89	6			45	4	37	10	Suffolk	88	5			44	0	33	9
Huntm.	89	0			44	8	35	6	Cambridge	88	3	56	8	41	4	26	2
Northa.	93	0	70	0	49	10	38	2	Norfolk	89	10	58	0	39	6		
Rutland	98	0			52	0	38	0	Lincoln	92	0	70	4	46	9	28	9
Leicest	94	7	54	7	50	2	34	4	York	86	9			41	1	30	10
Notting.	98	8	71	5	53	0	34	2	Durham	94	8					32	7
Derby	98	8			55	3	37	4	Northumberland	84	10	58	0	45	11	31	4
Stafford	100	0			53	0	34	11	Cumberland	104	1	67	0	48	7	31	10
Salop	95	4	68	4	50	2	34	5	Westmorland	116	2	80	0	52	9	35	0
Herefor.	86	10	48	0	42	5	35	4	Lancaster	100	7			49	9	35	2
Wor'st.	91	8			51	5	41	8	Chester	90	8			52	4		
Warwic	95	2			56	2	41	9	Flint	106	1			59	9	25	6
Wilts	84	2			43	2	39	2	Denbigh	100	7			49	5	29	10
Berks	95	2			46	8	42	0	Anglesea					42	0	25	0
Oxford	93	5			45	6	40	4	Carnarvon	97	0			48	4	29	8
Bucks	95	1			45	2	41	8	Merioneth	95	5			47	6	26	6
Brecon	91	1	64	0	46	4	25	8	Cardigan	92	6			40	0	17	8
Montgo.	98	11			43	11	37	0	Pembroke	76	16			42	4	20	0
Radnor.	92	0			42	7	29	7	Carmarthen	95	2			48	4	22	6
									Glamorgan	92	5			52	0	28	0
									Gloacester	96	6			50	4		
									Somerset	90	1			43	8	27	4
									Monmouth	94	11			41	8		
									Devon	89	5			9	8	28	1
									Cornwall	93	0			42	4	26	4
									Dorset	88	5			44	11		
									Hants	89	1			46	8	37	0

46s. 11d.; Oats 32s. 11d.; Beans 62s. 2d.; Pease 59s. 3d.; Oatmeal 50s. 0d.

Wheat 93s. 10d.; Rye 61s. 8d.; Barley 46s. 11d.; Oats 32s. 11d.; Beans 62s. 2d.; Pease 59s. 3d.; Oatmeal 50s. 0d.

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 92s. 10d.; Rye 61s. 8d.; Barley 46s. 11d.; Oats 32s. 11d.; Beans 62s. 2d.; Pease 59s. 3d.; Oatmeal 50s. 0d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from APRIL 19, to MAY 21, 1809.

CHRISTENED.				BURIED.			
Males	938	7	1905	Males	894	7	1718
Females	947			Females	824		
Whereof have died under two years old				495			
				[4s. 8d.]			
Peck Loaf, 4s. 11d. 4s. 11d. 4s. 11d. 4s. 8d.							
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 41 per lb.							

Between

2 and 5 - 184
5 and 10 - 71
10 and 20 - 58
20 and 30 - 97
30 and 40 - 140
40 and 50 - 179
50 and 60 - 148

60 and 70 - 146
70 and 80 - 133
80 and 90 - 42
90 and 100 - 6

PRICE OF STOCKS, from APRIL 26, 1909, to MAY 25, 1909, both inclusive.

Days 1908	Bank Stock.	5 p Cent Consols.	4 p Cent Reduc.	4 p Ct Cons.	Navy 5 p Cent	N 5 p Ct	Long Anns	4 p Ct Scrip	Imperial 3 p Cent	Imperial Anns.	5 p C Ann	Irish Stock	S. Sea Anns	India Anns	India Stock	Bonds	Exche Bills.	Letter T. Keys	Cons. for A. Ct
Apr																			
26	67 1/2	67 1/2	66 1/2	82	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							184 1/2	16s pm	14s pm	22	457 1/2	
27	67 1/2	67 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
28	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	68
29	67 1/2	67 1/2	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	68
May																			
1	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
2	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
3	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
4	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
5	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
6	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
7	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
8	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
9	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
10	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
11	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
12	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
13	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
14	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
15	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
16	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
17	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
18	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
19	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
20	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
21	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
22	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
23	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
24	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	
25	67 1/2	67 1/2	67	82 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2							185 1/2	16s pm	15s pm	22	457 1/2	

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THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

N^o LXVII.—VOL. XI.]

For JUNE, 1809.

[NEW SERIES.]

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—DR. JOHNSON.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH of the LIFE OF MADAME DE GRAFIGNY. By WILLIAM MUDFORD.

A translation of the "Peruvian Letters" having been recently given to the public by Mr. Mudford, he has prefixed to the volume a memoir of the authoress, which contains some particulars not generally known. We have thought, therefore, that it might be interesting to our readers to extract the "Life," instead of giving an abstract of it in our critical department.

"THE French are far behind us in literary biography. Of none of their celebrated men have they preserved memorials adequate to the curiosity with which such information is usually sought. A cursory statement of dates and of leading events is often all that is told; and the mind that is eager to become familiarized with the *men*, whose writings it has admired, must pine with unsatisfied desire. But this neglect partakes, surely, of ingratitude; for, sedulously to preserve whatever has connection with those who have delighted us, is often the only tribute of affection or of admiration which is left us to offer at the tomb of genius. The neglect which is caused by dissipation, by envy, by hatred, or by competition, may obstruct the effusion of love and veneration during the existence of its object: but when death has removed him from the sphere of this world; when he can no longer alarm our jealousy by his excellence, humble our pride by his wit, or excite our malevolence by his rivalry, what cause should then exist to impede the exertion of posthumous kindness, by blending the genius of the writer with the virtues of the

man, illustrating his works by his life, and collecting, with eager fondness, every memorial which can gratify honest and laudable curiosity?—We all wish to know by whom we are pleased, and I believe the pleasure is heightened by the knowledge. No author is so insulated from his works, but that there is a union between them and his personal circumstances, which, when known, communicates an added interest to the former in perusal. Who does not read with increased delight the forty-first *Idler* of Johnson, when he reflects that it was written under the pressure of a severe calamity, the death of a beloved mother? *Without* this knowledge, it might be perused with pleasure, and admired for its sentiments and philosophy: but *with it*, every sentence connects itself with reality, and moral wisdom, aided by truth and nature, reaches the heart with resistless energy and interest.

"Let this illustration explain my meaning, and vindicate the utility and delight of that minute and illustrative biography which unites the brief destiny of man with the less perishable monuments of his genius, and enables us to "live o'er each scene" he underwent while earning the immortality posterity has bestowed.

"These reflections upon the paucity of biographical details in French literature were not excited, but renewed, upon considering what scanty information is to be found of the authoress of the following work. In her lifetime she was courted, admired, and praised by rival wits: her company was sought by the gay, the learned, and the polite; her conversation was celebrated, and her writings raised her to renown: yet less is

told of her life than is, perhaps, to be found of the meanest poet in England. That little, however, I shall now detail.

"Frances Issembourg d'Happencourt de Grafigny was born at Nancy, in the year 1692. She was the only daughter of Francis Henry d'Issembourg, Earl of Happencourt, of Greux, and other places, and a Major in the service of the Duke of Lorraine. Her mother was Margaret de Seauvreau, the daughter of Anthony de Seauvreau, Baron of Houdemont and Vaudœuvre, and first steward of the household to the same Duke of Lorraine. The father of Madame de Grafigny was descended from the ancient and illustrious House of Issembourg in Germany, and he served in France in his youth. He was aide-de-camp to Marshal Boufflers at the siege of Namur. Lewis XIV, satisfied with his services, confirmed all his titles, and elevated him to the same titular rank in France as that which he held in Germany.

"His daughter was married, or rather sacrificed, to Francis Hugot de Grafigny, chamberlain to the Duke of Lorraine. Her biographers represent him as a man of unamiable character: his disposition was rude and violent: and his passions turbulent and ferocious, for they often endangered her life. The qualities of her mind he could not appreciate; and marriage, therefore, was to him, as to most men, unvisited by any of those gentle blandishments which can spring only from reciprocation of intellect; and as his feelings were arrogant and impetuous, they suffered no check from those simple dictates of courtesy and humanity which supply the place of tenderness or respect or love of excellence. After many years of patient suffering from this brutal tyrant, Madame de Grafigny was legally divorced, and he finished his days in a prison; to which just retribution the violence of his nature and his general bad conduct consigned him. She had several children by him, but they all died in infancy, and before their degenerate father.

"Freed from these galling chains, Madame de Grafigny went to Paris with *Mademoiselle de Guise*, the intended bride of the *Marshal de Richelieu*.

It was thus that the evils of her domestic life prepared for her, the celebrity of her public career: yet it may be doubted whether the echoes of renown were ever able to assuage or to compensate the pain planted in her breast by conjugal infelicity.—The voice of fame falls dull upon the heart where sorrow has taken up her abode: to be enjoyed, it must be received under the mild empire of inward peace and contentment.

"Madame de Grafigny knew not the reputation which awaited her in the French capital. Her merit was soon discovered. Several literary persons had formed themselves into a society of which she was invited to be a member; and she was compelled to furnish something for the *Recueil* of these literati, which was published in 1743,* in one volume duodecimo.

"The offering she presented was the most celebrated in the collection. It was called *Nouvelle Espagnole: le mauvois exemple produit autant de vertus que de vices*. The very title is a maxim, and the work is full of such. The style of this romance is florid, and sometimes extravagant; but it is not without merit. It did not, however, meet the approbation of her associates; and, indignant at some raillery that was directed against her, she produced, as a sort of triumphant vindication, the *Letters of a Peruvian Princess*.

"These Letters quickly rose into celebrity. They were admired for the delicacy and fervour of their sentiments, for the impassioned glow of their language, and for the interesting simplicity of the narrative. The conception is ingenious, and the execution is, generally, adequate. The tender elegance of female passion is, perhaps, best depicted by female genius. Love, dressed in its mild and modest guise, full of kind protestations, unsuspecting confidence, and blameless purity, should be delineated by woman, for in her breast only is the original to be found. It is woman who breathes the patient sigh in absence, who sheds the unnoticed tear, and who treasures in her heart the

* The French biographical dictionary says it was published in the year 1740.

fond image of her thoughts: it is woman who lights the torch of nature at the shrine of virtue: who dresses love in the veil woven by the graces, and ennobles those feelings by their object which, in their motive, shun the eye of chastity. The placid sentiments of passion, its gentle murmurs, and its soft complainings, are fitted for the female pen, when guided by the inspiration of genius; and a happier subject for the display of all the tender simplicity of love could not have been imagined than *Zilia*. Modest, meek, and timid; gifted with a happy ignorance of all beyond her own native plains; indissolubly attached to *Aza*; torn from him by a cruel fate; ignorant of his destiny; full of the tender recollection of his love; and in perpetual doubt, surprise, and dismay; she arrests powerfully the feelings of the reader. Madame de Grafigny has been eminently successful in imparting to her character appropriate and natural qualities; and what detracts most, and perhaps alone, from its excellence, is a repetition of sentiments that sometimes wearies, and a refinement of knowledge that is inconsistent. Metaphysical disquisitions upon the origin of language and the force of vocal utterance, were evidently beyond the sphere of her acquirements. (See *Letter XVII*.) These are blemishes which every reader must wish away.

"Shortly after the publication of the *Letters*, she produced a dramatic piece, in five acts, in prose, called *Cenie*. This is one of those pieces which the French denominate *Comedies Larmoyantes*, and it is reckoned to be the best piece of that kind, on the French theatre, after that of *Melanide*.

"She next wrote *La Fille d'Aristide*, another piece in five acts, which however was less successful than the former. Of this piece, as I have not read it, I cannot give any opinion: but after its failure, some indecorous wit slipped the following epigram under the plate of Madame de Grafigny at dinner one day:—

Bonne maman de la gente *Cenie*
A cinquante ans vous fîtes un poupon;
On applaudit, on le trouve fort bon;
On passe un miracle en la vie.*

Mais d'un effort moins circonspect,
Sept ans après tenter même aventure,
Et travailler encore dans le goût grec
(Pardon, maman, si le phrase est trop dure)
Je le dis, sauf votre respect,
C'est de tout point vouloir forcer nature.

"This play was not printed till after the death of Madame de Grafigny: it is said, indeed, she corrected the last proof of it the day on which she died. Its fate was less prosperous than that of *Cenie*, which obtained the following encomiastic lines:—

Je reviens de ta comedie,
Grafigny, les larmes aux yeux.
Que j'aime ta tendre amie,
Et ses sentimens genereux!
Dans son portrait que tu nous traces,
Que de charmes, que d'agrémens!
Que de vertus et que de graces!
Que d'esprit, que de sentimens!
Quelle délicatesse extrême!
Que d'heroïsme en tes portraits!
Ah! qu'il faut en avoir soi-même,
Pour s'exprimer comme tu le fais!

"It is said that the ill success of *La Fille d'Aristide* contributed to augment the malady which terminated her existence. She died in the year 1759, in the 64th year of her age.

"Besides the two printed dramas, Madame de Grafigny left a small piece, in one act, called *Azor*, which was played at her own house, and which she was persuaded not to give to the theatre. She composed, besides, two or three pieces in one act, which were played at Vienna by the children of the Emperor. These were founded upon simple and moral subjects, suited to the capacities of the august youth that they were intended to instruct.

"Madame de Grafigny was an object of royal munificence. Their Majesties, the Emperor, and Empress Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, honoured her with their particular notice, and often conferred presents upon her,* as well as their Royal Highnesses Prince Charles and Princess Charlotte of Lorraine, with whom she carried on a literary correspondence. She bequeathed her library

* The Emperor Francis I. bestowed a considerable pension upon her.—*Année Littéraire* 1736, tom. I. p. 112.

to *M. Guymond de la Touche*, author of the modern tragedy of *Sphigenia in Tauris*, and of the *Epistle to Friendship*. But he enjoyed this bequest only a year, as he died himself in February 1760. Her papers she left to a literary gentleman, who had held the title of friend for thirty years, with liberty to dispose of them in any manner he might think fit.

"A posthumous attempt has been made to rob Madame de Graigny of the fair renown she had acquired. The author of the *Colporteur* asserts that she did not write the *Peruvian Letters of Cenis*. The first, he says, she bought of an Abbé; and the second was given to her by another Abbé, more generous. The story is ridiculous and improbable, and must be ascribed to that malignant envy with which depraved minds seek to blast the laurels of others, even when their withered branches cannot deck their own brow."

The Letters of "Aza" are added to this volume as a supplement, and Mr. Mudford has obtained the following information relative to their author, which we believe to be the first time that it has been presented to the readers (either in French or English) of this interesting work.

"To the collected works of Madame de Graigny, in French, 4 vols. 12mo. are subjoined, as a sequel, the *Letters of Aza*, but no mention is made whether they were written by Madame de Graigny, or by another hand. The same uncertainty pervades the English translations* of this work which I have seen, and to the general reader, I shall, therefore, perhaps, convey an acceptable information, by stating that these *Letters of Aza*, were written by one *Ignatius Hungari de la Marche Courmont*, who was a chamberlain to the Margrave of Bareith, and a captain in the service of France in the volunteers of Wurmsur. He was born at Paris in the year 1728, and died in the Island

of Bourbon in 1768, aged 40. He had travelled much in Italy, Germany, and Poland, and became intimate with, and esteemed by many persons of merit. He had some talents. The principal of his works are the *Letters of Aza*;—a *Political Essay on the Advantages which France may derive from the Conquest of Minorca*;—the *Impartial Scholar*, a journal, which was not continued; but literature is indebted to him for the first idea of the *Journal Etranger*."

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT'S DISCIPLES.

Sir,

WHAT may be the precise nature of the inspiration laid claim to by the modern prophetess, JOANNA SOUTHCOTT, I do not think it worth my while to examine; but, from glancing at the writings of her disciples, it is not very difficult to discover that they are inspired, in some degree, at least, by the grand patron of pilferers, the *God Mercury*. In a provincial paper, published in Nov. 1807, I read a letter, addressed to the public, warmly recommending "the prophecies, printed in about forty books, given to Joanna Southcott by the spirit;" in which letter there is a beautiful paragraph, written in a style much superior to that of Joanna, or her votaries: The subject is the state of mankind, when the predictions of holy writ, respecting the universal spread of the gospel shall be accomplished; concerning which glorious period the writer descants as follows:—

"Illustrious sera! Thine it is to close the long series of preparations that Providence has been carrying on from the first of time! Thine to fulfil the wishes of the worthy and devout of every age and clime! Thine it is to recover man from degradation and dishonour: thine to consummate the mission, and to adorn with its brightest honours the crown of the Saviour of the world: thine to vindicate the government, glorify the perfections, and illustrate the all beautiful character of the God of Love! Thy approach, glad period! will be hailed

* The title pages of two translations now before me (*stant nominis umbra*!) imply that the sequel is by Madame de Graigny.

by millions of intelligent beings, who, animated by thee with a celestial glow of devotion, will give expression to their raptures in the long suspended song of angels,—GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST—AND ON EARTH, PEACE—GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN."

It was my intention, when I first read the letter I have quoted, signed GEORGE TURNER LEEDS, to have informed the public, by means of the same paper in which his letter was published, from whence the above paragraph was taken; but one thing or other prevented me. Reading, however, in your last number, a letter from another of Joanna's disciples, and who, to my surprise, is a member of the church of England, the Rev. "Thomas Philip Foley, rector of Oldswinford, Worcestershire," in which letter is the same paragraph, *verbatim et literatim*; and as, in both cases, there not being any acknowledgment made, nor even an inverted comma inserted, the reader is naturally led to think the paragraph is the writer's own performance, I beg leave to inform the public, that it is copied from an excellent discourse, entitled "Divine Judgments on Guilty Nations; their causes and effects considered: preached on a Fast Day, by Robert Aspland," then pastor of a congregation of protestant dissenters at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and who is since well known and equally respected as the pastor of the congregation at the Gravel Pits, Hackney. The paragraph above quoted concludes the sermon. (See 2d ed. p. 31, 32).

I will only detain your readers whilst I remark, that if Joanna Southcott, instead of being so fully engaged in diving into futurity, would occasionally look over the effusions of her deluded followers, she might perhaps prevent some of them from being such notorious plagiarists, and might be quite as well employed as she has been for some time past.

I remain, &c.

Harlow, June 5.

B. F.

On the MISMANAGEMENT of the AFFAIRS of the POOR.

WHEN a nation is so far advanced in the science of taxation, as not to be able to discover an additional article on which a new burden can be laid, it is then time to consider in how many instances large sums are wantonly squandered, and whether millions may not be yearly saved by confining our expenditure to those demands which imperious necessity calls for.

While our late heaven-born minister guided the helm of the state, he was led on by a mistaken notion to conclude, that such were the inexhaustible sources of our wealth, that the most unbounded corruption can never drain them dry. This was the reason he never counted money by less than millions in his unprecedented profusion; but in levying of taxes he did not let any thing escape him.

Before he quitted his station he had taxed almost every article used for food or physic—the liquor we drink and the garments we wear. The windows which admit the light, and the cottage which defends us from the frost are not only taxed as property, but again if insured from fire, or sold by auction; and the stamps bear hardly very hard, where the sum is but a trifle. Every shilling we possess while alive, and which we leave when we die, is subject to a heavy taxation; and when it is disposed of by executors to the friends or the relatives of the deceased, it has another dressing. If an annuity of a few pounds be left to a honest and industrious servant, for long and faithful services, he must pay more than one-half of the intended benefit for the four first years. When all this is seriously considered, every reflecting person must think that we ought to endeavour to save money by hundreds, to prevent so many millions being wanted year after year.

In order to make the progress of taxation clear, as far as it relates to the poor, I have stated, in the following table, the sums raised in several of the cities and counties in England, and how much they have advanced since the year 1776.

A Table, showing how much money was raised for the maintenance of the poor in several of the cities and county towns in England in the year 1770; how much the rates advanced in nine years, with the mediums of three years ending 1785; how much the rates advanced in eighteen years more, the sums raised in 1803, and the total advance to that period; with the population, the number of poor in each place, and the proportion they bear to the inhabitants.

The Names of the Towns and Cities mentioned in the different Counties.	The money, in whole numbers, raised for the poor, 1776.	How much the rates advanced in nine years to A.D. 1785.	The mediums of the rates for three years, ending A.D. 1785.	How much the rates advanced in eighteen years, to A.D. 1803.	The money raised A.D. 1803, for use of the poor.	Total advance of the rates since the year 1776.	Population of each of the Cities, Towns, and Boroughs.	The number of Poor relieved permanently.	The proportion of the Poor to the Population.
Bedford, Town	£. 1254	£. 178	£. 1432	£. 957	£. 2380	£. 1133	3948	181	21
Berks, Reading, Borough	2288	292	2570	1739	4300	2021	5545	624	8—6
Buckingham, Town	1189		1057	1117	2134	1117	2605	903	2—9
Cambridge, Town	1997	701	2798	2787	5380	3578	10000	704	14—2
Cheshire, City	1174	844	2018	743	2761	1587	15000	443	33—8
Cornwall, Launceston	203	34	237	438	675	472	1483	122	11
Camberland, Carlisle	517	720	1087	1539	2576	2259	10281	491	20—8
Derby, Borough	1637	215	1852	2914	4766	3129	10092	735	14—8
Devon, Exeter	3200		3200	2537	5737	2537	10837	10837	2308
Dorset, Shaftesbury	890	227	1117	881	1968	1108	2159	195	11
Essex, Colchester and Liberties ..	5725	227	4371	3004	7275	11520	11520	1301	9—2
Gloucester, City	1039	86	1125	1364	2351	1450	7579	695	10—8
Hertford, Town	847		803	1764	2369	1764	8937	319	27
Hireford, City	707	636	1345	1764	3067	2000	6838	375	8
Huntingdon, Town	456	349	805	603	1470	3014	2035	102	20—7
Kent, Canterbury	3206		2950	4472	7432	4472	9000	383	23
Durham, Sunderland	1175	128	1298	3219	4517	3342	12418	771	16—2
Lancaster, Liverpool	3333	2797	6130	31065	37195	33862	77633	3016	21—7
Lincoln, City and Liberties	1087	224	1311	1735	3096	2009	7393	109	23—6

	1221	34497	1244	55741	6105	75377	5760	18
London, Within Walls.....	33276	31178	12740	33018	14012	54155	3393	16-2
Westminster	19918	52359	44847	97206	49300	153272	48403	8-1
Norfolk, Norwich	47946	13931	6028	10959	7756	30832	4213	8-7
Northampton, Peterborough	12203	906	1458	2864	1458	3440	319	10-8
Northampton, Newcastle, Borough	1642	3364	5071	8635	6898	28336	4050	11
Nottingham, Town	1737	3339	9408	12617	10478	23861	2010	11-3
Oxford, City	2189	2307	2367	4074	2437	11694	359	32-7
Somerset, Taunton	2287	1787	909	2966	909	5794	472	12-3
Southampton	568	2168	2799	4867	3367	7913	313	25-3
Stafford, Litchfield	86	876	2351	2337	2337	4512	259	17-4
Suffolk, Bury St. Edmund's	790	2374	632	5066	1417	7655	1076	7-1
Surrey, Guildford	2189	1087	568	1455	1016	2634	1131	2-2
Sussex, Chichester	1039	1392	2431	3823	2376	21608	293	73-6
Warwick, Town	147	2212	2194	4106	2630	5775	542	10-6
Wilts, Marlborough	1776	639	431	1076	417	2367	269	8-8
Worcester, City	564	2069	2572	4611	2372	11352	600	8-8
York, City	2319	2803	3638	6441	4733	16145	844	19-2
	805							
	140536	157519	134344	315049	155669	1162782	78691	
	24704	30010	92494	62464	41225	130181	10762	
	165260	137559	166838	377513	196894	1292063	89453	

The sums which they then collectively raised amounted to 165,260 pounds. It may be seen in the next column, that in nine years the poor's rates had advanced 23,665 pounds. The mediums of the rates for three years, ending A.D. 1785, amounted to 187,529 pounds; and in 1803 to 377,513 pounds, which is more than double in eighteen years.—In several of the cities and towns mentioned in the table, the rates have been much more than doubled in the same period.

In the first nine years, from 1776 to 1785, there was no advance in the rates, either at Buckingham town, or Exeter, or Hertford, or Canterbury, or Peterborough, or Taunton, or Marlborough, or Worcester; but they advanced nearly double in the second period, from the year 1785 to A.D. 1803; and the total advance of all the cities and towns, mentioned in the table, amounted to 196,894 pounds, a sum sufficiently large to merit the attention of every well-wisher to the prosperity of his country.

Buckingham town, with a population of 2603 persons, had 903 paupers, by which it appears that they relieved nearly 1 in 3 of their

inhabitants. At Carlisle, in Cumberland, their rate for the relief of the poor amounted, in the year 1776, to only 347 pounds; but their three years' medians, ending A.D. 1785, amounted to 1037 pounds, and the total advancement of their rate in 1803 was 2269 pounds. With a population of 10,221 persons, they had 491 paupers, and they relieved about 1 in 21 of their inhabitants.

Who could suppose that the opulent city of Westminster relieved 1 in 3 of their whole population, and the cities and towns in England mentioned in the table average about 1 in 14—1?

Does this shew the flourishing state of a kingdom? and what would it do if we could advance one step farther, and deduct those who are insolvent? How does it happen that the borough of Colchester should have double the number of poor there are in the city of Worcester, and nearly four times the number of the city of Oxford, with nearly the same population? and for what reason can the city of Oxford raise 4674 pounds yearly to maintain 359 paupers, when the city of Worcester raises no more than 4641 pounds to maintain 600 poor persons?

* It is certainly worth while to inquire from what cause such disproportions, in the expenses for maintaining the poor can arise. It cannot be for the want of parochial schools, nor can the teaching every child in the kingdom to read reach the evil: and if the governors of the poor at Colchester and at Worcester would publish in your Magazine their method of proceeding in regulating their parochial affairs, it might be the means of making some further discovery.

The experience of more than two centuries hath taught us, that the referring all parochial business to be settled by magistrates at their meetings or quarter sessions, as matters are too often hurried over, can never remedy the evils. We must expect, in a few years, to see the assessments for the relief of the poor not only doubled but tripled, as every idle and drunken person knows that he can claim a maintenance by law; and there is but little distinction made

between him and a person worn down by hard labour, when such apply for relief. Mr. Whitbread may think that his scheme for educating the children of the poor will counteract the abuses and mismanagement of parish officers, but he will certainly be deceived; for neither reading, writing, nor a knowledge of the law, is found sufficient to keep men in public stations in the straight path of duty.

ADAMAH, or the CREATION of WOMAN. *Inserted as an Episode in an unfinished oriental Work. Translated from the German of SIEGFRIED.*

[Concluded from p. 391.]

BUT, as the last rays of day trembled on the mountain's top, as the forms of the distance vanished, a solemn shivering seized the first born. In the gloom of the woods he thought he spied strange flitting forms; the waters of the river Pison murmured amongst the reeds, and, like the train of light of soaring angels, so shone on the surface of the stream the departing beam of day. A sudden sound arose. Adamah trembled. The mountains bent, and the depths rejoiced, for the glory of the Lord passed on the wings of the tempest.—Peace returned; and adoration from all creation rose. In the depths of the darkness a fleeting splendour oft burst forth, and hovered o'er Adamah; melodious sounds trembled on the breeze; from heavenly harps the sounds arose, and struck with joy the mortal's ear.

But Magalon exalted himself on the clouds of the evening, and round him shone an host of angels; they flew aloft with the beams of the setting sun, and tarried on the twilight. They adorned themselves with the colours of heaven, and dipped their crowns in the evening gold. Magalon stood amongst them in all his beauty, of all created beings the most beautiful. His countenance, milder than the spring of the divine Eden, the motion of his many wings, the music of the spheres. And he began, and the voices of the angels joined in the song. Thus the chorus sang:—

Arise! daughter of eternity, arise!
O sacred night! Hail! Hail! Hail!
Praised be thou before all thy darkened
sisters; praised before all thy glorious
brethren, the days. Behold! the
Eternal selected thee from the begin-
ning. The glory of the Lord hovers
on the earth: the breath of the Cre-
ator speaks in thee.—Arise, ye guar-
dians of the night; ye sacred stars
arise, to behold the works of his
hands.

But in the east, on the approaching
night, stood Azrael, the angel of
death, and sleep. Around was
ranged an host of angels on dewy
clouds. And thus they answered the
chorus in the west:—

She comes; from eternity is she
born! She rises in solemn silence;
in her the dark majesty of Al Elah!
Behold! he has taken compassion of
life on earth! The flame and the
breath of life shall never be extin-
guished. He will call generations
from generations, and creation will
be new born in the creatures. Re-
joice ye beasts of the field. Lift thy
head, O cedar; let the corn of the
field rejoice: to you is given resur-
rection from the ashes of death. With
the returning sun, the creation and
the forms of Eden return. Her
name is Spring.

The finger of the Almighty, the
Creator's, *Let it be*, shall pass from
generation to generation.

Thus the chorus in the west an-
swered:—Why dost thou weep, sis-
ter Soul? Weep no more. The
goodness of the Almighty has seen
the tears of Paradise; they are num-
bered, and they shall not flow again.
Weep no more.

Adamah heard the heavenly cho-
rus. At that moment a heavy sleep
fell on his eyes. Azrael, the angel
of death, of night, and of sleep, ap-
proached him. He opened his breast,
extracted some blood from his heart,
and tendered the precious drops to
Megalon. With a gentle tooth he
unloosed the bonds, which bind the
sapping spirit to the groveling dust:
he broke them not as in the hours of
death. Now, as a mother takes her
infant in her arms, so the angel took
the unconscious soul; and behold,
the cherub, the winds of midnight,
his wings, raised himself aloft. His

rapid flight streamed through the firmament, and at a distance gleamed
the pale star of the earth. With his
eternal fires Orion flamed. The
galaxy, with its myriad of worlds,
burst on the sight of Adamah, and
now he saw at a distance the bound-
aries of the divine Eden.

And behold, sudden as the light-
nings flash, the gates of Paradise flew
open: a train of light spread itself
wide, streaming over the space of
night.

With awe and reverence the soul
of Adamah was filled. Shaded by
the wings of the angel, it rested on
the plains of Hewila.

As tranquillity rests on the eyelids
of sleeping children, so inexpressible
peace and the calmness of the eternal
life rested on the plains of the hea-
venly Eden. Spring, clothed in the
colours of original light, hovered over
the vallies. Flowers of ethereal hues,
dipped in the tints of the evening
clouds, and the trees of life glittering
with the colours of the rainbow,
reared their heads in splendid pride.
In the interior a solemn light trem-
bled over all. The soul of Adamah,
seized with astonishment, raised itself
to revel in the bliss of Paradise. Mag-
alon appeared on the dewy plain; his
garment brilliant as the sapphire's hue,
formed of the snow which lies at the
throne of the Almighty.* The angel
entered the sanctuary where the se-
crets of the Creator rest, and the
angel of death followed at a distance,
bearing the soul overwhelmed with
awe. But in the depths of night
three springs of everlasting purity
burst forth, bright as the beams of
the growing light in the eastern hea-
ven. The first is Achiar, the source
of love, and springs nearest to the
throne of the Eternal. As the springs
of Maphtha on Abscheran, so it flows,
filling the air with perfume, and
spreading life wheresoever it flows.
Its taste is sweeter than the honey-
comb.—The second is Majim, the
source of poesy. The spirit of God
rests on its waters; whosoever drinks
of it, his eyes behold the things of
Heaven: his ear comprehends the
language of all creatures; and all the

* See Eisenmengers Judenthum.
P. II.
3 Q

voices of Heaven and earth, and a double edged sword is given to him in his mouth.—The name of the third is Issa Margil, the source of hope. It is pure as crystal, and nourishing as milk from the breasts of the mother. The flowers of Paradise bloom around it, with golden caps, like the cups of spring, in which the angels collect the numbered tears of earthly sufferings.

Amidst these springs the souls of men are formed, called by the word of the Eternal from their original nothing. The seraph Magalon had entered into the sanctuary of God, and stood amongst the springs. He bent in adoration, and a silence like that of annihilation brooded over the scene. The harmonious murmurs of the springs were stopped, and the winds of Heaven stayed their courses. On a sudden the springs burst forth. The chorus of the seraphims resounded through Heaven: from host to host the rapturous concords sounded; on distant worlds the blessed spirits sang the song of joy; and hosts of cherubims sang Hallelujahs to the Almighty one.

To soft and dulcet sounds the heavenly anthems sunk: for, behold, the Eternal had created, had finished the work of his hands. And now the soul of Hewa, the first woman, rose from the night, by the murmuring of Achiar. It hovered round the springs of love and hope; angels hastened, and carried the daughter of the divine breath to the plains of Howila. And Azrael, the angel of death, bearing the soul of Adamah, followed with rapid flight.

Now Magalon, the beauteous seraph, became the angel of love and of spring. He returned to the courses of the suns, and called forth the autumnal moon, opening the womb of the earth: the winds and the roving papilios obeyed his orders, to carry from flower to flower the fructifying dust. Amidst the chorus of the cherubims, Hewa, the most lovely of created forms, rose from the dust in her virgin beauty. In her sparkling eye beamed her heavenly soul, and in her countenance a morning of spring.

On the far spreading boundary of Heaven stood the host of angels,

thousands and thousands. From morning to evening the sounds of joy arose. Thus from midnight sang the chorus.

Welcome! thee, the Heavens salute; thee, who rises in thy glory, emerging from the lap of the Almighty: Favourite of God! Daughter of Love! Earthly Seraph!—As the countenance of Heaven hovers on the surface of the ocean, so we behold thee, the beam, and the glory of the divine Paradise. Blessed be thou at thy rising: the Father of creation blesses thee. The host of angels praise thee happy. How she rises in her majesty from the dust of the earth! How she elevates amongst the stars her glorious head! Arise, ye slumberers of the night: bow before her, ye creatures of heaven and earth. Bend thy branches, O cedar! When she walks forth in her beauty, ye stars, revere the glory of the earthly creation—the gem of eternal life.

From midday the chorus answered:

A path is opened in the wilderness. The blessings and joys of immortality descend with Hewa from the dwelling of the blessed. Her kiss is a presage of the bliss of Heaven, a foretaste of eternal life. Beauty surrounds her as a girdle grace, and dignity adorn her forehead. Innocence dwells on her blushing cheek. Her bosom, soft as the aus of spring, glows with compassion; and the tear of bliss trembles in her eye. Light are the wings of her soul. The immortal spirit shines through the earthly covering, as the colours of a beam of light in the drops of the sunny shower.

Her heart is wove of the ethereal strings of heavenly harps, in which repose the tones of rapture and the tones of woe. Moved by the soul, with glad it trembles; with tones of rapture, or with tones of woe, or joins in one accord to blissful melody.

Her lip is tranquil as the lake on the summer eve. She is the giver and the receiver of bliss.

From morning the chorus answered:

Why, O Almighty, didst thou call creation into life? Why didst thou fix the course of generations? Be-

hold, love animates the infant spirit; the mother rejoices over her suckling; and in the fathers, and the children humanity binds the bonds of sacred concord.

As the chorus ended, the spirit of Heaven arose, and conveyed Hewa to the spot where Adamah slept.

Then from the evening the chorus sung:—

"What sounds of sorrow burst from the depths of the future? How loud are the complaints of misery? Let them be heard no more. The flames of sorrow will be quenched by the tears of compassion, the weapons of despair will be broken, and the pilgrims of the earth be joined in love and concord. She comes! she comes! the ambassadress of Heaven. But does love weep on the grave? She weeps and mourns; but bright as the starry train glitters her faith in the darkness of death.

And as the cherubs ended, Azrael returned the soul of Adamah to the sleeping body. Adamah rose from the bliss of his dreams, and Hewa stood before him in her scrappish beauty. As the departed soul feels after the conquest over death, so wrapt in adoration Adamah viewed the heavenly form. But timid as the hind of Hermon, Hewa averted her face: her cheeks glowed: she stood confessed a mortal, in an angel's frame. A glance of her eye shot to the heart of Adamah. With eager arms he pressed her to him: he felt the heaven of his joys, the breath of an eternal spirit in the ardour of her kisses. The sources of his breast were opened, and the first tear fell from the cheek of man.

But in one chorus joined the thousands and the thousands, and all the voices of the earth rose to the Father of Love. From the east and the west, the north and the south burst the loud jubilee. The heavenly host soared to the everlasting dwelling, and closed the gates of Paradise. Azrael alone, the angel of death, hovered over the plain of Hewila.—As the moon wanders over the murky night, so he bent, faint shining from the dusky clouds. Over the first created he poured the invisible drops from Issa Nargil, the source of hope;

and then he withdrew with the departing night, descending in the west on the circle of heaven.

R. H.

MR. SIM TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

HAVING laid before your numerous readers the correspondence between Mr Boswell and Mr. Mickle, relative to Mr. Garrick, I have only to notice the censure of your correspondent, Senex, for my not mentioning, in the Life of Mickle, "the elegant present of the frontispiece of the second edition of the *Lusid*, designed and engraved by Mr. Mortimer, (though recorded by Mr. Ireland) for which Mr. Mickle honoured his memory by an epitaph, which does equal credit to the poet and the painter." Now the truth is, Mr. Mickle told me that Mr. Mortimer charged him ten guineas for that frontispiece. Something in the following letter appears to contradict that assertion. It is, however, much to be lamented, that Mr. Mortimer did not fulfil his promise of painting the apparition at the Cape of Tempests, as no one was more capable of doing justice to that very sublime fiction of Camoens.

As to the northern duke, for whom Senex appears to have no very great predilection, I shall dismiss him in the words of Camoens:

The peer or patron to the Muse unjust,
Sinks like the nameless slave extinct in dust.

Your obliged humble servant,

June 10, 1809. J. SIM.

"DEAR SIR,

"I OMITTED writing some days, in expectation of seeing Mr. Mortimer; but as he has this evening bent me word he shall not be in town till next week, I can no longer omit thanking you for your letter, and the very great honour you have done my picture by your poem,* which Mr. Reid highly approves, except the names of the hero and heroine, who, he thinks,

* "The Sorceress" See Mickle's Poems, p. 113, &c.

would be improved by a new christening: "That done, with a few little touches, which you will of course give it, will highly merit the public eye, and most certainly succeed.— Desires to know if your view is to have it printed in London or Oxford. Evans thinks it would do very well at 1s. 6d. without a vignette, and make that addition to the second impression, if it is approved. In that respect I differ from him, as I think to answer the purpose you mention, it should come out with as much éclat as may be. I sent a copy to Mr. Mortimer, but have not heard from him since he received it, excepting the verbal message I mentioned above. As to the frontispiece to the *Luaiad*, if you will point out the subject, I will answer for his most willingly making the design on any terms whatever. For the painting of the apparition, I fear he will hardly have time to give it the necessary reflection, and execute it at present. Will mention it to him soon as he comes to town. In the interim will you favour me with a line, relative to your intentions about the poem; any instructions you give I will carefully follow. By the way, do not you think the incantation a better title than the *Sorceress*, as it relates only one of the hag's performances?

"Mrs. Ireland begs to add her most friendly compliments; shall be very happy to see you when you come to London, as will your obliged friend and

"Most obedient servant,

"J. IRELAND."

"London, 11th March, 1777."

ON THE PREJUDICES OF LITERARY MEN FOR CHINESE AUTHORS.

[Continued from p. 481.]

ALTHOUGH Averroes committed himself in the most hostile panegyric on his favourite author, yet his prejudice in favour of Aristotle did not rise higher than the prejudice of the illustrious founder of the Professorship of Geometry in the University of Oxford for his favourite Euclid. He begins his works on the eight first propositions of Eu-

clid in these words:—"Capillares meum, auditores, si vires et valetudo sufficerint, explicare definitiones, petitiones, communes sententias, et octo priores propositiones primæ libri elementorum, cetera post me venientibus relinquere." And he finishes in these words:—"Exolvi per Dei gratiam, Domini auditores, promissum, liberavi fidem meam, explicavi pro modulo meo definitiones, petitiones, communes sententias, et octo priores propositiones elementorum. Ego idcirco. Hic annis fessus cyclos artemque repono. Succedent in hoc munus alii fortasse magis vegeto corpore, vivido ingenio," &c. It would not be a difficult task for the most secondary capacity to learn, with a very trifling knowledge of geometry, the definitions, questions, axioms, and the eight first propositions of Euclid; and behold a man, of the most transcendent genius, speaking of the undertaking, not only as very great, but very difficult. He is afraid that his strength and health will fail,—si vires et valetudo suffecerint. He leaves to his successors the prosecution of the work,—cetera post me venientibus relinquere. He thanks God, that, by a particular grace, he has executed what he promised,—exolvi per Dei gratiam promissum, liberavi fidem meam. Explicavi pro modulo meo. What! the quadrature of the circle? The duplication of the cube? This great man has explained pro modulo suo—the definitions, the questions, the axioms, and the eight first propositions of the first book of the *Elements* of Euclid; but for himself, it is time that he repose,—hic annis fessus cyclos artemque reponit.

Euclid did not think himself so obscure as not that, in composing his *Elements*, he had said such extraordinary things as to make it necessary to compose a book of near 300 pages to explain his definitions, his axioms, his questions, and his first eight propositions.

Thus, false erudition inserts into our minds the most extravagant designs. This illustrious philosopher had perhaps perused the opinions of the mathematicians; he was disgusted, historically, with their propositions, as well as with their genealogies. He entertained for antiquity all the re-

spect which ought to be entertained for truth; and what did this disposition of mind produce? A commentary on the definitions, axioms, and the eight first propositions of Euclid, ten times more difficult to understand and remember than all that Euclid ever wrote on geometry. But, if this philosopher had made as much use of his reason as he did of his memory, on a subject in which reason alone ought to be consulted, or if he had entertained as great a respect and love for truth as he entertained veneration for his author, there is a great probability that, having spent so much time on so trivial a subject, he would have allowed that the definitions which Euclid gives of the right angle and of parallel lines are defective; and that they do not sufficiently explain the nature of them; and that the second proposition is trifling, as it can only be solved by the third.

But the design of the major part of the commentators is not to explain their originals, and to investigate the truth or error of their opinions, but it is to make a display of the profundity of their own erudition, and with a blind zeal to defend even the errors of the authors. They do not write with a view either to make themselves understood, or to render their favourite authors intelligible, but to bestow on them their profuse admiration; supposing that the admiration of others will consequently fall upon themselves. If the philosopher, of whom we have been speaking, had not filled his book with Greek passages, and with the names of many obscure and almost forgotten authors, and with a number of subjects wholly irrelevant to the definitions and questions of geometry, who would have read or admired his book? or who would have attributed to its author the name of a man of genius or a philosopher?

I think it will be granted, after what has been advanced, that the indiscreet perusal of certain authors often produces the mind, or that, as soon as the mind becomes prejudiced, it, in a certain degree, takes leave of common sense. It can no longer judge distinctly of those things which have any relation to the subject in

favour of which it is prejudiced: all its thoughts are infected with it, it cannot even apply itself to things which have no relation to the subject. Thus, a person prejudiced in favour of Aristotle, can find no beauties in any works but those of Aristotle; he judges of every thing by the rules of Aristotle; whatever is contrary to the opinions of that philosopher, appears to him false; he is quoting him on all occasions and on every subject, whether it be to prove the most obscure and abstruse points, or the most simple and self-evident truths, and of which children even do not doubt; Aristotle is to him what reason and evidence are to others.

In the same manner, if a person be prejudiced in favour of Euclid, and geometry, he can speak of nothing but squares, cubes, circles, angles, parallels, lines, and tangents. Every thing he says bears some relation to his favourite science:—truth, he would say, always moves in a right line, and virtue and vice will as soon meet as two parallel lines; and if Euclid had said that the whole will not be greater than its part, he would not be ashamed to quote it, and even attempt to prove it. But this is a more ordinary case with those who offer us their comments on the moral writers, than with those who comment on geometrical works; and in their voluminous disquisitions we meet with Greek, Hebrew, Arabian, and Persian quotations, in demonstration of certain points which are as evident as that light and heat are inseparable.

I do not speak here of the corrupted choice of books to which the majority of studious persons apply themselves; that point more properly depends on the moral sense, although it has some relation to the present subject; for when a person immerses himself in the perusal of the Rabbis, and of books in the different obscure languages, which, as they are the most uncorrect, are consequently the most useless, it is caused without doubt by his rooted prejudices; and because he conceives himself (though unjustly) a most profound scholar, when at the same time, in fundamental knowledge, he is as ignorant as a school-boy. This could be proved

by two living examples; and at some future period I may, perhaps, impose upon myself the task of exposing them.

I remain, &c.

R. H.

ACCOUNT of a REPUBLIC of REVOLTED SLAVES, which existed for about Sixty Years in BRAZIL; taken from the "*America Portuguesa, livro oitavo.*"

IN the confusion incident upon the attack and conquest of the fertile province of Pernambuco by the Dutch, in 1630, a number of slaves, either emancipated by the death of their masters in the warfare then raging, or availing of the general disorder that prevailed, determined upon seeking in the forests and mountains of the interior of Brazil an asylum for that freedom which they had resolved to cherish. Encouraged, no doubt, also by the successful establishment and depredations of the Paulists, who, about that time, under the denomination of Mamelukes, had become famous throughout Paraguay and Brazil, they hoped to found a similar community, and to emulate the valour, the plunder, and the renown of that celebrated republic of banditti. The number of these self-emancipated slaves was, in the first instance, about forty, chiefly belonging to the city of Oliinda, who, provided with a few fire-arms and other weapons, retired into the woods in a western direction from Porto Calvo, situated in about 9 degrees of south latitude. They were soon joined by other negroes, by a considerable number of mulattoes, and by a few creole renegades and Brazilians. A town was rapidly built, to which the name of Palmares was given, from the abundance of cocoa-nut palms on the spot, the natural plantations of which were enlarged and improved by the new settlers, part of whom inhabited the town, whilst the rest were dispersed over the most fertile spots in the vicinity, where they began to practise the peaceful arts of agriculture.

In this infancy of their society they had very few females; and not only

did natural desires prompt them to seek the gratification of the sexual appetite, but the policy also of preserving the continuation of that independence they now tasted the sweets of, induced their determination to supply their wants in this respect by violence from the settlements of their former masters. The recesses they inhabited skirted the rich and best cultivated districts of Pernambuco; and a successful and extensive enterprise was undertaken not only into that of Alagoas, the nearest adjacent district, but over a much wider extent of country. The rape of every female of colour suited to their purposes was general, and the ravishment of every white woman, whose age or infancy did not preclude desire, was equally so. It seems probable that considerable bloodshed must have taken place in this excursion, yet it is remarkable that in the account whence these particulars have been taken, it is only by implication that even any resistance on the part of the planters can be inferred; who were no doubt unprepared and overwhelmed by the sudden and unexpected attack. The assailants returned to Palmares in triumph, carrying with them the future mothers of their rising republic, together with the most valuable and portable effects that fell in their way during this eruption.

Thus early initiated into the attractions of a predatory life, they soon gave way to the lust of rapine, and in succeeding and repeated similar expeditions (similar as far as plunder was their object, for we are not told of any further rapes) they became formidable and apparently irresistible to their Portuguese neighbours. These soon preferred to submit to a species of tribute, and, in return for the forbearance from outrage upon their individual possessions, privately furnished their enemies with fire-arms, ammunition, and other European articles of necessity; nay, whenever a plundering party returned with the spoils in gold or silver of the more distant colonists, these ready tributaries of the banditti would sell them an increased supply of the commodities they wanted for the precious

metals which could be of no use to them.

The lapse of a few years beheld a nation rising from this almost Roman commencement; and they adopted a national denomination from the name of their town, calling themselves *Palmares*. Lawless and unrestrained as their fierce equality was, they soon experienced the unabating confusion which cannot but prevail in every community or gregarious association without laws or without a head.— They began the edifice of their political constitution by the election of a chief, whom they styled *Zombi* the powerful, a title probably given in consequence of the personal strength and prowess of their first prince. This dignity was to last for the life of the chosen ruler, and the succeeding *Zombi* of this rustic republic was to be elected by the general voice from amongst the bravest and the most experienced members of the state. Inferior magistrates were next appointed, and various laws and regulations instituted. All who were capable of bearing arms were constituted permanent soldiers of a commonwealth whose patrimony was plunder and whose essence was military strength. Nor was an established religion omitted; Christianity was declared to be the creed of the *Palmares*; but, says the Portuguese author, most sacrilegiously defaced, being deprived of the sacrament of ordination, and of the holy vestments and venerated ceremonies of the apostolic church, to the eternal damnation of their miserable souls.

All this was, however, the work of time; and, during this progress of political improvement, the population rapidly increased, and the cultivation of the country they inhabited proceeded in proportion. Various villages were formed, but, apprehending the attack of the Portuguese, they chose an elevated situation for each assemblage of habitations, and surrounded them with rude and rustic fortifications. The site of *Palmares*, the capital, had been chosen with a view to security, and included within the area of its outer walls, now three miles in circumference, a lofty mount commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country, and one side of

which was a perpendicular precipice. The walls consisted of a double row of immense logs, hewn out of the largest trees to be found in the primeval woods that surrounded them, these were squared and piled upon each other to a considerable height, and firmly bound together by uprights and girders. Three entrances were left with booms of massy timber for gates, and a platform over each sufficiently capacious to receive 200 men, and that number of chosen soldiers, with an experienced leader, formed the constant guard at each gateway. The dwellings within this formidable entrenchment were irregularly dispersed, and a large share of the ground in the interior was cultivated. A small lake, abounding with fish, with a rivulet running through it, was included in the inclosure, and supplied the inhabitants with water. The palace of the *Zombi* was very large and rudely magnificent according to their ideas, whilst the houses of other individuals approached it in extent and decoration. The entire population amounted to upwards of twenty thousand*. The prosperity of the nation rose with their numbers; both formidable in appearance and powerful in fact, their extended depredations, and, when provoked, their destructive vengeance, diffused equal alarm with those of the *Paulists* or *Mamelukes* of St. Vincent's, the prototypes of their society. In the course of time, apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the European colonies on the coast, and after continuing for sixty years unmolested in their retreats, and unresisted in their encroachments, after seeing the third generation of warrior banditti arise amongst them, they became so seriously the object of alarm to the now re-established and reinvigorated viceregal

* It is dubious whether the population of *Palmares* alone is here meant, or the aggregate number of the *Palmares*. The latter seems the most probable, as so considerable a population, although the walls were three miles in circumference, could not, a large share of the interior ground being cultivated, be contained within the town.

government of Brazil, that, in 1696, decisive measures were resorted to for their subjugation.

Don Cayetano Mello, the governor of Pernambuco, concerted a plan for this purpose with Don Juan de Lancastrro, the captain general of Bahia; the former assembled three thousand regulars, and the latter sent one thousand more. These troops rendezvoused at an appointed place, and, together with a body of Indians and some volunteers, formed a well-appointed army of six thousand men, provided with every necessary for military operations, excepting artillery, which it was not supposed could be required in the irregular warfare in which they were about to engage; for the existence of so large and so strong a fortification as that which surrounded the town of Palmares was unknown to the Portuguese, who looked upon the enemies they were going to encounter as a wandering tribe of savage insurgents, instead of, as they found them, a regularly constituted community, with a capital city and dependent towns.

The Palmares were early apprised of the intended attack; they rallied round their chief, who collected all his resources at Palmares, called in the inhabitants of the villages, and caused the country around to be desolated, the paths and defiles to be torn up, and every obstacle placed in the way of the invading army which the nature of the country admitted. After a fatiguing march, the Portuguese at length arrived before the walls of the chief town, and beheld with astonishment, not unmixed with dismay, the massy firmness of the formidable entrenchment which surrounded it, the martial appearance of the soldiers who garrisoned it, and the vigorous preparations every where made for determined resistance. Before the Portuguese had recovered from their surprise at finding a city where they expected a den, and bulwarks where they looked for open huts, the Zombi made a vigorous and rapid sally with a large body of his men, engaging the Portuguese with great valour, driving them back with considerable loss, and re-entering his fortification with triumph. From this partial discom-

fiture, however, the invaders soon recovered, and, advancing with more caution, formally and completely invested the place.

The siege lasted a considerable time. All attempts to cut through the massy and impenetrable bulwark were unavailing. Escalades were equally unsuccessful, for the besieged who manned the battlements of the wall with unabated valour and vigilance repulsed every attack, and kept up a destructive fire upon the assailants. Unfortunately the Palmares had but a very insufficient supply of powder; but this, instead of shaking the constancy of their resistance, served but to increase the ardour and ingenuity with which they sought for substitutes of defensive warfare. Darts, arrows, stones of immense size were hurled from the battlements, and boiling water was successfully used in repelling several of the attacks attempted by scaling. This determined resistance, and the great numbers of killed and wounded amongst the Portuguese, abated their ardour; and, from the desolation of the surrounding country, the necessary supplies of food and refreshment began to fail. Murmurs arose amongst the soldiery, and it became evident that, without a reinforcement of troops, a supply of provisions, and above all, without the assistance of artillery, their enterprise must be abandoned. Dispatches were sent off to the governor of Pernambuco, urging these necessary supplies; and in the mean time their annoyance of the besieged was relaxed and their attacks suspended.

The Palmares, perceiving this suspension of operations on the part of their besiegers, began to entertain hopes that they were preparing to retire altogether. These expectations were indeed necessary to encourage them to further exertions, for not only was their stock of powder wholly consumed, but they began also to experience the distresses of famine; by far the majority of all their nation having retired into the entrenchments with their women and children. Yet they endured all with the determined spirit of freemen, in daily expectation of enjoying their pristine liberty, their unrestrained and predatory life, or

their rural and domestic happiness. Their hopes, however, were too soon crushed by the arrival of a detachment of troops, which, with much difficulty, had been sent to the assistance of the besiegers from Pernambuco, with provisions and with artillery. From the summit of their central eminence the Palmaresse beheld these opportune supplies arrive by two different roads, and when they viewed the heavy guns, the fresh troops and long train of convoyed waggons, they felt their ruin was inevitable, and lost, with their hopes, the spirit which had hitherto upheld them in the midst of their hardships and privations.

A breach was made by the cannon near one of the entrances, and in a general storm which succeeded, that and the adjoining gateway were forced, and the Portuguese entered the place. The resistance of the inhabitants had been comparatively weak, for they felt that it would not be effectual. They rallied for a moment within, and sustained one violent shock of the attacking army, but at the second they gave way. The Zombi with the greater part of his warlike companions retreated to the interior mount, where they defended themselves for some time with determined resolution; but, at length, despairing but unconquered, those who survived the lot of war, rather than fall into the hands of the Portuguese, threw themselves from the precipice with their Zombi, devoting themselves thus to liberty even in death.

Vengeance was thus disappointed, but the object of the invaders was completed, and this formidable haunt of a nation of robbers was destroyed. The wounded, the aged, the women, and the children, together with the accumulation of much spoil, including a considerable quantity of gold and silver, were the trophies of the success of the Portuguese on their return to Pernambuco. The captives were mostly sold for slaves at Olinda, but the wounded warriors, after they were cured, and a few men, were sent to Bahia, Rio Janeiro, and other distant parts of the coast of Brazil for sale; and the Portuguese thus succeeded

in rooting out and dispersing this dangerous community, which had so long been the terror and the scourge of their interior settlements in that part of the country.

JOSEPH WARTON and POPE.

SIR,

JOSEPH Warton, in one of his petulant annotations upon Pope, has observed that, in the following couplet, there is a confusion of time in the tenses employed:

Ham portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans
Blest,
The young, who labour, and the old, who
rest.

"The tenses are here unluckily changed," says the critic, "contrary to grammatical propriety. *Blest* is the time past; *labour* and *rest*, in the next line, the time present."

All this is very true; but I should be glad to learn where the error is. In the first line, the "portion'd maids" and "apprentic'd orphans" bless their benefactor for a favour that is passed: in the second line, the action described is still going on. The same sentiment expressed in prose would stand thus:

"The maids whom he had portioned, and the orphans whom he had apprenticed out, blessed him; so also did the young who still labour, and the old who rest from their labour; because they also were indebted to him for some kindness or other."

The last member of my paraphrase is evidently implied, though not expressed in the concise couplet of the poet: for, it is not likely that the young should bless him for labouring, or the old for rest, merely as such, unless the labours of the one and the rest of the other had been affected, in some way or other, by the bounty of the *Man of Rest*. In this sense, therefore, there is no irregularity in the time of the tenses.

I remain, &c.

Chelsea, June 4, 1809.

A FINAL REJOINDER.

Sir,
THE error in Milton, which I stated in your Magazine, and which has produced several letters from your correspondents in vindication of him, still appears to me in the same light as I first represented it. The similar mode of expression to be found in St. Paul, can have no weight in supporting what is wrong, supposing Milton to be wrong: and in the light of an authority, it is somewhat ridiculous, unless the original language were quoted, for, may not a translator make blunders where there are none in the original?—I have done, however, with the question, and I suppose I may conclude in the name of my opponents,—

He that's convinc'd against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

Your's, &c.

A. B.

Some OBSERVATIONS upon the HABITS attributed by HERODOTUS to the CROCODILES of the NILS. By M. GREGOIRE SAINT-HILAIRE.

For the Universal Magazine.

THE history of Herodotus is one of the most valuable of literary productions. It is the most ancient, and it is also, perhaps, the most important, on account of the number and value of the facts which it contains. It has had many detractors, however, especially at that time when the ridiculous question was agitated respecting the pre-eminence of the ancients over the moderns. Herodotus can be accused of relating prodigies only when he is contemplated by the standard of our own institutions; but, if we visit Egypt, and view its ancient monuments and catacombs, and consider its numerous and magnificent remains of social organization, we shall be convinced that Herodotus has given nothing but the picture of antiquity which has long delighted.

Such was the opinion which I formed while sitting in the ruins of the famous Thebes and its hundred gates.

I passed the greatest part of the month of October there, in the year 1799; and I employed some moments of leisure in ascertaining the veracity of Herodotus with regard to his observations upon natural history. I shall confine myself, at present, to what he has said respecting the Crocodile.

I had only this opportunity of studying this celebrated animal. It is known that he is found no where but in the Thebaid and in the Upper Nile. Not having remained long enough at Thebes to corroborate all the observations of Herodotus, I supplied my deficiencies by inquiries of the fishermen of Luxor, of Carnat, and of Médinet-Abou.

It may be necessary to observe, that these sort of people, in Egypt, have more knowledge of their trade, and more acquaintance with the habits of aquatic animals, than their brethren in Europe. The occupation is hereditary, and descends from father to son; and their knowledge is transmitted with accuracy, for they dread nothing so much as a fruitless expenditure of time and labour. They say, in the same sense as naturalists, and almost always with singular precision, *such an animal is of such a genus, and such a one is but a variety of this genus*. They have also our dual nomenclature, and they designate each species by its generic and specific appellation.

However, I was not wholly without distrust. I suspected their indolence of mind and their servility of character. They do not love much talking; and, from the hope of a good reward, they have the courtesy of not displeasing any one by contradiction; hence, they almost naturally reply yes to every question that is put to them, provided they are not interested in it.

Thus forewarned, my readers will be enabled to exercise a discretionary judgment.

Herodotus, in the translation of M. Larcher, demonstrates thus upon the subject of the crocodile:—

“Let us now pass to the crocodile and its natural qualities.—It never fails during the four most severe months of winter.”

I interrogated my fishermen upon

* Translated from the “Annales du Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle.”

this point: but they did not comprehend me. Yet, the position of Herodotus is not contrary to the known character of reptiles. Bartram asserts, positively, the same thing of the crocodiles or *caymans* of North America; but, to be sure, these animals live in a colder climate, inhabit a younger soil and are enabled to find, more easily, barren places where they may conceal themselves and remain torpid during the winter. If crocodiles were still to be found in Lower Egypt, as they were in the time of Herodotus, it is very probable that his observation would be true that portion of Egypt, (especially on the shores of the Pelusiac branch and of lake Menzaleh) being covered by inaccessible marshes, and being also much colder, both from its northern position and from the abundant rains that fall during the winter. Should not Herodotus, therefore, be considered as speaking only of these crocodiles in the neighbourhood of the sea?

"Though it has four feet, yet it is amphibious: it passes the greater part of the day in dry places, and the whole night in the river, for the water is warmer than the air and the dew."

These observations are strictly true. All crocodiles do this, unless some local circumstances combine to render it impossible. They live in troops, on the tops of the islands, which are very numerous, in the rivers. They never leave the spot that gave them birth, except to seek for prey; and they return, at stated periods, and repose, in common, upon the strand. — They never believe themselves safe. Hence, if they hear the least noise, and, above all, if they perceive any one coming towards them, they plunge into the water, separate from each other, and swim about at hazard.

When any persons come to the shore which they inhabit, and remain there a length of time (as I had the patience to do for half a day with some friends and my guides) it causes them the greatest uneasiness. They cannot remain under water more than ten minutes at a time, and they do not even wait ten minutes without raising their heads so that their snout is level with the surface of the water. — The nasal apertures being in the

middle, they are thus enabled to draw in the air, which, from the peculiar organisation of the parts, passes into the tracheal artery, without any of the ambient water. But this manner of breathing while swimming, fatigues them after a while: then they separate into two troops; the smallest goes to a distance to find some beach where they may be safe; but the larger ones content themselves with approaching the slope which is produced at the head of each island by the deposited sediment of the earth.

So much inquietude at the sight of a single man, shews a timidity of character; and, in fact, the crocodile is a fearful animal on land, but he is quite the reverse in the water. It is not prudent to bathe near him. The cries of terror that were uttered by the inhabitants of Luxor, at beholding a Frenchman commit the rash act, were sufficiently indicative of the idea which they entertained of the power and ferocity of the crocodile. It is no uncommon thing to meet, in the Thebaid, countrymen who are deprived of an arm or a leg; and if they are asked to what accident they owe their loss, they reply, *this misfortune happened to me from a crocodile.*

"They lay their eggs upon the earth, and hatch them there."

Aristotle says the same of the incubation of the female of the crocodile. The fishermen, however, assure me that the heat of the sun alone hatches the eggs of the crocodile. Should Herodotus be understood, in the expressions which he has used, as meaning the care which the mothers bestow upon their eggs when they are upon the point of being hatched? I asked how long a time elapsed between the laying of the eggs and the birth of the young crocodile: they always replied a month, without being able to specify the exact number of days.

Two enemies of the crocodile, the ichneumon and the *tupinambis*, are constantly employed in seeking for its eggs, of which they are very fond. These animals excited the gratitude

** Onaran el bar of the Arabs: La-certa arabica of Hasselquist.*

of the ancient Egyptians, by attacking an upward direction: As, according to the relation of Swammerdam, the pupil of the eye is capable of contraction, like that of the cat, and of becoming perpendicularly long, some learned individuals, and especially M Camus, who saw a living crocodile at Paris in 1772, have found that its eyes have more resemblance to those of a cat than of a pig. I shall simply observe, that this is a quality which it possesses in common with many nocturnal animals, as also being furnished with a *membrana nictitans*.

The *tupinambis*, which swims very well, carries on, besides, a constant war with the young crocodiles, and continues the pursuit of them till they take shelter amongst larger individuals of their species.

The Egyptians imagine that the *tupinambis* is the crocodile in its first state; and, though they have often had opportunities of correcting themselves in this error, yet they persevere in it, for that which approaches to the marvellous will never want entusiasts to relate it, nor the credulous to believe it.

"Of all known animals, there is not one which becomes so great after having been so little. The eggs are not much larger than those of a goose, and the animals that issue from them are in proportion to the eggs: but they gradually grow, and reach to seventeen cubits, and even more."

Ælian relates that there was to be seen one of twenty-five cubits under *Psammeticus*, and another of twenty-six under *Amasis*; and the learned have determined, that this measure was nearly equal to thirty-five or thirty-seven feet. Prosper Alpinus, Hasselquist, and Norden, speak of crocodiles that were thirty feet in length. M. Lacépède, an officer of health, and a member of the French Commission in Egypt, was in possession of teeth which had belonged to a crocodile of equal dimensions. Now, we know that a crocodile, when it issues from the egg, is nine inches long: it is capable, therefore, of acquiring more than forty times its original length. What Herodotus says of the size of the egg is also perfectly correct.

"It has the eyes of a hog, the teeth are projecting, and of a size in proportion to that of the body."

Père Lalle (Observ. sur l'Égypte, p. 378), says of the crocodile of St. Domingo, that it has the eyes of a hog; which, doubtless, implies that the crocodile has a small prominent eye, the upper part of which is covered and almost hidden. Its under eye-lid moves in

With regard to its teeth, every one is acquainted with them; and besides, M Lacépède, in his interesting article of the *Crocodile*, may be consulted.

"It is the only animal which has no tongue."

Yes, doubtless, which has no apparent tongue: such is the opinion that would be formed from an inspection of the living animal, and which has been given by Aristotle in two parts of his works, by Seba, Hasselquist, and all travellers. But, notwithstanding, the tongue has been discovered by Olaf Wormius, Girard, Borrich, and Blasius. The early anatomists of the Academy of Sciences have also described it, and they suspected the accuracy of Herodotus in consequence; but surely he may be forgiven that he did not know what after ages have discovered only by means of anatomical research.

"It does not move the under jaw, and it is the only animal, also, which moves the upper jaw towards the under one."

Much has been written for and against this position; but I am astonished that it should have been so long questioned. The crocodile is, in fact, the only known animal whose upper jaw (between the parts of which the skull is to be found) moves towards the inferior one, which has scarcely any motion at all. Herodotus, however, could not establish this dissection, he had, under his eyes, living crocodiles, and he was fully justified in speaking, as he has spoken, of the motion of their jaws.

"The claws of the crocodile are very strong, and the skin on the back is so

covered with scales, as to be impenetrable."

It is impossible, in fact, to penetrate the armour of the crocodile, without using iron weapons: leaden bullets flatten on his sides, but do not enter, unless they happen to strike him near the ears.

"It cannot see when in the water; but when above the surface, its sight is very exact."

The first proposition can only mean that he sees less perfectly under water; but the second is strictly true. *Procopius* has verified this fact: he often endeavoured to approach near enough to crocodiles to shoot at them, but the moment he was perceived they fled and disappeared. I have repeated the same observations at the Isle of Thebes and at that of Hermuntis. — The moment the crocodiles perceived me, I saw them slowly turn themselves and make towards the river: at first, they proceeded with caution and with a measured pace; but, arrived within a certain distance, they leaped, all at once, into the water. I approached the beach which they had quitted, and from the impression of their feet on the sand; the largest among them had leaped at least, eight feet.

I am also informed that crocodiles hear at a great distance. My conductors, who were not ignorant of this, recommended me to preserve the strictest silence, as the only means of approaching near to them.

"As it lives in the water, it has its throat filled with leeches. All animals, every beast, avoids it; it lives in amity with nothing but the *TROCHILUS*, from which it receives most important services. It keeps its mouth open, the *TROCHILUS* enters and eats up all the leeches. The crocodile feels so much pleasure in being thus relieved, that he never commits any outrage upon his deliverer."

This passage is one which has exercised the ingenuity of commentators more than any other. Some have denied the fact altogether; but it is certain that they are wrong in thus impeaching the veracity of this historian. I took every pains possible to ascertain the fact that there is a small bird, which, flying constantly

from beach to beach, and continually occupied in seeking for its food, enters sometimes into the throat of the crocodile when it is asleep, and eats the insects that are there sucking its blood, and not leeches, in the strict acceptation of the word, such as M. Larcher uses it in his translation. There are no leeches in the Nile; but there is a vast number of gnats engendered on its surface, which are a great torment to the crocodile, by inserting their proboscis into the orifices of the glands which are very numerous in its tongue and palate.

It has not yet been discovered what is the bird which performs this good office for the crocodile, except by ridiculous stories which have been invented by way of explanation.

Blanchard, among others, in the *Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions*, attributes to it (doubtless from a false interpretation of an expression of Scaliger's) thorns on the back and at the end of the wings; and he describes it as a busy servant who endeavours to put the crocodile to sleep by a gentle tickling. Can it have been thought that the invention of this fable would increase the veracity of Herodotus?

Marmol, who knows as little upon this subject as Blanchard, says that it is a white bird, of the size of a thrush.

The greater part of translators have made it a wren, by giving a meaning, too absolute, to a passage in Pliny respecting the *trochilus*, but this error has been removed by M. Larcher, who justly observes that the wren is a wood bird, which dwells in dry places and hedges.

Aldrovandus, who lived before all the modern *literati*, has approached the nearest to truth, when he conjectures from several passages of Aristotle and Athenæus that the *trochilus* is the *coureur*, an aquatic bird, very quick in running, having long legs and a straight and slender beak.

Salerno endeavours to support this opinion by new proofs.

Lastly, the *trochilus* has been discovered in modern times. Father Sicard, one of the missionaries sent to the Levant, noticed it under its Arabian name of *Sag-sag*. It is to be lamented that he did not indicate to what species this individual belongs.

There is no bird so frequent on the shores of the river as the crocodile. Haeriquat has described it under the name of *chavadrius aegyptius*. It is a distinct species, though very similar to the small plover of Europe. Aristotle and Athenæus are both perfectly right in saying that it runs very quick and that it goes, in calm weather, to seek its food in the water.

"All beasts and animals fly from the crocodile."

The common heron, on the contrary, seems to be fond of it: at least he seeks the neighbourhood of the crocodile, but he takes care to have the river between him and his friend, doubtless from motives of safety. Wherever herons are seen, there can be no doubt of crocodiles being found on the other bank. I recollect that the presence of these birds directed us on the 21st October 1799, to a troop of fifteen crocodiles, which were reposing quietly upon land, and whom we threw into confusion by a cannon ball which our vessel fired upon them: the herons were not alarmed, but continued to watch. They keep thus near the crocodiles to avail themselves of the terror which they create in the river, and to be ready to seize the fish which their presence causes to fly in every direction.

The pelican has the same instinct: but he does not confine himself to this sole fishing, nor does he persist with the same perseverance as the heron.

"When the crocodile reposes upon land, he has the habit, almost always, of turning towards the side whence the wind blows and of keeping his mouth open."

This is a fact which I have frequently verified, both at the Isle of Thebes and Hermuntis. I have been able to observe, very distinctly, upon the moist sand, the traces of two troops of crocodiles which my approach had driven away; almost all of them had their throats directed towards the north-west: some of them had been lying on their sides, and the impression of their half-opened jaws was very visible on the sand. My guides staid themselves of these circumstances to make me ob-

serve the difference between the males and females. I thought, indeed, that I could observe that the impressions which they attributed to the males, had a head much stronger but shorter than the others. On this occasion they boasted much of the superiority of the males over the females; adding, that the males knew very well how to make themselves obeyed, by biting the females, or striking them severely with their tails.

"Some of the Egyptians consider the crocodiles as sacred animals. The inhabitants of Thebes, for example, have a great veneration for them. The sacred crocodile is nourished with the flesh of victims, and with other prescribed food. As long as it lives, it is taken the greatest care of; when it dies, they embalm it and deposit it in a sacred cist."

Many numbers of crocodiles were found in the catacombs where the people of the city of Thebes were buried. I myself found two: M. Pagnet, one of the most able of the medical men belonging to the army of the east, found also a very fine one and, lastly, the grottoes of Helicta were filled with the bones of large crocodiles that had been embalmed. I have also brought, from the same places and from the burial grounds of Memphis, the figures of crocodiles modelled in porcelain and in baked earth.

"The inhabitants of the environs of Thebes select a crocodile, which they rear and instruct with such care, that it will suffer itself to be touched by the hand. They adorn it with ear-rings made of gold or stone."

There is not a single circumstance, even down to so minute a one as this, which I have not had an opportunity of verifying. Having had occasion for the head of one of my crocodile mummies, I drew it forth from its bandages, and I had the satisfaction of perceiving, from the apertures in its ears, that they had been perforated to hang ear-rings in them.

I have thus commented upon every paragraph of Herodotus respecting the crocodile, and I have done it without prejudice; if may be suspected of admitting this great man, and I am willing to confess that I do.

On the CONDUCT of BONAPARTE.
By Mr. BURDON.

Sir,
THE sudden turn which seems to have been given to the affairs of Austria by the late victories, should it be followed by other successes, may make a rapid change in the state of the continent; and, however all men must admire the vigour and talents of Bonaparte, they cannot, in my opinion, be friends to human happiness, who wish for the extension and establishment of his tyranny: Convinced that no aid, given by this country, can be effectual towards the deliverance of Europe, I should lament at the strength of Great Britain being any further employed in so hopeless an undertaking: nay, more, I should say that the nations of the continent have not deserved it; for if they will not exert themselves to effect their own safety, having as they have the physical means of resistance, they deserve to be subject to that power whose greatest strength is in their weakness. Most heartily do I wish for their success against the most unprincipled and merciless tyrant. But after the experience they have had of the means by which he has gained so many advantages over them, the rulers of those nations almost deserve to suffer any calamity he can inflict, if they neglect any longer to take those means of ensuring the fidelity and attachment of their subjects, which Bonaparte has been artful enough to promise them, and wicked enough to deny them after he has gained their submission.

To me there seems nothing more extraordinary, than that men in this country, professing themselves the friends of freedom, should ever be so far deceived by the arts of Bonaparte, as to believe him the friend of civil and religious liberty, the benevolent ruler of the nations he has subdued, and the promoter of peace and civilization. Can any man seriously believe that the nations of Europe, even those the most oppressed, can derive any benefit by changing their late or their present rulers for Bonaparte or any of his dupes? If there is such a man, I should wish to take the trouble of shewing, in what respect those nations have improved their condition

which have already come under his authority. Facts are not to be controverted, and mere words are not to be believed; and yet there are men who seem to rejoice at every victory gained by the tyrant, at every extension of his power, even by the most nefarious means, at every kingdom added to his extensive empire. To those who affect to doubt of his cruel and tyrannical disposition, let the murders of Toussaint, Pichegru, and D'Eng-hien be suggested; and above all, let them remember the late cruel decree for making the Austrian prisoners serve in the Bivarian armies, a measure in direct opposition to all the laws and practice of civilized nations: and if any doubt remain of the effect his conduct and his example has had in barbarizing the most polished nation in all Europe, let them recollect the cruelties committed by the French armies in Spain and Portugal; and yet this is the man who dares to hold up to the execration of posterity "the wanton cruelty committed by the Austrians in Bavaria."

The whole of his language and manifestoes, relating to the present renewal of the contest, shew how completely he is master of all the arts of deception; and the pages of your Magazine, under the head of Public Affairs, shew how completely he has succeeded in making dupes even of the most enlightened friends of liberty. The dispatch of the minister Champagny, sent to General Andreossi, the French ambassador at Vienna, is one of those papers which has contributed the most to deceive the credulous as to the real views and motives of Bonaparte in the present contest; and those who take every thing that he says and writes for granted, must, no doubt, have formed a very high idea of his magnanimity and pacific disposition. It is not, however, difficult for those, who are not under the influence of any such prepossession, to perceive that the Philippic which the tyrant delivered to the Austrian minister, who is represented to have played so insignificant a part in the dialogue, was uttered with all that violence and gestulation, for which the Corsican is so remarkable when he finds any of his schemes frustrated or his power opposed. It

must have been pretty much such a scene as that which passed between him and Lord Whitworth, to the terror and astonishment of all the surrounding corps diplomatique; for, however the crafty minister attempts to disguise it in his dispatch, it is evident that his master must have been moved even to an indecent degree of warmth, or what need had he to use the following expressions: "His Majesty seemed to be moved; he showed, however, only such a degree of animation as so great a motive was calculated to excite. The emperor, to those who are capable of comprehending him, is noble, frank, magnanimous, and attentive to all the duties of etiquette." The minister should have added, "even when he seems to violate them to the utmost."—The whole of what has been published by the French on the present affair, shows more than ever that fatal command of argument and language which they possess in making the worse appear the better reason, and how much they are indebted to the press in all their nefarious undertakings. It is a new engine of despotism, and of its success we have had fatal testimony.

The Austrians are in this respect, no doubt, as your editor has remarked of their Bulletins, much their inferiors. Should they, however, fortunately gain a superiority by arms, it is to be hoped that they will leave that deficiency not much to be regretted, by employing their time and their resources to the improvement of those territories which were left them by the peace of Presburgh: for it is not to be desired, that the constitution of the Germanic empire should ever be revived, nor the Kings of Bonaparte's making ever lose their thrones. Europe is on many accounts better divided than before, were the power of Bonaparte restrained to the limits of France, and Poland restored to her independence.

To those who look at the Austrian dominions in the map of Europe with a philosophic eye, they seem sufficiently large to satisfy even the longings of ambition, and to indulge the feelings of benevolence. How many fine tracts of country now lie waste and uncultivated in these extensive

possessions; how many towns and cities which, for want of commerce and good government, are deprived of the common comforts of life, well as of luxury; and how many miserable peasants are dispersed over a fruitful soil, which hardly affords them subsistence for want of due cultivation! These things, it is to be hoped, will some time or other be redressed: in the mean time, we must view with agitation and interest the events which hasten or retard that happy consummation.

I remain, Sir, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
June 11, 1809.

On the GENIUS of SENECA.

THERE is a sacred veil thrown over the works of antiquity, which to attempt to remove may be thought presumptuous; and it may be deemed as the grossest hardihood to dare to question the existence of that merit which the philosophers of all ages have acknowledged, and which has been the object of their reverence. To question the towering genius of Homer, the fire of Milton, the melody of Pope, the holy ravings of Young, or the affected simplicity of Southey, Wordsworth, Scott, and Co. were tantamount to an attempt to demonstrate that a triangle has four sides, or that Mr. Capel Loft were not worthy to succeed to the envied dignity of Poet Laureat, since, with his usual critical acumen, he has declared that Bloomfield's namby pamby poems are equal to, and in some cases superior, to the vigorous and matchless compositions of Dryden. To dispute the genius of Seneca may be deemed equally presumptuous, and may be ascribed to a desire to affect originality: but I totally disavow that desire, and I am willing to be judged by the truth or falsity of my remarks.

The imagination of Seneca often transplanted him into the regions of visionary being; and his impetuous notions often transplanted him into countries totally unknown to him; but in which, notwithstanding his ignorance, he marched with the same confidence as if he knew where he

was, or whither he was going. He imagined he was advancing considerably, by taking long steps, figured paces, and in a just cadence; but he resembled a person dancing, who always finishes where he set off. It is necessary to make a just distinction between the force and beauty of the language, and the force and evidence of the arguments. There is, without doubt, much force and some degree of beauty in the sentences of Seneca, but there is very little force and evidence in his arguments. By the force of his imagination he gives a certain force to his sentences, which move, agitate, and persuade by their strong impression; but he does not clothe them in that purity and perspicuity which enlighten and persuade by demonstration. He convinces, because he touches and pleases our feelings; but I do not believe that he can succeed in persuading those, who peruse him with deliberation, who are not subject to be taken by surprise, and who are accustomed to yield only to the perspicuity and evidence of the arguments. In fine, if Seneca spoke well, it gave him little concern what he spoke; and thus he often persuades, at the same time, that we are often ignorant, either how or with what we are persuaded; as if we ought ever to allow ourselves to be persuaded of any thing, without having a perfect conception of it, and of the proofs which are brought to demonstrate it. Can any thing be more pompous and magnificent than the idea which he gives us of his sage? But, in reality, can any thing, fundamentally speaking, be more vain and imaginary? The portrait which he draws of Cato is too beautiful to be natural. Cato was a man, subject to all the infirmities of his nature: he was not invulnerable, as was supposed; they who struck him, wounded him: he had neither the hardness of the diamond, which iron cannot break—nor the firmness of the rocks, which the waves cannot shake. Yet Seneca asserts it; but he was subsequently obliged to acknowledge, when his imagination became a little sober, that the same Cato was not insensible.

Itaque non resert, quam multa in illum tela concidantur cum sit nulli

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XI.

penetrabilis. Quomodo quorundam lapidum inexpugnabilis ferro duritia est, nec secari adamas, aut cædi vel terri potest, sed incurrentia altro re-tundit, quemadmodum projecti in altum scopuli mare frangunt, nec ipsi ulla sævitia vestigia tot verberati sæculis ostentant. Ita sapientis animus solidus est et id roboris collegit, ut tam tutus sit ab injuria, quæ illa quæ extuli.—Sen. cap. 5. Tract. quod in sapientem non cadet injuria.

But will he not allow, that his sage may become miserable, as he acknowledges that he is not insensible to grief? No, without doubt, the grief of his sage does not wound him; the tear of grief does not agitate him. His sage is far elevated above the caprice of fortune and the malice of men; they are not capable of disturbing his peace.

But do not believe, says Seneca, that the sage whom I depicture is no where to be found. It is not a fiction to elevate foolishly, and without foundation, the mind of man. It is not a great idea without reality and truth, and perhaps Cato accords with this idea.

Non est ut dicas ita ut soles, hunc sapientem nostrum nusquam inveniri. Non fingimus istud humani ingenii vanum decus, nec ingentem imaginem rei falsæ concipimus; sed qualem, confirmamus, exhibuimus et exhibebimus. Cateum hic ipse Cato vereor ne supra nostrum exemplar sit.

Thus the vigorous imagination of Seneca made his reason run wild. But is it probable that men, who are continually sensible of their miseries and infirmities, could possibly coincide in the vain sentiments of Seneca? Can a rational man be ever persuaded that his grief neither affects nor wounds him? and Cato, wise and firm as he was, could he suffer without inquietude, or at least without some distraction of mind, I do not say the atrocious injuries of an enraged people, but the sting of a simple bee? What can be produced more weak and futile against the strong and convincing proofs of our own experience, than this fine argument of Seneca, and which is nevertheless one of his principal proofs? The injurer, he says, ought to be stronger than the injured. Vice is not strong-

er than virtue, therefore the sage cannot be injured; for he has only to answer, either that all men are sinners, and consequently worthy of the misery which they suffer, which religion teaches us, or, that if vice be not stronger than virtue, the vicious may have sometimes more force than the virtuous, which experience itself teaches us.

Validus debet esse quod lædit, eo quod læditur. Non est autem fortior nequitia, virtute. Non potest ergo lædi sapiens. Injuria, in bonos non tentatur nisi a malis; bonis inter se pax est. Quod si lædi nisi infirmior non potest malus autem bono infirmior est, nec injuria bonis nisi a dispari verenda est, injuria in sapientem virum non cadit.—Chap. 7.

Epicurus was right when he said that a wise man tolerated injuries; but Seneca was wrong when he said that a wise man cannot be injured. The virtue of the Stoics could not render them invulnerable; because real virtue does not prevent us from being miserable and worthy of compassion at the time when any injury is sustained. St. Paul and the primitive Christians had more virtue than Cato and all the Stoics, but they nevertheless confessed that they were miserable from the pains which they endured, although they were comparatively happy in the hope of an eternal recompence.

I do not believe that any author can be selected, more proper than Seneca, to expose in what manner the strong and vigorous imaginations dominate over the weak and less enlightened minds, not by the force and evidence of arguments, which are the productions of mind, but by the lively turn and manner of expression which depend on the force of the imagination.

It must, however, be allowed, that all the thoughts of Seneca are not false nor dan. His works may be read with great advantage, by those who have a well regulated mind, and who know the foundation of the Christian moral. Many eminent men have made a very beneficial use of them; and it is far from my wish to condemn those who, to accommodate themselves to the weakness of others, have extracted from

them the proofs wherewith to defend the moral of Jesus Christ, and thereby fight the enemies of the evangelists with their own weapons.

There are some good things in the Alcoran, and we find some true prophecies in the Centuries of Nostradamus. The Alcoran is used to defend Islaim, and the prophecies of Nostradamus may serve to convince some visionary beings. But because there is something good in the Alcoran, it does not necessarily follow that the Alcoran is a good book; and notwithstanding the prolix commentaries on the Centuries of Nostradamus, few persons are willing to bestow on him the title of prophet.

I know that Seneca is held in great esteem, and that it may be considered a species of temerity in me to speak of him, as I have done; but I am not single in that respect, for it is now sixteen hundred years ago that a very judicious author remarked, That there was very little exactitude or consistency in the philosophy of Seneca, little discernment or justice in his elocation; and that his reputation was more the effect of an indiscreet zeal and attachment of young people than the consent of enlightened and skillful minds.*

It were here proper to enter into a more diffuse exposition of the works of Seneca, but having now overstepped my limits I shall reserve it for a future opportunity.

R. H.

To the Editor of the *Universal Mag.*

SIR,

AS you have afforded a corner in your Miscellany for translations from *Ællan* and *Polyænus*, writers of anecdotes, it begets a hope, that extracts from Grecian authors are not unacceptable to your numerous readers. It will at least give variety, if it doth not add to the value of com-

* In philosophia parum diligens. Velles eum suo ingenio dixisse, alieno judicio. Si aliqua contempnisset, &c. —consensu potius eruditiorum quam puerorum amore comprobaretur.—*Quintilian*, l. 10, c. 1.

munications of this kind, if they be succeeded by some passages of the graver cast. With this view I would offer you a translation of Æschines' Dialogue, entitled AXIOCHUS, or "on the fear of death," a subject that comes home to the feelings of all men. It will be proper to introduce it with a memoir of the author and an analysis of the piece. The former accompanies this from, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JOSHUA TOULMIN.

Birmingham, June 10, 1809.

A MEMOIR of ÆSCHINES. By Dr. TOULMIN.

ÆSCHINES, the son of a sausage maker and a disciple of the Socratic school, lived more than four hundred years before Christ. His father's name, as some say, was Charinus, others Lysanius. He was a native of Athens. From his early youth he was fond of application and study; and so attached to Socrates that he never left him, which led that philosopher to say that "the son of a sausage maker only knew how to respect him." He was so destitute of any means of acknowledging the instruction he received, that, addressing himself to Socrates, he said, "I am poor, and have nothing to give you but myself." To which the sage replied, "Do you not know that you have made me a rich present." It is reported, that on account of the pressure of poverty, Socrates advised him to practice, as it were, usury on himself, by lessening the quantity of his food.

The Grecian republics, and Athens in particular, were not well disposed towards the philosophers, nor made them a recompence for the great service which they rendered to the state by instructing the youth in virtue. This induced many of them, as Plato, Aristippus, and others, to repair to the court of Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, who had some taste for philosophy and poetry, and was the patron of literary men. Æschines, driven by penury, went to Sicily, where he arrived when Plato and Aristippus were residing there.

According to some, Plato treated him with neglect, but Aristippus stood by him. A letter, in the Socratic epistles, which we shall give below, confirms this representation. But Plutarch, in his treatise on the difference between a friend and a flatterer, gives another account of the matter. He says, that Plato being then out of favour with the tyrant, contrived to ingratiate himself again by introducing Æschines to him.—On being admitted to speak to him, he addressed him thus: "If you understood, Dionysius, that any one had made a voyage to Sicily with a design against you, which he found no opportunity of effecting, would you, however, suffer him to leave the island unpunished, and sail back again?" "By no means," said Dionysius; "for not the overt-acts only of an enemy but his designs, Plato, should be punished." "If," replied Plato, "on the other hand, a person, moved by a kind and friendly disposition, should arrive here with a scheme for your advantage, though you should not afford him an opportunity to execute it, would it be fit to pass him over with an ungrateful neglect?" Dionysius asking him whom he meant? Plato answered,— "This Æschines is the man. Is there be a virtuous character, and one who is able to reform others, among the disciples of Socrates, he is the person. But though he has crossed the seas, and come hither to converse with you on the subjects of philosophy, he is neglected." Dionysius was so affected by this remonstrance, that he immediately, with affability and affection, took Plato by the hand, and entertained Æschines with respect and liberality. Æschines presented some of his dialogues to the monarch, and was liberally rewarded. He continued at his court till Dionysius was deposed, and succeeded by Dion. On this he returned to Athens, but not rich. He did not, however, attempt to open an academy for lectures on philosophy, on account of the established reputation and fame of Plato and Aristippus, but gave lessons privately for pay; and afterwards composed judicial orations or pleadings for such as were accused; in which, Timon says, he was very

persuasive. His orations are monuments of his skill and excellence in the rhetorical art, in which he imitated the celebrated orator, Gorgias Leontinus. In proof of this are quoted his orations in defence of the father of Phæacus, the General, and of Dion, that concerning Thergelia. He had an intimate friend and disciple in Aristotle, surnamed Mythos. His character was aspersed by Lysias and Athenæus. The charges brought against him were, that he did not pay his debts, and had seduced a woman of seventy, the wife of a man who sold ointments, and, by extorting presents from her, had reduced her husband and children to beggary.—But little credit, it is thought, is due to accusations that came from those who were prejudiced against the philosophers or from the Epicureans, who had a hatred of the Socratic school. “If Æschines,” as the candid Le Clerc observes, “were guilty of those crimes, no reflection ought to fall on philosophy or the school of Socrates. They had no participation in the vices which they condemned. Even the dialogues of Æschines ought not to be, on this account, less esteemed. Their weight is not derived from the authority of the speaker, but the strength of the reasonings. If they be conclusive, if they comprehend what is just and good, as they certainly do, we ought to avail ourselves of them, though the author did not live according to his doctrine. It would be doing a great injury, if I may so speak, to a philosophy infinitely more pure and elevated, if our judgment of it were to depend on the conduct of those who teach it.”

In the collection of Socratic epistles there is one of Æschines, which relates to his own history. Mr. Stanley's translation of it is thus:—“As soon as I arrived at Syracuse, Aristippus met me in the forum, and, taking me by the hand, introduced me immediately to Dionysius, to whom he said, ‘Dionysius, if a man should come hither to insinuate folly into you, would he not aim at your hurt?’ To which Dionysius consenting, ‘What then,’ continues Aristippus, ‘would you do to him?’ ‘The

worst,’ answers Dionysius, ‘that could be.’ ‘But if any one,’ said he, ‘should come to improve you in wisdom, would he not aim at your good?’ Which Dionysius acknowledging,—‘Behold, then,’ continues he, ‘Æschines, one of Socrates’ disciples, comes hither to instruct you; he aims at your good; therefore, on him confer the benefits you confess are due to such.’ ‘Dionysius,’ said I, interrupting him, ‘Aristippus expresseth an admirable friendship in this address, but we are owners only of so much wisdom as restrains us from abusing those with whom we converse.’ Dionysius, hereat pleased, commended Aristippus, and promised to make good what he confessed was due to me. He heard out Alcibiades, and delighted, it seems, therewith, desired if we had any other dialogues, that we would send them to him, which we promised to do; and therefore, dear friends, we intend to be shortly with you. Whilst I read, Plato was present, (which I had almost forgot to tell you) and whispered something in my behalf privately to Dionysius, by reason of Aristippus. For as soon as he was gone out, he told me that ‘he never spoke freely when that man, naming Aristippus, was present. But for what I have said to Dionysius concerning you, I refer myself to him.’ The next day in the garden Dionysius confirmed his speech, as said of me, with many sportive sayings, for they were no better. I advised Aristippus and Plato to cease their emulation, because of their general fame; for we shall be the most ridiculous if our actions correspond not with our professions.”

Besides orations and epistles, Æschines wrote seven dialogues, in the Socratic spirit and manner, on temperance, moderation, humanity, integrity, and other virtues. See Stanley's *History of Philosophy*—*Æschinis Socratici Dialogi Tres a Clerico*—and *Bibliothèque Choisie par Jean Le Clerc*, xxii. tom.—and *Enfield's History of Philosophy*, V. i. B. ii. ch. 4.

[To be continued.]

STRICTURES upon the LONDON REVIEW of RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

[Continued from p. 294.]

SIR,

A GREEABLY to my promise I resume my task; for it is a task, and an irksome one too. I hope, however, that it will not be a useless one.

Following the series of articles, we come, next, to another of Mr. *Boileau's*, which is written with that insipid inferiority of style, judgment, and sentiment, which sets opinion at defiance. Word follows word, and line follows line; and when these have made up a paragraph, the reader peruses it, and asks himself what have I been about? for his mind is without any perception of employment. Such neutral mediocrity is secure from censure, for it is beneath it; it is secure from praise, for who would praise what cannot be known to have been read. Let me dismiss it therefore.

The next article is a review of Mr. Cecil's Life of the Rev. John Newton, by a Mr. *Clarke*, and which is written with little knowledge of the English language. At p. 147, he speaks of the "bigotry of fanaticism;" can there, then, be fanaticism without bigotry, or bigotry without fanaticism? and, at p. 148, after having degraded Mr. Newton by many contumelious epithets, (the justice of which, however, I do not dispute) he speaks of his "venerable age," not knowing that age is *venerable*, not from itself, but from the character of the individual. Had Abershaw lived to a hundred years, would any one have called his age *venerable*? No one would, I am certain, who knew the etymon of the word, or its legitimate use in our own language.

At p. 150, Mr. *Clarke* is ridiculously absurd. So absurd, that nothing but natural imbecility or accidental ebriety can account for it; and supposing either of these cases in the writer, why did the responsible and avowed editor, who, it may be presumed, inspects the contributions of his fellow labourers, suffer such silliness to pass?

Having quoted a dream, said to have occurred to Mr. Newton, our wise critic would reject its credibility

for want of adequate testimony, it having no other than "the mere personal responsibility of the individual!" Now, if Mr. *Clarke* can shew that dreams are capable of any other evidence than that of the person who experiences them, I will agree with him that further testimony would be desirable: but, if I dream that a green goose pie is turned into an alderman, and that the said alderman absolutely walked and talked afterwards, I would ask, who, except myself, can vouch for the reality of my having dreamed such a circumstance? And if, from the natural course of events, all other testimony be impossible, why assume, as a sufficient reason for discrediting a relation of the kind, the mere personal responsibility of the dreamer? Oh these *nominal* reviewers!

At p. 151, Mr. *Clarke* seems ambitious, like Bayes in the *Rehearsal*, to "elevate and surprise," for I can divine no other motive which he could have for saying "connexion of design and unity of purpose." I confess I should not have a very exalted opinion of that man's intellect who spoke, seriously, of a straight line that was not crooked.

I am sure Mr. *Clarke* has been, in his time, an unhallowed anonymous reviewer. It is very difficult for a man to shake off the impressions of early habits. A taylor, if he becomes independent, will, sometimes, let fall a word about tape and buckram; and an apothecary, even when enjoying *otium cum dignitate*, cannot always forget the pestle and mortar. So Mr. *Clarke*, though writing in his own unknown name, cannot help making use of *we* and *us*, see pp. 153 and 100. Now, that such an abomination should be committed by one of the dignified associates who have assembled together for the purpose of discountenancing and utterly annihilating the obscene rites of anonymous criticism, is, to me, astonishing and perfectly incomprehensible. I should have thought that Mr. *Cumberland*, in pursuit of a purpose of such high purity, would have abstained from engaging the retainers of that very system which he so profoundly execrates and abhors. I should have thought that he would have shrunk

from the insinuation of having "set a thief to catch a thief." His process is much the same, as if a Bow-street magistrate were to incorporate half-a-dozen runners for the purpose of unfolding the iniquities of their own system; and it is true, that in such a case I should be inclined to give them every belief while they adhered to detection and exposure, for who knows so well where to find as he that has hidden? but I should powerfully distrust such gentlemen when they commenced the task of reformation, for an apostate is not always sincere in his apostasy.

The following sentence presents a specimen of ellipsis not very reconcilable to common sense:—

"To him she appears" (i. e. *Christianity*) "only in the semblance of an inexorable fury, whose iron scourge and torturing hour afflict him with hopeless misery in this world, and eternal torture in the next."

It should be "with the dread of eternal torture in the next."

It is not my intention, however, to follow Mr. Clark through all his *curious felicities* of diction: I pass on therefore to the next article, written by a Mr. Bligh, and which is intended for a critique on Mr. Roscoe's *Life and Pontificate of Leo X.*; but when I consider the historian and his critic, I remember the prodigy of Shakspeare, (not that it will be here realized),—

"A falcon towering in his pride of place
Was, by a mousing owl, hawk'd at—"

I will not finish the line, for it would imply an untruth.

Mr. Bligh is not without a sufficiency of self opinion, when he believes (as he certainly must believe, for his practice proves it) that any reader, except himself, would prefer his opinions to Mr. Roscoe's.—The extracts from Mr. Roscoe's volumes do not fill two pages; the review fills sixteen: I leave the reader to judge what will be his entertainment or his instruction. I would not, however, be understood to blame this principle in itself; for when the critic is superior to his author, I would rather read him than his author: but when the critic (if I must prostitute a name that was once re-

nerable) knows nothing of his author's subject, but what he acquires from his author, then heaven defend me from his paragraphs!

The last article in this first number is by Mr. Cumberland; and it is a review of Bishop Warburton's Letters. By what fatality is it that Mr. Cumberland writes the very worst language in the whole number?—How is it that the employer is inferior to the employed? If Mr. Cumberland cannot think or write better, as a friend, I advise him to desist: if he can, is it decorous to invite the public to a feast, and give them warm water? It is, I confess, painful to exhibit nothing but the errors of a man who has sometimes done well: but, if the man will commit the errors, where does the fault lie?

It is inconceivable how a man like Mr. Cumberland, who has written enough, I should think, to imply that he can write grammatically, could pen such phrases as to "*refute and overthrow calumnies*," (p. 183), "*letters muzzled* and locked up*," (ibid), "*to attempt at saying*," (p. 184), "*cum multis aliis*." These are not faults resting upon opinion: they are not conjectural errors, which one man may approve and another condemn; they are not problematical inaccuracies: they are such faults as a schoolboy would not be suffered to commit, unwhipt, if his master had discernment to note them.

At p. 189, Mr. Cumberland, by a violation of *prosopæia*, has made a gentleman of truth; for he talks of the splendour of *his* beams.

The beauty of the following metaphor they may enjoy who can find it out:—

"To review a writer of this character is a task of honour and delight. When we cold critics come in contact with his glowing genius, the vivifying mass may throw out sparks, which, if there be any principle of electric sympathy in us, who elicit them, may even, from our incombustible, strike out something that resemble fire." p. 190.

They that can "strike out" a meaning from this senseless rhapsody

* The elegance of the expression deserves to be noticed.

must have powers that belong not to the million. I should be ashamed to write any thing so vile, *without* my name.

At p. 198, Mr. Cumberland says, speaking of Warburton, "he tells us (which I was not aware of, though, perhaps, the reader may be) that a little before his death Pope had planned out an epic poem which he began to be very intent upon; and that the subject was *Brute*."

Mr. Cumberland, who is a veteran in book-making, should *not* have been ignorant of a literary fact, which is known to every reader moderately acquainted with the poetical history of the last century; and, as a *critic*, who is to tell what is not known, it is still worse. Had Mr. Cumberland read Ruffhead's, Johnson's, or Warton's Life of Pope, he would, in either of them, have found what he was ignorant of; and in Ruffhead, I believe (for I have not the volume at hand) he might have read a sketch of the poem.

I have now done with the first number of Mr. Cumberland's ill-planned and ill-conducted review. In my first letter, I stated that all the writers for it were personally unknown to me, except Mr. C. himself; and some of them even nominally: and I now think it equally necessary to add, that the authors reviewed are, *every one*, personally unknown to me. I cannot therefore be suspected of espousing the cause of the man, instead of literature in general.

Whether I shall continue my strictures upon the second number, in the ensuing month, will depend upon other avocations. If I remit, however, let it not be imagined that I relinquish. If it is possible that the *London Review* can find readers enough to pay for paper and print, it may still be worthy of *my* notice: but surely there cannot be many who will be found to purchase such errors of grammar, sense, and language, and such general imbecility as I have detected and arraigned.

I remain, &c.

ARISTARCHUS.

Oxford; June 7, 1809.

REPLY to the "QUESTION for Discussion."

SIR,

SEEING in your valuable misce-lany a question in itself extremely interesting,—Which is most likely to become a learned man, one of moderate abilities, who has had the benefit of tuition under the best masters, or one of great talents, whose own efforts are his only means of acquiring knowledge?—I have taken the liberty of troubling you with a few observations on the subject, which I trust will not prove unentertaining to your correspondent M. N.

On a superficial point of view, the balance would appear nearly equal, when we throw into the scale of a tolerable capacity, the assistance of genius and learning. But when we consider what a mind of great powers is capable of; when we behold the rapidity of its improvement, the depth of its researches, and the mental strength with which it retains whatever it has perused; our opinion waver, and we begin to yield the badge of triumph to the superiority of natural genius. But, to render both sides of the argument more clear and comprehensive, we will imagine two boys of the same age, one of moderate talents, assisted by instructors, the other of vivid genius, dependent on the resources of his own mind: Both possessed of equal stability, and both equally anxious to drink deep of the fountain of knowledge. In the career of the former, we see his progress assisted by the faithful hand of instruction; while the latter, relying solely on his own exertions, has to overcome obstacles it would appear impossible for a youthful mind, aided even by the greatest abilities, to surmount; and while the quickness of his parts and the brilliancy of his conceptions lead him swiftly through the pages of knowledge, he still sighs for the necessary advice of a master, to assist him in the pursuit of information, and teach him the proper application of those treasures he has committed to his memory. In this case, I should consider the efforts of the former, guided by the admonishing voice of wisdom, more likely, during the period of his boyish years, to attain

strength and solidity. But, when time has matured their minds, and their genius risen to the zenith of its lustre, I consider him as losing many of his advantages, and by no means an equal match for his contemporary; for then the intellectual quickness of the latter, guided by reason, and assisted by experience, imbibes, though at a later period, the lessons of instruction from its own superiority; and piercing with the utmost avidity the deepest sources of learning, gathers a store of knowledge, which the greatest efforts of his rival cannot in any degree equal.

Those, Sir, are my sentiments on the subject proposed by your correspondent M. N. and trusting they may in some respects assimilate with his own, I remain, Sir,

Your's, very respectfully,

J. C.

June 15th, 1809.

DESULTORY OBSERVATIONS upon THOMSON'S "SPRING."

Sir,

THERE are many redundancies in the language in this fascinating, moral, and sublime poet. He has ~~also~~ sometimes, verbal inelegancies, as when he says of a gathering storm, the clouds

"by swift degrees
In heaps on heaps," &c.—Spring, l. 143.

But it is impossible to conceive any thing more animated, more just, or more poetic than this description taken in the aggregate. If it contains any thing objectionable, or what can at all be considered as such, it is perhaps when he exclaims,

"But who can hold the shade,
While heaven descends in universal bot-
tly," &c. l. 179.

Though the bounty of heaven may be very necessary to nature, it is hardly expected that man should testify his gratitude by standing out in the midst of a heavy shower.

There is a pretty description of love (l. 250) in the early stages of society, while man was yet uncorrupted, and while love knew no cares,

no fears; no jealousies, no heart-burnings; nought

"save the sweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more."

It was not then, as the poet afterwards most beautifully and pathetically describes it, in these degenerate times, a

"bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart."
l. 287.

There is a risible blunder which our poet has fallen into in this poem. He exhorts us very compassionately against the cruelty of using live worms to fish with, and the inhumanity betrayed in it; and afterwards proceeds to lay down at length the rules for this sport, which is after all a barbarous one. But Thomson, with much *feeling*, says,—

"With eye attentive mark the springing
game.

Strait as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or, urged by hunger,
leap,

Then *fix*, with *gentle twitch*, the barbed
hook;

Some *lightly tossing* to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore *slow-dragging*
some." l. 407.

This has been remarked before by the silly and conceited author of the "Letters of Literature," p. 142, but in language so colloquial and vulgar, that it hardly deserves notice.

The description of the loves of the birds is at once chaste, animated, and poetic. Thomson does not, perhaps, any where exceed it. Were I to name such parts as I conceive pre-eminent, I would point out the following:—

"His love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds and beasts, the tender
arts

Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy
kind

Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide
around,

With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of the regardless charmer. Should she
seem.

Softening the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,

They brisk advance; then, on a sudden
struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Tho' the whole loosened Spring around her
blows,

Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless
sings

The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden
flits

To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed
time

With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to
light,

A helpless family demanding food.

The search begins. Even so a gentle
pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous
mold,

And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar
breast,

In some lone cote amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them
all.

The above seven lines are exquisitely beautiful.

With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts
molest,
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent
drop,

And whirling thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence around
the head

Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover
wheels

Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-
duck, hence,

O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless
waste

The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to
lead

The hot pursuing Spaniel far astray.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd cage, too delicately framed
To brook the harsh confinement of the
cage.

Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting crows

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XI.

Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision
falls;

Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandoned to despair, she sings
Her sorrows thro' the night; and, on the
bough,

Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the
woods

Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful,
mild,

When nought but balm is breathing thro'
the woods,

With yellow lustre bright, that the new
tribes

Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing their range and pasture. O'er the
boughs

Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the
void

Trembling refuse: till down before them
fly

The parent-guides, and chide, exhort,
command,

Or push them off. The surging air re-
ceives

Its plumed burden; and their self-taught
wings

Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening
flight;

* Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.

These may indeed be considered as
examples of the highest excellence.
One line in the commencement is
truly sublime. Speaking of the lark,
our poet has the following bold and
expressive image:—

Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds." l 569.

This description also presents some
verbal improprieties; with which,
however, it may be remarked, in ge-
neral, the seasons particularly abound:

Flowering furze. (603)

Freshening shade. (605)

The description of the bull (789,
&c.) and the horse may be compared
to a similar one in Virgil's third
Georgic, between which and Thom-
son there is a great affinity.

The finest part of the poem before us is, in my opinion, the following delineation of the effects of absence in love,—

But absent, what fantastic woes, aroun'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom
of life?

Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: the dark-
ened sun

Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright
arch,

Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every
thought,

Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dullness, tedious
friends;

And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne
away

On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless
runs

To glimmering shades, and sympathetic
glooms;

Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling
stream,

Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive
dusk

Strays, in beatific meditation lost,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the
brook:

With sighs unceasing, and the brook with
tears.

Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
Fulgurated by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he
walks,

Beneath the trembling languish of her
beam,

With softened soul, and wooes the bird of
eye

To mingle woes with his: or, while the
sun

And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associated with the midnight shadows
dream;

And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Mean for the moving messenger of love;
Where rapture butts on rapture, every line

With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power.

In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love; and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he
talks;

Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows
not how,

Thro' forests huge, and long untravell'd
heaths

With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks
aghast,

Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to
reach

The farther shore; where succourless, and
sad,

She with extended arms his aid implores;
But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous
flood

To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.

and that of jealousy,—

These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But thro' the
heart

Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all

Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewel! Ye gleaming of departed peace,
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging
plague

Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.

Ah then! instead of love-enlivened cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks
succeed,

Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant,
sits,

And frightens love away. Ten thousand
tears

Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, set him up
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.

In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round the
soul,

With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Swaight the fierce storm involves his mind
anew,

Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the
veins;

While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd
heart:

For even the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the
warm youth;

Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Thro' flowery tempting paths, or leads a
life

Of fevered rapture, or of cruel care;
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.

It is impossible to convey by encomiastic language an adequate idea of the grandeur and beauty of these two parts. To read them is the only criterion.

I remain, &c.

Chichester, June 9, 1809.

W. B.

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

CŒLEBS IN SEARCH, OF A WIFE; *comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits and Manners; Religion and Morals.* 2 vols. 1809.

[Concluded from p. 336.]

CONSISTENTLY with the avowed object of these volumes, we find, in Chapter XXVII, a reprobation of Fielding and Smollett for having drawn the clerical character, uninvested with those qualities which ought, but which do not, always belong to it. The censure, however, is misapplied. The aim of these writers was to delineate life; and if an *Adams* or *Thwackum* do exist in society, why should they not be exhibited? Cœlebs will reply, because it tends to degrade an order, whose influence and respectability rest greatly upon opinion: but we would reply, let that order purge and purify itself, and furnish, neither to the novelist nor to the satirist, models for them to delineate. The impunity of vice is its greatest protection; while its exposure serves as a beacon by which to avoid its shoals and quicksands.

At p. 11 of vol. II. the author speaks of the witty opera of the "*living Dryden*." Who is there that merits this name? And at p. 13, Addison is censured for advising the clergy rather to preach the admirable discourses of South, Tillotson, Barrow, Calamy, and Sanderson, than to waste their spirits in laborious compositions of their own. There

is solid wisdom in this advice if it be true, that we prefer what is excellent to what is bad: and who would not prefer to sit and hear the eloquence of Tillotson to the inanity of a man who must write because he preaches? But, it is said by Cœlebs, if the country clergy were to do this, the village church would be thinned, for they could not comprehend the discourses of those eminent churchmen. This is erroneous: for if the Liturgy were read in Latin, churches would be just as full. They who attend divine worship, from a clear conception of its nature and efficacy, form a very small part of any congregation. The majority look upon it as a form, which they adopt as mechanically as a soldier does his evolutions.

The following extract will serve to introduce our readers, more intimately, to the acquaintance of the saintly *Lucilla*; the wife whom Cœlebs sought and Cœlebs found; the wife whom no one else can find, and whom few would wish to find.

"I strolled out alone, intending to call at the rectory, but was prevented by meeting the worthy Dr. Barlow, who was coming to the grove. I could not lose so fair an opportunity of introducing a subject that was seldom absent from my thoughts. I found it was a subject, on which I had no new discoveries to impart. He told me he had seen and rejoiced in the election my heart had made. I was surprised at his penetration. He smiled, and told me he 'took no

great credit for his sagacity, in perceiving that was obvious to spectators far more indifferent than himself. That I resembled those animals who, by hiding their heads in the earth, fancied no body could see them.'

"I asked him a thousand questions about Lucilla, whose fine mind I knew he had, in some measure, contributed to form. I enquired with an eagerness, which he called jealousy, who were her admirers? 'As many men as have seen her,' replied he, 'I know no man who has so many rivals as yourself. To relieve your apprehensions, however, I will tell you that, though there have been several competitors for her favour, not one has been accepted. There has, indeed, this summer been a very formidable candidate, young Lord Staunton, who has a large estate in the county, and whom she met on a visit.' At these words I felt my fears revive. A young and handsome peer seemed so redoubtable a rival, that for a moment I only remembered she was a woman, and forgot that she was Lucilla.

"'You may set your heart at rest,' said Dr. Barlow, who saw my emotion, 'She heard he had seduced the innocent daughter of one of his tenants, under the most specious pretence of a reasonable love. This, together with the looseness of his religious principles, led her to give his lordship a positive refusal, though he is neither destitute of talents nor personal accomplishments.'

"How ashamed was I of my jealousy! How I felt my admiration increase! Yet I thought it was too great before to admit of augmentation.

"Another proposal," said Dr. Barlow, "was made to her father by a man every way unexceptionable. But she desired him to be informed that it was her earnest request, that he would proceed no farther, but spare her the pain of refusing a gentleman for whose character she entertained a sincere respect; but, being persuaded she could never be able to feel more than respect, she positively declined receiving his addresses, inspiring him at the same time that she sincerely desired to retain, as a friend, him whom she felt herself obliged to refuse as a husband. She is as far from the vanity of reckoning to make conquests,

as from the ungenerous insolence of using ill, those whom her merit has captivated and whom her judgment cannot accept.'

"After admiring in the warmest terms the purity and generosity of her heart, I pressed Dr. Barlow still farther, as to the interior of her mind. I questioned him as to her early habits, and particularly as to her religious attainments, telling him that nothing was indifferent to me which related to Lucilla.

"'Miss Stanley,' replied he, 'is governed by a simple, practical end, in all her religious pursuits. She reads her bible, not from habit, that she may acquit herself of a customary form; not to exercise her ingenuity by allegorizing literal passages, or spiritualizing plain ones, but that she may improve in knowledge and grow in grace. She accustoms herself to meditation, in order to get her mind more deeply imbued with a sense of eternal things. She practices self-examination, that she may learn to watch against the first rising of bad dispositions, and to detect every latent evil in her heart. She lives in the regular habit of prayer; not only that she may implore pardon for sin, but that she may obtain strength against it. She told me one day when she was ill, that if she did not constantly examine the actual state of her mind, she should pray at random, without any certainty what particular sins she should pray against, or what were her particular wants. She has read much scripture and little controversy. There are some doctrines that she does not pretend to define, which she yet practically adopts. She cannot, perhaps, give you a disquisition on the mysteries of the Holy Spirit, but she can and does fervently implore his guidance and instruction; she believes in his efficacy, and depends on his support. She is sensible that those truths, which from their deep importance are most obvious, have more of the vitality of religion, and influence practice more than those abstruse points which unhappily split the religious world into so many parties.

"If I were to name what are her predominant virtues, I should say sincerity and humility. Conscious of

her own imperfections, she never justifies her faults, and seldom extenuates them. She receives reproof with meekness, and advice with gratitude. Her own conscience is always so ready to condemn her, that she never wonders nor takes offence at the censures of others.

“ ‘That softness of manner which you admire in her is not the varnish of good breeding, nor is it merely the effect of good temper, though in both she excels, but it is the result of humility. She appears humble, not because a mild exterior is graceful, but because she has an inward conviction of unworthiness, which prevents an assuming manner. Yet her humility has no cant: she never disburdens her conscience by a few disparaging phrases, nor lays a trap for praise by indiscriminately condemning herself. Her humility never impairs her cheerfulness; for the sense of her wants directs her to seek, and her faith enables her to find, the sure foundation of a better hope than any which can be derived from a delusive confidence in her own goodness.

“ ‘One day,’ continued Dr. Barlow, ‘when I blamed her gently for her backwardness in expressing her opinion on some serious point, she said, ‘I always feel diffident in speaking on these subjects, not only lest I should be *thought* to assume, but lest I really *should* assume a degree of piety which may not belong to me. My great advantages make me jealous of myself. My dear father has so carefully instructed me, and I live so much in the habit of hearing his pious sentiments, that I am often afraid of appearing better than I am, and of pretending to feel in my heart what perhaps I only approve in my judgment. When my beloved mother was ill,’ continued she, ‘I often caught myself saying, mechanically, God’s will be done! when, I blush to own, how little I felt in my heart of that resignation of which my lips were so lavish.

“ ‘I hung with inexpressible delight on every word Dr. Barlow uttered, and expressed my fears that such a prize was too much above my deserts to allow me to encourage very sanguine hopes. ‘You have my cordial wishes for your success,’ said he,

‘though I shall lament the day when you snatch so fair a flower from our fields, to transplant it into your northern gardens.’

If our readers wish for a specimen of complete silliness, let them peruse the following, in which all the interlocutors (except Dr. Barlow) are infants:—

“ ‘How many nosegays have you given to Rachel to-day, Louisa?’ said Dr. Barlow to the eldest of the four. ‘Only three a-piece, Sir,’ replied she. ‘We think it a bad day when we can’t make up our dozen.—They are all our own: we seldom touch mamma’s flowers, and we never suffer James to take ours, because Phebe says it might be tempting him.’ Little Jane lamented that Lucilla had given them nothing to-day, except two or three sprigs of her best flowering myrtle, which, added she, ‘we make Rachel give into the bargain to a poor sick lady, who loves flowers, and used to have good ones of her own, but who has now no money to spare, and could not afford to give more than the common price for a nosegay for her sick room! So we always slip a nice flower or two out of the green-house into her little bunch, and say nothing. When we walk that way we often leave *some* flowers ourselves, and would do it oftener, if it did not hurt poor Rachel’s trade.’

There is some pleasure in viewing human nature embellished by fiction: there is a pleasure in beholding man as he might be; but it is utterly disgusting to find such nonsense as the above, which depicts babies as they *cannot* be. See a similar instance at p. 116, vol. II.

We do not mean to enter the lists with Cælebs upon religious topics.—The sentiments which are indicated throughout the whole work are those of *methodism*, with all its vile cant, and all its holy perversion. Sometimes, indeed, the doctrines are purely antinomian, though much effort is employed to shew that true Christianity consists in a just mixture of faith and holiness. The different conversations which are introduced all tend to exalt the dogmas of the

methodists, and opposite characters and opposite opinions are *weakly* employed, that they may be triumphantly opposed and refuted by the sanctified family at Stanley Grove. Could we persuade ourselves that any interest or utility could arise from a minute discussion of these topics, we would not shrink from the task; but, persuaded as we are, that religious controversy can rarely ascend to a higher character than that of a mere logomachy, we shall abstain from it; but not without occasionally advert- ing to some of the tenets that are promulgated.

As we consider the delineation of abstract character among the peculiar merits of this work, we shall extract the following passage:

"Miss Sparkes, a neighbouring lady, whom the reputation of being a wit and an amazon, had kept single at the age of five and forty, though her person was not disagreeable, and her fortune was considerable, called in one morning while we were at breakfast. She is remarkable for her pretension to odd and opposite qualities. She is something of a scholar and a huntress, a politician and a farrier.— She outrides Mr. Flam, and outargues Mr. Tyrrel; excels in driving four in hand, and in canvassing at an election. She is always anxious about the party, but never about the candidate, in whom she requires no other merit but his being in the opposition, which she accepts as a pledge for all other merit. In her adoption of any talent, or her exercise of any quality, it is always sufficient recommendation to her that it is not feminine.

"From the window we saw her descend from her lofty phaeton, and when she came in,

"The cap, the whip, the masculine attire, the loud voice, the intrepid look, the independent air, the whole deportment indicated a disposition, rather to confer protection than to accept it."

"She made an apology for her intrusion, by saying that her visit was rather to the stable than the breakfast-room. One of her horses was a little lame, and she wanted to consult Mr. Stanley's groom, who, it seems, was her oracle in that science, in which she herself is a professed adept.

"During her short visit, she laboured so sedulously, not to diminish by her conversation the character she was so desirous to establish, that her efforts defeated the end they aimed to secure. She was witty with all her might, and her sarcastic turn, for wit it was not, made little amends for her want of simplicity. I perceived that she was fond of the bold, the marvellous, and the incredible. She ventured to tell a story or two, so little within the verge of ordinary probability, that she risked her credit for veracity, without perhaps really violating truth. The credit acquired by such relations seldom pays the relater for the hazard run by the communication.

"As we fell into conversation, I observed the peculiarities of her character. She never sees any difficulties in any question. Whatever topic is started, while the rest of the company are hesitating as to the propriety of their determination, she alone is never at a loss. Her answer always follows the proposition, without a moment's interval for examination herself, or for allowing any other person a chance of delivering an opinion."

Though there is a little of *caricatura* in this, yet it is not wholly without truth: but what shall we say to the following discourse of love between Cælebs and Lucilla?

"The more I conversed with Lucilla, the more I saw that good breeding in her was only the outward expression of humility, and not an art employed for the purpose of enabling her to do without it. We continued to converse on the subject of Miss Flam's fondness for the gay world.— This introduced a natural expression of my admiration of Miss Stanley's choice of pleasures and pursuits, so different from those of most other women of her age.

"With the most graceful modesty she said, 'Nothing humbles me more than compliments; for when I compare what I hear with what I feel; I find the picture of myself drawn by a flattering friend, so utterly unlike the original in my own heart, that I am more sick by my own consciousness of the want of resemblance, than

elated that another has not discovered it. It makes me feel like an impostor. If I contradict this favourable opinion, I am afraid of being accused of affectation; and if I silently swallow it, I am contributing to the deceit of passing for what I am not.' This ingenuous mode of disclaiming flattery only raised her in my esteem, and the more, as I told her such humble renunciation of praise could only proceed from that inward principle of genuine piety and devout feeling, which made so amiable a part of her character.

" 'How little,' said she, 'is the human heart known except to him who made it! While a fellow creature may admire our apparent devotion, He, who appears to be its object, witnesses the wandering of the heart, which seems to be lifted up to him. He sees it rowing to the ends of the earth, busied about any thing rather than himself; running after trifles which not only dishonour a Christian, but would disgrace a child. As to my very virtues, if I dare apply such a word to myself, they sometimes lose their character by not keeping their proper place. They become sins by infringing on higher duties. If I mean to perform an act of devotion, some crude plan of charity forces itself on my mind; and what with trying to drive out one, and to establish the other, I rise dissatisfied and unimproved, and resting my sole hope, not on the duty which I have been performing, but on the mercy which I have been offending.'

" I assured her, with all the simplicity of truth and all the sincerity of affection, that this confession only served to raise my opinion of the piety she disclaimed, that such deep consciousness of imperfection, so quick a discernment of the slightest deviation, and such constant vigilance to prevent it, were the truest indications of an humble spirit; and that those who thus carefully guarded themselves against small errors, were in little danger of being betrayed into great ones.

" She replied, smiling, that she should not be so angry with vanity, if it would be contented to keep its proper place among the vices; but her quarrel with it was, that it would mix

itself with our virtues, and rob us of their reward.'

" 'Vanity, indeed,' replied I, 'differs from the other vices in this; they commonly are only opposite to the one contrary virtue, while this vice has a kind of ubiquity, is on the watch to intrude every where, and weakens all the virtues which it cannot destroy. I believe vanity was the harpy of the ancient poets; which they tell us tainted whatever it touched.'

" 'Self-deception is so easy,' replied Miss Stanley, 'that I am often afraid of highly extolling any good quality, lest I should sit down satisfied with having borne my testimony in its favour, and so rest contented with the praise instead of the practice. Commending a right thing is a cheap substitute for doing it, with which we are too apt to satisfy ourselves.'

" 'There is no mark,' I replied, 'which more clearly distinguishes that humility which has the love of God for its principle, from its counterfeit, a false and superficial politeness, than that, while this last flatters, in order to extort in return more praise than its due, humility, like the divine principle from which it springs, seeketh not even its own.'

Heaven bless the man, (we say heaven, for this world can have no blessings for him) who could find pleasure in such "ingenuousness;" and heaven bless the lady who could not "silently swallow" the encomiums of her lover! We think this extract a pretty fair specimen of that intolerable cant of religion which is so conspicuous in the character of this female paragon: and which could no more be co-existent with those other qualities attributed to her, than cowardice and courage could be found in the same individual.

Cælebs, who is a very knight errant in search of consistency, is not, however, himself, consistent.—He, who is so accurately skilled in conserves, preserves, and commits, affects to be ignorant of plain work, as they call it, (see p. 136, v. II.)—Surely it might be expected, that such a domestic, feline sort of animal as Cælebs, would at least be nominally acquainted with all sly operations; and who would have ex-

pected from such a pious, modest, well-spoken gentleman, a declaration like the following?

"For my own part, so far from saying with Hamlet, 'Man delights not me, nor woman neither,' I confess I have little delight in any thing else."
—Vol. II. p. 146.

Oh for shame!

We have heard of a man who had such a predilection for corkscrew legs, that all his servants, male and female, were distinguished by that fascinating curve, which Hogarth has denominated the line of beauty. He was content to overlook every other failing, provided they had that one grand requisite; and thus it is with mankind in general, when they have habituated themselves to look for the *summum bonum* in any particular point. Thus also it is with Cœlebs, who considered religious strictness as the epitome of all human virtue and human acquirement. Were it otherwise he would certainly have felt ashamed for Lucilla, who, because it happened to be discovered that she knew Latin, was so confused that she popped the sugar into the cream-pot, and the tea into the sugar bason, and then slid out of the room, (v. II. p. 230). Had a school girl been detected pocketing comfits from her mistress's store room, such confusion might have been allowable; but really in Miss Lucilla it seemed to us very silly.

We entirely agree with Cœlebs in the following observations upon the necessity of *mind* in a companion for life:—

"In our friends, even in our common acquaintance, do we not delight to associate with those whose pursuits have been similar to our own, and who have read the same books? How dull do we find it, when civility compels us to pass even a day with an illiterate man? Shall we not then delight in the kindred acquirements of a dearer friend? Shall we not rejoice in a companion who has drawn, though less copiously, perhaps, from the same rich sources with ourselves; who can relish the beauty we quote, and trace the allusion at which we hunt? I do not mean that *learning* is

absolutely necessary; but a man of taste, who has an ignorant wife, cannot, in her company, think his own thoughts, nor speak his own language; his thoughts he will suppress; his language he will debase, the one from hopelessness, the other from compassion. He must be continually lowering and diluting his meaning, in order to make himself intelligible.—This he will do for the woman he loves, but in doing it he will not be happy. She, who cannot be entertained by his conversation, will not be convinced by his reasoning; and, at length, he will find out, that it is less trouble to lower his own standard to hers, than to exhaust himself in the vain attempt to raise hers to his own."

That our readers may know a methodist when he meets him, (is it possible to mistake him?) the following are some of his marks:—

"Going to church in the afternoon, maintaining family prayer, not travelling, or giving great dinners or other entertainments on Sunday, rejoicing in the abolition of the slave trade, promoting the religious instruction of the poor at home, subscribing to the Bible Society, and contributing to establish Christianity abroad.—These, though the man attend no eccentric clergyman, hold no one enthusiastic doctrine, associate with no fanatic, is sober in his conversation, consistent in his practice, correct in his whole deportment, will infallibly fix on him the charge of methodism. Any one of these will excite suspicion, but all united will not fail absolutely to stigmatize him. The most devoted attachment to the establishment will avail him nothing, if not accompanied with a fiery intolerance towards all who differ. Without intolerance his charity is construed into unsoundness, and his candour into disaffection. He is accused of assimilating with the principles of every weak brother, whom, though his judgment compels him to blame, his candour forbids him to calumniate. Saint and hypocrite are now, in the scoffer's lexicon, become convertible terms; the last being always implied where the first is sneeringly used."

We think the following narrative is prettily told :—

"After tea, I observed the party in the saloon to be thinner than usual. Sir John and Lady Belfield having withdrawn to write letters, and that individual having quitted the room, whose presence would have reconciled me to the absence of all the rest, I stole out to take a solitary walk. At the distance of a quarter of a mile from the park gate, on a little common, I observed, for the first time, the smallest and the neatest cottage I ever beheld. There was a flowerish young orchard behind it, and a little court full of flowers in front. But I was particularly attracted by a beautiful rose tree in full blossom, which grew against the house, and almost covered the clean white walls. As I knew this sort of rose was a particular favourite of Lucilla's, I opened the low wicket which led into the little court, and looked about for some living creature, of whom I might have begged the flowers. But seeing no one, I ventured to gather a branch of the roses, and the door being open, walked into the house, in order to acknowledge my theft, and make my compensation. In vain I looked round the little neat kitchen, no one appeared.

"I was just going out, when the sound of a soft female voice overheard arrested my attention. Impelled by a curiosity which, considering the rank of the inhabitants, I did not feel it necessary to resist, I softly stole up the narrow stairs, cautiously stooping as I ascended, the lowness of the ceiling not allowing me to walk upright. I stood still at the door of a little chamber, which was left half open to admit the air. I gently put my head through. What were my emotions when I saw Lucilla Stanley kneeling by the side of a little clean bed, a large old Bible spread open on the bed before her, out of which she was reading one of the penitential Psalms to a pale emaciated female figure, who lifted up her failing eyes, and clasped her female hands in solemn attention!

"Before two little bars, which served for a grate, knelt Phoebe, with one hand stirring some broth which she had brought from home, and with

the other fanning, with her straw bonnet the dying embers, in order to make the broth boil, yet seemingly attentive to her sister's reading. Her dishevelled hair, the deep flush which the fire, and her labour of love gave her naturally animated countenance, formed a fine contrast to the angelic tranquillity and calm devotion which sat on the face of Lucilla. Her voice was inexpressibly sweet and penetrating, while faith, hope, and charity seemed to beam from her fine uplifted eyes. On account of the closeness of the room, she had thrown off her hat, cloak, and gloves, and laid them on the bed, and her fine hair, which had escaped from its confinement, shaded that side of her face which was next the door, and prevented her seeing me.

"I scarcely dared to breathe lest I should interrupt such a scene. It was a subject not unworthy of Raphael. He next began to read the forty-first Psalm, with the meek yet solemn emphasis of devout feeling. 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor and the needy, the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.' Neither the poor woman nor myself could hold out any longer. She was overcome by her gratitude, and I by my admiration, and we both at the same moment involuntarily exclaimed, 'Amen.' I sprang forward with a motion which I could no longer controul. Lucilla saw me, started up in confusion,

'and blush'd

Celestial rosy red'

Then eagerly endeavouring to conceal the Bible, by drawing her hat over it, 'Phoebe, said she, with all the composure she could assume, 'is the broth ready?' Phoebe, with her usual gaiety, called out to me to come and assist, which I did, but so unskillfully, that she chid me for my awkwardness.

"It was an interesting sight to see one of these blooming sisters lift the dying woman in her bed, and support her with her arm, while the other fed her, her own weak hand being unequal to the task. At that moment how little did the splendours and vanities of life appear in my eyes! and how ready was I to exclaim with Wolsey,

Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate you."

S U

"When they had finished their pious office, I enquired if the poor woman had no attendant. Phœbe, who was generally the chief speaker, says, 'she has a good daughter, who is out at work by day, but takes care of her mother at night; but she is never left alone, for she has a little grand-daughter who attends her in the mean time; but as she is obliged to go once a day to the Grove to fetch provisions, we generally contrive to send her while we are here, that Dame Alice may never be left alone.'

"While we were talking, I heard a little weary step, painfully climbing up the stairs, and looked round, expecting to see the grand daughter; but it was little Kate Stanley, with a lap full of dry sticks, which she had been collecting for the poor woman's fire. The sharp points of the sticks had forced their way in many places through the white muslin frock, part of which, together with her bonnet, she had left in the hedge which she had been robbing. At this loss she expressed not much concern, but lamented not a little that sticks were so scarce; that she feared the broth had been spoiled, from her being so long in picking them, but *indeed* she could not help it. I was pleased with these under allotments, these low degrees in the scale of charity."

The catastrophe, if it can be said to deserve that name, is very lamely produced. To find that Cœlebs and Lucilla have been educated from their infancy for each other, and that the fathers of both had digested and planned the whole procedure, is something so improbable, that the mind rejects it at once. They have, in fact, been fitted to each other like a lock and key.

That religion did not teach patience to our hero the following dialogue will evince. He cannot call it *love*, for love never yet was the inmate of a heart like his: his eagerness, therefore, seems to arise from a motive less honourable:—

"In conversing with Mr. Stanley on my happy prospects and my future plans, after having referred all concerns of a pecuniary nature to be settled between him and Sir John Bellfield, I ventured to entreat that he

would crown his goodness and my happiness, by allowing me to solicit his daughter for an early day.

"Mr. Stanley said, the term *early* was relative; but he was afraid that he should hardly consent to what I might consider even as a late one. 'In parting with such a child as Lucilla,' added he, 'some weaning time must be allowed to the tenderest of mothers. The most promising marriage, and surely none can promise more happiness than that to which we are looking, is a heavy trial to fond parents. To have trained a creature with anxious fondness, in hope of her repaying their solicitude hereafter by the charms of her society, and then as soon as she becomes capable of being a friend and companion to lose her for ever, is such a trial that I sometimes wonder at the seeming impatience of parents to get rid of a treasure of which they best know the value. The sadness which attends the consummation even of our dearest hopes on these occasions, is one striking instance of that *vanity of human wishes*, on which Juvenal and Johnson have so beautifully expatiated.

"A little delay indeed I shall require, from motives of prudence as well as fondness. Lucilla will not be nineteen these three months and more. You will not, I trust, think me unreasonable if I say, that neither her mother nor myself can consent to part with her before that period."

"Three months!" exclaimed I, with more vehemence than politeness. "Three months! It is impossible."

"It is very possible," said he, smiling, "that you can wait, and very certain that we shall not consent sooner."

"Have you any doubts, Sir," said I, "have you any objections which I can remove, and which, being removed, may abridge this long probation?"

"None," said he, kindly. "But I consider even nineteen as a very early age; too early indeed, were not my mind so completely at rest about you on the grand points of religion, morals, and temper, that no delay could, I trust, afford me additional security. You will, however, my dear Charles, find so much occupation in preparing your affairs, and your

mind for so important a change, that you will not find the time of absence so irksome as you fancy.'

" 'Absence, Sir?' replied I.—'What then, do you intend to banish me?'

" 'No,' replied he, smiling again. 'But I intend to send you home. A sentence indeed, which in this dissipated age is thought the worst sort of exile. You have now been absent six or seven months. This absence has been hitherto justifiable. It is time to return to your affairs, to your duties. Both the one and the other always slide into some disorder by a too long separation from the place of their legitimate exercise. Your steward will want inspection; your tenants may want redress; your poor always want assistance.'

" 'Seeing me look irresolute, 'I must, I find,' added he, with the kindest look and voice, 'be compelled to the inhospitable necessity of turning you of doors.'

" 'Live without Lucilla three months!' said I. 'Allow me, Sir, at least to remain a few weeks longer at the Grove.'

" 'Love is a bad calculator,' replied Mr. Stanley. 'I believe he never learnt arithmetic. Don't you know, that as you are enjoined a three months' banishment, that the sooner you go the sooner you will return?—And that however long your stay now is, your three months absence will still remain to be accomplished. To speak seriously: Lucilla's sense of propriety, as well as that of Mrs. Stanley, will not permit you to remain much longer under the same roof, now that the motive will become so notorious. Besides that, an act of self-denial is a good principle to set out upon, business and duties will fill up your active hours, and an intercourse of letters with her you so reluctantly quit will not only give an interest to your leisure, but put you both still more completely in possession of each other's character.'

" 'I will set out to-morrow, Sir,' said I earnestly, 'in order to begin to hasten the day of my return.'

" 'Now you are as much too precipitate on the other side,' replied he. 'A few days, I think, may be permitted, without any offence to Lu-

cilla's delicacy. This even her mother pleads for.'

" 'With what excellence will this blessed union give me an alliance!' replied I; 'I will go directly, and thank Mrs. Stanley for this goodness.'

The episode of Lady Melbury is too much like a common novel to please. The first part of her story had just enough of fiction to give probability a zest; but her sudden conversion to methodism can please only a methodist, if a methodist can be a critic.

The work closes with a letter from Mr. Stanley to Cœlebs, explaining how he had been able to produce in Lucilla such a perfect acquiescence to his mode of thinking and of living.

Cœlebs is not without merit:—but its extraordinary sale may be accounted for upon the same principle as that of the Evangelical Magazine, or any antinomian tract. It finds purchasers among those the majority of whom would discard with pious indignation a Shakspeare or a Milton from their shelves. The *esprit du corps* explains the matter. Yet we would not be understood to insinuate that Cœlebs has no intrinsic claims to notice; for many of its conversation pieces are well managed, and many of its characters are well drawn.

From the pen of Miss Hannah More, however, we should have expected greater accuracy of language than we have found. In that respect, it is disgraceful to her: for we do not believe that so many instances of bad composition could be found in any work of common character. As the detection of some of these numerous errors may be useful to her, and to our readers, we will enter upon the unpleasant task of selecting them.

"That they may be, at the same time, more *knowing* and more *orderly* than *has* always been," &c.—v. I. p. x.

"Those of Providence whose *under agent* she is."—p. 8.

"It gives an image of that tranquillity, smoothness, and quiet beauty, which is the very essence," &c.—p. 4.

These discords of the nominative and the verb are quite unpardonable.

Of the cant language of half-learned society the following are instances :

"The rest of the party were, in general, of quite a different *calibre*."—p. 40, v. I.

"The openness of his temper is giving way to *shabby* artifices."—127.

"We love them too tenderly to *crib* their little enjoyments," &c.—p. 178.

"She owes it to a *tact* so fine," &c.—p. 188.

"He never throws the *liturgical* service into the back ground."—202.

"Nay it is well if this *disoccupation* of the intellect," &c.—318.

"Some situation that is *unclerical*."—v. II. p. 7.

"My heart was *dilated*."—117.

"Trying to bring Lucilla on the *tapis*."—127.

"Degenerated into personal satire, *persiflage*," &c.—155.

"Her affairs are *delubrès*."—174.

"Fortunately, Lady Bell Finley, whom I had promised to *chaperon*," &c.—303.

Of these expressions the reader will perceive that some are of no language, some an affectation of the French idiom, and some an affectation of bad English. Nor can it be said, in extenuation, that they are given to individuals, with whose character they are consistent: for the greater part of them is to be found in the language of Mr. Stanley and Cælebs himself. We will add a few more of a different nature.

"Occult mysteries"—"perspicuity and transparency of meaning."—v. I. p. 90.

These are vile tautologies.

"I endeavoured to turn all these new *acquaintances*," &c.—120.

Did Miss H. More ever hear her friend Dr. Johnson talk of his acquaintances?

"They are pursuing with *keen intensity* the great objects," &c.

Tautology again.

"Though at your age I was *full as much* in for it."—288.

"As frankly as you used to do when you was a little girl."—333.

"Who, *falling foul* of every established institution."—v. II. p. 2.

Let it not be thought that this sort of verbal criticism is trifling. The aggregate excellence of composition consists of single perfections; and, in a writer of talents, such gross errors ought not to pass unreprieved.

With the following laughable attempt at Johnsonian composition we conclude:—

"We have had *pleonasm* without fullness, and *facility* without force. *Redundancy* has been mistaken for *plenitude*, *fimsiness* for *ease*, and *distortion* for *energy*. An over desire of being natural has made the poet feeble; and the rage for being simple has sometimes made him silly. The *sensibility* is *sickly*, and the *elevation* *vertiginous*!!!"

The celebrity of these volumes has produced a work, entitled *Nubilia in Search of a Husband*, to which we shall pay our attention in the ensuing number.

BIDCOMBE HILL, with other Rural Poems. By the Rev. FRANCIS SKURRAY, A. M. Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. 1 vol. 8vo.

WE have read this volume with some degree of pleasure.—The principal poem from which the title is derived, is a descriptive one which contains some fluent versification and some pleasing descriptions. Of the smaller pieces we cannot say that they are all good. In the adoption of his language Mr. Skurray is not always happy, as in the use of the word *astounds* at p. 5, *scuds*, p. 7, &c. In the event of a second edition, we should be glad to find Mr. S. attending to these and some other instances of lax phraseology.

We were sorry to find our author vindicating the sports of the field, upon the plea of utility towards the poor animals thus hunted. It saves them, forsooth, from *dying* of old age, want, &c. This is a very inefficient cause for the destruction of animal life.

The following extract from Bidcombe Hill will afford a pleasing specimen of our author's manner:—

The young Matilda in her beauty's
 pride,
 Inspir'd each bosom with the glow of love.
 The hue of health blush'd on her dimpled
 cheek;
 Joy and affection sparkled in her eye;
 And the sweet modest smiles that beam'd
 without,
 Proclaim'd the innocence that dwelt within.

Soon as the signal from the cottage cock*
 Announc'd th' arrival of the dawning sun,
 Up from her couch she rose to morning
 toil,
 Heedless of ills, she sung her matin song,
 Sweet as the music of the silvan choir,
 Soft as the murmurs of the pebbled stream.
 She only knew a widow'd mother's care;
 No father's voice, nor wise-restraining hand
 Check'd the wild wanderings of her erring
 steps.

When beauty charm'd, and wantonness
 allur'd,
 Is it a wonder, if at length she drunk
 Of pleasure's madd'ning bowl, and seized
 the joys
 And the stolen raptures of illicit love?

Among the circle of the admiring train,
 One youth alone by looks and words of
 love,
 Gain'd the ascendant o'er her yielding heart.
 Long did he cherish the delusive hope,
 That he, her soul held dear, would seal
 the vow
 Which Heaven had witness'd, and his
 friends approv'd,
 And make her his before "the holy-man."
 Day after day she vainly dream'd of joys,
 And grasp'd at shades of fancied happiness.
 No Albert comes to realize his vows,
 And drive suspicion from her aching heart.
 In the wild ravings of delicious grief,
 Oft' would she call on her dear Albert's
 name,

By proofs of love to intercept despair,
 And snatch her from the cavern of the
 tomb.
 No Albert comes. Her kinsfolk and her
 friends
 Run from the infectious couch, and tainted
 breath,
 And like the herd, fly from the wounded
 stag.

All earthly comforts flown, she turns her
 eye
 To heaven. To Him who is the orphan's
 friend
 She prays, folding her hands in agony of
 soul.

* "The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
 horn
 No more shall rouse them from their
 lowly bed." GRAY.

Pleas'd at the change, the village priest
 attends,
 And scatters benedictions round her bed.
 She feels those comforts which the world
 refus'd;
 She feels that hope of pardon, which she
 felt,
 Who bath'd Christ's feet with penitential
 tears,
 And wip'd them with the tresses of her
 hair.
 Her languid pulse beats low—her hollow
 eyes
 Sink in their sockets dim; with fault'ring
 tongue
 She whispers Albert's name, and in a swoon
 Expires.

On boisterous waves her bark was
 launch'd,
 To navigate the dubious course of life:
 No faithful pilot govern'd at the helm,
 To fly surrounding dangers, and to steer
 Her erring vessel to its destin'd port.
 Driv'n by the whirlwind, toss'd about with
 storms,
 At length she found'er'd in a sea of woes.
 Who will not shed the tear of sympathy,
 And mourn the wreck of innocence and
 love?

That blessed charity, which "all things
 hopes,"
 Shall throw oblivion's veil o'er all her
 faults;
 The passing traveller shall lament her doom;
 Her Albert e'en shall weep, and virgins dress
 With flowers the grave, where grief-worn
 beauty sleeps.

At a short distance from the hill ^{rising},
 (Where join the cross roads) disregarded lie
 The mangled* relics of a frantic maid
 Who in the waters of the stagnant pool
 Finish'd a life of agony and shame.
 Her corse, dishonour'd by the lawless deed,
 Was doom'd to lie in that sequeter'd spot,
 A warning to the way-worn passenger,
 Ne'er to presume audaciously to snatch
 From God's high power, the thunderbolt
 of fate.

What tho' no pomp funereal clos'd the
 scene,
 No train of friends stood weeping o'er her
 bier;
 The weeping willow (emblem of her fate)
 Shall to the breezes sigh, and droop its head
 In elegant simplicity of grief,
 Over the sod, where lies the suicide.
 'Tis said her spectre us'd to haunt the
 grove,
 (With water dripping from her flowing
 hair)

* A stake is driven through the bodies
 of suicides who are buried in the highways.

Which seem'd with piteous looks t'implore
 the rites
 Of sepulture Some tender-hearted friend,
 Amid the gloom of evening, mutter'd o'er
 The service of the dead, and threw the
 dust,
 Thrice scatter'd o'er her grave Th' un-
 hallow'd ground
 Is sanctified, and lo! her spirit rests.

We think favourably of the *Pastoral Ballad* in imitation of Shenstone, which is not much inferior to the original. The volume is neatly printed and neatly embellished.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1808.

FAR from the smoke encompass'd town,
 At evening tide I lay me down,
 On Wigmore's mouldering towers;
 Or stretch'd supinely in the vale,
 The cooling breeze of health inhale,
 Or fragrance from the flowers

Sometimes in high fantastic mood,
 I roam the dark sequester'd wood,
 Where Silence loves to dwell;
 Where murmurs from the falling rill
 The soul with nobler raptures fill,
 To tune my simple shell

Oft, too, when glooms involve the skies,
 When clouds in grand convulsion rise,
 Of black Herculean form,
 I haste to some monastic height,
 While phantoms wheel their sullen flight,
 To view the winged storm

But chiefly when the sprites of eve
 In yonder spheres their garlands weave,
 And all the air is mute,
 I love to sit with Thought sublime,
 To view the mighty wrecks of Time,
 Or sound my plaintive lute

But hark! from yonder ivy-tower,
 Borne on the breeze, the length'ning hour
 Swings down the brooklet sheen!
 And see the glow worm's paly lamp,
 Amid yon cavern's sickly damp,
 Shines beautifully serene!

Beneath the hill's romantic fall,
 Where grow the poplars green and tall,
 Besides the labouring hind;
 Fast by his cottage, neatly low,
 Where flowers in rich profusion glow,
 The stream is seen to wind

Though Learning never rear'd her seat,
 Amid the charms of that retreat,
 Nor Fancy plum'd her wing;
 Though Science never knew the haunt,
 Nor Fashion there was seen to haunt,
 Or Poet heard to sing;

Yet still my eyes, with rapture new,
 Each simple feature loved to view,
 The fragrant woodbine's shade—

The trees that wave their branches high—
 The stream that gurgles softly by—
 And flowers in rich parade

There man, of contemplative mind,
 To all the cant of learning blind,
 May view th' Eternal source;
 May trace the great Creator's power
 Impress'd on every opening flower,
 That decks the streamlet's course!

He needs no self important knave,
 Adopting Newton's reasoning, grave,
 'To prove th' Almighty Cause'
 He sees the moon—the stars—the sun—
 Each in its proper system run,
 And hence conviction draws!

Oh Ignorance! crivious is thy lot,
 Blest with a little lowly cot,
 Far from the sons of Care;
 Where Flora decks the pregnant land,
 With daisies pied and cowslips bland,
 Or lilies sweetly fair

Oh! had it been my happier fate,
 Far from the ostentatious great,
 To spend my studious hours;
 Blest with a haunt of rustic men,
 Adorn'd with mantling ivy green,
 And sweetly scented flowers;

I might have charm'd the wood-nymphs
 wild,
 Or drowsy Pan himself beguild,
 With uncorrupted shell!
 And scorning all the tricks of Art,
 Have seiz'd what Nature's works impart,
 Where Nature's votaries dwell!

Or stole, at evening's holy tide,
 Along the river's velvet side,
 From babbling knaves retir'd;
 Have watch'd the distant viols play,
 Beneath the young moon's silver ray,
 With heavenly themes inspir'd!

Yet mostly, Sorrow, would I rove,
 Along with thee, yon desolate grove,
 When vulgar spirits sleep;
 And o'er the dear depressive tomb,
 Amid the night's religious gloom,
 My usual vigil keep!

There Pensiveness, with drooping head,
Is seen at midnight hour to tread
The long remember'd walks;
And there, when Cynthia's modest beam,
Illumes the dull unsocial stream,
Ophelia's spirit stalks!

Wrapp'd in a fringed winding sheet,
Methinks I see her figure sweet
Glide past the grotto's gloom!
While troops of apparitions pale
Triumphant ride the noxious gale,
Associates of her tomb!

Oh Genius! thy prophetic spell
Has led me o'er the flames of hell,
Where foaming sinners lie!
Has rais'd to Heaven my buoyant soul,
Where silver-crested planets roll,
And red-wing'd meteors fly!

Methinks, dear spirit! thou hast prest
Thy witcheries on my youthful breast,
Each lingering hour to 'guile;
Ay! thou hast taught me oft to know,
That pleasure may result from woe,
And torture from a smile.

For, when disturb'd with biting grief,
I've found a world of sweet relief
In thy auspicious form!
Have rode with thee in fearful mood,
Beyond the polar solitude,
Where howls the fitful storm!

And when at night's impressive noon
I've waked to watch the tim'rous moon,
Yon azure mountain climb;
Have heard the chaunting, void of care,
Full many a wild seraphic air,
On Snowdon's cliff sublime!

Pleas'd with the deep sonorous strain,
I've wandered to some mould'ring fane
To spend the sacred hours;
Where ghosts in milk-white garb array'd,
Across the sounding vault parade,
Subservient to thy powers!

I've seen thee wrapp'd in musings wild,
With Shakspeare, Nature's noblest child,
On Avon's flowery shore;
Have mark'd thee rush with Milton far
Beyond the sullen arctic star,
And Ocean's depths explore!

With Gray, o'er Cambrian mountains high,
I've seen thee headlong hurrying fly,
Loud shalaking desperate woe;
Have heard thee smite the vaulted lyre
With fingers of ethereal fire,
To charm the fates below!

When young-ey'd Mirth, with naked
charms,
Entic'd me to her circling arms,
That bound me to her breast,
Ay! in the height of heavenly bliss,
Delusion issued from her kiss,
By thee alone redress'd!

Thus, Genius, thy all-conquering power,
Can ease each solitary hour,
Or turn delight to pain!
Can bear me thro' the flaming skies,
Or bring before my ravish'd eyes
The reeking fields of slain!

Then while the sweets of Summer last,
Untainted by the noxious blast
Yon gathering clouds sustain,
At evening still thy scenes impart,
For much my wild enthusiast heart
Thy visions entertain!

Yet whatso'er thou dost unfold,
Let Virtue her dominion hold
Thro' each revolving line;
Yet curb not Fancy in her flight,
But with her sacred powers unite
Thy attributes divine.

With such compeers, thou godlike Pow'r!
Thou can'st amuse each dreary hour,
And picture scenes anew;
Join'd by the Nine's bewitching art,
Can'st soothe the bloody murderer's heart,
And Anger's rage subdue.

Grafton-Street, Fitzroy-square,
June, 1809.

J. G.

A SPECIMEN OF KALMUC POETRY.

THE Lark, the cheerful harbinger of
light,
On quiv'ring pinions hails th' opening
day,
And, as he soars, dispels the silent night
With rapturous song, with heaven-in-
spired lay.

Alas! his song no comfort brings to me,
Sad recollection of my absent love,—
This little Cherub laughs at misery,
In Heaven's bosom plays on myrtle
grove.

O happy they, who in Love's wedded bands
Their bodies and their souls together
press'd!
My Father, brave as e'er trod desert sands,
My Mother, fair and yielding, both are
blest.

O come my Love! nor let deceitful glow
Of bliss, not real, haunt my nightly
dreams;

Life's but a day—O let's that day enjoy,
For short-liv'd bliss in its short passage
swims.

Soon into deep Futurity we sink,
Uncertain if to happiness or woe;
Then come, my Love, the living sub-
stance drink,
And let our souls on earth at least some
pleasure know.

R. H.

*Written at HORLEY MILLS, in SURRY,
and most respectfully inscribed to its en-
lightened and hospitable Masters, the
MESSRS. CONSTABLE.*

By CLIO RICKMAN.

IN early days my infant muse,
While wandering on the banks of Ouse,
Amid its scenery gay,
Enraptur'd eyed the distant hill,
And gave to lovely BARCOMBE MILL
The childish votive lay*.

Days ne'er forgot—days ever lov'd,
Tho' far away from these I've rov'd
To many a distant soil,
Still Memory recalls to view—
The happy moments there I knew,
Unknown to care or guile.

And now, tho' years on years have flown,
And much experience I have known
Of Fortune's changeeful wind,
Yet, unaffable to joy or woe,
My bosom feels each thrilling glow,
Unchang'd is still my mind.

I doat on—reverence as in youth,
Nature, and Friendship, Love, and Truth,
Nor has a motley life,
In crowds, in cities, travel, spent,
Destroy'd my first and early bent
'Gainst noise, and pomp, and strife.

But still delighted do I rove,
At twilight hour, the lonely grove,
Where Philomel's loud song
Bursts trilling through the echoing dell;
Where flowers emit their fragrant smell
The Mill-stream's banks along.

Yes, recollect of early days,
The scenes around demand my lays,
And HORLEY MILLS renew;
Each latent feeling of those hours,
Which erst I spent in BARCOMBE'S bowers,
When all was bright and true.

* See Poetical Scrapes, 2 vols.

The Floodgates' roar is dear to me,
The Mill-dam lin'd by many a tree,
Proud waving to the wind;
The village church which towards the skies,
See, 'bove yon distant woods arise,
The team and labouring hind.

The Common, skirted by the wood,
Where flocks wide straggling pick their
food,
And gabbling geese parade;
The hedge-rows scatter'd trim and neat,
And just beyond the Cotter's seat,
Embosom'd in the shade.

O'ertopping these the distant Down,
Rising beyond the scarce seen town,
Add grandeur to the sight;
The Lark, high mounted, sings on high,
Below the humbler songsters fly,
And tune their varied pipe;

Dear Objects! ever ever dear!
Ye waken Memory's sweetest tear,
And give the past again;
Recall the days, when Fancy's child,
I rov'd amid such scenery wild,
And tun'd my boyish strain.

Hail HORLEY MILL!—dear is thy noise,
Reviving long-relinquish'd joys,
Now faintly heard, now still;
Awakening many a pensive thought,
By like delicious prospects taught,
On Avon's winding rill

Hail to thy Masters! HORLEY MILLS!
Whose lot is cast beside thy rills,
Thy fields, and shades, to dwell;
May years of health and peace attend,
Ye! who are Truth's and Virtue's friend,
And Fortune use you well!

Here, having trac'd COLUMBIA'S land*,
Its government and manners scan'd,—
A country truly blest!—
May you in SURRY'S WEALDS improve,
Of LIBERTY the ardent love,
And teach it every breast.

And, to crown all, may Heaven send,—
Its chiefest good!—a Female Friend,
All that you can conceive;
For this is an immortal creed—
There is no PARADISE INDEED,
Unless it has an EVE!

Horley Mills, June 10th, 1809.

* Mr. D. and W. Constable have lately
made the tour of America, principally on
foot,—a tour of about 9000 miles!

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. ANTHONY BERROLLAS's, (Denmark-street) for a Method of making infallible Repeating Watches.

FIRST.—The outside of the watches here referred to, resembles that of common watches, except the pendent, which is mounted on a button consisting of two parts; of these the lower one does not move, and the upper one having an endless screw annexed to it, turns round and comes out to the extent of four turns, and is cut in four turns and a half. The upper part of the button being turned to the right, screws off from the lower part; and operating upon the hour rack, can be continued to be unscrewed, until it has struck the hour which the hand indicates, when it cannot be further unscrewed. The same part being afterwards screwed to the left, to bring it back again, to join the lower fixed part, operates upon the quarter rack, and quarters are struck in the same manner as the hours, until the one part is completely joined to the other.

Secondly. The movement of this watch is the same as that of a common watch, that is not a repeater. The wheel works are of the same height; which is not the case with common repeaters, in which the operation of striking being occasioned by a work in the movement composed of five wheels, five pinions, and a barrel and main spring, necessarily cause the movement wheels to be smaller, and this injures the solidity of the work, and augments the labour. The sort of escapement may be made according to fancy. The hammer which strikes the hours and quarters is the only additional piece which is in the frame of the movement, and which distinguishes the infallible repeating watch from a common watch, not a repeater.

Thirdly. The motion is composed of 3 principal parts; the first contains the hour rack, the second the quarter rack, the third the pendent and endless screw. The latter turning on itself ascends perpendicularly, and is kept in that direction by another piece, which performs two objects; for the interior forms the catch-work of the screw, whilst the exterior is fixed by two screws on the pillar plate.

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XI,

In elucidation of the nature and superiority of his invention, Mr. B. observes:—

First,—That the old repeaters contain five wheels more than the common watches, beside five pinions and a barrel and main spring, which are all necessary to put the motion in action; they have also two hammers to distinguish hours from quarters. But the new repeater is composed of the common plain movement, and wheel-work, with the addition only of a hammer, which is placed in an insulated situation, having no communication whatever with the wheel work.

Secondly,—The old motions being so very complex, are in their nature liable to be out of order from the slightest cause, because the chain of the motion, which winds the main spring of the repeating work, is easily broken, by means of the pressure, its very structure, and its attendant friction: and, lastly, because the action of it depends upon the main spring and wheel work, the latter of which is apt to be disordered, and the former snaps and breaks of itself. Whereas the new motion acts in itself, and has no dependence on wheel-work or any other piece that is subject to be broken; an endless screw sets the two chief parts in motion, which produces the effect of striking the hours and the quarters; and all the other pieces are designed only as collateral support to the principal ones. Hence the simplicity of construction in the new repeater, and a diminution of expence.

Mr. ANDREW BROWN'S, (London) for Improvements in the Construction of a Press, for printing Books and other Articles, part of which may be applied to Presses in common use.

THESE improvements are on the press itself; on the use of barrels or cylinders for feeding the types with ink; and in the loose frisket and manner of using it. The press is made of cast iron, as is also the bed which must be accurately faced for the types to lie on. A follower gives pressure on the types, and is fixed to the screw. In using this press, the cast iron bed

slides out below the roller or cylinder, which revolves round and feeds the types with ink. It is covered with flannel, or any other elastic substance, and then is covered with parchment or vellum, or other proper materials to prevent the ink from soaking too far in, and likewise to give it a spring, and afterwards is covered with superfine woollen cloth, for the purpose of receiving the ink to supply the types. There is a large barrel or cylinder, and also a smaller one; the former having received the ink from the trough underneath it, the latter rolls on the other, and distributes or spreads out the ink on the face of it; or it may be necessary, with the small barrel or cylinder, occasionally to use a brush to distribute the ink, or lay the ink on the large barrel. The large barrel feeds the other with ink, and that revolves and feeds the types by the motion of the spindle, which moves the bed. Mr. B. is able to apply the barrels or cylinders, which he reckons his principal improvement, to presses now in common use, by means of a fly-wheel and trundle, which give motion to the two barrels or cylinders, and distribute the ink over the types, to feed them with ink either by the motion of the hand or fly-wheel, or by other methods well known to every mechanic.

FREDERICK BARTHOLOMEW FOLSCH and WILLIAM HOWARD'S, (London) for a certain Machine, Instrument, or Pen, calculated to promote facility in Writing; and also a certain Black Writing Ink, or Composition, the Durability whereof is not to be affected by Time, or change of Climate.

THE pen is made of glass, enamel, or other substance capable of admitting a bore; the point is small and finely polished, but the part above the point is large enough to hold as much or more ink than a common writing pen. The composition is a mixture of equal parts of Frankfort black and fresh butter, which is smeared over paper and rubbed off after a certain time. The paper thus smeared is to be pressed for some hours, taking care to have sheets of blotting paper between each of the sheets of black paper. When fit for use, the paper is put between sheets of this blackened paper, and the upper sheet is to be written on with common ink, with the glass or enamel pen. By this method not only the copy is obtained on which you write, but also two or more made by means of the blackened paper.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

- MESSRS. Allen and Pepys have laid before this learned body an account of a great number of experiments, made with a view of ascertaining the changes produced in atmospheric air and oxygen gas by respiration; from which they infer:—

1. That the quantity of carbonic acid gas emitted is exactly equal, bulk for bulk, to the oxygen consumed; and therefore there is no reason to conjecture, that any water is formed by a union of oxygen and hydrogen in the lungs.

2. Atmospheric air once entering the lungs returns charged with from 8 to 33 per cent. carbonic acid gas, and when the contacts are repeated almost as frequently as possible only 10 per cent. is emitted.

3. It appears, that a middle-sized man, aged thirty-eight years, and whose pulse is seventy on an average, gives off 302 cubical inches of carbonic acid gas from his lungs in eleven minutes; and supposing the production uniform for twenty-four hours, the total quantity in that period would be 39,594 cubical inches, weighing 18,683 grains, the carbon in which is 5,363 grains, or rather more than 11 ounces troy: the oxygen consumed in the same time will be equal in volume to the carbonic acid gas. The quantity of carbonic acid gas, emitted in a given time, must depend much on the circumstances under which respiration is performed.

4. When respiration is attended with distressing circumstances, there is reason to conclude, that a portion of oxygen is absorbed: and as the oxygen

decreases in quantity, perception gradually ceases, and we may suppose, that life would be completely extinguished on the total abstraction of oxygen.

5. A larger proportion of carbonic acid gas is formed by the human subject from oxygen, than from atmospheric air.

6. An easy, natural inspiration is from 16 to 17 cubical inches, though this will differ in different subjects; and it is supposed, that the quantity of carbonic acid gas, given off in a perfectly natural respiration, ought to be reckoned at less than at a time when experiments are making on the human subject for the purpose, because in short inspirations the quantity of air, which has reached no farther than the fauces, trachea, &c. bears a much larger proportion to the whole mass required, than when the inspirations are deep.

7. No hydrogen, nor any other gas, appears to be evolved during the process of respiration.

8. The general average of the deficiency in the total amount of common air inspired, appears to be very small, amounting only to 6 parts in 1000.

9. The experiments upon oxygen gas prove, that the quantity of air remaining in the lungs, and its appendages is very considerable; and that without a reference to this circumstance, all experiments upon small quantities of gas are liable to inaccuracy.

Mr. Home has read a paper on the *Squalus Maximus*, stating some particulars of the dimension and conformation of the different basking sharks which have been thrown on shore, in the course of the last year. The author considers this species of shark as occupying an intermediate place between the mammalia, whales, and fishes, and partaking of the characters of both.

Captain Burney has stated some further particulars respecting the floating of heavy bodies in a stream, and the nature of their moving faster than the current. He seemed to consider the cause of all such motion to be owing to the pressure of the atmosphere.

Mr. Cavendish, on the methods of dividing mathematical instruments,

has proposed to substitute a balance compass and microscope for Mr. Troughton's cylindrical ruler. The plan he offered, was illustrated by a drawing of the instrument, which effected the purpose without the necessity or risk of calculations, which almost always involves errors.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MR. R. PORRETT has announced that he has succeeded in obtaining prussous (or sub-prussic) acid, an acid differing from prussic as sulphurous does from sulphuric acid, by containing less oxygen. It is a most delicate test of the presence of silver in solution, and has the singular property of precipitating iron of a red colour. It has completely proved the presence of oxygen in prussic acid; as by deoxygenating the latter, it becomes prussous acid, and on adding oxygen, it is again capable of affording a blue precipitate of iron.

A new process for hardening the surface of casts in plaister of Paris, has been laid before this Society. It consists in boiling the cast in a solution of one pound of alum in a pint of water for fifteen minutes, and then suffering it to dry gradually for about a month, by which it acquires a very considerable degree of hardness, so as to make it capable of receiving a polish by friction, and of thus resembling white marble. The surface of the cast thus prepared may be cleaned from time to time without injury to its sharpness.

The Duke of Norfolk has lately presented the gold medals and premiums annually given by the Society, to the respective candidates. The following were the principal prizes in Agriculture:—

To J. Christian Curwen, Esq. M.P. for planting in one year, 1,269,000 larches and other forest trees, the gold medal. To W. M. Thackeray, M.D. for extensive plantations of ash, beech, chestnut, elm, and other forest trees, the gold medal. To William Congreve, Esq. for planting 74 acres of land with acorns and oaks, the gold medal. To Mr. William Salisbury, Brompton, for raising grass seeds, and preparing meadow land, the silver medal. To Charles Le Hardy, Esq.

for communications on the culture of parsnips, and their utility in feeding cattle, the silver medal. To the Rev. James Hall, for preparing from bean stalks a substitute for hemp, the silver medal. To Mr. William Lester, for a machine for washing potatoes and other esculent roots for feeding cattle, the silver medal. To Mr. William Salisbury, for a method of packing plants and trees, intended for exportation, so as to preserve their vegetative powers for many months, 20 guineas.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

On the Cultivation of the common Flax, as an ornamental Plant in the Flower-Garden. By Mr. John Dunbar, Gardener to Thomas Fairfax, Esq.

THE object of this paper, which the Society will perhaps honour with their attention, is to bring into cultivation, the *common flax*, as an ornament of the flower-garden, not merely as such, but with a view to the profit it will afford, at least to the servant, if not to the master. This plant when so cultivated, like wax and honey, forms part of the natural riches of a country, and if it could supplant the cumbersome yellow *lupine* in our flower borders, the annual revenue arising from it, would amount to several thousand pounds.

The soil of every flower-garden is always rich enough to produce good flax; but if it is loamy rather than sandy, the quantity will be nearly double even in the fields, which can never be cultivated with the nicety of a gentleman's garden. I have observed the greatest crops in a loamy soil, yielding also an article superior in quality as well as quantity; for, as the durability of the fibre depends in some measure upon its size, there can be no doubt the tall and vigorous plants are preferable to small ones.

There is no better way of disposing of this plant to render it exceedingly ornamental, than scattering it in random parcels, or little clumps, from ten to twenty plants, towards the back of the flower borders, and in the front of the shrubbery; for unless the summer proves amazingly dry, it will attain to the height of three or four feet. If a temporary edging, or summer

screen is wanting for any particular bed, it may be also employed for this purpose.

The seeds of good flax are short, plump, thick, very oily, and of a bright brown colour. The best season for sowing them in most gardens, is Feb. or the beginning of March, when the general crop of hardy annuals are put in; but if the ground be sandy, and naturally dry, they should be sown in October or November. They require no more attention than is necessary to other flowers, which is keeping down all weeds while in the seed-leaf, with a hoe. As soon as the seed begins to ripen, and the plants turn yellow, pull the whole up by the roots, and lay it in bundles exposed to the full sun, if the weather is fine, to dry completely, then pull the heads off, and shake out the seeds; directly after, it must be laid to macerate in a ditch or pond, and kept under water by a long piece of timber floating upon it. If it takes above five days to perform this immersion, after the fifth, it must be examined daily, taking especial care that it does not lie too long. When the fibres are sufficiently macerated to separate kindly from one another, spread them out to dry upon a new mown meadow. When dry, it must again be collected into bundles, and either sent to the flax dresser, or prepared for spinning at home by the gardener's wife. In many districts this operation is well understood, and if carefully performed, homespun linen made from such flax will last twice the length of the time of the Irish linen, which is purchased at present in our shops.

I believe it is a great error to pull the flax so green as it is commonly practised, and still greater to soak it in water before it is previously dried; for the fibres require twice the time to macerate sufficiently for separation in the dressing; a process by which they are considerably weakened.

THE LITERARY FUND.

TO extend the utility of this Institution, and to impress the public mind with new sentiments of its importance, the council and the committee, have thought proper "to interest the clergy in its behalf." A new

subscription is supposed to have been at the bottom of this project, and accordingly we find it has been resolved, we suppose provided the new subscriptions come in properly, "That a learned and officiating clergyman, in distress, or an officiating clergyman reduced and rendered incapable of duty, by age or infirmity, shall be considered as a claimant on the Literary Fund; and that a provision shall be made for such claim in the following manner.—

I. The influence of the Society shall be employed in promoting a subscription for this purpose; the produce to be denominated, "The Ecclesiastical Fund." Life subscriptions, and annual subscriptions to be disposed of in the same manner as the annual income and funded property of the Literary Fund: some permanent capital being necessary to prevent those cruel fluctuations and uncertainties incident to charities depending wholly on annual subscriptions. II. That the Society collectively and individually, shall endeavour to induce the English clergy universally to plead the just cause of their own order, by preaching occasionally (in rich and populous parishes once in every year), on this most useful and most important subject. Many of them are celebrated for their benevolent exertions to establish charities of inferior effect on public happiness. It is therefore impossible to suppose they will hesitate to assist their learned and labouring brethren, sinking into misery in the midst of public profusion and extravagance. The produce of their exertions will be deposited at the Literary Fund, in a special trust appointed by themselves, and (where there can be no patronage, intrigue, or flattery, to supersede merit) it shall be distributed by a special committee (appointed also by them). For every clergyman affording this assistance, as often as may suit his convenience, shall be entitled to all the privileges of a member of this Society, in the department of the Ecclesiastical Fund; in common with the subscribers and members, who in the peculiar difficulties of the institution have borne the burthen and heat of the day. III. That a committee consisting of seven clergymen and seven laymen shall be

annually appointed, and be entitled the Ecclesiastical Committee. To preserve a uniformity and harmony in the whole institution, this committee must allow the inspection and assistance of the officers and visitors of the Literary Fund; in the same manner, and for the same purposes, as all other committees of the Society. IV. That, to prevent occasions of confusion and perplexity, the same trustees, registrars, treasurers, and servants, be appointed for all the property and business of the Society. V. That all the transactions, civil and ecclesiastical, of the Literary Fund, shall take place at the house of the Society, No. 36, Gerard-street, Westminster, where the economy in behalf of distressed literature is so rigid and scrupulous, that the servants only receive compensations; where all the offices are executed gratuitously; and where even the resident visitor defrays all his own expences.

Some persons think the Literary Fund might extend their assistance to *learned clergymen*, without making any new arrangements or requests; and without most absurdly exposing the character of an indigent clergyman as an *Annual Pauper!*

WERNERIAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

MR. CHARLES STEWART has laid before the Society a list of insects found in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, with introductory remarks on the study of entomology; few of these insects are rare, or peculiar, though the list contains about four hundred species.

Count de Bournon's system of mineralogy, the first two volumes, 4to. with a volume of figures, were laid on the table, presented to the Society by the author.

The first and second parts of a description of the mineral strata of Clackmananshire, from the bed of the river Forth to the base of the Ochils, have been read, illustrated by a voluminous and very distinct plan or section of those strata, done from actual survey; and from the register of the borings and workings for coal in Mr. Eiskine, of Mar's estate, in that district, communicated by Mr. Robert

Bald, civil engineer at Alloa. His second part gave a very particular account of two very remarkable *slips* or *shafts* in the strata, near 1000 feet in depth, by means of which the main coal-field of the country is divided into three fields, on all which, extensive collieries have been erected.

Mr. P. Walker stated a curious fact in the history of the common eel. A number of eels, old and young, were found in a subterranean pool at the bottom of an old quarry, which had been filled up, and its surface ploughed and cropped upwards of twelve years since.

The secretary read a letter from the Rev. Mr. Maclean, of Small Isles, mentioning the appearance of a vast sea snake, between seventy and eighty feet long, among the Hebrides in June 1808. The same gentleman produced a list of about 100 herbaceous plants, and 200 cryptogamia, found in the King's Park, Edinburgh, and not enumerated as growing there, in Mr. Yalden's catalogue of plants. This list had been communicated to the secretary by Mr. G. Don, of Forfar, late superintendant of the Royal Botanic Garden at Edinburgh.

FRENCH NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

MESSRS. Gay, Lusac, and Thénard, have described their method of decomposing the boracic acid, by putting equal parts of potassium and pure vitreous boracic acid into a copper tube, to which a bent glass tube was fitted. The copper tube was placed in a small furnace, and the extremity of the glass tube plunged into a basin of quicksilver. As soon as the temperature was raised to 150° (Reaumur, we presume) the mixture became suddenly red, much heat was produced; the glass broken, and almost the whole of the air in the ap-

paratus was driven out with great force. Atmospheric air only was disengaged and a few bubbles of hydrogen. Almost all the potassium disappeared, though it only decomposed a part of the acid. These substances were changed by their reciprocal action into an olive grey substance, which is a compound of pot-ash and of the basis of boracic acid. The boracic radical was separated from it by washing it with hot or cold water. That which does not dissolve is the radical itself, which possesses the following properties:—this radical is greenish brown; fixed and insoluble in water. It has no taste, nor any action on tincture of litmus, or on syrup of violets. Being mixed with oxymuriate of pot-ash, or nitrate of pot-ash, and projected into a red-hot crucible, it entered into vivid combustion, of which the boracic acid was one of the products. The most curious and most important of all the phenomena produced by the boracic radical when placed in contact with other bodies, are those that it presents with oxygen. When four grains and a half of boracic radical, were projected into a silver crucible covered with a jar, containing a little more than a quart of oxygen, and the whole placed over quicksilver, a most rapid combustion took place, and the quicksilver rose to about the middle of the jar. The boracic radical exhibits the same phenomena with airs as with oxygen, only that the combustion is less rapid. Hence it follows, that the boracic acid is composed of oxygen, and a combustible body: and that this substance is of a peculiar nature, and ought to be classed with phosphorus, carbon, and sulphur. It requires a great quantity of oxygen to change it into boracic acid, and it previously passes into the state of a black oxyde.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

SIR Joseph Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty of Great Britain and Ireland. They will comprise a view of Irish Affairs from 1780, particularly of the Union, traced from its most remote causes to those of its final completion;

the interesting era of the Volunteers and the rebellion, interspersed with characters and anecdotes never before published. The work will be embellished with a great number of portraits of distinguished characters both of England and Ireland, all engraved by Heath, from original paintings or drawings, with *fac similes* of letters and other curious documents.

Mr. Bowyer has lately issued a Prospectus for publishing the remaining parts of his Collection, relative to Egypt, Carmania, and Palestine. The present work will consist of views of Turkey in Europe, including Bulgaria, Romania, Wallachia, Syria, the Islands in the Archipelago, and a correct representation of the celebrated Temple of Jupiter Ammon, at Scivah, in the Desarts of Lybia, discovered in 1792; some interesting delineations of the Ruins of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; a large and accurate View of Constantinople and its environs, comprising many views in countries of which there are no drawings extant.

Mr. Williamson, of the Inner Temple, has a Treatise ready for publication, entitled *A Companion and Guide to the Laws of England*. This work comprises the most useful and interesting heads of the laws, viz. the whole law relating to parish matters, bills of exchange and promissory notes, wills, executors, landlord and tenant, trade, nuisances, master and servant, jurors, carriers, bankruptcy, apprentices, gaming, &c. &c.

A Dane's Excursion in Britain, to consist of two or three small octavo volumes, is preparing for the press, by Mr. Anderson, author of the *Tour in Zealand*.

J. P. Wood, Esq. is preparing a new and revised edition of the *Peerage of Scotland*, by Sir Robert Douglas, of Glenbervie, continued to the present time. The first edition, published in 1764, has now become excessively scarce; on that account, and to record the alterations that have taken place among the noble families since that period, it is presumed is a sufficient apology for the present undertaking.

A lady, not unknown to the fashionable as well as literary world, is about to publish a novel of a superior de-

scription, it is reported, to the generality of such works. The subject, which is historical, is highly interesting, and precepts of a moral tendency are said to be very ingeniously interwoven with the narrative. It is to be entitled "*The Husband and Lover*."

Mr. G. Dyer, who has relinquished the idea of continuing his inquisition into the state of the public libraries in the country, is employed in preparing for the press, a complete edition of his *Poetical Writings*, in four vols. duodecimo, to be published by subscription.

The *Dramatic Works of John Ford*, are in the press, with an introduction and explanatory notes, by Henry Weber, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

Miss A. M. Porter will shortly present to the world a novel entitled *Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza*, in four volumes.

Messrs. Rees and Curtis, booksellers, of Plymouth, have announced a new edition of *Prince's Worthies of Devonshire*.

A new edition is printing in 10 vols. foolscap 8vo. of the *Novels and Miscellaneous Works of Daniel De Foe*.

A *New Life of Torquato Tasso* is said to be in forwardness; containing his letters, and illustrations of his writings, and also memoirs of some of his contemporaries.

A *Life of the late patriotic and classical Earl of Charlemont*, engages Mr. Francis Hardy, who will introduce, in the course of it, a view of the affairs of Ireland during a very interesting and important period.

Mr. Walter Nicol, designer of gardens, hot-houses, &c. author of the *Forcing Fruit and Kitchen Gardener, the Practical Planter, &c.* has in the press a work entitled, *The Villa Garden Directory, or Monthly Index of Works done in Town and Villa Gardens, Shrubberies and Parterres*; with hints on the treatment of shrubs and flowers usually kept in the green-room, the lobby, and the drawing-room.

Benwell has in the press a new edition of *Xenophon's Memorabilia*; to which it is intended to add, *Socratic Apologia*, and the notes of the last edition of Schercider, omitting the latin version.

Sir George Stewart Mackenzie, of Coull, Balg., has in the Press a Treatise on the Diseases and Management of Sheep, with introductory remarks on the anatomical structure, and an appendix containing documents, exhibiting the value of the Merino breed, and their progress in Scotland.

Splendid editions of Mr. Scott's Poems of Marmion, and the Lay of the Last Minstrel, with embellishments from the pencil of Westall, will be published in a few weeks.

Mr. Fenton designs to publish a series of Tours through North and South Wales, which are to be embellished with views of the principal seats and ruins scattered through that principality; which are generally to be drawn by Sir R. C. Hoare. The first of these (a tour through Pembrokeshire) will soon appear in a quarto volume.

Fuller's Worthies, Purchase's Pilgrims, and Hakluyt's Voyages, will be shortly republished.

Dr. Burney is engaged (for the use principally of young men designed as officers in the navy) on a System of Nautical Education.

Miss Stacker will shortly publish an elegant little volume, containing some beautiful translations from the Italian of Carlo Maria Maggi.

In the press, *Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Wardle*, with an improved likeness in chalk; including Thoughts on the State of the Nation, and the final issue of the present critical juncture: with the public spirit of 1809, as displayed in the various patriotic proceedings throughout the empire; and enumerating those gentlemen who were most conspicuous in voting thanks to Mr. Wardle, &c. excited by his inquiry into the conduct of the late Commander-in Chief. By W. Hamilton Reid.

Mr. Francis Baily has in the press, a continuation of his *Treatise on the Doctrine of Interest and Annuities*, a work, which will comprise the whole doctrine of life annuities and assurances. The author proposes to exhibit a more complete analysis of this science than has ever yet been given. He has deduced a more correct set of formulæ, as well as more simple and easy rules for the solution of the various problems connected with this

subject. An account of the several insurance companies now existing, with remarks on their comparative advantages, &c. will likewise appear in the course of the work.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

Mr. Bisset, of Birmingham, has produced an elegant medal of L. G. Wardle, Esq. M.P. with accompanying mottoes.

The monument intended to be raised to perpetuate the immortal memory of the celebrated John Locke, it is said, begins to meet with considerable encouragement from noblemen and gentlemen of the first distinction. The admirers of that great and good man have still an opportunity of contributing towards the completion of this national object. The efforts of Mr. Locke, which have so considerably enlarged the happiness and dignity of the human mind, surely cannot remain even apparently neglected. Every subscriber of two guineas and upwards, will be presented with an engraving of the monument; and subscribers of five guineas will receive a medal, with the head of Locke on one side, and on the reverse an exact representation of the monument. To subscribers of ten guineas, a similar medal will be presented in silver.

To prevent the effects of poison of lead, the physicians and surgeons of the Bath Hospital have ordered the following cautions, to be made public, to be observed particularly by printers or compositors, plumbers, glaziers, painters, and other artificers — "To maintain the strictest temperance, respecting distilled spirits, which had better be altogether forborne. To pay the strictest attention to cleanliness; and never, when it can be avoided, to daub their hands with paint; and particularly never to eat their meals, or go to rest, without washing their hands and face. Not to eat or drink in the room or place wherein they work, and much less to suffer any food or drink to remain exposed to the fumes or dust of the metal, in the rooms or warehouses. As the clothes of persons in this line (painters particularly) are generally observed to be much soiled with colours they use, it is recommended to them to perform,

their work in frocks of ticking, which may be frequently washed, and conveniently laid aside, when the workmen go to their meals, and again put on when they resume their work. Every business which can, in these branches, should be performed with gloves on the hands; and woollen or worsted gloves are recommended, as they may be often washed, as they should always be after being soiled with paint, or even by much rubbing against the metal. Caution is necessary in mixing, or even in unpacking, the dry colorus, that the fine powder does not get into their mouths, or be drawn in by the breath. A crape covering over the face might be of service, but care should be taken to turn always the same side towards the face, and to clean or wash it frequently. All artificers should avoid touching lead when hot; and this caution is especially necessary for printers or compositors, who have often lost the use of their limbs by handling the types when drying by the fire, after being washed. Glaziers' putty should never be made or moulded by the hand. An iron pestle and mortar would work the ingredients together, at least equally well, and without hazard. If any person, in any of the above employments, should feel pain in the bowels, with costiveness, they should immediately take twenty drops of laudanum, and when the pain is abated, two table spoonfuls of castor oil, or an ounce of the bitter purging salt, dissolved in warm camomile tea. If this does not succeed, a pint, or two pints, of warm soap suds should be thrown up as a clyster. As a preventive, two or three tea-spoonfuls of sallad oil, taken in a small cup of gruel, are likely to be of service, if taken daily and steadily pursued.

A threshing machine has been invented by a blacksmith at Nutthury, in West Lothian, Scotland. The draught of the horses and the movement of the machine, are made equal by a rope and rollers, which makes the machine equivalent to one driven by water.

Precaution.—A correspondent recommends the taking of a tea-spoonful of Peruvian bark, or Rhatany-root, in a tea cup full of milk, as a useful and salutary preventive from the damp

and pernicious effects which rains may occasion; to be persevered in for twelve mornings fasting.

Our late improvements in Horticulture, have furnished the tables of the higher orders with three new seeds, viz. 1. A new enormous coss lettuce, which grows 18 inches high, and above two feet round. It is far sweeter, crisper, and whiter than any former sort; it grows rapidly, turns in soon, and is almost all heart. 2. A new purple brocoli, of equal superiority; its heads are as large as a cauliflower; it stands low, and grows very quick; its flavour is most delicious, and its colour, when on table, captivating. 3. A new eastern cucumber, which brings wonderful fruit, often nearly two feet long, strait, and finely shaped, of the deepest green, and its flavour is rich beyond description.

In the agricultural communications by the Cork Institution, there is, among other articles, a very important one from the Earl of Shannon, stating the expence and produce of three acres of hemp at Castlemartyr, by which his lordship had a clear profit of 100*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

On Coffers, Rockets, Infernals, Fire Devils, Catannarans, &c. From the Naval Chronicle.—The construction of the famous or, rather infamous coffers, is so well understood throughout the country, that any attempt to describe them here would be highly superfluous; but it may not be equally well known, that the sub-marine bomb, or coffer, was first used as a resource by the Americans, at a time when their coasts were exposed to wanton depredations from any frigate that chose to anchor in their rivers; and that, even under those circumstances, they have never been openly justified. The first allusion to them by Lord Stanhope, in parliament, was received with horror and derision, though the man who afterwards was cherished in England, was at that time on his road to Paris. On the arrival of this notable projector in that capital, he is said instantly to have submitted to the minister of marine the following proposal:—that provided he were assisted by two privateers and fifty resolute men, he would engage to destroy in a few nights the

largest fleet that ever lay at Spithead, and that too with scarcely a shadow of danger to the persons employed. He then proceeded to develop his plan, which, according to his declaration, would enable any *one brave man (ruffian)* at little or no hazard, under cover of night, so to place his submarine bomb, or coffer, as to insure the blowing up into fragments the crew and hull of the largest ship that ever floated! How base! how horrible! how revolting is such a proposal to every noble principle in our nature! Eight hundred brave men hurried in sleep, hurried to eternity, by *one crafty murderous ruffian!* No wonder that Décos, a man who has the credit of having fought an action that covered him with glory, turned shuddering with horror from the proposal. It is said, that no sooner had he heard it, than quitting the apartment, he angrily uttered this memorable reply, "Go, Sir, your genius to the Algierines may be acceptable, but now learn, that France has not yet abandoned the ocean."

It would certainly be matter of curious inquiry, were it possible to develop the hidden springs which actuated the decisions of men filling high and responsible offices in different kingdoms. In this particular case, we see the first, or rather sole Lord of the Admiralty in France, (where we might reasonably imagine that every project for the destruction of maritime establishments would be readily embraced) turning with just indignation from the very identical invention, that is received by the English admiralty with joy and exultation. Good God! from what does this proceed? Surely not from a deficiency of humanity? Yet when we see men obviously go out of their way, stooping from their lofty station to superintend the construction of such detestable machines, what are we to infer? Is it not still in the memory of every one, that even the great mind of Mr. Pitt, while forged with power, was employed in bringing to perfection these murderous machines? Will it ever be forgotten that delicate and noble families were assembled at Deal to witness the experimental effects of these frightful explosions? Well might the astonished tar exclaim, "*Guy Faw is*

got afloat!" and well might serious men reflect on all that has been urged against the employment of incendiaries; and with all due deference to the patriotism of Mr. Pitt, it will surely admit of a query, whether the energy of his eloquence would not have been heard dooming to execration any similar scheme for blowing up him and his relatives in the Castle of Walmer. If the patronage of such machines does in reality emanate from the admiralty, and not as some surmise from higher authority, then the inhumanity and impolicy of the adoption are still more extraordinary; for it is scarcely to be credited, that the naval lords, at least, should give their assent to such practices. Lord Mulgrave, the first commissioner, is said to be a man of humanity, and those selected from the navy stand high in the profession; here then at once is a majority, and yet we see these practices continued; not only continued, but, if reports may be credited, considerably extended. Scarcely had the impracticability of the coffer war been apparently demonstrated, than the ardent minds of our schemers were directed to rockets; with these weapons, it has been contended, a commonest trawl-boat might be made superior in power to the largest opponent; for that, by discharging flights into the sails or hull of her antagonist, in spite of her seamen's exertions, she must shortly be reduced to ashes! But coffers and rockets, bad as they are, are nothing to what may be expected: a vast current of genius is now directed to the practicability of destroying powerful ships in every direction, which of course will no sooner be brought to perfection, than be adopted by the enemy. All that have yet appeared are but mere runners from the great fleet of inventions now on its passage. As to explosion craft, they are nothing new; with the French they are infernals, as well as coffers, and naturally expected by a nation that accuses us of employing them in the streets of Paris. Noah's ark, it has been said, never contained such a diversity of forms and natures, as the fleet alluded to will offer. Water worms and fire devils are among them; in fact it seems all the elements have been put in a state of strict re-

quisition. Thunder and lightning are mere playthings in the hands of these modern Joves: even winds and tides, formerly the friends of the seaman, are now to be combined for his destruction, and no one on earth can tell where this astonishing infatuation will end. But if conjecture may be attended to, a great revolution is about to take place in maritime skill and machinery. Battles in future may be fought under water: our invincible ships of the line may give place to horrible and unknown structures, our frigates to catamarans, our pilots to divers, our hardy, dauntless tars, to sub-marine assassins, coffers, rockets, catamarans, infernals, water worms, and fire devils. How honourable! how fascinating is such an enumeration! how glorious, how fortunate for Britain are discoveries like these! How worthy of being adopted by a people, made wanton by naval victories, whose empire are the seas.

France.

The perusal of the report by Messrs. Fourcroy, Deveux, and Vauquelin, on a Memoir of M. Berthollet jun. entitled, "Inquiries concerning the reciprocal Action of Sulphur and Charcoal," has induced Dr. John New to publish an opinion, which he has for some years entertained, that charcoal and hydrogen are modifications of one and the same substance, or that hydrogen is the base of charcoal. Should this opinion, the result various experiments and observations, be confirmed, an important and extensive field will be opened to the scientific world. The pabulum of plants, and the origin of that immense quantity of carbonaceous matter, annually produced in the vegetable kingdom, would thus easily and satisfactorily be accounted for, as originating from water alone.

Holland.

In the late inundations near Loenen, in the district of the Upper Betewe, was discovered the right hip-bone of an elephant, measuring from the *as pubis*, to the end of the hip, three

feet and a half (Rhyland measure) of which a drawing was taken on the spot, by the scientific Mr. H. Hoogens. A double tooth, together with some other bones, belonging to that species of animal have been found on the same spot.

A curious and genuine specimen of the labours of Laurens Jansz, commonly called Laurens Coster, the original inventor of the art of printing, was advertised to be sold by auction on the 20th of April last, by Haak, bookseller, of Leyden. This valuable piece of antiquity consists of a wooden printing form, in excellent preservation. It is about three inches long, two inches broad, and three quarters of an inch thick; upon which an entire page of a Latin Florarium has been cut in inverted characters. At the same time was to be disposed of, a genealogical table, written upon very old parchment, but perfectly legible, of the progeny of Laurens, by whom it seems this document has been preserved since the 15th century, and handed down to each succeeding generation. This genealogy commences with the daughter of Laurens Coster, who published the first printed impression in 1441, and closes with her descendants about the year 1585.

Italy.

At the villa of the Count Moroni, near Rome, were lately discovered the tombs of the ancient Roman families of the Manlii. They were found to contain two statues, five busts of an urn, all in tolerable preservation, and distinguished by the name of Manlius. Two skeletons dug up at the feet of these statues, still had rings upon their fingers. Close to the skeleton of a female, named Agathonia, were found the shell of an egg, an oil bottle, a broken mirror, and a lamp. Upon this lamp was represented Tarquin, carrying a dagger in his hand, at the moment he was going to violate Lucretia. Baron Hasselin, minister from the King of Bavaria, to the Holy See, has purchased these valuable relics, which are at least two thousand years old.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

*The late Mr. RICHARD GOUGH,
the Antiquary.*

RICHARD, son and heir to Harry Gough, Esq. fifth son of Sir Harry Gough, of Perry-hall, Staffordshire, was born October 21, 1735, in a large house in Winchester-street, London, on the scite of the monastery of Austin Friars, founded by Humfry de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, 1253; and received the first rudiments of Latin under the tuition of — Barnewitz, a Courlander, who taught at the same time the sons of several eminent merchants in the city. On his death, he was committed to the instruction of the Rev. Roger Pickering, one of the most learned, most imprudent, and most ill-treated, of the dissenting ministers of his time; having received his education at Trinity college, Cambridge, but by an injudicious early marriage he forewent many advantages, and quitting the establishment did not improve his situation. On his death, May 18, 1755, Mr. Gough finished his Greek studies under Mr. Samuel Dyer, the friend of Johnson, and contemporary literary characters. On the death of his father, he was admitted, July 1752, fellow commoner of Bene't college, Cambridge, where his relations, Sir Henry Gough and his brother John, had before studied under Dr. Mawson, afterwards Bishop of Chichester and Ely. The college tutor, 1752, was Dr. John Barnadiston, afterwards master, who married a niece to the widow of the celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton, and died 1778, leaving an only daughter, since married to the Rev. Mr. Yates, son of Dr. Yates, rector of Solihull, county of Warwick, where his son is now resident and curate. His private tutor was the Rev. John Cott, fellow of the house, son to the town-clerk of Lynne, and afterwards rector of Broxton, Essex, where he died 1781, having married a niece of the late Dr. Keene, Bishop of Chester. Under the private tuition of the three excellent scholars before mentioned, Mr. Gough early imbibed a taste for classical literature and antiquities; and it is not to be

wondered that his connection with a college, eminent for producing a succession of British Antiquaries, inspired him with a strong propensity to the study of our national antiquities.— Here was first planned the British Topography, published in 1768, in one 4to. volume, improved in two of the same size 1790, and since augmented to a third, and ready for the press. From Cambridge he made his first excursion to Croyland and Peterborough; and continued these pursuits every year to various parts of the kingdom, taking notes, which, on his return, were digested into a form, which furnished materials for the new edition of Camden's Britannia, the result of twenty years excursions. In 1767, he was elected fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London; and, by the partiality of the late worthy president, Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter, was, on the death of Dr. Gregory Sharpe, master of the Temple, nominated director of the same society, 1771; which office he held till December 12, 1797, when he quitted the society altogether. He was chosen fellow of the Royal Society of London, 1775; but quitted that society in 1795.

He drew up the history of the Society of Antiquaries of London, prefixed to the first volume of their *Archæologia*, 1770; and in the succeeding volumes of that collection, whose publication he superintended, are various articles drawn up, or communicated, by him. Accounts of several plates in the "*Vetusta Monumenta*" of the same society bear his signature.

He opened a correspondence with the Gentleman's Magazine in 1767; and, on the death of his fellow-collegian Mr. Duncombe, 1786, he occasionally communicated reviews of literary publications to that valuable miscellany. If he criticised with warmth and severity certain innovations attempted in church and state, he wrote his sentiments with sincerity and impartiality, in the fulness of a heart deeply impressed with a sense of the excellence and happiness of the English constitution both in church and state.

In 1773, he formed a design of a new edition of Camden's *Britannia*; which he was seven years translating and printing, and which was published in three volumes, folio, 1789.

Being on a visit at Poole, and hearing of the difficulties under which Mr. Hutchins laboured respecting his *History of Dorset*, he set on foot a subscription, and was the means of bringing into light a most valuable County History, which he superintended through the press, whence it issued in two vols. folio, 1774. Its author did not live to see it completed; but his daughter having been enabled to proceed to Bombay, and form a happy connection with a gentleman to whom she had long been engaged, General Bellasis, in grateful return to the memory of his father-in-law, at his own expense set on foot a new edition of the *History of Dorset*, and Mr. Gough contributed his assistance to this second edition twenty years after the first. Except Thomas's republication of Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, and the paltry republications of Burton's *Leicestershire* and Philpot's *Kent* by Whittingham of Lynne, and Thoroton's *Nottinghamshire* by Throsby, not much superior, this is the first instance of a County History attaining a second edition.

Having purchased the collections of Mr. T. Martin, he put out an improved "*History of Thetford*, 1779," 4to. with plates, from views taken by Capt. Grose, who accompanied him in the snowy season, 1778. Having also purchased the plates of the medals, coins, and great seals, executed by the celebrated Simon, and first published by Vertue, 1753, he gave a new and enlarged edition of them, 1780. He assisted Mr. Nichols in his "*Collection of Royal and Noble Wills* 1780;" and wrote the preface. He superintended the printing of Dr. Nash's, "*Collections for a History of Worcestershire*," in two vols. folio, 1781; a short supplement to which has since been published.

In 1796, he published the first volume of the *Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain*, in a splendid folio; in 1796 the second; and in 1799, the introduction, which completes the

work. In 1794, he published an account of the beautiful *Missal* presented to Henry VI. by the Duchess of Bedford, which Mr. Edwards, bookseller in Pall-Mall, purchased at the Duchess of Portland's sale, and still possesses.

In Mr. Nichols's "*Bibliotheca Topographica*," the design of which he both suggested and forwarded, several essays bear his name, and he assisted in the copious, well-digested, and accurate "*History of Leicestershire*;" undertaken and conducted with a perseverance which would baffle common county historians.

Young as Mr. Gough was at his father's death, being only 16, his first care was to establish a noble library. To him the well-stored shop of Tom Payne at the Mews-gate, and the auction rooms of the two *Sams*, Baker and Pateison, had beauties transcendently beyond all the alluring scenes of dissipation.

In August 1774, he married Anne, the daughter of Thomas Hall, Esq. of Golding, Herts, having just before by the death of his mother come into full possession of the house at Enfield, with the large estate bequeathed him by his father. Mr. Gough was a pleasant and easy companion, condescending to all, and to the poor, a father, friend, and protector. His *Sepulchral Monuments* alone, to pass over his inferior works, were sufficient to perpetuate his fame as a writer; but in this he received much assistance from several great men and connoisseurs. To effect a second edition of this work, and to obtain an ample store of additional drawings by the first artists, he spared neither trouble or expense.

From a long and severe illness which was his last, Mr. Gough was released without an apparent struggle on the 20th of Feb. 1809, and was buried on the 28th, in the churchyard of Wormley, Herts, which church he had devoutly frequented several years.

By his last will, Mr. Gough has given to the University of Oxford, all his printed books and manuscripts on Saxon and Northern Literature, for the use of the Saxon Professor. What relates to British Topography, with fourteen volumes of *Sepul-*

chral and other Monuments in France, are to be placed in the Bodleian Library, in a building adjoining the picture gallery, called The Antiquarian's Closet. To Mr. Nichols he has left his interleaved set of the Gentleman's Magazine, and that of the Anecdotes of Mr. Bowyer, with 1000*l.* in money, and to his six daughters 100*l.* each. His legacies exceeding 30,000*l.* are all to be paid without deduction for the stamps. For Mrs. Gough who survives him, a life interest is secured in the whole of his property.

Among the annuities he has left, one reflects the highest credit on his memory. The late Mr. Barneveldt, bequeathed 100*l.* a year in the short annuities among ten poor men and women of Enfield, not receiving alms from the parish. The short annuities closed in 1807, and this source of bounty ceased, when Mr. Gough, though wholly unconnected with Mr. Barneveldt, otherwise than as a neighbour, voluntarily gave the like sum to each of the annuitants, and afterwards made provision in his will that the annuities be paid as long as one individual shall survive. This action in a corrupt age when many corporations and trustees are "deavouring widows' houses, and for a pretence making long prayers," is truly christian and philanthropic.

DAVID BARCLAY, Esq.

THIS gentleman paid the debt of nature but a few weeks since, in the 81st year of his age, at Walthamstow, in Essex. He was the only surviving grandson of Robert Barclay, of Urie, author of the celebrated Apology for the Quakers. He was bred to business in the city of London, and was long at the head of a most extensive house in Cheapside, chiefly engaged in the American trade, and the affairs of which he closed at the commencement of the Revolution. He was, at that time, as much distinguished by his talents, knowledge, integrity, and power, as a merchant, as he has ever since in retirement by his patriotism, philanthropy, and munificence. His bene-

volent heart continued active in his retreat. He distributed his ample fortune in the most sublime ways.—Instead of making all those persons whom he loved dependent on his future bounty, as expectants at his death, he became, himself, the executor of his own will; and by the most munificent aid to all his relatives, he not only laid the foundation, but lived to see the maturity of all those establishments which now give such importance to his family. Nor was it merely to his relations that this seasonable friendship was given, but to the young men whom he had bred in his mercantile house, of whose virtuous dispositions he approved.

Some of the most eminent merchants in the city of London are proud to acknowledge the gratitude they owe to David Barclay, for the means of their first introduction to life, and for the benefit of his counsel and countenance in their early stages of it. It is a proof of the sagacity of his patronage that he had very few occasions to repent of the protection he had conferred. And the uninterrupted happiness he enjoyed for many years in the midst of the numerous connections he had reared, held out a lively example and lesson to others of the value of a just and well-directed beneficence. His virtue was not limited to his relatives, to his friends, to his sect, to his country, or to the colour of his species—he was a man of the warmest affections, and therefore loved his family and friends—he was a patriot, and therefore preferred his own country to all others; but he was a Christian, and felt for the human race. No man, therefore, was ever more active than David Barclay in promoting whatever might ameliorate the condition of man: largely endowed by Providence with the means, he felt it to be his duty to set great examples. And when an argument was set up against the emancipation of the negroes from slavery, "that they were too ignorant and barbarous for freedom," he resolved to demonstrate the fallacy of the imputation. Having had an estate in Jamaica sold to him, he determined, at the expense of 10,000*l.* to emancipate the whole gang (as they are termed) of slaves,

He did this with his usual prudence as well as generosity. He sent out an agent to Jamaica, and made him hire a vessel, in which they were all transported to America, where the little community was established in various handicraft trades: the members of it prospered under the blessing of his care, and lived to shew that the black skin inclosed hearts as full of gratitude, and minds as capable of improvement, as that of the proudest white. Such was the conduct of this English merchant! His own manners were simple, his hospitality large, and his charities universal. He founded a House of Industry near his own residence on such solid principles that, though it cost him 1500*l.* for several years, he succeeded in his object of making it a

source of comfort, and even of independence, to all the well-disposed families of the poor around. Nothing could surpass the tranquillity of his last moments. He was composed, cheerful, and resigned. He had no struggle with life: he rather ceased to live, than felt the pang of death.

Mr. Barclay's acts of benevolence, though discriminate, were never degraded by the narrowness of religious distinction. He was married twice. He had but one daughter by his first marriage, who was married to Richard Gurney, Esq. of Norwich. She was a most beautiful and benevolent woman, every way worthy of such a father. She died some years ago, leaving issue Hudson Gurney, Esq. and the wife of Sampson Haubury, Esq.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LITTLE THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

TUESDAY, May 30.—The Covent-Garden company closed the season this evening. The following address, upon the occasion, was spoken by Mr. Young, and received with the greatest applause by a brilliant and crowded audience:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I am desired by the proprietors of Covent-Garden theatre, to offer you their most grateful acknowledgments for the kind and liberal patronage you have afforded them during this most trying and distressing season. The weight of their obligation is the more sensibly felt, as they are aware (though every exertion has been used) the attraction of novelty has been, in a great measure, wanting—Next year, however, they hope the deficiency in theatrical amusements will be amply supplied. Their new theatre is now covered in. Owing to the peculiar circumstances of the times, they have encountered the greatest difficulties, and gone to an unprecedented expense in procuring the best materials necessary for the structure of so large a building; but from the indefatigable exertions of all concerned in the undertaking, they have now the heartfelt satisfaction of assuring you, that the New Theatre Royal, in Covent-

Garden, will be opened for your entertainment on Monday, the 11th of September.

"The chief ambition of the proprietors has been to consult the comfort and convenience of the audience; and they trust that, when completed, the New Theatre will receive the enviable sanction of your approbation, and be deemed worthy of the metropolis of the British empire. The performers, likewise, ladies and gentleman, beg leave to return their most grateful thanks to a kind and indulgent public, and, till we meet on our New Stage, the company humbly take their leave."

The comedy of *Rule a Wife and have a Wife* was performed on Monday, May 29, for the benefit of Mr. Lewis, who played the part of the *Copper Captain*. The house was extremely crowded, as it was known that this favourite actor had determined to close his long and distinguished theatrical career with that performance. He performed the part with his usual excellence, spirit, and vivacity; and if in his farewell address he had not informed the audience he had been six and thirty years upon the London stage, he might very well have been taken for a man of six and thirty. At the end of the play Mr. Lewis came forward amidst an un-

bounded tumult of applause, and evidently agitated to the highest degree; at length when silence was obtained, he informed the audience he was addressing them for the last time. (*No! No! No! was called out from every part of the house*).

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I am addressing you for the last time, but such are my feelings at this moment, I would willingly decline it, but gratitude and duty calls me forward, and I will go through it." Mr. L. then went on to state, that in six and thirty years he had been the servant of the public, it was a heart-felt gratification to him, in this the moment of his dramatic death, he had never once incurred their displeasure. The fostering kindness of the public to his earliest efforts, as well as their indulgence to his last appearance, would be cheerful reflections to the remainder of his days. "Ladies and gentlemen, I must now, with most respectful gratitude, and (if I may be permitted to say) with sincere affection, bid you farewell for ever."

Rule a Wife and have a Wife, has been since repeated, for the purpose of giving Mr. Jones an opportunity of performing Mr. Lewis's character of the *Copper Captain*. He supported the character throughout with great liveliness and spirit, and bids fair to prove an excellent substitute for Lewis. Mr. Young was also highly respectable in the character of *Leon*, and received the most marked approbation. The only new performer, was a Mr. Smith, from the York theatre, who played the *Duke*—a character certainly that does not afford great opportunity for the display of talent; but we cannot say that Mr. Smith promises to be a great acquisition to the company. Allowances, however, must be made for a first appearance, and perhaps he may have other opportunities for making a more favourable impression. Mrs. Glover was the *Estifania* of the night, and Mrs. St. Ledger played the part of *Margaretta*. Upon the whole, the performance went off with great spirit, and excited the mirth and good humour of a numerous and genteel audience. The afterpiece was *Plot and Counterplot*.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

The Drury-Lane company concluded their season with the *Heir at Law*; and the farce of the *Mayor of Garratt*. At the end of the play Mr. Wroughton delivered the following address, which was received with marked applause:—

This last night of performance, ladies and gentlemen, demands our annual address of thanks,—but so peculiarly involved in calamity as the performers have been from the destruction of both theatres this winter, (which was nearly reducing many of the adherents of the stage into uncommon difficulties and distress) we are anxiously apprehensive lest our expressions prove inadequate to our feelings on this occasion. The calamity, which was truly grievous to our brethren of Covent-Garden theatre, became trebly so to the Drury-Lane company, for where, in the first instance, some relief could be administered, in the latter scarcely any could be obtained. Hopeless and dreary was our situation for some weeks, until our appeal to Earl Dartmouth, the Lord Chamberlain, who graciously listened to our distress, and with the greatest kindness (which must ever be remembered by the actors), gave us his sanction and permission to advance forward on our account, and from the liberality of the public, and the kind intervention of the proprietors of the Opera House and the Lyceum, we have, in some measure, thus far sustained our misfortunes.

By your generosity we have been enabled to keep united, and we again look forward with confidence in the hope of a continuation of public favour, assuring you wherever our future destiny shall place us, we trust our exertions, keeping pace with our gratitude, will render us deserving your attention.

It now remains for us, at the conclusion of the season, to offer our heartfelt tribute of thanks, which we one and all beg leave thus publicly and respectfully to present to our patrons and benefactors for that protection, that indulgence, and that noble liberality with which they have followed up and rewarded our humble endeavours.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE arms of Bonaparte have received a check. At any time this would be of great importance, but in the present state of Europe it has raised the hopes of the fallen thrones, and they look with ardour and anxiety to the conflicts on the Danube. In consequence of the success of the French arms in Bavaria, the whole country, south of the Danube, fell a prey to the great emperor: he marched his troops directly to Vienna, seized the capital, and all Austria lay at his mercy. The Archduke Charles had fled into Bohemia; and, whilst Bonaparte was arranging his conquests, he was rallying his defeated troops, and preparing for a new engagement. What part of the French forces followed him into Bohemia is not ascertained; but, as the Archduke's motions were the most rapid, it is probable that they soon gave over the pursuit, and left him to his own exertions. He did not sink under the difficulties of his situation; and the next thing we heard of him was, that he had gained a victory over Bonaparte on the northern bank of the Danube, opposite to Vienna.

From this account it is evident that the Archduke, foreseeing the nature of his adversary's motions, was determined to anticipate him; and, as he could do nothing to preserve the south of the Danube, laid his plans for giving a turn to the campaign to the north of this river. As celerity is the grand feature of the French operations, the Archduke forgot the dulness of German tactics, and made a march which does him high honour. He seems to have gained the point he intended in such a manner, and with such forces, as completely to have deceived the French. They could not have expected the attack they met with, or they would have been differently prepared for it: and this may tend to raise the Archduke in the estimation of his troops, and enable him to cope with no small expectation of success, with his enemy. The number and state of the troops on both sides are, however, so little known, that it would be highly presumptuous to give a decided opinion. The talents of Bonaparte, the

object he has at stake, the resources within his reach, the opinion so widely spread of his being the destined destroyer of corrupt governments, all conspire to create the dread that the overthrow of the Austrian family and government is nearly at hand.

When Bonaparte had seized Vienna, the nature of the campaign on his part was easily seen. The only forces of importance to resist him were on the north of, and at a considerable distance, it was imagined, from, the Danube. The army that had been sent into the Tyrol and Italy by the Archduke, could be safely left to the French generals; and, in fact, they were pursuing it in all directions. The only question seemed to be, whether the conqueror should remain on the south of the Danube, and destroy completely every species of resistance in that quarter, and, waiting for the arrival of his Italian army, cross the Danube with a strength sufficient to crush the Archduke; or, whilst the terror of his arms was so high, go to the attack of the Archduke with the troops he had with him, and with severer fighting put an end to the contest. The latter opinion prevailed; and he took measures for the immediate passage of the Danube. A very great proportion were passed over to the other side, and when about two thirds of the intended number had gained the opposite shore, a furious attack was made upon them by the Archduke, and the severest battle was fought that has taken place in these most sanguinary wars. On one side, the conquerors were influenced with the pride of past victories; on the other, the shame of past defeats was counteracted by the supposed advantage they had now gained, and the increased confidence which in consequence they had placed in their leader.

The Archduke, foreseeing the attempts of Bonaparte, had brought his troops and an immense train of artillery to a point sufficiently near to the Danube, without creating an alarm at his approach, and, in the midst of Bonaparte's operations, had prepared

a plan which gave him a decisive advantage. He sent down the river, from the northern bank, barges filled with combustible materials, with which at the time of crossing the troops destroyed the bridges, and threw disorder and dismay into the French army. At this moment he attacked them with all his forces. The battle began about three in the afternoon, and continued till night: It was renewed with redoubled vigour, and continued during the whole of the next day. The result was, that Bonaparte was compelled to recross the Danube after an immense loss in men, in horses, in artillery, in ammunition, and in generals. The number of killed and wounded would naturally be exaggerated by each party; but it is evident that such a conflict could not have taken place without an immense expenditure of human blood; and Bonaparte is not of a disposition to retreat whilst there existed the least prospect of success.

The news of this conflict was rapidly spread throughout Europe: the French Bulletins acknowledged their inability to advance; and this was attributed to the rising of the waters of the Danube, which had carried away their bridges and their boats. There is an island in the Danube, opposite to Vienna, to which the greater part of the French army retreated. This island Bonaparte set himself to fortify in the completest manner, and at the same time dispatched troops on the southern side of the Danube, to watch the motions of the Archduke's army, lest any part should establish a passage below him. He had sufficient matter for his other bulletins, in the transactions of his army of Italy, and he now waited for a junction with it: and this junction he proclaimed in one by the firing of cannon. His joy on the occasion could not be doubted; to them he ascribed the preservation of his iron crown in Lombardy; and to them he looked for victory against the house of Austria.

In this state then the war is now, and another bloody battle is to be expected before the contest is decided. Bonaparte, reinforced by the army of Italy, has now under him a greater force by far than he had prior to the check: the Archduke's strength must have been diminished by these battles,

and his resources are dubious. The Danube is between them: who will begin the attack a short time will discover. There is a particular game of chess played in India, in which, in addition to the common game, there is a river in the middle of the board, and it is said, that, when the skill and men are nearly equal on both sides, he who first crosses the river is sure to be defeated. War is only an inferior game of chess. Chance enters much into the bloody play of soldiers, the disgrace of the human race: for what can be more contemptible in the eye of reason, than for two hundred thousand men to be pelting each other with bullets and ball. We shall see, however, the devices of the two generals upon this occasion, and, if the Archduke loses, his brother's throne is cast down to the ground. For this fall he has been prepared by the late events in his family: the loss of the Low Countries, Lombardy, and the Tyrolese, must have shewn him the fickleness of human affairs, and the important crown of Austria was not easily to be preserved without an union with the other two imperial crowns. Such an union also placed the lesser crown in a state of great dependence. He threw the die: and his throne cannot now be preserved, but by the destruction of the power of the French, an event as much to be desired as it is little to be expected.

Whilst various battles were fighting in the south of Germany, Schill was making considerable progress in the north. It does not appear, however, that many joined him, and he advanced towards the Baltic. This was probably according to some premeditated plan; but he was followed by a body of Dutch and French troops, and at Stralsund finished his career in death. Speculation is afloat on the nature of this attempt. That a whole regiment should quit a kingdom at the same instant is an extraordinary event. The sovereign could not have ordered it, and it was scarcely possible that it should take such a step without his connivance, and the prospect of success in other quarters. We cannot doubt, then, that this motion was in concert with other intended motions, and future times will discover whether Schill marched too

soon or too late, or what was the cause that baffled his schemes. The great overthrow of the Archduke in Bavaria probably prevented the rising in the north of Germany; and, as the first scheme was then defeated, it may probably be too late to form another to assist the operations of the Archduke. They will wait the issue of the approaching battle, and should the Austrians be again successful, a considerable movement may be expected in Germany.

But this cannot be effected under such auspices as those of the Duke of Brunswick. A son of the celebrated general, well known for his manifestos in an early stage of the French revolution, has issued a proclamation, calling upon the generals to join him, and promising liberty under his banners. But what liberty was ever to be expected under a petty German prince? That country has groaned long enough under the tyranny of its petty governments: and, if it throws off its present thralldom, it must be from the effort of some new spirit, rising in the people themselves. The Duke is at the head of a small body of troops, whose fate must follow that of the Austrians; if it is not anticipated by an early attack from the forces of the King of Westphalia.—The power of the petty princes of Germany is at any rate destroyed, and the endeavour to revive it will only fall upon the projectors.

Reports are very prevalent that the King of Prussia has declared war against the French. The troops he can bring into the field are too few, and his resources too small, one would think, for him to venture upon such a hazardous attempt, which, if not successful, must end in the loss of his dominions; but in the present state of Europe, such is the distraction in the minds of its ancient governors, that nothing can surprise us in their movements.

The descent of a king from his throne is too often the preface of an untimely end. How far the rule will apply in Sweden, time must discover: but its king has abdicated apparently without any prospect of future injury to himself. In his abdication paper he declares his inability to promote the welfare of his subjects, and his

determination to dedicate the remainder of his life to religious exercises. In the mean time the throne is vacant. The Duke of Sudermania awaits the fixing of the constitution by the diet, before he assumes regal power. Let us hope that this revolution will pass over without bloodshed; that the neighbours of Sweden will permit this unhappy country to legislate for itself, and to heal the wounds which it has received from the folly of its last administration. But this is too much, we fear, to expect from human policy. Russia must interfere; and it may annex this country to its territories, and Europe be doomed to groan under the dominion of two mighty emperors, that of the north and that of the south.

Russia, however, does not seem to have made any rapid motions. We do not hear of any progress being made against the Turks, nor has it triumphed any where over the Austrians. Its eye is fixed on the proceedings of Sweden; and in this contest it will doubtless be a gainer. Of Turkey we know but little: it is too weak to enter at all into the conflicts of France and Austria, and would willingly be at rest, if the powers of Europe would permit her. But her destiny is fast approaching; and, if Austria falls in this conflict, her doom cannot be prolonged.

Spain continues to be a field for ample conjecture. The junta remains at Seville, the king at Madrid.—Dubious battles take place in the north. A cortex is actually called by the junta; and encouragement is held out to all to bring forward schemes for the revival of a government under a better form. The proclamation acknowledges the fault of the former government; it laments the degradation of the country in the eyes of Europe, and promises better times under a new system. But we may doubt whether the desired effect can now be produced. If the cortex should meet, and annihilate the inquisition, and destroy the power of the clergy within its districts; if it should take away the hurtful privileges of the *Hidalgos*, and restore liberty to the peasantry, a powerful body will be found to oppose its decrees, and its doubtful power will scarcely be suf-

sufficient for the conflict. The French have seized the opportunity, and in their territories the Spaniard can already speak his sentiments without fear of an intolerant priesthood; his mind is no longer bent down by the degrading shackles of superstition; he feels the advantage of his new situation, and why should he exchange a Bonaparte for a Bourbon? All the accounts brought by our army from Spain, lead us to form this opinion of its natives, whose first exertions have been much exaggerated; and the time was lost, when, by calling the cortes and inspiring every one with the spirit of liberty, a degree of energy would have been excited, that must have destroyed the enemy.

Portugal is in the hands, we may say, of the English. Our arms have expelled the French from Oporto and the north, and are preparing the Portuguese troops for new efforts. To this country continual reinforcements are sailing, and such an army may be settled there, as, in its proper time, to create considerable annoyance to the French. Its effects, however, time will discover, and the fate of this country is involved in that of Austria.

Our American disputes are not at an end. It is now ascertained that our ambassador there has gone beyond his instructions, and his proceedings will not be ratified. This will occasion, for some time, considerable embarrassment: but it is hoped that the difficulties will be removed, and a settlement may take place on an amicable footing. The conduct of the ambassador must, however, occasion considerable animadversion; and it is to be lamented that he either did not follow good instructions, or that they were not sufficiently intelligible.

At home, thanks continue to be given to Mr. Wardle from various collective bodies; but in one place a very curious circumstance has occurred. A requisition, signed by a very large body of freeholders, was presented to the sheriff, desiring a county meeting to be called, but soon after a counter requisition was presented, signed by a much smaller body. To the latter, the sheriff has given the preference, and he has refused the calling the county together. How far this conduct in the sheriff is

justifiable deserves serious inquiry: for, if the sheriff possesses the power of refusing a call in this manner, it will be easy to prevent a meeting in future of any county upon any question whatsoever: for it will always be much easier to get a number of persons to sign a counter-requisition than to meet a question fairly in the open field of discussion. The freeholders, who proposed the meeting, will, however, call one for themselves; and, in such a meeting, it cannot be doubted that the conduct of the sheriff and the counter-requisitionists will be sufficiently reprobated.

Parliamentary Proceedings.

In the legislature, the points of greatest consequence have been Mr. Curwen's bill—Sir F. Burdett's proposed plan—and Mr. Wardle's scheme for diminishing the national expenditure by eleven millions. The mode in which this was to be done he explained by retrenchment in a variety of particulars; and it cannot be doubted, that, in a House of Commons properly constituted, his measures would be enforced with considerable effect. Such a House would be a check upon the expenditure: but that confidence, given to the ruinous administration of Mr. Pitt, has produced such a spirit of waste, and neglect, and corruption, that all the ardour of Mr. Wardle is requisite to restore order in our financial system. We shall see what he will do next session, at which time many papers he has moved for are to be produced: and, in the mean time, we wish him all the success his well-meant efforts call for, and think him entitled to the gratitude of his country for his intentions. The corrupted agents of administration may and will bark at him; but he will rise superior to their clamour, and shew the nation the folly of being dictated to by servants, who are plundering their master, and laughing at his folly and supineness.

The debates on Mr. Curwen's bill, shewed the necessity of a reform in parliament, and the impossibility of bringing the members of the House of Commons to an agreement on the subject, till some specific plan was pointed out, to which the nation should shew a decided preference.—

In the course of the debates, pointed allusions were continually made to Sir F. Burdett, and the decision of his conduct, and the manifest high esteem in which he was held by the great majority of disinterested men in the country, made him the object of continual sarcasm. This did not prevent the worthy Baronet from persevering in the course which he had laid down for himself; and, on the conclusion of Mr. Curwen's mutilated bill, he gave notice of his intention to submit to the House a motion on the subject of reform. A House was not made on the day appointed; but on the 19th of June he addressed the chair in a most manly manner, and his speech will do him the greatest honour, as well as lay the foundation of a reform; which it will be out of the power of the borough-mongering faction to prevent. He stated it to be the duty he owed to the country, and to himself, to obviate the misrepresentations of his views and sentiments, and to give a clear and definite idea of his wishes on the subject of reform, how far he was disposed to go, and where to stop. His intention was to avoid all exaggeration or irritating language, and he hoped that the subject might be treated, not with angry contention, but amicable discussion. The course he proposed was, first, to state the evils arising out of the nature of the representation, and, next, the remedy perfectly simple and practical, and consistent with the constitution. The present system is an innovation upon the old constitution of the country, and is contrary to our laws: the remedy therefore is to be found in a recurrence to the principles of our constitution and our laws. That corruption is essential and necessary to the constitution, is a monstrous doctrine, unsupported by history, and a libel on the country. The constitution of our government is very intelligible: it consists of a King, Lords, and Commons, the latter being an assembly, elected by the people, at once to preserve the rights of the people and the prerogatives of the crown. With this corruption has nothing to do; and it ought to be the aim of all parties to attack and destroy it.

It has been asserted, that all men act from mixed motives. This is a false and pernicious doctrine. Men may act from different motives, from avarice or ambition, from envy or hatred; but it might as well be stated, that, because different roads lead into a town, and different streams in a common sea, men might go at the same time on two roads, or sail on two different streams. A man acts from a predominant motive, and it is convenience only which suggested this mixture of motives, as it maintained the keeping of mixed accounts, to create confusion and avert detection. Another doctrine has been maintained, that while the forms of the constitution remained, much was left, and their existence always justified the hope of freedom. Hence it was insinuated, that the people should not seek to ally themselves with the crown for the purpose of averting the mischiefs likely to proceed from a House of Commons such as this. I am not afraid, said Sir Francis, of the prerogative; for it is a material part of the constitution: my only apprehension is, that it should be encroached upon and abused by a House of Commons such as this. What I desire is, the erection of a barrier against such an abuse, by the restriction of the fair balance of the constitution, by giving to each branch its legitimate right, providing at once for the defence of the prerogatives of the crown, and the protection of the rights of the people. As to the value of forms, the Roman history has clearly proved that all the forms of liberty may exist at the same time that the most intolerable tyranny is practised. I am as anxious as other persons for the preservation of forms, but I wish to have the substance also. My object is to release the constitution from the effects of innovation—from that rotten borough-mongering system, which forms a sort of local sovereignty, equally independent of and oppressive to both king and country. In fact, if the prerogative had not been encroached upon, this abominable system would never have been known. In former times, no such thing could be found as a writ to St. Mawes or the posts of Gatton. The rotten borough system sprang up

at the revolution. Ascribing the evils of former reigns to prerogative alone, the people committed a most fatal mistake: they consented to an encroachment on the prerogative, which was a necessary part of the constitution, because, they confounded the thing with its abuse.

Out of this encroachment a third power has arisen, the rotten borough mongers; who, by establishing a dominion over king and people, by misrepresenting the one to the other; by keeping up a perpetual jealousy between them, contrive to reign the arbiter of society. Hence my first object is to reunite the king and people, and make the bond of union allegiance on the one hand and protection on the other. No one can dispute the simple principle, that every man has a property in his own goods: yet this principle is contradicted by the present frame of the representation of the House, to which a hundred and fifty-seven individuals have the power of returning a majority, at whose disposal the whole property of the nation is vested. In fact, to these individuals belong the sovereignty of the country. Hence the people are rightly discontented, for they have not that share of influence in the constitution to which they are entitled; they are not fairly represented in this House; and, in fact, in this House is an interest opposite to their's. Ought not then the borough-mongering faction to be put down? In doing this, the sceptre is restored to the king, of which that faction has long deprived him; leaving him only the pageantry and outward shew of political power. In fact, the borough-mongering faction have such sway, that the king is placed in the situation of a rope-dancer, rather than that of a monarch, being on the alert always to keep his place and his balance. But his throne ought to be placed on the rock of the constitution, and bound to the hearts of every part of the people: this is its situation, for the constitution and the people are its best securities.

Men of great name have failed in their attempts at procuring reform; and why?—because a majority of this House have an interest opposite to the

measure, and different from that of the country. This will not, however, deter me from proposing my plan, which consists only of a few simple regulations: namely, that all freeholders, copyholders, and householders, paying direct taxation to the support of the state, the church, and the poor, shall have a right of voting for a representative,—that the country shall be divided into certain portions, of which each shall return one representative;—that all the elections shall take place in one day, and in their respective parishes;—and that the duration of parliament shall be brought back within the constitutional limits. The advantages of this system are obvious. We get rid of cumbrous statutes and riotous meetings, and various disqualifications, the fruitful sources of litigation: for I would not exclude any man from a vote, not even an exciseman. What inducement can there be to bribe, when the voters will be so numerous? No persons can be injured by my propositions but the borough-monger, the lawyer, the attorney, and the king's printer. Some may think that we should not thus get a better house: but if not, the evils we get rid of are a sufficient recommendation to the plan. I have been often called a demagogue; but if I were really so, I am committing a complete *felo de se* in these propositions, which must put an end to all demagogues.

Still let it be observed, that I am open to conviction. I have stated clearly the remedy for that public evil which I have been so often called upon to produce. The remedy is short, simple, practical, calculated to satisfy the people, to preserve the crown, and to restore the balance of the constitution.—These are the objects of my pursuit: higher I do not aspire, and lower I am not disposed to descend; and on these grounds I move, that this House will, at an early period of the next session, take into consideration the expediency of amending the present state of the representation.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Maddocks, and opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who saw no reason for any reform, and affirmed

that the people were more united against reform than upon any other question, because they thought reform unnecessary. He denied that tumult or bribery would be lessened. He saw no reason to expect any good from this new plan, for the frame of the human mind could not be altered, nor could human prejudices and passions be got rid of. He would not allow that the House had thought any reform necessary; and it would raise the plan into too much importance to give it a moment's farther consideration.

Mr. Maddocks, in reply, observed, that the Chancellor had totally misrepresented the question, which was, not whether the propositions of reform were to be adopted, but whether the country was to be amused with the pretence of a representation, instead of one real and efficient. The main point was the vesting of franchises in the resident householders, than which a better regulation could not well be conceived; for this qualification has the advantage of being open, ostensible, and incapable of dispute; and the situation entitles the person qualified to respect in society, as the master of a house, and probably the father of a family. What could be more absurd than to give the right of sending members to parliament to an old wall or to twenty-five stones in a field? Mr. Curwen's bill had made matters worse, by throwing the monopoly of the market for seats into the hands of the treasury. He was ready to prove that five thousand pounds had been paid to the treasury for a seat by Mr. Dick, who was induced to resign on a difference of opinion between him and the treasury on the subject of the Duke of York. This was a sufficient ground for the pledge that the House would take the representation into consideration.

Sir R. Williams' greatest objections were, that the proposer endeavoured to effect his means of reform from without; and that he was said in *Cobbet's Register* to have asserted that the House of Commons was the only spot where the opinions of Englishmen were treated with contempt.—Sir James Hall conceived

the plan stated to amount to a complete and radical revolution, and even thought that the rotten boroughs might ultimately do a great deal of good. The constitution ought to be defended without narrow or minute examination; for many things, which appeared ridiculous at first, might be good in their ultimate effect. The votes of the House were almost always satisfactory to the nation. — Mr. Hutchinson thought a more constitutional speech or one more calculated to soothe and conciliate, than that of the worthy Baronet, had never been delivered in that House. It was the conviction of his mind, that there was a crying necessity for reform; and every one ought to be anxious for it, when the House had been insulted by the avowal within its walls that seats were bought and sold.

Mr. Western had always been a friend to reform, and thought it essentially necessary that a pledge should be given to the public.—Mr. Barham was averse from the pledge, but agreed that the worthy Baronet had been unkindly treated, and applauded his speech for its candour and moderation.—Sir Thomas Turton, considering that the circumstances being altered of many boroughs, an alteration ought to take place in the representation. He was not very fond of pledges; but, concurring in the principle, he should vote for the question if it came to a division. The gentlemen on the other side, in their aversion to reform, put him in mind of Squire Western in *Tom Jones*, who, disputing with his sister, exclaimed, that he would be damned if he went to church if one point in the liturgy was amended.—Mr. Tracey affirmed that the people required reform, as was evident from their public meetings from one end of the kingdom to the other. The attempt to make it unpopular, by connecting it with the French revolution, and the cry of No Popery, had failed, and the people would judge coolly without allowing themselves to be distracted by such artifices. He did not pledge himself to support the plan proposed, but he should give his vote for the subject being taken into early consideration.

On a division, there appeared, in the proportion of nearly five to one; and this is probably the proportion, if the whole House were polled on this subject: and, if the nation were polled, the proportion would be very different, as then it would be at least ten to one in favour of reform.

For the motion.....15
Against it74
Majority against reform...59

Thus, in this sitting, the members appeared to be divided on the question of reform.

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HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London,

THE Speech of the Lords Commissioners to both Houses of Parliament, on closing the Session, Wednesday, June 21.—The Lord Chancellor took his seat upon the woolsack, and, after prayers were read, his lordship acquainted the House, that his Majesty had been pleased to issue his Royal Commission, authorising certain Peers to declare and notify his Royal Assent to a certain Bill therein mentioned; and also a Special Commission, authorizing the same Peers, in His Majesty's name, to prorogue the Parliament.

Shortly after, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, Earl Camden, the Earl of Westmorland, and the Earl of Dartmouth, as Lords Commissioners, in their robes, took their seats on the bench, at the foot of the Throne; and Mr. Quarre, Deputy Usher of the Black Rod, was sent to order the attendance of the Commons, who soon afterwards appeared at the Bar, with the Speaker at their head, when the Lord Chancellor addressed the following Speech to both Houses of Parliament:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

"We are commanded by his Majesty to acquaint you, that his Majesty has great satisfaction in being enabled, by the state of the public business, to release you from your laborious attendance in Parliament.

"His Majesty doubts not that on your return into your respective counties, you will carry with you a disposition to inculcate, both by instruction and example, a spirit of attachment to those established laws, and that happy Constitution, which it has ever been his Majesty's anxious wish to support and to maintain, and upon which, under Providence, depend the welfare and prosperity of this kingdom.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"We have it in command from his Majesty to thank you for the liberal provision which you have made for the services of the present year; and

to express the satisfaction which his Majesty derives from your having been enabled to provide for those services, without any great and immediate addition to the burdens upon his People.

"His Majesty particularly commands us to acknowledge your prompt attention to his wishes, respecting an increased provision for the poorer Clergy, an object in the highest degree interesting to his Majesty's feelings, and deserving the favourable consideration of Parliament."

My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The atrocious and unparalleled act of violence and treachery, by which the Ruler of France attempted to surprise and to enslave the Spanish Nation, while it has excited in Spain a determined and unconquerable resistance against the usurpation and tyranny of the French Government, has, at the same time, awakened in other Nations of Europe, a determination to resist, by a new effort, the continued and increasing encroachments on their safety and independence.

"Although the uncertainty of all human events, and the vicissitudes attendant upon war, forbid too confident an expectation of a satisfactory issue to the present struggle against the common enemy of Europe, his Majesty commands us to congratulate you upon the splendid and important success which has recently crowned the arms of the Emperor of Austria, under the able and distinguished conduct of his Imperial Highness the Archduke Charles.

"To the efforts of Europe for its own deliverance, his Majesty has directed me to assure you, that he is determined to continue his most strenuous assistance and support, convinced that you will agree with him in considering, that every exertion for the re-establishment of the Independence and Security of other Nations, is no less conducive to the true interests, than it is becoming the character and honour, of Great Britain."

Then a Commission for proroguing the Parliament was read. After which the Lord Chancellor said:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"By virtue of His Majesty's Commission, under the Great Seal, to us and other Lords directed, and now read, we do, in his Majesty's name, and in obedience to his commands, prorogue this Parliament to Thursday, the 10th day of August next, to be then here holden; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Thursday, the 10th day of August next."

The Special Commission being read, the Lord Chancellor declared Parliament to be prorogued until Thursday, the 10th day of August next.

The Commons then retired to their own House, and their Lordships soon afterwards also departed.

DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

In Jermyn-street, Sir George Baker, Bart. physician to the king and queen. He had nearly attained his 88th year.

At his apartments in Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, Francis Legat, an historical engraver of the first class and genius. He was an enthusiastic lover of his art, and (which is of infinitely more consequence) an amiable, unaffected, ingenious man. His affectionate attentions to an aged, helpless mother, will for ever endear his memory to the few who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His chief works are the prints he contributed to Boydell's Shakspeare, and those he executed from Pictures in the Houghton collection. Among these may be enumerated, with great praise, an engraving from a painting by Northcote, representing the Murder of the Royal Brothers in the Tower, and a scene from Shakspeare's Lear, from the pencil of the late Mr. Barry. Excellent, however, as these productions are, Mr. Legat considered them but as preludes to a print on which he had exerted every effort of his genius and elegant taste; a print on which he had been engaged (in sickness and in sorrow) for the last three years of his life; which promised not only to add to his reputation as an artist, but even to increase the elevated character line engraving has acquired in this country. This print is from

a picture by Mr. Stothard: the subject—the Death of General Abercrombie.

GAZETTE INTELLIGENCE.

Downing Street, June 2, 1899.

A Dispatch of which the following is a copy, has been received from Lieutenant-General Sir George Beckwith, K. B. Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Forces in the Leeward Islands, by Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

Fort-Royal Martinique,
April 20, 1899.

MY LORD,—The French squadron, consisting of three sail of the line, and two frigates, from L'Orient, having taken shelter in the vicinity of Guadaloupe, where they were blockaded by Rear Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane with a superior force, I detached a corps, of between two and three thousand men, under the command of Major-General Maitland, to co-operate with the navy in the reduction of those Islands, to destroy or capture the ships of the enemy, or to force them to sea.

I have the satisfaction to report to your Lordship, for his Majesty's information, that after three days of great toil, and most active service, the forts were reduced, and the troops surrendered prisoners of war.

The French ships of the line pushed to sea early on the night of the 14th; on the 16th the Admiral was within four miles of them, and, I trust, will be enabled to bring them to close action.

I have the honour to inclose the Major-General's report upon the honourable termination of this service; and I beg leave to recommend to his Majesty's favourable consideration, the meritorious services of this General Officer not only in the present instance, where he held a distinct command, but for his general good conduct during the whole campaign.

The Officers of all ranks have done their duty in an exemplary manner, and the troops employed upon this service have maintained that superiority which has distinguished this army during the whole series of our

operations since our departure from Barbadoes.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) GEO. BECKWITH,
The Right Hon. Lord Viscount
Castlereagh, &c.

Camp at the Saints,
April 18, 1809.

SIR,—I have the honour to transmit you a report of the proceedings of his Majesty's troops, detached for the reduction of the Saints.

We sailed from Fort Royal Bay on the 12th; Captain Beaver, of his Majesty's ship *Acasta*, who was Commodore of the division, left the squadron under charge of Captain Carthew, of his Majesty's ship *Gloire*, and went forward to meet Rear-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane. The 13th was passed in examining the enemy's position, and in making arrangements.

The disembarkation was fixed to be at six o'clock in the morning of the 14th, but a bad night separated our ships. By ten they were collected. Soon after the *Acasta* led in, through a very narrow channel, which was buoyed on each side. The *Gloire*, *Narcissus*, and *Circe*, followed; the *Intrepid* about an hour after, but the *Dolphin* not until next day. His Majesty's ships anchored opposite to the little Bay Bois Joly. The landing was meant to have been at the next to the eastward, called Ance Vanovre. As much time, it was then seen, would be lost by persevering to go to Ance Vanovre, because the boats would have had a long row against wind and current, we landed at Ance Bois Joly; a secure landing, though a stony beach, protected by the fire of the frigates. We experienced no opposition, except a cannonade from the Islet of Cabrit, the guns of which fired over the ridge, among the shipping.

When advanced to the first ridge, we found the enemy occupied the great mountain, which is above eight hundred feet high, called Mount Bus-sel. This was immediately on our right nor could we advance. The rifle companies of the 3d and of the 4th battalions 60th regiment were ordered to dislodge the enemy. The exertion of these companies, under Captains Dolling and Lupton, was

great; the ascent no less steep than an angle of fifty degrees, covered with bush and prickly pears, they most gallantly effected the service, and drove back the enemy, who suffered considerably. The rifle companies were supported to their right by the flank companies of the 3d West India regiment, and one company of the Royal York Rangers led by Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, Deputy Adjutant-General, whom I detached for this service. We had now a strong position. Before us were the enemy's three forts, showing stout garrisons, and three line of battle ships, and two frigates in the harbour. The large ships very full of men. We found, however, we could not advance without being flanked on our left by the fort on Isle de Cabrit. Two eight inch howitzers were immediately landed, a battery quickly constructed by Lieutenant Hobbs of the Royal Engineers. Brigadier-General Ste-helm of the Royal Artillery and all his Officers and Men were most strenuous, and before six that evening our battery opened on the enemy's squadron at a very fair distance. About an hour after there were indications that the French squadron was about to push out, and by eight it was not doubtful. Not a moment was lost; Captain De Courcy of the Quarter-Master-General's department was sent by me to Captain Beaver of the *Acasta*, and we fired six rockets from a headland at five minutes interval, being the signal fixed on by the Admiral. About ten at night the three French line-of-battle ships were seen to go through the windward passage. Next morning, the 15th instant, the *Intrepid* was the only line-of-battle ship in sight.

The difficulty of advancing on the West side of the island, forced us to re-embark the greater part of our troops, to land at Ance Vanovre, but as the enemy occupied a strong and commanding position on the East side of this Bay, Lieutenant Colonel Prescott, with the flank companies of the 3d West India Regiment, and the two rifle companies of the 60th, and Major Henderson with the reserve, were ordered to descend from Mount Bus-sel to protect the landing, and to dislodge the enemy. This was well executed;

and we gained a favourable position, whence our mortars could reach Fort Napoleon at a proper distance, as well as the fort on the islet. A mortar battery of two thirteen-inch, and four ten-inch was immediately begun, and carried on with unremitting exertions;—all our men volunteering every labour. Between the enemy's Forts Napoleon and Morelle, and us, was a middle ridge, which was on the back of the town, and held by the enemy. On the night of the 15th, a strong picquet of the enemy's was surprised by two companies of the Royal York Rangers, commanded by Captain Starke, and Lieutenant White. The French had one officer and seventeen men bayonnetted, and twelve prisoners were brought away. This affair was highly creditable to the officers named. The night following we determined to occupy the middle ridge, and confine the enemy within his works. Major Alen was ordered with the two flank companies of the 3d West India, and a flank company of the 8th West India for this service,—he was supported by part of the Royal York Rangers under Major Henderson. The position was taken up without opposition, but about eight next morning the enemy advanced from Forts Napoleon and Morelle, to recover this ground. A sharp action took place, the whole of the York Rangers, and the rifle companies of the 60th, supporting our black troops. The ground lay open in great part to the grape-shot from Forts Napoleon and Morelle, and to round shot from Islet de Cabrit; but all our troops were undaunted;—none were more brave than the flank companies of the 3d West India Regiment, and a flank company of the 8th West India under Major Alen. The enemy was driven back with loss, and our possession of the ground completely secured. On this occasion our loss was about thirty men killed and wounded.

I omitted to say that the two French frigates, both loaded with flour, took their chance of escaping on the forenoon of the 15th. They went through the windward passage, keeping a little from the wind to gain the shore of Guadaloupe. The leading frigate was engaged by his Majesty's ship Intrepid. This frigate however doubled

the point of Vieux Fort, was followed by the other, and both escaped into Basse-Terre.

About the middle of the day, yesterday the 17th, the French commandant, Colonel Madier, sent a flag of truce to enter into terms. They expected what we would not concede, and they submitted to what we were willing to grant. They are prisoners of war.

I understand their number to be from seven to eight hundred! of this number six hundred were landed by the French squadron.

We are to take possession of the forts this evening at four o'clock. The French troops will be immediately embarked, and I shall proceed to carry the remainder of your orders into execution without loss of time. But I must not conclude my report without doing justice to the merits of those whom I have been so happy as to command.

The navy have most cordially supported us. Captain Beaver of his Majesty's ship *Acasta*, has increased that character which I know his conduct at Bay Robert, Martinique, in your presence, gained him. His arrangement and presence of mind render him particularly qualified for joint operations. Captain Carthew of the *Glione*, and Captain Malcolm of the *Narcissus*, also merit the warmest acknowledgments; and I am also much obliged to the Honourable Captain Bertie of his Majesty's ship *Dart*, who acted on shore.

The royal artillery under Brigadier-General Stehelin, have continued their usual spirited manner. If the enemy had not capitulated yesterday, we should have opened a fine battery of six mortars; and I am certain from what happened at Martinique, our artillery would have given them enough of it in one night.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Rial, 10th regiment, I with pleasure acknowledge the assistance I have received from him. He tantalized me with an offer to take Fort Morelle by assault, with the 15th regiment, the morning of yesterday, during the action. Lieutenant-Colonel Prevost deserves equal good report. Major Henderson who commands the Reserve, is a true soldier; and Major Alen, 3d

West India regiment, gallantly led his black troops.

The Staff have all been active. Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, Deputy Adjutant-General, has been always forward; he is an officer who must rise from his merit.

The Honourable Captain de Courcy, of the Quarter-Master General's department, has shown an activity and exertion which does him great credit, and proves him to be an Officer for service.

Lieutenant Hobbs, Royal Engineers, yields to no one in work, and is an admirable Officer for a service of this nature.

The Medical Department has been ably conducted by Doctor Burke.

I have been much assisted by Colonel Soler, the Royalist, a man inflexible in loyalty.

My Aide-de-Camp, Captain Tavnton, 64th regiment, will have the honour to deliver this dispatch to you; he has been many years with me; I wish I could get him the promotion his merit deserves.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) F. MAITLAND, Maj. Gen.
His Excellency Lieut Gen Beckwith,
Com. of the Forces.

Articles of Capitulation proposed by Colonel Madier, member of the Legion of Honour, commandant of all the Saints, to Major-General Maitland, commanding the troops of his Britannic Majesty, and Captain Beaver of his Majesty's ship Acasta, senior naval officer.

Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, Deputy Adjutant-General, and Captain Mercier, of the 66th Regiment, in the service of France, being appointed Commissioners, agreed upon the following terms;—

Article I. All the troops shall march out with all the honours of

They shall be prisoners of war, and conveyed to England.

III. The Officers shall equally be considered as prisoners of war upon their paroles of honour, to be transported to England and exchanged. They shall retain their swords.

Answer, — Art. I. II. and III. granted.

To be carried into execution between twelve and four o'clock.

Arms to be deposited outside the

different forts, and the troops to embark immediately after.

IV. The troops shall retain their personal baggage.

Answer.—Granted.

V. The Officers shall also retain their private baggage.

Answer.—Granted.

VI. All the Officers regularly employed in the Administration, and Medical Officers, shall not be considered as prisoners of war; they shall be sent to Gaudaloupe, with their private baggage.

Answer.—Granted.

VII. Private property shall be respected, and the inhabitants shall return to their houses.

Answer.—All inhabitants possessing property in the Saints who are not soldiers in the service of France, may return to their houses, and shall not be molested as long as they conform to the laws of the colony.

All private property shall be respected, and every individual treated with the usual liberality and good faith of the British nation.

VIII. Whatever is doubtful in these Articles of Capitulation, shall be construed in favour of the inhabitants.

Answer.—Granted.

Additional Article.—An Officer of Artillery and one Civil Officer shall be appointed from each side, who will meet at this spot to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, in order to take a list of all military stores and other public property. They shall be given precisely in the state they are at this moment.

Subscribed by us at the Saints, the 17th day of April, 1809.

(Signed) N. CAMPBELL,
Lieut. Col. and Dep. Adj. Gen.
MERCIER, Capt. 66th
Regiment.

(Signed) FRED. MAITLAND, Maj.-General.

P. BEAVER, Capt. H.M.S.
Acasta, and senior officer
at the Saints.

(Signed) M. MADIER, Colonel
Commandant les Isles
des Saintes.

Return of killed, wounded, and missing, of the army under Major-General Maitland, at the Saints, from 14th to 17th of April, 1809.

Total—2 officers, 4 rank and file,

killed; 3 officers, 2 serjeants, 1 drummer, 62 rank and file wounded; 1 tank and file missing.

[Here follows a return of ordnance and stores found at the Saints, at Fort Napoleon.]

April 18th, 1809.

Downing Street, June 2.

A dispatch, of which the following is a copy, was this day received by Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, from Lieutenant-General the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Wellesley.

Monte Alegre, May 18, 1809.

MY LORD,—When I determined upon the expedition to the north of Portugal, against Marshal Soult, I was in hopes that the Portuguese General Silveira, would be able to hold his post upon the Tamaga, till he should be reinforced; by which, and by the possession of Chaves, the enemy's retreat would have been cut off, excepting across the Minho; and I intended, if successful to press him so hard, that the passage of that river would have been impracticable.

The loss of the bridge of Amarante, however, on the 2d instant, altered our prospects: I had no hopes that General Beresford, who marched towards the upper part of the Douro on the 5th, and arrived at Lamego on the 10th, would be able to effect more than confine the enemy on that side, and oblige him to retire by Chaves into Galicia, rather than by Villa Real into Castile.

General Beresford, however, having obliged the enemy's posts at Villa Real, and Matsai Frein to fall back with some loss, and having crossed the Douro, drove in General Loison's out-posts at the bridge of Amarante; and again acquired possession of the left bank of the Tamaga on the 12th, the day on which the corps under my command forced the passage of the Douro at Oporto.

Loison retired, from Amarante on the morning of the 13th, as soon as he had heard of the events at Oporto of the preceding day, and met the advanced guard of the French army at a short distance from the town, which General Beresford immediately occupied.

I was unable to commence the pur-

suit of the enemy till the morning of the 13th, when the Hanoverian Legion moved to Valonga, under Major-General Murray. On that evening, I was informed that the enemy had in the morning destroyed a great proportion of his cannon in the neighbourhood of Penafiel, and had directed his march towards Braga. This appeared to be the probable result of the situation in which he found himself, in consequence of General Beresford's operations upon the Tamaga; and as soon as I had ascertained that the fact was true, I marched on the morning of the 14th with the army in two columns towards the river Minho. At the same time I directed General Beresford upon Chaves, in case the enemy should turn to his right; and Major-General Murray to communicate with General Beresford, if he should find, as reported, that Loison remained in the neighbourhood of Amarante.

On the evening of the 14th, I was certain from the movements of the enemy's detachments in the neighbourhood of Braga, that he intended to direct his retreat upon Chaves or Monte Alegre; and directed General Beresford, in case of the latter movement, to push on for Montevy, so as to stop the enemy, if he should pass by Villa de Rey.—General Beresford had anticipated my orders to march his own corps upon Chaves, and had already sent General Silveira to occupy the Passes of Ruiaves and Melgassey near Salamonde, but he was unfortunately too late.

I arrived at Braga on the 15th, (General Murray being at Guimaraens, and the enemy about fifteen miles in our front) and at Salamonde on the 16th. We had there an affair with their rear-guard. The Guards, under Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke and Brigadier-General Campbell, attacked their position; and having turned their left flank by the heights, they abandoned it, leaving a gun and some prisoners behind them. This attack was necessarily made at a late hour in the evening.

On the 17th, we moved to Ruiaves (waiting to see whether the enemy would turn upon Chaves, or continue his retreat upon Monte Alegre); and on the 18th to this place. I here

found that he had taken a road through the Mountains towards Orense, by which it would be difficult, & not impossible, for me to overtake him, and on which I had no means of stopping him.

The enemy commenced this retreat, as I have informed your Lordship, by destroying a great proportion of his guns and ammunition. He afterwards destroyed the remainder of both, and a great proportion of his baggage, and kept nothing excepting what the soldiers and a few mules could carry. He has left behind him his sick and wounded; and the road from Penafiel to Monte Alegre is strewn with the carcasses of horses and mules, and French soldiers, who were put to death by the peasantry before our advanced guard could save them. This last circumstance is the natural effect of the species of warfare which the enemy have carried on in this country. Their soldiers have plundered and murdered the peasantry at their pleasure; and I have seen many persons hanging on the trees by the sides of the road, executed for no reason that I could learn, excepting that they have not been friendly to the French invasion and usurpation of the Government of their country; and the route of their column on their retreat could be traced by the smoke of the villages in which they set fire.

We have taken about five hundred prisoners. Upon the whole the enemy has not lost less than a fourth of his army, and all his artillery and equipments since we attacked him upon the Vouga.

I hope your Lordship will believe that no measure which I could take was omitted to intercept the enemy's retreat. It is obvious, however, that if an army throws away all its cannon, equipments, and baggage, and every thing which can strengthen it, and can enable it to act together as a body, and abandons all those who are entitled to its protection, but add to its weight and impede its progress, it must be able to march by roads through which it cannot be followed with any prospect of being overtaken by an army which has not made the same sacrifices.

It is impossible to say too much of the exertions of the troops. The

weather had been very bad. Since the 13th, the rain has been constant, and the roads in this difficult country almost impracticable. But they have persevered in the pursuit to the last, and have been generally on their march from day-light in the morning till dark. The brigade of Guards were at the head of the column, and set a laudable example; and in the affair with the enemy's rear guard on the evening of the 16th, they conducted themselves remarkably well.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

BULLETINS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN SPAIN.

[Concluded from p. 470.]

Supplement to the Thirty-first Bulletin.
Notes of the Moniteur upon Lieut. General Hope's Letter to Sir David Baird, published in the London Gazette Extraordinary of January 24.*

Gazette.—"The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed, but, by the most determined bravery, not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire" &c.

Moniteur.—The whole of this is false. Sir John Moore was wounded as he was endeavouring to stop the flight of his troops: the French, at least in their serious attacks, were not repulsed at any one point.

Gazette.—"From this post, however, he was soon expelled, with considerable loss, by a gallant attack of some companies of the 2d battalion 14th regiment, under Lieut.-Colonel Nicholls."

Moniteur.—This Lieutenant-Col. Nicholls must have been a Rolando, if with *some companies* of the 14th regiment he had retaken a village which was the principal object of contest. This part of the account certainly did not come from Sir John Hope; it is, doubtless, the production of the same pen that has made Europe acquainted with the details of the famous battle of Ronceval.

Gazette.—"Before five in the evening, we had not only successfully re-

pelled every attack made upon the position, but had gained ground in almost all points," &c.

Moniteur.—This is false, most false. The village was carried and maintained possession of by the French. The English were driven from all their positions; but the action having begun only at three o'clock, and it being dark at five, our sharpshooters, after repelling the enemy, and passing over several walls of the gardens that surround Corunna, were necessarily obliged to halt.

Gazette.—"The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order that did them credit."

Moniteur.—You were attacked at three o'clock in the afternoon; you began your embarkation at ten at night, though your squadron had not then completed its water, though you had not emptied your magazines, (a fact proved by the taking of 16,000 muskets, left behind in the establishment of Payosa, your heavy artillery, 500 horses, your clothing, and powder magazines, &c.) and though your wounded remained on the field of battle, where they fell into our hands. We cannot conceive what worse you could have done had you been beaten; but well know what you would and could have done had you been victorious, and had your statement been true. You would have maintained possession of the positions that cover Corunna; you would have employed the 17th in burying your dead, carrying off from the field of battle the bodies of your Generals, Colonels, and inferior officers; collecting the stragglers, always numerous after an action continued until the approach of night; and in bringing in the wounded, who usually, after an engagement in the night-time, scramble into farm-houses and cottages, to wait for the return of day-light. You would have embarked in the night of the 17th, if your view of the general system led you to think yourselves too weak to resist the French troops. Such would have been the result of the most petty advantage; but you have done nothing of all this. You embarked the same evening, pell-mell, and in disorder. You did not take time to evacuate your magazines, to pay the last honours to your Gene-

rals, to carry off your wounded, to save your four pieces of canon, or to protect the retreat of the 800 men who covered your rear, and who fell into our hands in the pursuit.

Gazette.—"The whole of the army were embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled."

Moniteur.—"The expedition with which you embarked, is a very equivocal proof of the success you pretend to have had in the engagement."

Gazette.—"The enemy pushed his light troops towards the town, soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St Lucia, which command the harbour."

Moniteur.—In reading this account, it is easy to perceive, that it is not the production of a military man, or else that it has been submitted to the revision of some of the clerks in Mr. Canning's office. In fact, you wish to make us believe, that you maintained your position, that is, remained masters of the field of battle, and yet you tell us "the enemy, &c." What! Sir John Hope! On the 16th you obtained so brilliant a success; and yet during the night you evacuate "the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour," upon which the French immediately erect batteries that "command the harbour," sink four of your transports, and thus give your fleet a signal to cut their cables and put to sea! Though an officer in the land service you have often embarked and disembarked troops. You must have some nautical knowledge, and you ought to have reflected, that on the 17th the wind might have changed (a very common occurrence); and had the wind changed, and your transports been forced to remain in the harbour under the fire of the French batteries, that had already sunk four of their number; would you not have exposed yourself to reproach for having evacuated "the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour?" In allowing that the French troops, at day-break, occupied the heights of St. Lucia, you clearly allow that you were then without retreat, and that, if not compelled to give way before a superior force, you must, of your own fault, wantonly or without reflection, have put to hazard the fate

of your army. You allege that you were victorious; the French say you were beaten. The nature of things can alone decide between you: but from the nature of things, it results, that you have done the contrary of what you would have done had you been victorious, and that you have acted, in every respect, as if you had been beaten; it follows, therefore, that you have been beaten. This consequence which you wish to dissemble, demonstratively results from all the details of your own narrative.

Gazette.—"Circumstances forbid us to hope, that the victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army," &c.

Moniteur.—"This is the manner in which the English people are gulled. The same manœuvre has been employed by the ministry upon all occasions, and it must be granted that it has frequently succeeded. Truth, however, will make its way; but the ministry will have gained time, the anxiety of the public will abate, and the administration, after having deceived them, will find some fresh means of diverting their attention. Heaven grant that the English may gain such a victory every month!"

Gazette.—"The army which entered Spain, amidst the fairest prospects, had no sooner completed its junction, than, owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources.

Moniteur.—"So, at last, you admit that the Spanish armies are dispersed, and no longer in existence; and that you found yourselves left to your own resources! Is it a fault of the Spaniards that you made them wait so long for useless succours? Never did you fit out so powerful an expedition. You ought to thank Providence, that at least a part of your army has been able to re-embark and effect its escape.

Gazette.—"The advance of the British corps from Duero afforded the best hope that the south of Spain might be relieved."

Moniteur.—"These hopes were just as well founded as all those which the British Cabinet entertains at this moment."

Gazette.—"But this generous effort to save one unfortunate people, afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his principal resources for the destruction of the only regular force in the north of Spain."

Moniteur.—"Why was there not any other regular force there at the time you advanced? It was because you did not advance until the regular force of Spain was destroyed."

Gazette.—"The native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous."

Moniteur.—"Our soldiers did not find any thing so very brilliant in the English soldiers' style of fighting; but they agree that the English officers conducted themselves with the courage which belongs to men of honour."

Gazette.—"The greater part of the fleet having gone to sea yesterday evening, the whole being under weigh, and the corps in the embarkation necessarily much mixed on board, it is impossible at present to lay before you a return of our casualties."

Moniteur.—"How the truth forces its way in spite of every effort to conceal it! Mr. Canning's clerk forget to obliterate this expression of General Hope's. What an oversight! *The troops in the embarkation were necessarily much mixed on board the transports*, because the embarkation was conducted in disorder and confusion. Terror made the soldiers rush with precipitation into the boats, every one losing sight of his colours, and thinking only of his own safety. What must have been the result? That which is fact was the result—"the troops in the embarkation were necessarily much mixed on board."

On General Hope's estimate of killed and wounded, the *Moniteur* has the following note:—

"You had 2000 wounded; you left on the field of battle the dead bodies of 3 of your Generals, and 800 soldiers and officers. We counted them. We took three hundred of you prisoners; you did not take a single man of ours. We had not 200 men wounded, and our loss in killed did not amount to 100, among whom there was not a single officer of distinction."

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

WOBURN SHEEP SHEARING.—

On Monday morning, June 12, a great number of gentlemen and agriculturists met his Grace the Duke of Bedford at the Park Farm, Woburn. The morning was remarkably fine, and the company employed themselves in viewing the South-Down tups, and the Devon and Hereford cattle, and in interesting conversation relating to agricultural improvements. Several agricultural implements were exhibited in the rick-yard; Mr. Pasmore, from Doncaster, had a chaff-cutter, and a small machine to grind and dress flour by hand; Mr. Braby, London, shewed a chaff-cutter, turn wrist plough, and a common swing plough. About three o'clock the Duke and his company went to Woburn Abbey, and sat down to a most excellent dinner, where his Grace presided.

On Tuesday morning, his Grace the Duke of Bedford, and those gentlemen who are members of the Smithfield club, of which his Grace is president, held a meeting at Woburn Abbey; they then joined the rest of the company, and examined the wethers and sheaves exhibited as candidates for the prizes offered by his Grace, for the best. About twelve o'clock the gentlemen set off to a farm of the Duke's, about a mile from the Abbey, to be present at the ploughing match, when seven ploughs started for the silver cup offered by his Grace, to the proprietors of the best plough, and two guineas to the holder. The judges appointed to decide the question were busily employed in collecting materials for their report, to be made on Wednesday. The ploughing continued till about half-past two o'clock, when the company went to the Park Farm, and after a short time spent in viewing the agricultural implements, several noblemen and gentlemen, in addition to those mentioned yesterday, returned to the Abbey to dine with his Grace.

The cloth being drawn, the usual toasts were given.

Sir J. Sinclair rose, and in a short

speech recommended to the attention of gentlemen of landed property, the improvement of waste lands.

About five o'clock, the company returned to the Park Farm, and examined several machines which were working in the rick-yard. In addition to those we mentioned yesterday, Mr. Shepherd had brought a portable threshing machine, worked by two horses, the invention of Mr. Salmon, and improved by Mr. Shepherd. Mr. Plenty shewed a patent plough; Mr. Rowtree a patent churn, which attracted considerable notice; Mr. Snowden a patent chaff-cutting machine; an instrument to ascertain the draft of ploughs, by Mr. Braby; a model of a windmill, for draining fen land, by Mr. W. Beighton.

Three of his Grace's rams were let for the season, one to Mr. Foster, for 40 guineas, a three shear; another to Mr. Mann, at 35 guineas; and a four-year shear, at 40 guineas, to Mr. Letusher.

Some cattle were also sold in the evening, a Devon heifer, three-years old, to Mr. Smith, 22½ guineas; a Hereford heifer, to Mr. Platt, for 27½ guineas; a Devon heifer, three-years old, to Mr. Smith, at 24½ guineas; another Hereford, to Mr. Platt, at 26 guineas. About seven o'clock the company retired.

• Wednesday June 14.—The inspection of the prize sheep dead was the first business this morning. The Duke of Bedford and the company then adjourned to the Park Farm, and employed the morning in viewing and examining the implements, tups exhibited for the prizes, the boars, and the sheep-shearers, each of whom had a sheep allotted to him, to shear for the prize. Parties rode to the Duke's several highly cultivated farms in hand, and the fine water meadows on Friestly and Maldon farms, which were universally admired. The hospitable tables at the Abbey received a still larger number of guests than on the preceding days: after which, the usual toasts having gone round, the Duke began to award the prizes, conformably to the decision of the judges.

To Mr. Bithorn, for the best two shear long-woolled fat wether; a silver cup, value 10 guineas.

To Mr. Cowley, for the best two shear long-woolled fat wether, bred in Bedfordshire, a cup, value 5 guineas.

The first premium, for two shear short-woolled fat wethers, (a ten guinea cup) his Grace presented to Mr. Runciman; and to Mr. Trevor, for the best bred in Bedfordshire, a cup, value 5 guineas.

Mr. Platt obtained the premium offered for the best pen of three long-woolled theaves, a 10 guinea cup, and Mr. Henyon a 5 guinea cup, for the best bred in Bedfordshire.

For the best pen of three short-woolled theaves, bred in Bedfordshire, Mr. Trevor received a cup value 10 guineas, and Mr. Runciman, a 5 guinea cup for the second best pen.

Mr. Bliss having produced the best boar, not exceeding two years old, received a 5 guinea cup.

John Bolland obtained the first prize of 5 guineas, for shearing sheep in the best manner; Joseph Collins the second prize of 4 guineas; Job Arnold, the third prize of 3 guineas; Thomas Linnell, the fourth premium of 2 guineas; and 1 guinea to John Twanfell, the fifth prize.

The sixth premium offered by his Grace was for the best and most useful newly invented implement of agriculture, 20 guineas; this Mr. C. Norton obtained for his method of constructing roofs of buildings of cast iron in lieu of timber.

His Grace also noticed the following implements, as having considerable merit:—

A cheap but effective chaff-cutter, by Mr. Braby; a machine for grinding or braising various substances, by Mr. James Rawlins; a chaff-cutter, by Mr. Snowden; a churn, by Mr. Rowntree; a clover threshing machine, by Mr. Winwright; an augur, by an American gentleman; a model of a windmill for draining fen lands, by Mr. Beeton; and a man trap, which detains and secures an offender without any injury, invented by Mr. Salmon, Woburn.

The judges of the premium for ploughing half an acre of land, in the best manner, awarded the silver cup to his Grace himself, and to the ploughman, 2 guineas. The judges report also spoke in high terms of the construction of a plough belonging to H. Curwen, Esq. and of the work it performed; also a plough belonging to H. H. Hears Esg. and another of Mr. Foss. Messrs. Batchelor's obtained 50 guineas, for the best cessant of trials between the drill and broad cast husbandry.

The eighth premium was for the en-

couragement of good and careful shepherds.

To John Hilland, the Duke of Bedford's shepherd, for having reared 307 lambs, from 614 ewes, 5 guineas.

To John Clark, shepherd to Samuel Whitbread, Esq. from 224 ewes, 288 lambs, 4 guineas.

To John Samuel, shepherd to Mr. Runciman, from 251 ewes, 262 lambs, three guineas.

To Mr. John Nottingham, Lord Ougley's shepherd, reared 550 lambs, from 500 ewes, 2 guineas.

To Mr. Platt's shepherd, John Bolland, 1 guinea, having reared 426 lambs from 424 ewes.

The last premium, for irrigation, his Grace regretted was not claimed.

After the prizes were delivered, his Grace, in decanting on the improving state of the agriculture of the island, adverted to the observations of Sir John Sinclair on the clean, and profitable system of farming pursued by Mr. Greg, in Hertfordshire, to which he had the gratification of adding his own testimony; and he had the further satisfaction of stating from that gentleman, that he would gladly receive any three practical farmers deputed from the county of Bedford, and explain to them minutely the course of husbandry he had so long pursued with success. The healths of the Duchess of Bedford and the Marchioness of Tavistock were proposed by Mr. Coke and Lord Bradford, and drank with the warmest applause. Mr. Cufwen, and the Workington Agricultural Society, was given by the Duke, and drank with great applause: on which that gentleman, in a neat return of thanks, paid an elegant and well-merited tribute to the House of Bedford, from which, with so many great national benefits, had emanated all his agricultural endeavours for the public good. The health of the noble host being drank with three times three, the company rose, and proceeded to the farm-yard, when the letting of tups, and sale of sheep, and Devon and Hereford cattle, closed the interesting proceedings of Woburn Sheep Shearing for the year 1806.

KENT.

For the better accommodation of the troops stationed in Canterbury, an hospital is about to be erected, in a healthy situation at the back of the range of barracks, in the northern

quarter of the city. Its site is estimated to accommodate about five in every hundred of the troops usually stationed there, and every attention is to be paid in its construction, to render it conducive to health and comfort. Comprehended in its site, will be an area of several acres of land, which is to be used in future as an exercise ground for the cavalry regiments, that may be stationed in the barracks. The ground has also been chosen near Fort Pitt, at Chatham, for a similar hospital, for the use of the troops at that place. These buildings will supersede the necessity of regimental hospitals at the above places, which are too often, from their nature and construction, rather the promoters than the preventatives of disease.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Fawley, Philip Lybbe Powys, Esq. brother to the very reverend the dean of Canterbury, and father-in-law to the Rev. E. Cooper, of Hamstal Ridware. Mr. Powys had

been to the Quarter Sessions at Oxford, and was returning home, accompanied by Thomas Cooper, esq. When they got to the lane leading from Assendon to Fawley, Mr. Powys got out of the chaise to walk home, but as it was then getting dark, Mr. Cooper wished him to permit the chaise to go round, or else have some one to attend him home, but he refused both, saying he could find his way blindfolded. Some person with a lantern came by just afterwards, and shewed him by the spring at Assendon, which was then very high. Mr. P. said he did not want him any further: but as it was getting very dark the man much wished to see him home. This he refused, telling him also that he could find his way blindfolded. Next morning, however, his body was discovered in a neighbouring pond. It is thought he must have been overcome by fright, as the water scarcely covered him, and there appeared no bruises of consequence about him.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

MAY 24, to JUNE 21, 1809, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette.]—The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.

ABBOTT J. Prescott, grocer, (Vision, merchant, (Teasdale and Browne, Merchant-Tailor's hall). Cadman C. Islington, (Edmonds, Symond's-lane.) Cooke I. Gravesend, carpenter, (Debary and Co. Tanfield-court Carr G. Ripon, York, iron-founder, (Exley and Co. Funnival's Inn) Cowper R. Cateaton-street, ware houseman, (Wilde, Warwick-square.) Churchett G. Plymouth, baker, (Esworthy, Plymouth) Chayman J. Holborn, flour-factor, (Pullen, Fore-street.) Clarkson G. Bristol, cabinet-maker, (James, Gray's-inn square.)
 BOTT J. Prescott, grocer, (Vision, merchant, (Teasdale and Browne, Merchant-Tailor's hall). Cadman C. Islington, (Edmonds, Symond's-lane.) Cooke I. Gravesend, carpenter, (Debary and Co. Tanfield-court Carr G. Ripon, York, iron-founder, (Exley and Co. Funnival's Inn) Cowper R. Cateaton-street, ware houseman, (Wilde, Warwick-square.) Churchett G. Plymouth, baker, (Esworthy, Plymouth) Chayman J. Holborn, flour-factor, (Pullen, Fore-street.) Clarkson G. Bristol, cabinet-maker, (James, Gray's-inn square.)
 BENTON W. Stoneywell, Longdon, Stafford, miller, (Lambert, Hatton-garden). Ba clay W. Manchester-buildings, dealer and chapman, (Rogers and Son, Manchester-buildings.) Buddle W. Chenies, street, carpenter, (Godmond, New Bridge-street). Bailey J. Chancery-lane, stationer, (Pearce and Son, St. Swithin's-lane). Barns J. Kendal, Westmorland, dealer and chapman, (Farrier and Co. Bread-street-hill). Bleckly G. Reading, ironmonger, (Hunt, Surry-street) Bennet B. Halkham, brewer, (Barber, Chancery-lane). Bushar R. Hungerford-street, victualer, (Cross, King-street). Bryan M. George-street, picture-dealer, (Holmes and Co. Clement's-lane). W. Beaton, Taurton, currier, (Blake and Son) Cook's-court. Bolton J. John-street, Adelphi, merchant, (Halkham, Great Piazza, Covent-garden)
 Clapham W. Bishop's-gate-street, wine-

Green E. Sospney, carpenter, (Cowper and Co. Southampton-buildings.) Gibson

T. High-street, iron-monger, (Sedlow, Monument-yard) George B. Wilson-street, (Lorley, Chesapeake) Giles D. jun Cornbrook, Manchester, brewer, (J. and E. Willis, Warrford-court) Hughes H. Worcester, hatter, (Platt, Tanfield-court, Temple.) Howe J. Wantage, carrier, (Friede and Co Lincoln's-inn) Houghton G. merchant, (Warrant, Cavell-court) Millier J. Leicester-square, carver and gilder, (Mills, New North-street) Hodgson T. Blackman-street, (Maddock and Co. Lincoln's-inn. Hantemann J. Queen-street, tailor, (Platt, Tanfield-court) Hunt C. A. Westbeck-street, apothecary, (Fleider, Duke-street) Johnson J. Bolton, Lancaster, shop-keeper, (Meddowcroft, Gray's inn) Johnson J. Great Baddow, Essex, carpenter, (Aubrey, Took's-court) Jackson E. Horsley-down, brewer, (Cappage, Fernyn-street) Jackson J. New-road, Well-close-square, money-scrivener, (Jones and Co Covent-garden) Keat W. Upper Russel street, tanner, (Oldham, St. Swithen's-lane) Kumpson J. Old-Bethlem, paper hanger, (Smith, Furva's Inn) Lawrence R. Prospect-row, dock head, corn-dealer, (Robinson, Prospect row) Mansell J. Manchester, commission broker, (Milne and Co Temple) MacKinnon, Gracechurch-street, haberdasher, (Nind, Throgmorton-street) Munns H W Knightbridge, paper-stainer, (Milton and Co. Knight-riding-street) Mosely H Lawrence-Pountney-hill, and Wheelodon, Copthall-court, merchants, (Gregson and Co Copthall-court) Michel W. Falmouth, vintner, (Highmoon, Bush lane) Markham E. Honey lane market, butcher, (Stratton, Shoreditch). Munns R. jun Norwich, coal-merchant, (Windus and Co Chancery-lane.) Nicholls T. Birmingham, dealer and chapman, (Egerton, Gray's Inn). Newman H Skinner street, currier, (Lee, Chancery-lane) Nordish J. Meopham, Kent, butcher, (Jones, Martin's-lane.) Oxen R. Scaffold hill-mill, Northumbria, miller, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane) Plaskett H G. Huggin-lane, victualler, (Temple, Burrastreet) Pitt T. Strand, hosier, (Fream, Great Queen street) J. R. Penrose, Hornchurch, surgeon, (Jones, Martin's-lane) Pearson J. Holyhead, stationer, (Swan and Co Old Jewry) Parke W. Liverpool, spirit dealer, (Hulme, Russel square) Rowell W. Moulton Marsh, jobber, (Wilson, Grosvenor street) Rimmer J. Burcourt, merchant, (Battye, Chancery lane) Sievwright J. H. Heskett, Cumberland, cattle dealer, (Birkett, Bond court) Sisson J. Lombard street, banker, (Oakley, Martin's-lane) Scott J. Strand, bookseller, (Barber, Chancery lane) Timon T. Salter's hall-court, wine-merchant, (Allison, Freeman's court) Tomlinson J. Barlaston, Stafford, boat-builder, (J. and R. Willis, Warrford court) Turner J. Rochford, carrier, (Bennet, Philpots-lane) Townsend J. Liverpool, merchant, (Windle, John street) Weedon J. Albion place, hosier (Rogers, Copthall court) Wilkie J. Howard-street, Strand, navy agent, (Cluck, Baldwin's-court) Wheatley J. Martine, corn factor, (Allison, Freeman court.) White C. Oxford street, dealer and chapman, (Bousfield, Bouverie street) Young J. Queen street, merchant, Dantine, Brick court, Temple)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication of "Mr Harris" is under consideration. We thank him for his suggestions, and shall be happy to receive his favours, which will meet with every attention their merits may demand.

"Philo" shall appear next month.

"C. S." has been received.

We are sorry to decline the contribution of "Josephus."

"V. P." is inadmissible.

The strictures upon *Cicero* should be sent to the *Guardian of Education*.

The review by "R. Allchin" is not so profound but we can see through it.

Several personal contributions are under consideration.

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER- WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

June 21, 1860.

London Dock Stock, 122½ per cent.

Warrington ditto, 150½ ditto.

East India ditto, 150½ ditto.

Commercial ditto, 122½ ditto.

Grand Junction Canal Shares, 181½ per share.

Grand Surrey ditto, 80½ ditto.

Kennet and Avon ditto, 24½ ditto.

L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THOUGH the long continuance of dry weather at this time of the year is generally reckoned an unfavourable circumstance, yet the crops in general have a tolerably healthful appearance, and promise well, excepting those upon cold, wet, poor lands; however on such, gentle showers and warm weather may yet have a considerable effect. The blooming in general has proceeded pretty favourably.

The Spring crops are as healthy as they possibly can be, considering the late dry weather. Beans and potatoes promise well. Meadow grass will very soon be ready to cut, and the hay harvest there is no doubt will be most plentiful. It is pretty well in all round the metropolis. In the mean while, oats and beans have come to hand freely from the continent. Barley and malt, being rather wanted, remains dear. The stock of bread corn on hand in the country is generally agreed to be large, probably larger than at this time last year: the stock of hay also is large. Store sheep and lean stock of all kinds have met with a ready sale, at advanced prices.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 6s. 0d. to 6s. 6d.; Mutton, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 0d.;—Lamb, 0s. 0d. to 6s. 0d.;—Veal, 5s. 0d. to 5s.;—Pork, 5s. 4d. to 5s. 6d.

Middlesex, June 21.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN.

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OAT MEAL, per Bush of 140 lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended June 17, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Middx.	89 6	48 7	42 4	34 8
Burrey	90 4	46 0	43 6	37 8
Hertford	81 10	49 0	44 6	33 4
Bedford	86 3	60 8	44 10	37 3
Hunting.	83 3	—	43 6	33 0
Northa	84 2	54 0	44 6	32 4
Rutland	91 0	—	47 9	36 0
Leicest	89 8	49 11	48 2	31 10
Notting	94 6	68 3	46 0	33 4
Derby	96 9	—	—	35 6
Stafford	94 11	—	50 9	34 2
Salop	94 1	69 0	48 11	34 5
Herefor	88 2	48 0	42 0	34 2
Wor't.	88 6	—	48 10	43 0
Warwic	92 5	—	57 7	46 6
Wilts	82 10	—	41 6	37 6
Berks	92 6	—	41 9	38 0
Oxford	89 5	—	48 2	37 10
Bucks	91 3	—	48 6	37 2
Brecon	91 1	64 0	47 2	35 8
Montgo	85 2	—	—	36 4
Radnor.	90 3	—	48 7	31 2

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Essex	84 8	50 6	43 4	35 0
Kent	81 0	58 0	38 6	35 0
Sussex	77 0	—	40 0	35 6
Suffolk	79 4	—	37 0	32 8
Cambridge	80 4	—	38 0	32 8
Norfolk	83 1	58 0	35 10	32 4
Lincoln	84 2	43 6	45 11	35 9
York	81 7	—	34 10	37 10
Durham	94 9	—	—	33 9
Northumberland	86 7	70 0	43 4	31 0
Cumberland	99 7	64 8	46 9	33 6
Westmorland	112 5	80 0	51 2	31 7
Lancaster	101 0	—	47 8	32 11
Chester	89 9	—	50 8	34 0
Flint	88 10	—	50 4	—
Denbigh	97 6	—	44 9	35 9
Anglesea	—	—	42 0	30 6
Carmarvon	95 4	—	45 0	36 4
Merioneth	93 6	—	45 6	39 0
Cardigan	89 0	—	40 0	30 0
Pembroke	88 2	—	41 8	36 0
Cardmarthen	87 10	—	39 5	32 0
Glamorgan	91 7	—	52 0	38 0
Gloucester	90 4	—	46 10	39 5
Somerset	88 4	—	42 0	36 0
Monmouth	85 9	—	43 2	—
Devon	86 1	—	39 10	32 0
Cambridg.	91 1	—	41 10	32 6
Glouc.	80 11	—	37 0	—
Here	81 2	—	40 9	33 6

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 88s. 3d.; Rye 58s. 4d.; Barley 44s. 4d.; Oats 31s. 6d.; Beans 39s. 6d.; Pease 58s. 0d.; Oatmeal 51s. 5d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from MAY 22, to JUNE 29, 1809.

	CHURCHES.	STREETS.	And 5 - 120	80 and 70 - 73
Males	746 7	1468	120	120
Females	723 1	1468	120	120
Whereof have died under ten years of age	312	312	312	312
Peckham, 4-55, 4-56, 4-57, 4-58				
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4s. per lb.				

PRICE OF STOCKS, from MAY 26, 1899, to JUNE 24, 1899, both inclusive.

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2	2	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
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4	4	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
5	5	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
6	6	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
7	7	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
8	8	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
9	9	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
10	10	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
11	11	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
12	12	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
13	13	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
14	14	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
15	15	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
16	16	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
17	17	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
18	18	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
19	19	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
20	20	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
21	21	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
22	22	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
23	23	68	67½	83	99½	—	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Do	18s. pm	15s. pm	—	69
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INDEX TO THE ELEVENTH VOLUME.

	Page		Page
ABDICATiON of the King of Sweden	465	Bill of Mortality	95, 191, 287, 388, 479, 569
Adamah, or the creation of woman	389, 488	Biographical Sketches—Charles Grignon, Esq. 59—Mr. J. Ireland, 60—Lieut. Col. Stewart, 80—Lieut. Gen. Sir John Moore, 145—Earl of Liverpool, 68, 174—Dr. Beddoes, 90, 176—Dr. James Anderson, 250—Dr. Lawrence, 276—Mr. John Wagstaff, 282—General Anstruther, 349—John White Parsons, 351—Thomas Holcroft, Esq. 364, 458—Mrs. Cowley, 376, 457—Miss Seward, 377—Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, 402—Dr. Beilby Porteus, Lord Bishop of London, 437—Madame de Graffigny, 481—Mr. Richard Gough, 540—David Barclay, Esq. 542	
Æschines, a memoir of	507	Bonaparte, account of his family, with their dignities, &c.	161
Africans, particulars relative to the manners and customs of them	117	— reflections on his warfare on the continent	503
Agricultural Report.... 95, 191, 287, 382, 479, 569		Books, new, published in January, 71—in February, 172—in March, 266—in April, 361—in May, 453—in June, 552	
Akenside and Gray, coincidence between	9	Boswell, James, original letters from him to Wm. Julius Mickle, 34, 102, 224, 301, 385	
Alexander the Great, the sarcophagus or tomb of	161	Böttineau, M. the French nauscopite, account of his experiments in this art	254
America, political state of	64, 167, 359, 449, 548	Bouchier, Captain, death of	80
— United States of, letter from a gentleman there, describing the state of manners, &c.	311	Brazil, historical account of the conquest and possession of by the Dutch in the seventeenth century, 93, 104, 206, 313, 405	
American Annals, by Holmes, review of this work	234	— Account of a republic of revolted slaves which existed there many years	494
American Cranberry, method of cultivating this plant	427	Bread, price of 95, 191, 287, 383, 479, 569	
Ancaster, the Duke of, short account of	281	British Critic, shameful tergiversation of	302
Anderson, Dr. James, memoirs of the life and literary productions of	250	British Institution, transactions of this society	55, 156, 343
Animals, on the annihilation of several species of	107, 211	Brydges, Sir E. remarks on his praise of Robert Bloomfield	210
Anstruther, General, biographical sketch of his life	349	Bulletins of the French Army in Spain	85, 185, 279, 373, 466, 552
Apollonian Critic	269	Burdon, Mr. on Saxon and Norman architecture	309
Architecture (Saxon and Norman) observations on	201, 300	— on the warfare of Bonaparte	502
Argyle Institution, account of	183	Burdett, Sir Francis, his plan for a reform in parliament	549
Arts and Sciences, improvements in, and notices relating to, 56, 159, 248, 346, 429, 536		Burgh, W. Esq. death of	91
Bankruptcies, list of	93, 189, 285, 581, 476, 567	Burns, Robert, the first idea of his "Tam o' Shanter"	36
Banks, Sir Joseph, on the cultivation of the American cranberry	427		
Barclay, David, Esq. sketch of his life	542		
Bartholomew, Christopher, short account of	364		
Bateman, Mary, trial and execution of for murder	284, 379, 478		
Beddoes, Dr. Thomas, biographical sketch of	90, 176		
Bees, hints on the national advantages of their culture in England, &c.	227		
Beggars' Petition, query who the author of this poem, 297—Further particulars relative to this inquiry	397		
Bennett, Mrs. on the literary pretensions of	394		
Bennett's Illustration of the Bible, review of	410		

- Burns, Robert, an original song of . . . 120
 Butter, receipt for curing it . . . 429
 Caledonian Asylum, plan for establishing one in London . . . 92
 Canal, Dock, Brewery, Life and Fire-Office Shares, prices of 94, 190, 286, 383, 478, 568
 Cannon Cartridge Paper, Mr. Dickenson's patent for a new manufacture of . . . 242
 Carlisle, Mr. his lectures on anatomy at the Royal Academy . . . 243
 Carriages, Mr. Stracey's patent for an improved method of hanging the bodies of, &c. . . . 422
 Catamarans, Coffers, Rockets, &c. reflections on the employment of such destructive engines of war . . . 537
 Cattle, Mr. Cuff's patent for a new method of slaughtering them . . . 339
 Cayenne, island of, taken by the British and Portuguese . . . 372
 Characters in imitation of Bishop Earle's Micro-Cosmography . . . 392
 Chimnies, on the practice of sweeping by machinery . . . 110
 Chisholme, Dr. his belief in the existence of a race of pygmies . . . 424
 Cicero's "De Oratore," observations on a passage in . . . 205
 Clarke, Mrs. her evidence on the inquiry into the conduct of the Duke of York, 170—See Wardle
 Cobentzel, Count, account of his death 380
 Cochrane, Lord, destroys the French fleet in Basque Roads . . . 369
 Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, review of 327, 515
 Coffee, Mr. Thomas's patent for improvements in preparing, and rendering it portable . . . 339
 — a substitute for this article . . . 346
 Coincidence between Milton and Shakespeare, 119—Between Goldsmith and Young . . . 223
 Columbus, Christopher, Holmes' account of the first voyages of . . . 236
 Commerce of Great Britain, observations on the, proving the extension of trade not the real wealth of the country . . . 10, 111
 Commerce of France with the Ottoman Empire, &c. account of . . . 100, 197
 Common Councilman, sketch of a 394
 Congreve, Mr. W. analysis of his patent for a new principle of measuring time 49
 Constantinople, revolution in . . . 64
 Corn, average prices of 93, 191, 287, 383, 479, 569
 Cornwall, occurrences, marriages, and death in . . . 89, 187, 269
 Courina, official account of the battle of between the English and French armies, &c.—French account of this battle . . . 374, 466, 563
 Correspondents, notices to 93, 187, 259, 380, 568
 Covent Garden, ceremony of laying the first stone of the new theatre there . . . 181
 Cowley, Mrs. death of, 376—Further account of her, 457—Her literary productions, ib.
 Crabbe's Poems, review of . . . 39, 127
 Crescent, the, account of the loss of 274
 Cretinism, some particulars respecting the causes of . . . 155
 Criticism—Poems by the Rev G Crabbe, 39, 127—The Times, an Ode, by J Blacket, 126—Cromek's Reliques of Robert Burns, 132—The Mother, by Mrs. West, 159, 250—Holmes' American Annals, 234—Gulpin's Monument of paternal Affection, 321—Reid's Beauties of Blair, 327
 Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, 327, 515
 — Bennett's Illustration of the Bible, 410—Pezron's Rise and Fall of States and Empires, 471—Skurray's Funeral Sermon, ib.—Meadley's Memoirs of Dr. Paley, 412—Report of a Trial Nightingale versus Stockdale, 412—Skurray's Bidcombe Hill, 524
 Croaking, the love of . . . 319
 Crocodiles of the Nile, observations on the habits of the . . . 498
 Cromek's Reliques of Robert Burns, review of . . . 132
 Croft, George, D.D. short account of 476
 Cumberland, Richard, on the absurdity of the new Review, edited by him 18
 — Strictures upon this Review 193, 289, 509
 Curious extract from a rare book 25
 Davy, Mr. analysis of his lectures at the Royal Institution . . . 52, 154
 Deaths in and near London 80, 276, 364, 557
 Devonshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in . . . 89, 187, 376
 Domestic Occurrences . . . 74, 181, 271
 Drinking Healths, English custom of 404
 Drury-lane Theatre, account of the performances at . . . 69, 140
 — total destruction of by fire, 184—The company perform at the King's theatre, 256—Address spoken on the occasion, ib.
 Duke of York, accused of corrupt practices in disposing of commissions in the army, 166—See Wardle.
 Dunbar, Mr. John, on the cultivation of the common flax . . . 532
 Durcan, Rev. Dr. death of . . . 90
 Durrant, Mr. Wm. on an error in the Liturgy . . . 399
 Dutch, their conquest and possession of Brazil in the 17th century—See Brazil.

INDEX.

578.

- English Language, observations on the 316
 Error in the Liturgy, remarks on an 598
 Essex, occurrences, &c. in 187, 280
- Falkland, Lord, killed in a duel 277
 Farmer of the 19th century, sketch of 393
 Fashionable Lecturer, sketch of a ib.
 Faulknor, Admiral, death of 376
 Female Heroism, a wonderful instance of 219
 Florian Grass, its valuable qualities 430
 Fire, destructive, at St. James's palace 77
 ——— at Drury lane theatre 184
 ——— at Oxford 292
 ——— at Billingsgate Dock, &c. 458
 Fire-proof Floorings, &c. Mr. Dodd's patent for 241
 Fish, an enormous one taken at Penryn 89
 Flax, on the cultivation of 532
 Floods, ruinous, in the neighbourhood of London 76
 ——— in Holland 249
 Flutes, improvements in the manufacture of 270
 Foley, Rev T. P. his defence of Joanna Southcott, 474—On the conduct of Mr. Foley 484
 • Fox, George, hints as to the real character of, 18—Vindication of him 113
 France, literary and scientific news of 58, 161, 548, 589
 ——— account of the origin and progress of the commerce of with the Ottoman Empire and Barbarian States 100, 197
 French Fleet, destruction of in Basque Roads by the English 369
 French National Institute, particulars relative to this establishment 244, 594
 Fruit, method of preserving without sugar 543
- Gardner, Lord, account of his death 90
 Gas, a substitute for candles 57
 • Gazette Intelligence.... 81, 365, 460, 557
 Geoffroy St Hilaire on the habits attributed by Herodotus to the crocodiles of the Nile 498
 German Literature, observations on 317
 Gilpin's Monument of paternal Affection, review of 321
 Glass, exhibition of paintings on 426
 Gout, never can nor ought to be cured, a fragment 102
 Gracigny, Madame de, biographical sketch of the life of 481
 Graham, Mr. James, on marine vegetables, &c. 409
 Grammar, observations on 204, 399
 Grapes, method of hastening the maturation of 340
 Great Britain, observations on the commerce of a 10, 111
 Grieving's a Folly, a new dramatic piece, account of 353
- Grignon, Charles, Esq. memoirs of 59
 Grimston, Viscount, death of 89
 Guillofine, not a French invention 116
- Hamill, Major John, killed in gallantly attempting singly to repulse a body of French troops 489
 Hampshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 280, 376, 470
 Hardy, Mr J. S. on the supposed author of the Beggar's Petition 379
 Harcourt, Earl, short account of 478
 Hautpoult, d', French 74, capture of by the British 460
 Haymarket (King's theatre) account of the performances at 179
 ——— (little theatre) performances at 74, 179, 543
 Healths, English custom of drinking 404
 Hemp, Mr Fothergill's patent for a machine for dressing it 241
 Herodotus, observations on the habits attributed by him to the crocodiles of the Nile 498
 Hertfordshire, occurrences, &c in 89, 281
 Hewson, Hugh, (the Hugh Strap of Smollett) account of 277
 Highland Society, their reward to two meritorious individuals who had distinguished themselves at the battle of Vimiera 92
 Historical Chronicle 74, 181, 271, 364, 459, 556
 Holcroft, Mr. Thomas, death of, 364
 ——— Further account of him, 458—
 His literary productions, ib.
 Holland, literary and scientific news of 58, 249, 430, 589
 ——— dreadful effects of an inundation in many parts of 249, 430
 Horse, observations upon the natural history of the, in South America 19, 214
 Horticultural Society, proceedings of 340, 427, 532
 Hume, David, the critical deficiency of 32
- Independence, a new comedy, account of 255
 Indies (East) literary and scientific news of 67, 230
 Inscription on a Tomb-stone, a singular one 470
 Insuring in the Lottery, remarkable instance of the ruinous effects of 364
 Intellectual Cultivation, on the pleasures and importance of 5, 97
 Invisible Fence for pleasure grounds, description and representation of £20
 Johnson, Dr and the metaphysical poets of England 29
 Ireland, Mr. J. short account of 60
 Ireland, occurrences in 380
 Iron, proposed as a substitute for wood in the manufacture of casks, furniture, &c. 429

- Kalmuc Poetry, a specimen of 527
- King's Theatre, 'account of the performances at 179
- Lancashire, occurrences in 89, 377
- Latitude and Longitude shewn at sea by Mr. Grant's patent machine 152
- Lawrence, Dr. some account of him 276
- Lead, how to prevent the poisonous effects of 586
- Learned Man, query who most likely to become a ; one of moderate abilities under the tuition of masters, or one whose own efforts are his only means of acquiring knowledge ? 401
- reply to this query 511
- Leech, the, its properties in prognosticating the changes in the weather 91
- Legat, Mr. Francis, short account of 557
- Leicestershire, occurrences in 188, 470
- Letters, original, upon the pleasures and importance of intellectual cultivation 5, 97
- from James Boswell to Wm. Julius Mickle 34, 102, 224, 301, 385
- Life, Liberty, or Love, query by which of these impulses is the conduct of man most influenced ? 391
- Lincolnshire, occurrences, &c. in 281, 471
- Linen, patent for a machine for washing 241
- Lindsey, Rev. Theophilus, memoirs of the life of 402
- Linnean Society 54
- Literary Fund 502
- Men, their prejudice for certain authors 294, 399, 492
- Pretensions of Mrs Bennett, Ann Radcliffe, and Charlotte Smith, remarks on the 394
- Sketches 386
- Liverpool, the Earl of, biographical sketch of the life of 64, 174
- Locke, John, intended monument to the memory of 536
- London Review, on the absurdity of this publication, 18—Strictures upon this Review 193, 289, 509
- Longevity, instance of 476
- Lords Commissioners, their speech on opening the parliament, 74—On closing the session 556
- Lyceum, Strand, performances at 333, 443, 544
- Mackay, Angus, his meritorious conduct at the battle of Vimiera 92
- Madagascar, island of, a race of pygmies said to exist there 424
- Mad Dogs, cure for the bite of 161
- Man and Wife, a new comedy, account of 69
- Manners and customs of the Africans, particulars relative to 117
- of the United States 311
- , old English 402
- Marine Vegetables, observations on 409
- Martinique, official account of the capture of by the British 365
- Meadley's Memoirs of Dr. Paley, review of 412
- Memoirs of remarkable Persons 59, 145, 250, 349, 481, 540
- Memorable Affairs 402
- Mickle, Wm Julius, letter from him to James Boswell, Esq. 302
- Milton, remarks upon a disputed passage in 18, 100, 203, 391, 401, 498
- Miscellaneous Philological Observations 199
- Mismanagement of Public Affairs, observations on the 225, 297, 485
- Modern Surveyor of Taxes, sketch of a 192
- Moniteur, remarks of the, upon the English account of the battle of Corunna 562
- Monoïogue, a 88
- Montalbert, a fragment 30
- Moon-light Evening, lines on a 419
- Mother, The, a poem, review of 139, 230
- Moore, Lieutenant-General Sir John, biographical account of the life and achievements of, 145—Killed at the battle of Corunna, 150—Reflections upon this event 151
- Mortality, monthly bill of 99, 191, 287, 283, 479, 569
- Muffles for chemical purposes, improved method of constructing them 244
- Musical Instruments, patent for improvements in 270
- Mustard, patent for improvements in the manufacture of 339
- Neglect of attending to Public Affairs 297
- New South Wales, state of commerce there 163
- Niemen, Le, French fugate, capture of 372
- Nightingale versus Stockdale, review of the Report of this trial 412
- Nominative Case, on the agreement of with the verb 120
- Norfolk Agricultural Society 246, 472
- Norfolk, occurrences, marriages, and death in 188, 282, 472
- Obituaries, additions and corrections in 68, 174, 457
- Ode to Spring 337
- Oxford, the Earl of, short account of 270
- a destructive fire at 282
- Oxfordshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 282, 377, 473
- Paley, William, D.D. Meadley's memoirs of, 412—List of his literary productions 414
- Paradise Lost, vindication of the opening of the third book of 18
- Parliament, speech of the Lords Commissioners on opening the session, 74—On closing it 556

- Parliamentary Proceedings 66, 168,
263, 359, 451, 548
- Reform, meetings in
London and various parts of the
country to effect this object 449
- Sir Francis Burdett's pro-
positions to the House of Commons
on this subject 549
- Parsons, John White, Esq. account of
his agricultural pursuits 351
- Patents, specifications of the new
49, 152, 241, 339, 422, 529
- Pezron's Rise and Fall of States and
Empires, review of 411
- Philadelphia Premium Society, ac-
count of 121
- Pilton, Mr. James, description of his
invisible fence 320, 346
- Poetry, original.—Stanzas on the New
Year, 46—Apostrophe to the River
Nith, *ib*—Stanzas on parting with a
Young Lady, *ib*—Interrogatories
answered, 47—Sonnet on Bonaparte
arriving at Vittoria, *ib*—Pezron's So-
liloquy, *ib*—The Elderly Gentle-
man, 48—To Friendship, *ib*—The
Death of Life, *ib*—Ode on the Suc-
cesses of the Spanish Patriots, 144
—Imitation of Almateo, *ib*—Qua-
torzain on H. K. White, 238—To
Geraldine, *ib*—Celeb's Soliloquy,
239—On a Summer's Evening, 240
—French Sonnet of the 15th cen-
tury, *ib*—Ode to Spring, 337—
To the Snow Drop, 338—Lines to
a Young Gentleman, *ib*—On a
Moon-light Night, 419—To a Thorn
in Bloom, *ib*—Lines, *ib*—Elegy,
420—Quatorzain, 421—Rhapsody
on reading the Poetical Works of
John Scott, *ib*—Stanzas written in
the Summer of 1808, 526—Speci-
men of Kalmuc Poetry, 527—Lines
written at Horley Mills, 528
- Poor, on the mismanagement of the
affairs of the 225, 297, 485
- Pope, on a passage in 497
- Porteus, Dr. Beilby, Lord Bishop of
London, memoir of 457
- Portugal, operations of the British
army in 462, 561
- Prejudices of literary men for certain
authors 294, 399, 492
- Printing Presses, Mr. Brown's patent
for improvements in 529
- Provincial Occurrences 83, 187, 280,
375, 470, 565
- Publications, list of 74, 172, 267,
361, 453, 553
- Public Affairs, state of in January, 61
—Feb. 164—March, 257—April,
354—May, 444—June, 543
- on the mismanagement of 225
- on the neglect of attending
to 297, 485
- Purslow, Wm., an eccentric character,
account of 283
- Pygmies, the existence of a race of
discovered in the island of Mada-
gascar 424
- Pyle, James, Esq. short account of 376
- Radcliffe, Ann, on the literary pre-
tensions of 394
- Reading, meeting of the inhabitants of
that town for forming a society si-
milar to the Bible Society of London 373
- Repeating Watches, infallible, Mr.
Barrollas's patent for making 529
- Republic of revolted Slaves, account
of a 494
- Respiration, experiments to ascertain
the effects of on atmospheric air
and oxygen gas 530
- Roman Pavement and Coins found at
Colchester 187
- Royal Academy, proceedings of this in-
stitution 157, 241, 424
- annual exhibition of 425
- Royal Institution, transactions of the 52
- Society, transactions of this in-
stitution 61, 154, 242, 342, 424, 530
- Russian Nobility, manners of the 431
- Saint Patrick's Day, anniversary of. 273
- Saints, (Island of) capture of 567
- Saragossa—See Zaragoza.
- Sarcophagus of Alexander the Great,
some account of 160
- Saxon Churches in Kent, remarks on 201
- Mr. Burdon in reply 509
- Scotland, occurrences in 92
- Scott, John, rhapsody on reading the
poetical works of 421
- Secfaw, Mr. Steer's patent for increasing
the mechanical power of the. 423
- Sea, on the effects of the at different
periods on the continent of the earth
107, 211
- Seneca, remarks on the genius of. 504
- Seward, Miss, sketch of the life and
literary productions of 377
- Sewel, Dr. a memoir of 1
- Shakspeare, annotations on the text of 26
- imitations of 47, 239
- Sheriff for 1809 182
- Shipwreck and extraordinary escape 93
- Shropshire, occurrences in 283, 475
- Silks and Worsted, patent for a method
of extracting the colours from 152
- Sim, Mr. to the editor 491
- Simple Village Pastor, sketch of a .. 394
- Singular Discovery 51
- Sir Bertram, origin of this fragment 300
- Skurray's Funeral Sermon, review of 411
- Bidcombe Hill, review of 524
- Slaves, account of a republic of 494
- Smith, Charlotte, on the literary pre-
tensions of 394

- Smith, Alexander, account given by him of the loss of the ship *Bounty*, and the fate of the crew 466
- Smith's Id Club, premiums offered by 157
- Market, projected removal of 75
- Society of Arts, transactions of the 31
- 244, 343, 426, 531
- Somersetshire, occurrences in 96, 473
- Somerville's, Lord, spring cattle shew 271
- Sonnini, on the natural history of the horse in South America 19, 214
- Sore Throat, cure for 346
- Southcott, Joanna, defence of her religious tenets, 474—Remarks on this defence 484
- Spain, literary and scientific news of 58, 164, 548
- immense riches displayed in decorating the churches there 164
- official account of the engagement between the British and French forces, 81—Remarks on this event, and on the political state of Spain, see Public Affairs for Jan. p. 61.
- Speech of the Lords Commissioners on opening the parliament, 74—on closing the session 556
- Stamford, spirited resolutions of the electors of this borough against existing abuses 471
- Steel, a remarkable property in 113
- Stewart, Lieut. Col short account of 80
- Stewart, ———, his spirited conduct at the battle of Vimiera 92
- Stocks, prices of 96, 192, 288, 348, 480, 570
- Suffolk, occurrences, marriages, and death in 284, 378, 474
- Surry Agricultural Society 465
- Sussex, occurrences in 90
- Sweden, Abdication of the King to the throne of, 465—See Public Affairs, p. 447, 547
- Swedish Turnip, its excellent quality as food for cows 474
- Tea Tree, in blossom, account of the Temper, or the Domestic Tyrant, a new farce, account of 413
- "That," observations on the grammatical import of this word 204, 399
- Theatrical Recorder 69, 179, 255, 353, 445, 543
- Thomson, desultory observations on his Spring 511
- Toulmin, Dr his memoir of the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey 433
- of Æschines 507
- Transactions of learned and economical Societies 51, 154, 242, 340, 424, 530
- Turkey, particulars of a revolution in 64, 88
- Varieties, literary and philosophical, 55, 157, 247, 345, 427, 534
- Vigo, account of the retaking of 368
- Virtue or Vice, which most conducive to human happiness? remarks on this question 23
- Umbrellas and Parasols, Mr. Thomason's patent for a new manufacture of 359
- United States, letter from a gentleman resident there, describing the state of manners, &c. 311
- Wagstaffe, John, sketch of his life 282
- Wales, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 92, 284, 476
- Wardle, Colonel, G. L. charges the Duke of York with corrupt practices in disposing of commissions in the army, 166—Discussion of this subject in the House of Commons, 168, 263—Observations upon this occasion, 257, 258—Decision of the Commons, 263—The Duke of York resigns the command of the army, 266—Various publications relative to this subject, 267—Meetings in London and various parts of the country to thank Col. Wardle for his patriotic conduct, 355, 449, 548.
- Warwickshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 284, 476
- Wasp, a new species of 160, 347
- Welllesley, Sir Arthur, defeat the French forces in Portugal, —462
- Further operations of the army under his command 561
- Wernerian Natural History Society, transactions of the 54, 156, 342, 533
- Whale, description of a new species of
- Whalebone, manufacture of brushes, &c. from 159, 346
- Wiltshire, occurrences in 91
- Woburn Sheep Shearing, anniversary of this festival 565
- Woman, the creation of 389, 488
- Worcestershire, occurrences in 91
- Writing, patent for a machine to facilitate this art 530
- York, the Duke of, accused of corrupt practices in disposing of commissions in the army, 165—See Wardle.
- Yorkshire, occurrences, marriages, and deaths in 91, 284, 379
- Zaragoza, narrative of the siege of, 216
- Unparalleled instance of female heroism at this siege 219
- French account of the surrender of this city 468

